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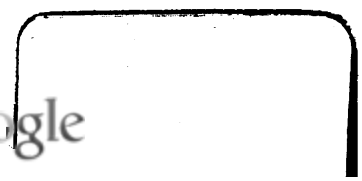
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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LXXV.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1887.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1887.

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June-Nov. 1887

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"I SAT GAZING UPON HER AS SHE LEANED FORWARD."—See "Stephen Wycherlie."
From a drawing by Howard Pyle.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. JUNE, 1887. No. CCCCXLV.



SEAL OF ARTAXERXES.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT SUSA.

BY MADAME JANE DIEULAFOY.

IN the beginning of the year 1881 the Dieulafoy household left France. Previous studies and the counsels of a great architect and an eminent *savant*, Viollet-le-Duc, had induced the head of the household to go to seek in Persia the link which connects Oriental art with that Gothic art which sprang into existence so suddenly in the Middle Ages. Arabian architecture in Spain, in Morocco, in Algeria, and in Egypt had brought a contingent of information, but it was necessary to go back further to the prime sources of that architecture.

When once we had crossed the Caucasus there were presented in succession to our charmed eyes the elegant manifestations of Persian art under the monarchs of Giuzne; the monuments of the Seljuks and Moguls; the enamelled edifices built at Ispahan by the great Sofi; the ruins of ancient Persepolis due to an art which borrows from Egypt and Ionia its principal elements, but at the same time harmonizes them with incomparable skill;* the mountains of ruins which were once Babylon; the arch of Ctesiphon, that colossal creation of the Sassanides, the prototype of the mosque of Hassan at Cairo. So far our fatigues were only relative, and the difficulties surmounted without too great effort. But this was no longer the case when we had to make our way to Susiana, where, as we were told, there were very important Sassanide monuments—useful works, if ever there were any, such as bridges, dams, canals, and aqueducts. However, we arrived at our journey's end: more than a year had elapsed since our departure from France.*

Susa, the ancient capital of Elam, is situated in an immense plain which stretches from the mountains of Bakhtyaris to the Persian Gulf. Two important rivers, the Karoun, into which falls the Ab-Dizfoul, and the Kerkha, water a soil worthy to rival in fertility the alluvion of Chaldæa, but more desolate and more deserted even than old Babylonia. With the exception of Chouster and Dizfoul, towns of Sassanide origin, situated the one at three stages, the other at a day's ride, from ancient Susa, and built with its ruins, there is not a single habitation to enliven the

* See *L'Art antique de la Perse*, by Marcel Dieulafoy, 5 vols., gr. 4to. Paris: Morel.

* See *Persia, Chaldæa, Susiana*, by Madame J. Dieulafoy. Paris: Hachette.

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M. MARCEL AND MADAME JANE DIEULAFOY.

landscape. Some nomad Persians and Arabs camp in this vast solitude, and live wild and savage on the milk of their herds, or on the fruits of plundering raids made sometimes in Turkey and sometimes in Persia.

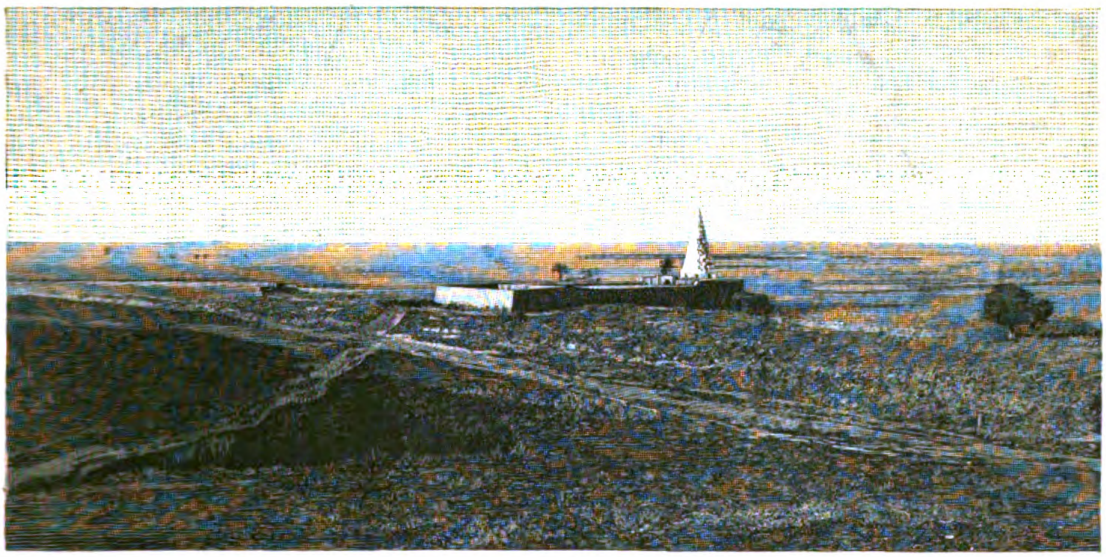
Susa, without going back so far as the legendary Memnon, was still a powerful town, whose influence for a long time outweighed that of Babylon. Indeed, it was not until the second millenary before our era that Susa lost its hegemony over the alluvial plains between the Karoun and the Euphrates. Darius, son of Hystaspes, made it once more the capital of Asia, when, in 521 B.C., he drove from the throne of Persia the audacious Magian who had massacred the brother of Cambyses. The Great King built a palace at Susa, the ancient authors tell us, and henceforward the royal city became the radiant focus around which were gathered artists from Ionia and from Greece, and all those whose knowledge recommended them to the dispenser of the riches of the world. Darius disappears; Artaxerxes succeeds him; and the unworthy heir of their glory, the last of the Achæmenidæ, flies before Alexander, who pillages the treasure of the citadel, and leaves in it in exchange a Macedonian garrison. Then come the Sassanides, who abandon Susa for a town of their own creation, Chouster, and with the stones torn from the palace of their predecessors build bridges and dikes, and finally leave the old capital to waste away and die. In the eighth century the city and its palaces began to disappear under layers of detritus, which become thicker every year, and at the present day all that remains is an artificial mountain, valleys formed by the falling in of the banks of the canals, and by way of inhabitants wild cats and boars encamped in the deep crevices which rend from top to bottom the sides of the tumuli.

The artificial elevation which supported in former times the palaces of Susa—an elevation which can be seen from a very great distance—has the form of a hill with a horizontal crest, dominated at the extreme right by a higher platform. The plan of the *ensemble* of the tumuli is shaped like an elongated lozenge and divided into three parts, separated from each other by a deep valley. Let us climb the loftiest tumulus. A goat path leads us to the top, and from the terrace crowning the elevation the view extends first to a

NOTE.—In the month of October, 1886, the French Minister of Public Instruction, in presence of the principal members of the administration of the Louvre Museum and of the Fine Arts Department, conferred upon Madame Jane Dieulafoy the cross of the Order of the Legion of Honor—a distinction which has very rarely been accorded to a woman. In a summary note, the *Journal Officiel*, in registering the nomination, added the following mention: "Susiana Mission, 1881–1886: Discoveries and archæological work." Madame Dieulafoy has indeed largely contributed to the success of the important archæological mission which the French government intrusted to M. Marcel Dieulafoy, her husband, and which began in 1881 with a journey through Persia, Chaldæa, and Susiana, the narrative of which was published a few months ago in a volume from the pen of this courageous and indefatigable lady traveller. The mission continued its work in 1884–5 and 1885–6 by excavating the tumuli of Susa, and bringing to light a series of specimens of ancient art, which are now being arranged in the Louvre Museum, and which will probably be visible to the public toward the end of the present year. The above article, written by Mme. Dieulafoy specially for *Harper's Magazine*, is the first authentic and complete account yet published of these wonderful discoveries.—TH. C.

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fine chain of snowy mountains bounding a desert plain dotted here and there by two or three *kouars* (a sort of shrub) and a few half-ruined Mussulman sanctuaries; to the right is a rectangular plateau, five furlongs in length, the southern extremity of which seems almost as high as our observatory; at our feet is a square tumulus of about forty acres covered with brush; to the left a watercourse winding sinuously along the extreme spurs of the elevation, and bathing with its greenish waters a celebrated sanctuary; behind us stretches a marsh. The watercourse is called the Chaour; the sanctuary is no other than the tomb of Daniel. According to tradition, this monument, of no great pretensions, contains the last remains of the Peighambar (*i. e.*, prophet), whose body, 130 feet long and 30 feet broad across the shoulders, is the most precious relic, the palladium, of the country. Our observatory, like the neighboring elevations, is destitute of apparent ruins. To the northwest, however, we see some white stones peeping through the brush. On approaching we find ourselves, not without some surprise, face to face with the head of a gigantic animal lying at the foot of the base of a column. A cuneiform inscription in three languages is engraved on the flat part of the base. Here and there are scattered a few shapeless fragments, and that is all.



TOMB OF DANIEL.

These venerable relics, as the trilingual epigraph informs us, came from a palace built by Artaxerxes Mnemon on the site of the royal dwelling of his ancestor Darius, a dwelling which was burnt down a few years after its construction. They owe to a singular chance the good fortune of once more seeing the light of day. In 1852 the English government undertook to settle the southern frontier of Turkey and of Persia. For this purpose some geographers and some diplomatists penetrated to Susiana, where their official inviolability guaranteed them relative security. The people talked to them about Susa, the name of which has remained popular in Arabistan, and finally Colonel Williams, and Sir Kennett Loftus, the explorer of the tumuli of Warka, could not resist the temptation to make excavations around the fragments of fluted columns which were to be found here and there on the surface. They hired three hundred Arabs, had a trench dug at the point where the débris of stones were most considerable, and soon brought to light four bases of columns with inscriptions, the head which lay near one of the columns, sufficient elements to reconstitute the bicephalous capitals which surmounted the columns, the bases of these supports, and some substructions of a room with a roof resting on pillars, and surrounded on three sides by porticoes. Further excavations made to the north of the edifice proved unfruitful: the walls of

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LIEUTENANT BABIN.



PROFESSOR HOUSSAY.

the room, its doors, the stairways, and the avenues were not found.

The stone bulls which crowned the capitals were too heavy to be removed, and some enamelled materials alone were sent to London, together with a few terra-cotta statuettes and some cuneiform inscriptions engraved on clay. Sir Kennett Loftus, pressed by the fanatics of Dizfoul, who saw with horror the impure hands of Christians disturbing the soil consecrated to the Prophet, and for thousands of years past used as burying-ground, was obliged to abandon the country after having lost one of his men, who was killed in a popular uprising.

We arrived at Susa for the first time in the midst of one of those deluges of rain which are the peculiar privilege of hot countries. At first sight my husband, forcibly struck by the aspect of the tumuli, remained convinced that the trenches dug by Sir Kennett Loftus were not deep enough, and that it would have been preferable to have made the excavations to the south rather than to the north of the hypostyle room—purely platonic remarks, for, sick, worn out by fever, and by the 3700 miles that we had travelled on horseback before reaching the palace of Artaxerxes, we had also come to the end of our financial resources. We returned to France without having so much as scratched the surface of the soil of the palaces.

A year passed. The *souvenir* of Susa haunted my husband in his sleep. He unbosomed himself to M. de Ronchaud, Director of the National Museums, and found in that high functionary the most enlightened confidant and the surest guide. Unfortunately the funds of the museums were not in harmony with the good-will of their director. Monsieur de Ronchaud had at his disposal nothing but a balance remaining over from the Universal Exhibition of 1878, 31,000 francs, a very small sum, considering that the country of our dreams was away at the end of the Persian Gulf, and that access to that distant country was most difficult, and consequently most expensive. However, each of the Ministries came to our assistance: the Ministry of Public Instruction added 10,000 francs to our budget; the War Department lent us arms, saddles, and tents; the Navy promised to transport our whole mission gratis as far as Aden; and finally two young collaborators, M. Babin, Lieutenant of Engineers, and Professor Houssay, were placed under the orders of my husband.

These preliminary questions settled, we asked the Shah to grant us the authorization to excavate the tumuli of Susa. A few months passed, and thanks to the obliging intervention of Dr. Tholozan, the physician and friend of the King, all difficulties were at length removed. The French government was authorized to send an archæological mission into Arabistan under the following reserves: the tomb of Daniel should not be touched; all gold and silver objects found should be-

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come the exclusive property of his Majesty; and all the other objects discovered should be divided between our museums and Persia.

This news reached France at the end of November, 1884. A few days later we embarked on board the transport-ship *Le Tonkin*, which carried our mission to Aden. We left without very marked regret the volcanic deck of this vessel, loaded with gunpowder, dynamite, and fulmicoton, destined for the use of the squadron commanded by Admiral Courbet. One night the passengers were awakened by the fire-alarm call, and for a few moments they had time to think of a better world. What a fine effect the Susiana mission would have produced flying sky-high in search of undiscovered stars!

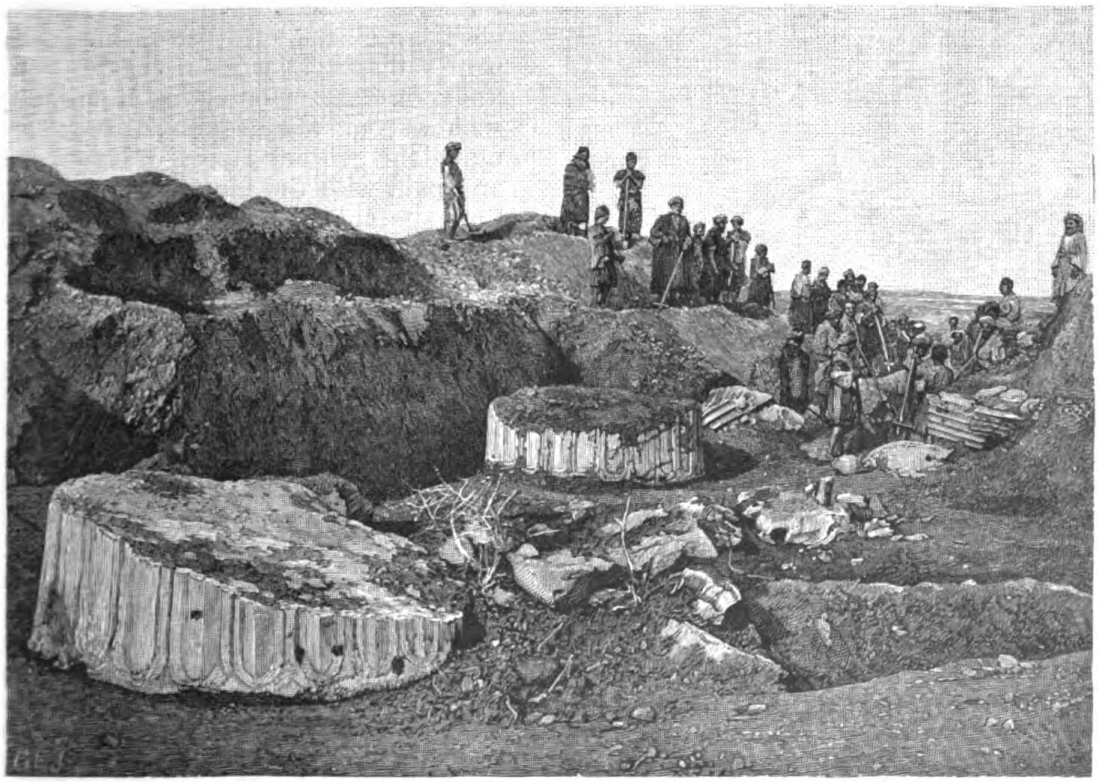
At Aden we passed eight days waiting for the English boat which runs to Kurrachee, for we had to go to India in order to get the means of reaching the coasts of Persia.

En route for Kurrachee I ask the captain what is the nature of our cargo. The ample and deep hold of the steamer is full of lucifer-matches!

The voyage lasted a week. I was delighted at the thought of presenting my respects to the famous crocodiles of Kurrachee, when, on entering the port, we were signalled by a ship just leaving for the Persian Gulf. The baggage of the mission was immediately transferred on board the *Assyria*, and without having even set foot on Indian soil we continued our course.

At the end of February the mission had reached the mouth of the Karoun, a large river which flows into the Shat-el-Arab, ascended the first of these watercourses as far as a weir built under the dynasty of the Sassanides, hired a caravan, and gained Chouster, the nominal capital of Persian Arabistan, which I shall henceforward designate by its old name of Susiana.

Chouster is the official rather than the real residence of the Hakem or Governor of the province. An uncle of the King, whose acquaintance we had made during our first journey, had died, and his successor was a person of intelligence, but of low extraction, whose appointment had irritated the religious nobility of the country, who were thus placed at the mercy of a "nobody." The Hakem was not at



BASES OF COLUMNS OF THE PALACE OF ARTAXERXES.

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Chouster, but he was expected to arrive there shortly, we were told. We waited for him in vain five days, and then we started out to go to meet him. As soon as he heard of our arrival he had given orders to raise his camp, pitched not far from the tumuli. The worthy man avoided the neighborhood of the mission as he would have avoided the pest. Nevertheless we had to catch him in order to obtain from him the authorization to engage workmen, and in order to remit to his couriers our letters and despatches.

We met the *ordou*, that is to say, the civil and military suite which accompanies the governor of a province, at a few hours' distance from Dizfoul. The enormous troop of soldiers and servitors, the tents and the cannons, were defiling slowly, and spreading without order over a space of a quarter of a mile wide and nearly four miles long. At last I saw Mozaffer-el-Molk, the sovereign master of the province. He was accompanied by Dr. Moustapha, a pupil of Dr. Tholozan, who in the school of this learned practitioner had acquired a very fair knowledge of French, and perhaps too of medicine. We saluted his Excellency, and the mission continued its route toward Dizfoul, while my husband turned back and went to spend the day with Mozaffer-el-Molk in a camp where breakfast was prepared.

I saw Dizfoul again with joy: I was so near Susa, and I was in such a hurry to set the picks to work! Toward evening Marcel rejoined us. All the necessary authorizations had been given him; he returned to the mission enchanted and overwhelmed with kind words.

The next day the mission handed a letter of recommendation received from high authority to the Sheik Taër, an aged and saintly mollah, who was all-powerful in the province, while I paid a visit to the two wives of the general in command of the troops, two beautiful Teheran ladies who were bored to death in this town so far from the capital. Two days afterward we started for Susa without troubling our heads about an official spy, placed at my husband's disposal by Mozaffer-el-Molk, under pretext of doing us honor, and who in our absence emptied in our name the grocery stores of the bazar, and paid with the money intended for these purchases the debts which, for want of an *ordou*, he had been dragging in his train for years.

The weather was dark and rainy; dazzling lightning was rending the starless night when I caught sight of the tumuli in the bluish glimmer of the flashes. It was too late to plant our tents the night of our arrival; we were obliged to beg asylum in the tomb of Daniel; and we considered ourselves very fortunate to be able to encamp under one of the arcades running around the entrance court.

At daybreak this honor seemed to us to be dangerous, Christians not being safe in the vicinity of the patron of lion-tamers; and so our first care, as soon as the sun had dried the herbage which covered the tumuli, was to plant our tents not far from the bases of columns



PERSIAN WORKMAN.

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FAMILY OF DEPUTY-GOVERNOR OF DIZFOUL, PERSIA.

discovered formerly by Colonel Williams. At three o'clock in the afternoon we transported our baggage to the new encampment, and to their great joy the four exiles dined for the first time in their own quarters, or rather in the quarters of the Koundour Nakhounta and of the Dariuses. It was seventy-two days since they had left France.

Before setting to work it was found advisable to examine with the greatest attention the excavations begun a little at hap-hazard by Loftus, and to determine the position of the trenches which we were to dig. My husband, at the time of our first journey, had made an exhaustive study of Persepolitan architecture, and his knowledge was of no small assistance in guiding us on the northern plateau, which I shall call the Achæmenidæan tumulus, because the palace of Artaxerxes was situated at this point. The position of the inscriptions engraved on the bases of the column of the Apadâna (throne-room) led him to conclude that we ought to look for the entrance of the royal dwelling not to the north but to the south. A first trench was therefore traced about two hundred feet in front of the southern portico; it was slanted slightly along the façade of the palace; the other trenches were cut on the eastern platform, which I shall indicate by the name of Elamite. To mark out the trenches was not a great affair; the difficulty was to find workmen to dig them. During these first few days we received two visits. One of them, to which we were far from attaching all the importance it deserved, was that of a venerable priest, who came to the tomb the day after we had settled our camp. Accompanied by an escort of thirty persons, he mounted to

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our tents, refused to come in and rest, and asked why the mission had abandoned the "Gabee" (the Persian word for tomb), and encamped on muddy and damp ground. "Our work," replied my husband, "requires us to live on the spot." The second visit was that of an Arab chief, Sheik Ali, who was camping with his tribe in the environs of Susa. He brought a fine lamb in testimony of his desire to live on good terms with the new-comers. His proceeding was too polite for us to neglect to interest Sheik Ali in our affairs. Marcel asked him if amongst the nomads of his tribe there were not some who would dig and shovel dirt for a consideration. He rubbed his hands one against the other, and murmured with contempt, "Arab, la, la" (Arab, no, no). This meant to say, in a brief form, "The Arabs do not work; apply to the Persians."

The gloaming of the third day saw the arrival of Mirza Abdoul Khahim. This spy related that he had delayed his departure from Dizfoul in order to calm the emotion caused in the town by the news of our establishment on the domain of Daniel. Mirza Abdoul Khahim, according to his own statement, had dissipated all the storms.

Meanwhile an old fellow, wearing the blue turban of the Dizfoulis, with a countenance more intelligent than it was frank, a mason by trade, a usurer when he had the chance, appeared in the camp. He had heard in the bazar that the Faranghis recently arrived at Susa could dive better than amphibious animals, and that the smallest of them could live for three days at the bottom of the Chaour, where he would swim about without ever breathing, and feed on live carp. "This is truly strange," he had said to a colleague: "what say you? Let us go and enjoy this gratuitous spectacle." And thereupon the two, mounted on asses, had taken the direction of Daniel's tomb, where they had arrived after a ten hours' ride across the desert.

And still the excavations were not begun, from want of workmen!

An old Arab, whose only nourishment consisted of the herbs which he browsed on the tumulus, a poor devil who had been robbed by the nomads, and the son of a widow who was dying of starvation in the Gabee, were at last enrolled at fancy prices. On February 28 Marcel and myself took command of this glorious battalion. Full of emotion, I struck the first blow with the pick on the Achæmenidæan tumulus, and worked until my strength gave out. My husband then took his turn with the pick, while our acolytes carried away the loose earth. This was how the excavations at Susa were begun.

The day was drawing to an end when the mason and his companion, who, after having looked for us in vain in the Chaour, had assisted without uttering a word at the inauguration of the works, proposed to engage some workmen and bring them to us. Their offer was accepted at once, and a daily premium was promised for each workman, picker or shoveller. Forty-eight hours afterward sixty Dizfoulis animated with their presence the long-abandoned tumuli.

The weather was rainy; our tents let in the moisture; provisions were short; our soup, cooked in the open air, was better provided with rain-water than with butter; nevertheless, we were joyous—joyous because we had reached Susa, joyous because we had taken possession of the site which we had so long aspired to excavate, joyous because we had at last some workmen at our disposal.

Our happiness was short-lived.

On March 2 a courier arrived with a letter from the Governor, written in French by Dr. Moustapha. Here it is in its entirety:

"MONSIEUR,—The Mussulmans are ignorant, uncivilized, and outside rules; they are, in short, a stumbling-block in the way of your labors. In my absence it is very difficult for you, I believe, to direct your mission. The tumult of passions of the religion of Islam will cause, perhaps, a great danger, which it will be impossible for me to ward off.

"It is good to deposit your things at Dizfoul, in the charge of Mirza Abdoul Khahim, and to come and stay at Chouster with me.

"After my return to Dizfoul you will be able to attend to your business with the escort, the force, and the advice of the government.

"Yours truly,

"MOZAFFER-EL-MOLK."

The unexpected arrival of this wonderful document threw my husband into a state of cruel perplexity. The bearer, on being questioned, furnished some supplementary explanations. More than six hundred fanatics had set out for Susa three days previously; they were armed with guns, lances, and slings, and were advancing, intoxicated with the smell of

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ARABIAN DANCING MEN.

powder, with the intention of attacking the violators of the tomb of Daniel, the infidels who were seeking to appropriate the relics of the prophet. The three sons of the Sheik Taër had arrived at full gallop, and with great difficulty induced the fanatics to turn back, by promising them that their father himself would lead them to massacre us, if the holy priests sent in hot haste to our camp should discover any foundation for the accusations brought against the Christians. In short, the excitement was extreme, and the life of the members of the mission in peril, if they persisted in remaining at Susa. Thus was explained the singular visit we had received, and the delay of our spy in rejoining us.

On the other hand, there was no mistake to be made: to leave the tumulus the day after this scene was equivalent to abandoning forever the hope of excavating Susa. The Governor would certainly not come to Dizfoul before the summer; that is to say, before the season when the climate of Susiana becomes so torrid that the natives themselves cannot go out in the daytime, but live in cellars dug thirty feet below the surface in order to protect themselves from the mortal rays of the sun.

My husband called us all together, communicated to us the Governor's letter, and also his formal intention of remaining on the tumulus and of continuing the works in spite of everything. We all applauded this manly resolution.

The chief of the mission then replied to Mozaffer-el-Molk that, in spite of his desire to please him, he could not desert a post which the French government had intrusted to him after a special understanding with the Shah. If popular fanaticism endangered the lives of the members of the mission, it was the duty of the Governor to watch over the security of the emissaries of a friendly power.

In order to put an end to the suspicions which the arrival of a courier had begun to awaken amongst the workmen, always in dread of the official rod, my husband ordered Ousta Hassan, who had been promoted to the dignity of head contractor, to double the number of laborers. Henceforward the excavations proceeded with the greatest activity. The Arabs, so dis-

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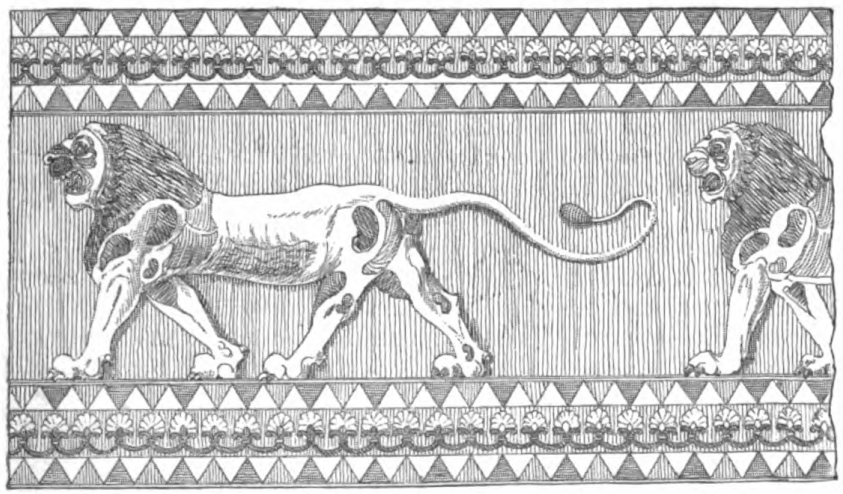
dainful in the beginning, came in crowds to offer their services and their spades, and it was not the least of our troubles every morning to drive away the intruders, who came in hundreds, and threatened to pillage the tents when they were not admitted to the honor of working under our orders. However, the first trenches began to deepen. In spite of the interruptions caused by the abundant rain, we had reached a depth of nearly fourteen feet without finding anything except some fine funeral urns, covered each with round stone stoppers, each containing a skeleton, when the pick of one of the workmen all at once laid bare a bed of queer white-colored materials which looked like agglomerated concrete. Heaven be praised! One of the sides of these parallelopipeds was coated with colored enamel.

The trench was directed parallel with the façade of the palace, and the methodical excavation continued for about 200 feet, with a breadth of 26 feet. One month later we were able to put together on the floor of our tent the enamels composing magnificent lions in low relief, each measuring six feet in height and over eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The animal stands out against a turquoise blue background; the body is white, the head surrounded by a sort of green victorine, the mustache blue and yellow, the flanks white, the belly blue. In spite of its extravagant coloration the beast has a terribly ferocious aspect.

Above and below this bass-relief were two friezes composed of blue and green dentils, and small white ornaments resembling palm leaves, supported by yellow ribbons. Merlons covered with bluish-gray enamel complete the decoration at the top.

To the right of the room it was easy to see that there was an interruption in the deposit of enamelled débris, indicating the position of a vast entrance; finally the position of the bricks, and of the unbaked clay walls against which they were fixed, showed that the lions, nine in number, had crowned a pylon, and had fallen on to the paved floor of the court, breaking the tiles situated below the enamelled bricks, and leaving intact those which had not borne the shock of the wall. Mixed up with the bricks we found a skeleton crushed by the fall of the masonry, a marvellous opal seal which once belonged to Xerxes, a cone of carved ivory, and a thousand interesting utensils.

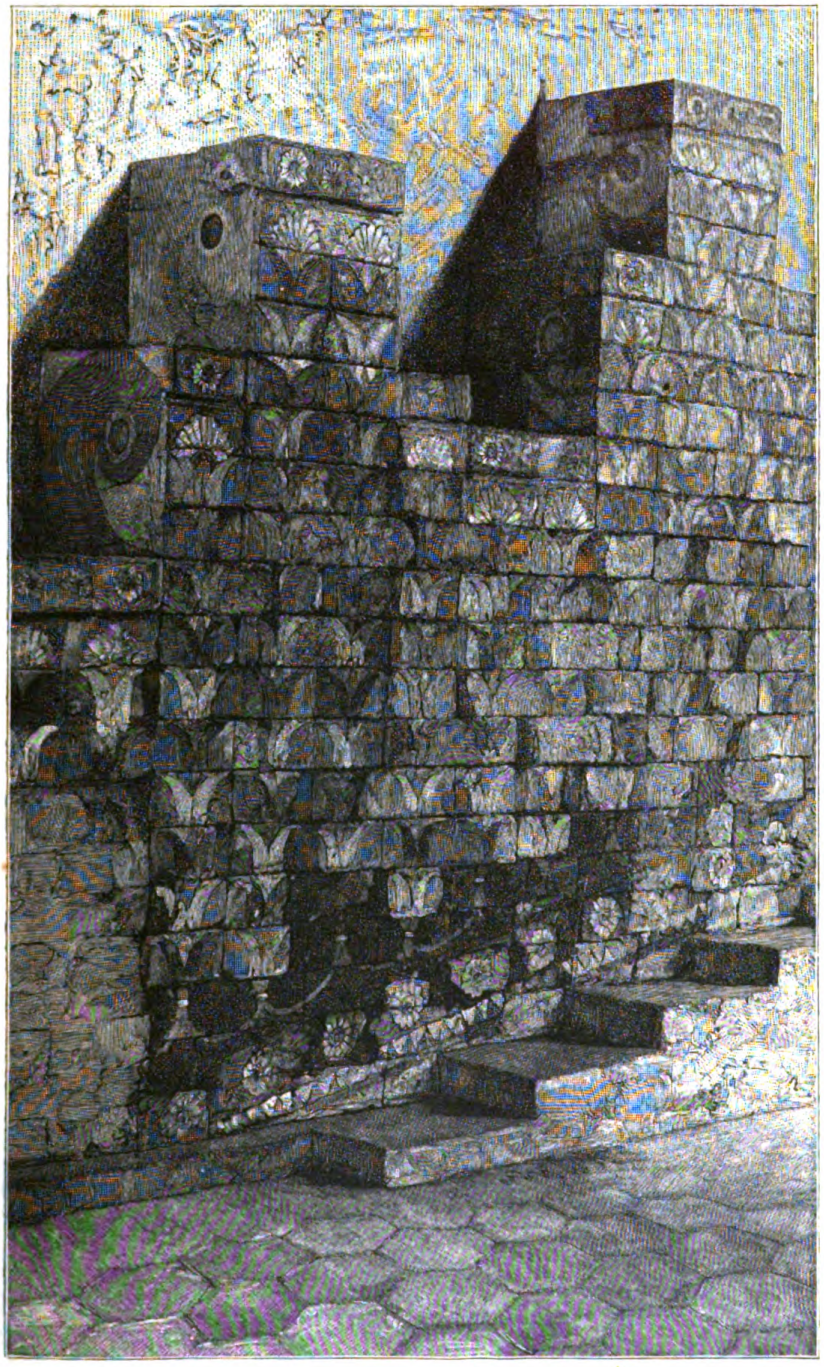
These discoveries were the most important of the whole campaign. The east trenches, however, gave us some entirely new information about the ancient fortifications, and furnished a contingent of various objects, such as spear heads, tear bottles, bronze and terra-cotta lamps, engraved stones, bronze coins, and a series of funeral urns arranged in files, and often one row on the top of another. One of these urns, isolated contrary to the usage, especially attracted our attention. It rested on a basis formed of slabs of concrete. On demolishing this pedestal we noticed that each slab was enamelled; on the edge of one was painted and modelled a beard; on others the arms of a black-skinned person, life size, clothed with richly colored stuffs. What were these men with superb vestments? Were we in presence of those Ethiopians of the Levant of whom Homer and Herodotus speak? Were the Nakhounta the descendants of a princely family related to the black races who reigned in the south of Egypt? We thought also that perhaps, after the example of the Greeks who paint-



COLOSSAL LION IN ENAMELLED FAIENCE.

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ed black the body of the men, and left white the skin of the women, the Susians might have systematically used conventional colors. This seemed to us all the more admissible as the mouth of our enamelled personage was fine and delicate. But the discovery of a white man's hand in enamel similar in form to the black hands upset this hypothesis, at first sight so tempting. While we were digging trenches in the three tumuli, we took care not to abandon the fragments of capitals discovered by Loftus. With time and infinite patience we had just succeeded in getting some very heavy stones out of the trenches, when the first detachments of



ENAMELLED BRICK STAIRCASE.

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STONE INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 1.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

the pilgrims who come every year to do homage to the prophet arrived at Daniel's tomb.

The desire to examine at close quarters "the four Faranghis," about whom the most fantastic legends were current, contributed to increase very considerably the numbers of the devout. Henceforward our situation became intolerable. Every day hundreds of pilgrims poured in by the road from Dizfoul, accompanied by their asses, their wives, and their children. No sooner had they arrived than they rushed into the trenches, picked up the bones which we could not conceal in certain places, so great was the quantity, insulted us—at a good distance—fired their guns in our ears without a word of warning, became wild with rage at our calmness in presence of these aggressive demonstrations, and finally broke at night all the objects which were too heavy to be carried to our tents. Fifty funeral urns, a whole family vault, placed all ready to be photographed, were thus smashed to atoms during a storm. The bulls soon came in for their turn; and in order to avoid irreparable damage we were obliged to give up the complete excavation of the Apadâna. Marcel would have set guards over the trenches, but the bravest of the workmen shut themselves up in the tomb of Daniel immediately after sunset, and neither silver nor gold would tempt them to face the divas, the fairies, the enchanters, and above all the thieves, who peopled the tumuli. I cannot blame them for this cowardice, for the camp itself offered neither repose nor security. At one moment the nomads would approach stealthily and try to carry off our horses; at the next moment it was the hen-pen that was



INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 2.

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INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 3.

rifled by two-legged jackals; then, again, the servants would be heard calling all the members of the mission to defend the pots and kettles against the ravages of marauders. Not a night passed without Marcel leading a *sortie en masse* against



INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 5.

the plunderers. Determined to sell our lives dearly if the nomads made bold enough to attack our tents, we had contracted the habit of sleeping in our clothes, and with loaded arms for bedfellows; but these excellent precautions did not make up for sleepless nights, nor did they give us that rest which we needed after the long hours passed in the trenches.

I was inspecting one day the numerous crevices which streak the flanks of the Achæmenidæan tumulus when I set my foot on a hard body which I had not noticed through the grass. I slipped and fell. It did not come into my mind to punish the stone, first cause of my accident, like Xerxes chastising the Hellespont; nevertheless I pushed aside the vegetation, and discovered beneath a tuft of marsh-mallows a white slab in concrete similar to the concrete of the lions. To run to the tents, to get a pick, and pull out of the ground six or eight of these bricks enamelled on one edge was the affair of a few minutes. Below this first layer was a second, and below that a third, and a tenth, and a twentieth. The balustrade which is now in the Louvre was discovered thus in a wall of the fortifications which had been repaired under the Sassanides. It was square-scalloped, and covered with branches of lotus terminated by white palmettes. Some black feet shod with yellow or blue shoes, some black hands, enamelled, but painted flat and not in relief, and some fragments of a very elegant polychrome decoration closed the series of our last discoveries. The time



INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 4.

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INTAGLIO CYLINDER, NO. 6.

and the days passed, and passed miserably, in struggles now against the pilgrims and now against the warring tribes, who robbed our flour convoys and stole our sheep. As for making complaints, it was not to be thought of. To whom could we complain? "You have remained at Susa against my advice," the Governor would have replied; "you must get out of the mess yourselves the best way you can."

In the midst of all this, Professor Houssay was sent on an embassy to the Sheik Taër, in order to ask his authorization to build on the lands of Daniel a house for the shelter of the members of the mission. The experience of a winter passed in tents had convinced my husband of the necessity of having in future a shelter, not only against the heavy rains of the winter season, but solid walls behind which we could set the pilgrims and the marauders at defiance.



BRONZE STATUETTE.

The Sheik Taër received kindly Monsieur Houssay, who had rapidly learned the language of the country, and granted the desired authority, on condition that when there were no more French at Susa to live in it, the house should be placed at the disposal of the administrators of the domain of Daniel. Finally the venerable mollah promised to come and visit our works in person. Three days afterward the road from Dizfoul seemed to us to be black with people. Escorted by five hundred persons, the sheik was on his way to the tomb of Daniel, where he intended to await the visit of Marcel, while his sons came to the tents to salute us.

The double ceremony passed off without any mishap; it even had an unhoped-for result. As soon as the workmen and the pilgrims saw on what terms the mission was with the religious chief of the province, we suddenly found ourselves enjoying relative calm, which was all the more appreciated considering that since the beginning of our enterprise we had not had a single night's undisturbed rest.

Unfortunately the heat became daily more intolerable. Some of the men had fallen sun-struck in the trenches; it was impossible to remain in the bottom of these ovens. Finally the grain crops were ripe, and we were inevitably approaching the end of our campaign. We closed it very pleasantly, and a banquet composed of rice and mutton, washed down with Chaour water, sealed our good relations with the workmen. The tomb of Daniel was transformed into a banquet-

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ing hall and dancing saloon. After the repast a deputation came up to the tents, and proceeded solemnly to kiss the feet of each of our party; then the best talker of the group delivered a speech. My husband was thanked for having abstained from clubbing his workmen, although no one would have ever contested his right to do so; he was thanked for having settled with justice the various differences which had arisen during the past three months between the men and their masters; Lieutenant Babin was praised to the skies for having handed over the pay to the workmen in its entirety, "without having kept back a farthing for his own profit"; Professor Houssay received the blessings of the sick, to whom he had given consultations, medicine, and money. I will not say what share came to me in this general distribution of compliments, but I remember that I was not forgotten. In short, the speaker expressed the hope that they would see us again after the hot season, and that then they would be all the more devoted in their service, as they were the better acquainted with us.

We had to think now of packing up our treasures. Fifty-four boxes, made—Heaven knows how—with Dizfoul wood and nails, were filled, and the objects which could not be put into them were buried by night in a spot known to ourselves alone.



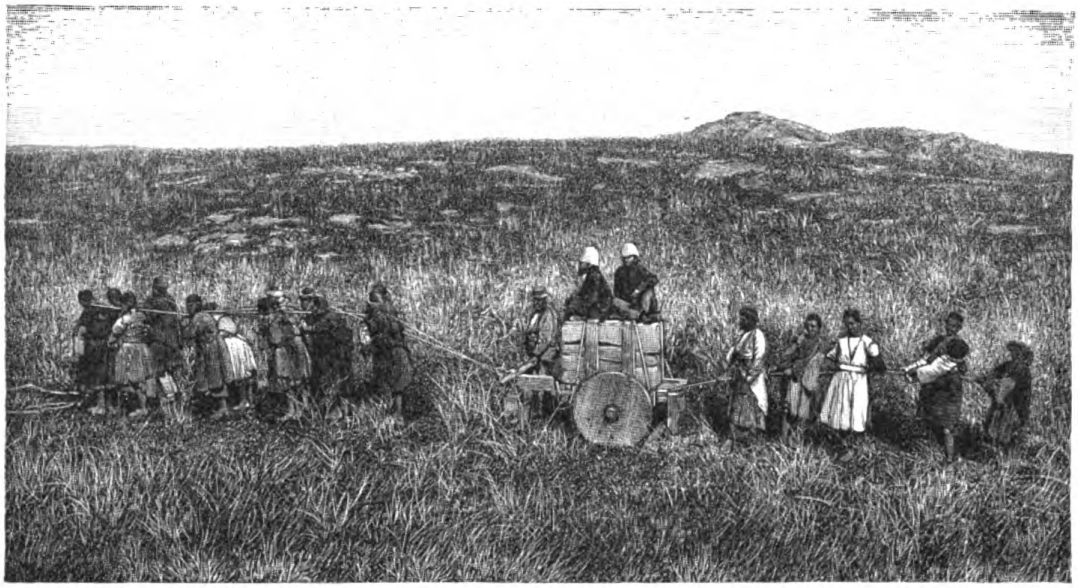
FRIEZE OF ARCHERS FROM THE PALACE OF DARIUS.

After having endured many vicissitudes and many privations without our general harmony and good-humor having been disturbed for a single instant, the mission separated into two parts. Messieurs Babin and Houssay went into Persia, properly so called, where they were to make a journey for the purpose of special studies, while my husband and myself proceeded to arrange the transport to France of the precious packages which had been so laboriously got together.

We were anxious to avoid a journey of nearly two hundred miles across a country where objects taken from the belongings of the prophet were looked upon as talismans and treasures. We therefore resolved to get into Turkey as soon as possible.

At last we reached Amarah, a small town recently built on the banks of the

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TRANSPORTING TREASURES ACROSS THE JUNGLE FROM SUSA TO THE PERSIAN GULF.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

Tigris, and on the itinerary of the English boats. Our boxes were therefore safe so far, and we thought that we were now going to enjoy a well-earned rest. What an illusion! We had scarcely landed from our boats when the custom-house officers of the Sublime Porte took possession of us. From our sorry looks they imagined that travellers worn out by fatigue and fever would readily sacrifice a few Turkish pounds to their desire to return home to their country. Without opening our boxes they estimated their value at 100,000 francs, and demanded 1000 francs for transit dues before they would allow us to take them, 5000 francs as caution money, and also a bakshish in proportion to the wildness of their other demands. This was pure extortion. The French consul at Bagdad complained to the Valy Taki-ed-din Pasha, the instigator of the massacres of Aleppo. This gentleman even outbid the pretensions of his inferiors. He gave us to understand that our antiquities might very well have been found on Turkish territory, and in that case they ought to be sent to the museum of Constantinople.

We obtained, however, the favor of having our boxes taken on to Bassorah, but once there we were kept continually under strict watch, while gun-boats cruised in the river with orders to sink us if the slightest attempt at escape were made.

The only thing to be done was to return to France in order to have the matter treated diplomatically. The boxes were all sealed with the seal of the French consulate, and deposited in the custom-house, and broken-hearted we took passage on board a coal-boat bound for Aden. We had with us only three trunks, containing the lion's head and the small objects. These three cases passed as personal luggage.

An announcement from the Persian Prime Minister, repealing our firmans, arrived at Paris a few days after us. Negotiations were undertaken which resulted in obtaining the prolongation of the *statu quo* at least for one year.

His Majesty of Persia and his son the Prince Zellè Sultan consented not to officially revoke the orders given in the preceding year, orders which, as we have seen, were so badly carried out.

In these precarious conditions we took the road to Susa once more in the beginning of October. A gun-boat stationed at Aden was to carry us as far as Bassorah, thus render our return more rapid, and, above all, assert the intentions of the French government. The *Scorpion* reached Bouchyr, where we found Messieurs Babin and Houssay, but not, as we had hoped, the renewal of our firmans. Three weeks passed thus, and when at last Persian territory was open to us anew, the rainy season was beginning. The Amarah road being shorter than the Chouster road, we

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chose it. It would take too long to relate the incidents of this journey, but in brief we did not reach Susa until December 12, sixty-eight days after leaving Marseilles.

The hundred voices of fame soon announced our arrival to the nomads, and the very next day crowds of workmen arrived, and the excavations were resumed as smoothly as if they had not been interrupted at all.

My husband had agreed to stop the excavations before the beginning of the pilgrimages, that is to say, before April 1. He was obliged, therefore, to modify his original plans, which had been conceived with a view to a durable organization. The Achæmenidæan tumulus was best suited for rapid excavations. The level of the floor of the palace had been discovered the preceding year, and the depth of the trenches was not excessive. My husband resolved, therefore:

1. To go on with the excavations begun in 1852 by Loftus on the site of the Apadâna, continued in 1885 by the French mission, and interrupted at the epoch of the pilgrimage in order to save the sculptures laid bare from certain destruction.

2. To try to determine the position of the stairway of which I had discovered the balustrade in one of the walls of the fortification.

3. To find the junction of the pylones, and the position of the perimeter of the palace.

The results of these different undertakings fully came up to our expectations. On the floor of the Apadâna we exhumed, besides the fragments seen by Loftus, the entire body of a bicephalous bull in a perfect state of preservation, another bull's head very beautifully worked, shafts and bases of columns, the double volutes placed below the capital, the surrounding walls of the throne-room, which the English mission had sought for in vain, some fragments of stone coming from the outer doors, and, finally, some fragments of the facing of the walls and of the pavement.

The excavations alongside the pylones enabled us to find the base of the surrounding wall and a fortified door. This opening was based, contrary to the usage, on terra-cotta foundations. Never, since the beginning of the excavations, had we met with an ancient wall built with similar materials, and Heaven knows how anxiously we had sought for such a precious guide. Monsieur Dieulafoy thought at once of the palace of Darius, destroyed, according to the account of Artaxerxes Mnemon, in the reign of his great ancestor—a palace of which the pavement had been found at another point. He was not mistaken. All our efforts were then concentrated on this part of the excavations, and soon our workmen succeeded in taking out, fragment by fragment, the frieze of archers, which in a few months the public will be able to admire in the Louvre Museum.

The bricks composing this frieze, unlike those of the Lion, did not affect the form of parallelopipeds. They were flat and square, and made of a kind of concrete combining the whiteness of plaster with the hardness of stone. The subject painted on the edge and treated with minute care was very difficult to recompose. One day we discovered a hand, the next day a foot shod with a golden boot; finally the enamels became abundant, and we were able, aided by the continuity of the subject and by the way it was cut out into rectangular sections, to reconstitute a personage forming part of a bass-relief representing a procession of archers.

The warriors are figured in profile and marching; on their shoulders rest a bow and an immense quiver; they carry a javelin terminating in a silver pomegranate. The vestments are all cut after the same pattern. They are composed of a robe slit in front, of a short shirt with long sleeves, drawn in round the waist by a belt, and a round jacket closed over the breast. A rich band of ornament trims the hem of the garments. The stuffs are different. Some are golden yellow embroidered with blue and green daisies; others have a white ground, and bear on a black escutcheon a picture of the citadel of Susa; sometimes the robes are white, and covered with flowers and stars set off by a black background; the shirt is black or yellow; the boots gold or blue. The archers are crowned with a green torsade, and bedecked with gold ear-rings and bracelets. Their skin is black; the eyes are drawn as if they were seen full face; the nose is arched; the lips thin, and narrowly edged with carmine. The curled beard is relatively short; the hair is curly only at the end. The cuneiform inscriptions on the enamel, which concern the archers, still contain, in spite of their mutilation, the name of "Darius King" in Persian, in Median, and in Assyri-

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an, and the following characteristic phrase: "Otana nama parsa" (a Persian by the name of Otanes). These fragments are very precious, for, in the absence of more precise archæological information, they suffice to date the monument.

My husband was right in considering the Susian people to be an isolated tribe of the most ancient colonists of Asia, those blacks of the Rig-Veda, those Ethiopians of the Levant mentioned by Homer and described by Herodotus.

The anthropological studies of Professor Houssay on the present inhabitants of Susiana and the examination of the well-preserved skeletons discovered in the funeral urns furthermore tend to show that within the past eighteen hundred years the anatomic characteristics of the black races have been continually growing weaker, though they may still be found in all the townsfolk of Arabistan.

Besides these enamelled faiences, the excavations of the palace of Darius brought to light fragments of sculpture on terra-cotta of a very peculiar character. They are neither painted nor enamelled; their elementary forms have entirely lost any conventional character; and the *ensemble* of the bass-relief is modelled with surprising skill and ability, although the subjects are borrowed from the fantastic fauna of Chaldæa. Here it was a wild beast like those which are reproduced on the bass-reliefs of Persepolis; there it was a bull represented in profile, and nevertheless with two divergent horns. These animals were surrounded by friezes covered with a cuneiform text engraved by hand on the edge of the bricks. Some of the inscriptions are in Persian; others, written in Assyrian cursive characters, have some connection with Susian texts of the eighth or ninth century B.C.

Although the palace of Darius has hitherto furnished only magnificent fragments of its decoration, the plan of the edifices which in the time of Artaxerxes crowned the Achæmenidæan tumulus is now known; we can even reconstitute the Apadâna in its general aspect and in its details. The buildings rose on an almost rectangular platform sixty feet high, surrounded on the east and west by fortifications. The summit of the northern defences, terminating just at the level of the platform of the palace, allowed the eye to embrace the whole chain of the Bakhtyaris Mountains, the plain, and the town of Susa. The southern front formed one of the sides of the interior court comprised between the citadel and the Elamite tumulus. The grand entrance to this court was situated in the axis of the palace, to the south and at the foot of the walls of the citadel. Without concerning myself with the lateral constructions, I pass through the gate and proceed toward the palace of Artaxerxes. In front of me is a gigantic stairway between two towers, which form part of the system of fortifications. I admire the enamelled hand-rail; I mount the steps, so easy that they might be mounted on horseback, and I reach the outer court, bounded on the east and west by the ramparts. Porticos supported by pillars and decorated with fantastic animals occupy the middle of the wings; facing the stairway is an opening flanked by two pylones, faced with white and rose mosaic, and surmounted by a magnificent procession of enamelled lions. Before crossing the threshold of the inner court I perceive the throne-room.

The "Apadâna"* was isolated from all the surrounding constructions on the south by the inner court, on the north, the east, and the west by a gently sloping road reserved for the royal chariots, which mounted there from the plain to the top of the platform. The three colonnades of the palace and their bicephalous capitals escaped the view of visitors, unless they caught a glimpse of them through the large openings placed at their extremities. For that matter they had full leisure to admire the elegance and the majesty before penetrating into the royal precincts, inasmuch as the throne-room dominated with its whole height the fortifications on the north. In the time of Darius the walls forming the back of the colonnades must have been adorned with processions of warriors, and with those endless inscriptions destined to proclaim the glory of the Achæmenidæ.

Such was, in its main outlines, the official dwelling of a Khchayâthia,† further embellished by fountains, ponds, flower-gardens, and works of art, which must have been marvellous if we are to believe the Greeks, who were good judges in the matter. If it be granted that simplicity

* Apadâna is the word by which the Persians designated the throne-room. This expression has passed into Hebrew with the meaning of tabernacle.

† Persian name for King, whence comes the title of Shah, borne at the present day by the sovereigns of Persia.

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of plan, clearness of arrangement, and harmony of *ensemble* are the supreme expressions of architectural beauty, the Apadâna of Artaxerxes must have been one of the finest edifices of antiquity.

The excavation of the Apadâna did not alone absorb the attention of the chief of the mission; the examination of the natural crevices which had not yet been invaded by the tall herbage gave a most interesting result, for it led to the discovery of a narrow trench, carefully filled up with gravel, the presence of which in this particular place was soon to lead my husband to reconstitute with certitude the ancient fortifications which surrounded the palace of the great kings. The rôle and the position of this lining, which was similar to the works used by our modern engineers for the protection of a retaining wall, having been once recognized, it became straightway easy to follow the trench full of pebbles at all points where it had not been buried beneath too thick a mass of rubbish, and thus to isolate the exterior wall from the retaining wall, and to re-establish the situation of the exterior facing parallel with the lining, and distant from the latter some seventy-five feet. We were thus in possession of the perimeter and exact extent of the defensive works of Susa, but the principal elements of the transversal sections were wanting—a regrettable lacuna, which fresh researches, facilitated by a happy concourse of circumstances, at last filled up. We even discovered the grand gate of the royal precincts, and near it there was still lying a fragment of the panels, covered with triple brass, nailed, and embossed.

The Susian fortification comprised, first of all, a moat filled with water and communicating with the Chaour. The exterior rampart, built with hollow bricks, was 75 feet broad and 70 feet high. This latter dimension is obtained by adopting as a plane of comparison the average level of the plain, taken 55 feet below the pavement of the Apadâna of Artaxerxes. Against the inner side of the wall, and separated from it by the lining of gravel, there leaned a mass of beaten earth 85 feet thick and 55 feet high. On this platform of embanked earth rose two groups of buildings parallel to each other, which served as casemated barracks and passages where the defenders of the place could circulate without danger even when the first zone of defences was in the power of the enemy. A second rampart, 57 feet broad, formed by two unbaked brick walls 11 feet and 15 feet thick, with between them earth beaten down while wet, dominated the first line of defences. And behind this second zone there was a rampart road, the dimensions of which we could not determine. Generally the plan of the fortifications is not bastioned; it affects the form of a saw, with the teeth set at right angles.

These strong and intelligent defensive works had rendered legendary the celebrated fortress of Susa; its reputation was not usurped, for this same stronghold, which opened wide its gates to Alexander, enabled a thousand Macedonians to resist for a whole year the efforts of the revolted Persians.

Our expedition has enriched the Louvre with 302 engraved stones or rollers. Some of them are very remarkable, either for their masterly execution, or for their antiquity, or for the novelty of the subjects which they represent. I will mention some of them:

1. A roller in diorite about an inch and a half high. The subject represented is some very archaic religious scene. The god of the worshipper, and perhaps the wife of the worshipper, figure in the picture, also the victim, the sacrificial instruments, the lunar arc, the solar asterisk, and an inscription in archaic characters which occupies two lines and a half. The god wears a complicated tiara and a long fringed scarf, which is wrapped around the body in such a manner as to leave free the shoulder and the right arm. The man and the woman wear a similarly draped costume, through which never a needle passed. The preservation of this specimen is perfect, but its execution is primitive.

2. A roller of light green porphyry about one and a half inches high. The engraver represents for us the combat of Isdoubar and his servant Noubaïn against the bulls and lions that were devastating the land. This intaglio, as fine in drawing and execution as the most celebrated rollers of the De Clercq collection, or of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, testifies to the possession by the eminent artists of old Chaldæa of a knowledge of anatomy and a superior talent such as their Assyrian and Babylonian successors never showed. Even the grouping of the per-

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sonages has been treated with minute care: it is most curious, for instance, to notice how the horns, the shoulders, and the thighs of the two standing bulls form a delicious scroll, in the centre of which was engraved an inscription which has been unfortunately worn down. Without hesitation I should declare this superb intaglio to be six or seven thousand years old. It must be contemporaneous with those kings of Agadé whose names and great deeds have been revealed to us by the inscriptions of the last sovereigns of Babylon.

3. A roller of rock-crystal 1.378 inches high. A harpist and a guitar-player are giving a concert to a monkey and a goat placed between the musicians. The picture is most interesting, because it reproduces with charming grace a domestic scene which I have never before found represented. The costume of the personages is Chaldæan.

4. A roller of light green porphyry one inch high. A scene of adoration marvellously modelled and executed. In this charming intaglio you discern distinctly the arrangement of the draped costumes to which I have already called attention in describing roller No. 1. I have every reason to believe that this seal belonged to a royal Chaldæan princess, whose title will be found in the inscription. It is for the Assyriologists to decide whether this interpretation is exact.

5. A roller of rock-crystal 0.709 of an inch high. An androcephalous bull, a variation of the geniuses placed at the doors of Assyrian palaces. This intaglio is remarkable on account of the rarity of the subject represented and its superb execution.

6. A roller of white marble 1.181 inches high. The Greek legends tell us of dolphins which served Arion as coursers, but I never heard of riding on carp to go a-fishing with a trident. Facing the aquatic rider, a gentleman, lightly clad, reclines on a couch. This second personage is doubtless *blasé* as regards all the exploits of his companion, for he seems to be entirely occupied with the flower whose perfume he smells, and with the bird which is flying in the air.

7. Royal Achæmenidæan seal, in flax gray opal, 0.787 of an inch diameter—a magnificent stone, engraved doubtless for Xerxes or Artaxerxes I. (See illustration at the head of this article.) The medallion of the King, surmounted by the great god Avuramazda, is placed between two sphinxes wearing the white crown of Upper Egypt. This intaglio, of a truly royal art, is particularly remarkable as a specimen of the Achæmenidæan art of Persepolis.

In connection with these intaglios I may notice a little bronze four inches high, to obtain which nearly cost us our lives.

As I cannot prolong indefinitely even the summary description of the 1000 or 1200 monuments discovered in the course of our campaigns of 1884–5 and 1885–6, I will content myself with a succinct recapitulation of the objects which we brought back to France.

1. Two fragments of a frieze in enamelled faience adorned with lions in low relief, and coming from the pylones of the palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon. These two fragments together measure 13 feet high by 29 long.

2. A fragment of a frieze in enamelled faience adorned with eleven royal guards of the corps of the Immortals, and coming from the palace of Darius. This fragment is 15 feet high and 30 feet long.

3. Two fragments of the balustrade of a stairway in enamelled faience.

4. Three fragments of a frieze in terra-cotta representing fantastic animals.

These fragments together measure 6 feet high and 20 feet long.

5. A bicephalous capital resting on its volutes, 17 feet high and 13 feet broad, coming from the palace of Artaxerxes.

6. A superb collection of engraved stones, comprising in all 302 seals or rollers, dating from the most archaic times down to the Sassanides.

7. A great number of cuneiform inscriptions, mostly Susian or Achæmenidæan. These inscriptions are engraved on clay and on stone, or enamelled on bricks.

8. Bronze coins from Susiana and the adjoining countries of the epoch of the Parthians and the Sassanides.

9. Some bronze, terra-cotta, marble, and ivory statuettes.

10. A part of the bronze covering of the outer doors of the palace of Artaxerxes.

11. A series of glass tear bottles.

12. Some 500 objects of secondary importance, comprising enamelled Sassanide vases, Parthian funeral urns, a headless sandstone statue, arms of iron and bronze, lamps, toilet utensils, marble vases, altars, fragments of enamelled bricks and

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of sculptured stones, funeral inscriptions, etc.

13. Susian inscriptions which have been buried from 1700 to 2000 years.

14. Plaster casts of the large bases of the palace, of their inscriptions, and of other objects too heavy to be transported.

15. A series of photographic views of the most important aspects of the tumuli, the works, and the native types of Susiana.

16. A relief plan of the tumulus and of the excavations, made by Lieutenant Babin.

Our establishment at Susa and the work of excavation presented great difficulties. Nothing, however, in all the trials which the mission had endured there is worthy to be compared with the anxiety of all kinds and with the material suffering which the transportation of our treasures caused us. We had to pack and drag nearly fifty tons of boxes, some of which weighed not less than three tons, across a pathless desert continually scoured by nomads living exclusively on plunder, and that too with the aid of men and animals who had not the most elementary ideas either of carts or harness. Thanks to the indefatigable devotion of our young collaborators and to the invincible obstinacy of Monsieur Dieulafoy, we nevertheless got the better of difficulties which seemed at first to be insurmountable.

We made carts and harness; the mules learned to draw; and the men, who were even more frightened than the quadrupeds, learned to drive the teams; the rivers had to be crossed without the aid of bridges. During a journey of nearly two hundred miles, night and day, we were obliged to drive away the robbers with gunshots; and in spite of the nomads, in spite of the difficulties inherent in the soil, and in spite of the temperature, which reached no less than 120° Fahr. in the shade and 163° in the sun, we at last reached the Persian Gulf.

Happily the cruiser of the squadron, *Le Sané*, was waiting for the mission at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab. It took us on board, utterly worn out with our efforts, and at the end of June brought us within sight of Toulon. It was high time to return to our dear France: half the mission could not have endured a longer stay in Susiana.

MEXICAN NOTES.

III.—COATEPEC.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

ONE inconvenience in travelling in Mexico is the bulky silver money with which the tourist must load himself down. Whenever I moved any distance from the capital I carried a shot-bag full of the cart-wheel dollars, which were worth from nineteen to twenty-four cents less than United States money. The Bank of London and South America, in Mexico, issues notes which are current in the states of Mexico and Michoacan, and perhaps elsewhere, but not good in the state of Vera Cruz, although the bank officials assured us they were. Consequently we have this anomaly, which is characteristic of Mexico, that while the railway company of the Mexican Railway received these notes for fare at the Mexican end, they would not take them at all at the Vera Cruz terminus. The first-class fare, in an exceedingly roomy and comfortable coach —263 miles in about fourteen hours—was sixteen dollars. In the train was a carload of soldiers in white cotton uniform—a precaution against robbers which the government takes on no other railway in the republic. At every station, also, a guard of half a dozen soldiers appeared on the platform, saluting as the train drew up. On the higher table-land these guards were mounted, and in their fine appearance reminded one of the famous *Guardias Civiles* of Spain.

The morning (February 26) was bright and a little cool; the twin snow peaks sparkled crystal white in the clear air. The road runs in the Mexican basin north of Lake Tezcoco, through a region highly cultivated, bristling with cacti of grotesque forms, the fields marked by lines of the maguey plant, frequent adobe villages, with clusters of the stately organ cactus grouped about the huts, the whole plain full of the stir of agricultural life and movement. As we rose among the hills the clean maguey plant was more

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abundant, and at the first station on the plateau we were at the chief shipping point of the region for pulque. Scores of casks of it were waiting shipment. It is from this station that a considerable portion of the thousands and thousands of gallons daily needed to supply the wants of the city are sent. At this station descended several passengers—English, American, and Mexican gentlemen, who had business at some hacienda, or were out for a day's shooting. Among them was a tall, bulky Mexican, with gigantic frame and a baby face, who would have excited admiration anywhere. He wore an enormous hat, hung with at least a hundred dollars' worth of silver bullion, was armed with a revolver and a rifle, and had down each seam of his trousers a row of skulls and cross-bones in solid silver, each skull as big as a dollar. Everybody enjoyed the appearance of this splendid person, and no one more than he himself.

At an elevation of some eight thousand feet we were running over a nearly level table-land, with high mountains in the distance—a plain brown and cheerless. A strong wind was blowing, and the dust was intolerable. Soon the country became more broken, but with the same aspect of winter barrenness, without a tree to relieve the prospect, and the landscape frightfully gashed and gullied by the heavy summer rains. After we passed Apizaco, whence a road branches off to Puebla, the long noble mountain of Malintzi came in view on the south, and before we reached San Andreas the mass of Orizaba loomed up in the east over the dusty plain, two peaks, as seen from this point, the higher a long ragged mass, ever snow-clad, rising in majestic beauty between six and seven thousand feet above the enormous elevation of this vast wind-swept plateau. From the uplands, from the coast, from the tropical valleys, from all points of view, this seems to be the prince of Mexican mountains.

At Esperanza we stopped for mid-day breakfast—an excellent, civilized, well-served meal. Here the peach-trees were in full bloom. A little further on, at Boca del Monte, the road begins its rapid descent to the coast level. I doubt if any other railway in the world, certainly none in Europe or North America, offers so many surprises to the traveller, or scenery so startling and noble in character. At Boca del Monte he looks down upon a wilderness of mountains. He is on a wide sterile plain in the temperate zone; in two hours he will be hurled down into the warmth and luxuriance of a tropical vegetation. Below are mountains, precipices, deep valleys, clouds, mists, which part occasionally and show green fields through the rifts. The descent seems impossible. But the train moves on in long curves round the edge of the mountain, doubling on itself, piercing a promontory, clinging to the edge of a precipice, leaping by a slender bridge from one hill to another, running backward and forward, but always down, down, until the mountains, nobly wooded, begin to rise above us: at one point we look sheer down the precipice upon the plain and town of Maltrato, 2000 feet below. At Bota, a picturesque station clinging to the precipice, there are crowds of women and maidens offering fruits of all sorts, and pulque, which is not good lower down. Before we know it we have dropped down to Maltrato, a little interval green with grain and trees, hemmed in completely by steep mountains, a thriving town with many spires, 1691 metres above the sea.

From this little mountain plain we drop to a lower level, through a wonderful defile, narrow, rocky, with a clear impetuous stream at the bottom; and as we go down there is not so much the sensation of sinking as that the mountains are rising around us. The level to which we come is the fertile plain of Orizaba, 1227 metres above the sea. In the midst of it stands the handsome and highly civilized city of Orizaba—city and valley shut out from the world by immense mountain walls. On this plain we ran into the clouds that we had seen from the heights above, and passing it, we went swiftly down a broad valley, all grain, grass, turf even, pasture-lands, meadows, luxuriant cane fields, well watered and vernal, not unlike the valley of the Connecticut, except for the yucca and cacti and strange plants and flowers. From this valley we dropped again down a narrow, rocky defile, passed through a tunnel, and came into a lower valley that leads to the city of Cordova. The whole of Mexico has this terrace character. It had rained a little at Cordova, and the vegetation showed a climate different from that on the west of the great mountain chain. All the east side of the mountains is liable in winter to "northers," which bring lower

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temperature, clouds, and occasional rain, so that the whole state of Vera Cruz is less brown and sere in the dry season than the western uplands. At Cordova we were in a semi-tropical region, 827 metres (about 2600 English feet) above the sea; we had dropped from winter into summer. On either side spread acres and acres of bananas, wide coffee plantations, agaves and pines, and brilliant flowering shrubs; one, the tulipan, as large as a peach-tree, with splendid scarlet flowers like the tiger-lily. At the station, pineapples and oranges in heaps were for sale. As we went down through the foot-hills, passing a finer gorge than any above, with a lovely water-fall, the foliage became more and more tropical; big-leaved plants grew rank along the way, and enormous convolvuli adorned the trees and hedges.

It was eight o'clock when we reached the absolute sea-level and Vera Cruz, and were driven in a rickety carriage through a broad business street of two-story houses to the Hotel Diligencia, on the little plaza. The hotel, over the first story of shops, is entered by broad stone stairs in the inner court, and is itself an open hall about a court, the hall serving as assembly-room and dining-room, the chambers opening out from it. All the floors are brick. The rooms on the plaza front have balconies, and are primitively furnished, though comfortable enough, the beds being well protected by mosquito-netting. Rooms, furniture, attendance, all bespeak the negligence of a warm climate; it is, in short, a thoroughly Spanish-Mexican inn, and the table sustains its reputation.

Vera Cruz has a bad repute, and I suppose that, travestying the remark about Naples, I am expected to exclaim, "Smell Vera Cruz and die." But I found the little city of ten thousand people rather agreeable. It is, to be sure, when you are in it, an uninteresting city of two-story buildings of coral limestone, right-angled streets, perfectly flat, built on marshy ground, and the gutters are open and unsightly. The sidewalk crossings of the principal streets are peculiar; they are small bridges thrown over the gutters, but instead of being on the line of the sidewalk, they are set back in the side street, so that the heedless pedestrian is likely at any moment to step into the ditch. But the houses are solid; many of them have pretty courts, and arcaded fronts are frequent. Shabby or elegant, it is thoroughly foreign and picturesque. By daylight it is shabby. The most pleasing view of the town is from the sea, with the castle of San Juan de Ulua in the foreground, and the water-line of arcaded buildings, with the towers and cathedral dome, behind. But the view of the blue Gulf, with its islands and sails, from the long pier, is as lovely as that from almost any Mediterranean port. The air was delicious, mild and yet not enervating. With the sea on one side and the mountains so near on the other, Vera Cruz ought, with a little engineering skill for drainage, to be perfectly healthful. But no summer passes without sporadic cases of yellow fever, and once in three years it is epidemic. To my senses the climate was most agreeable, and it was luxury to breathe the air after the thin atmosphere of the table-land. Indeed, I met many foreigners who are charmed with Vera Cruz. I know Americans who go there without fear in the summer, for the bathing, and find their stay most agreeable.

The scene on the plaza, which was brilliantly illuminated with both gas and the electric lights, was exceedingly gay. The strong light brought into relief the cathedral dome and spires, the arcaded shops, and masses of shrubs and flowering plants, and the swaying arms of the whispering palms. It is thronged with promenaders, with loafers, with children, with ladies in fashionable attire, with officers and soldiers and servants—a thoroughly democratic assembly. The cool evening is the time for enjoyment and recreation, and everybody was out-of-doors; ladies in light muslins, armed only with the fan, went round and round arm in arm, chatting and laughing, never the sexes mingling in the tread-mill of the promenade, except in case of family groups; children, small girls and boys too young to be out without their nurses, were jumping the rope and playing other noisy games in a part of the plaza till after nine o'clock; men of the lower orders lounged about clad only in under-shirts and drawers, or their cotton trousers that had the effect of drawers; the clerks in the shops, dressed in the same summer style, and invariably with a cigar in the mouth, waited on their customers in languid indifference. All the wine shops and saloons were open and thriving; small tables encumbered the sidewalks, where the

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citizens sat in cool costume sipping mild potations. Everybody had the free and easy air which is always begotten by confidence in steady good weather. The prominent impression, however, was of the mixed, mongrel race, a population lacking stamina, with Central American morals and Cuban inertia.

We were called at four o'clock of a foggy morning for the five-o'clock train to Jalapa. This journey is unique, for the whole distance of seventy miles is by tramway, except the first sixteen, to Paso de San Juan, on the Mexican Railway.

At San Juan the tram-cars were waiting, two, a first and a second class, each with four mules. Our car was very comfortable, roomy, with broad leather-cushioned seats, open at the sides, with a canopy to keep off the sun. At the signal the mules were let go, and they started on a run; they had their ten miles to make, and seemed bound to do it at a spurt.

This is the old national road, the route of General Scott to the city of Mexico, following most of the way the ancient Spanish highway, often paved, and with substantial bridges. The old Spaniards had energy, and built roads and churches; the Mexicans have let them decay.

When the fog cleared, the sky was deep blue, and the air delicious. The peak of Orizaba appeared a white mass in the blue horizon, the base hidden by mountain ranges. The Puente Nacional is a fine, picturesque Spanish bridge with parapets, and here is a collection of mean adobe houses, and near them, in a thicket of cacti, the white palace of Santa Anna, falling to ruins. Here he had a considerable plantation. We passed in sight also of the battle-field of Cerro Gordo—a cheerless region. The villages on the line are much alike—usually one shabby street—with a mongrel population. The most curious shops are the butchers'; the meat hangs before the door in long strips, is usually black, and sold by the foot. At Rinconada, where we met the down train, we stopped an hour for breakfast—a very palatable meal, with Mexican dishes, that are not bad, if you can make up your mind to them, especially the garnachas, compounded of maize, chopped meat, cheese, chiles, tomatoes, and onions. It is as good as the famous enchilada, which is chopped meat, raisins, almonds, and other condiments rolled inside of a tortilla. The passengers whom we met were covered with dust, and we were in the same state. The road had begun to ascend rapidly, and there were long stretches where we dragged slowly up the grades, in sun and dust, with only occasionally the exhilaration of a dash down-hill. The views became finer—great sweeps of rounded hills, with few trees, and mountains in the distance. Occasionally a hacienda was seen perched on a hill, or the square tower of an old church, but for the most part the country was monotonous in its winter barrenness. Still it was all novel, and our interest in the drive scarcely flagged when, at six o'clock, we galloped through the paved streets of Jalapa, and knew that we were 4000 feet above the sea.

Jalapa, the capital of the state of Vera Cruz, and the residence of the Governor, is an exceedingly interesting and pretty city, well paved, solidly built, picturesquely situated on the foot-hills, and surrounded by giant mountains. The region is fertile, and it is just the right elevation for a delightful summer and winter climate. The views from the neighboring hills of the town, the uneven landscape, the semi-tropical vegetation, the snow mountains, are of almost incomparable beauty. The town itself, though the streets are winding, and many of them steep, and the houses have no great architectural pretensions, is clean, thrifty, and has a highly civilized aspect. There are many fine, substantial residences, which make no exterior show, but have lovely interior courts adorned with flowers, and vocal with fountains and the singing of birds. The rich interiors are evidence of wealth and refinement. The cathedral, a noble, handsome building, stands on a pretty plaza, but its situation on the side of a slope gives a unique effect to the interior. The floor, which is beautifully paved with tiles, slopes up to the altar at a decided angle, so that the worshipper, in advancing to the apse, has a sense of "going up to the house of the Lord." From the end of the street on which it stands, and indeed from other streets, there are charming vistas of the country, a country tropical in its foliage, and always with the background of purple mountains and snow domes. The noble Orizaba is the chief attraction, but the long range of the nearer Cofre de Perote, which bars the way to the west, tawny and full of color, may be fairly termed magnificent. Its sharp ridges, 14,000 feet above the sea, are just

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low enough to escape the crown of perpetual snow.

The great market-place on Sunday morning presented a very animated spectacle. In the centre of the square, surrounded by arcaded buildings, is the market itself, a structure of pillars and roof; but the traffic was not confined to it. The whole plaza and all the surrounding corridors and the side streets were covered with goods, merchandise of all sorts, fruits, vegetables, pottery, and swarmed with buyers and sellers. This is the day when the Indians from the mountain villages come in with their grain, tortillas, preserves, basket-work, pottery, and "truck," and we saw here specimens of three or four tribes who adhere to their own dialects, and speak Spanish not at all, or very reluctantly. The Mexican men wore usually white trousers and white shirts, with perhaps a gay serape flung over the shoulders. The women, in plain frocks and the invariable ribosas, add little in the way of color to the scene, and almost nothing of beauty. They are not pretty; but so productive! Children swarmed. And the sad pity of it, to think that they will all grow up and become Mexicans! There was a circus in town, and the members of it were making an advertising parade, riding about through the dense crowd, bespangled, brazen women and harlequin men, greeted with shouts and laughter. There is certainly nothing gloomy about Sunday in Jalapa.

We breakfasted with Colonel Thrailkill, the superintendent of the Jalapa road. The table was set in a veranda opening upon a pretty garden. Our host is a bird-fancier; but most residents in Mexico fall into this fancy, for in no other land are there birds of more delicious song and exquisite plumage. In shops, in house courts, in hotels, in bath-houses, everywhere one hears the music of caged birds. Dozens of cages hung about the veranda and in the garden, an unrivalled aviary of color and song. There were many brilliant small birds, but the favorite for its song—indeed, the queen of all Mexican singing birds—is the clarin. This is a shapely brown bird, in size and form not unlike the hermit-thrush, but its long, liquid, full-throated note is more sweet and thrilling than any other bird note I have ever heard; it is hardly a song or a tune, but a flood of melody, elevating, inspiring as the skylark, but with a touch of the tender melancholy of the nightingale in the night.

There was one of these birds filling the court with melody when I went to take a bath in Jalapa. Mexico has one evidence of civilization that some other civilized countries lack. In every city, in nearly every town, there are attractive bath-houses. However mean the town may be otherwise, the public bath-house is pretty sure to be neat and attractive, and is often highly ornamental and luxurious. There are bathing places of various degrees of cost, some plunges and pools where the populace can take a dip for a tlaco (about a cent and a half), and others more exclusive, where the common charge for hot and cold water, linen, soap, rubbing fibre, and oil is twenty-five cents. There is an inner court, luxuriant and beautiful with flowers and tropical foliage, surrounded by galleries in two stories, in the arches of which stand hundreds of the red flower-pots of the country brilliant with gay flowers. A fountain splashes in the centre, and caged birds, fluttering in the sunlight, sing, and add the element of gayety to the pretty scene. The bathing-rooms, opening on the gallery, are primitive, but clean; and if they were ruder than they are, the bather has so many senses gratified that in this respect at least he is willing to confess that the Mexicans excel us in civilization and refinement. At Cuautla I saw a substitute for the Turkish bath, used sometimes also by our northern Indians. This was a stone structure, somewhere in the shade of the house enclosure, in shape like a long, low oven, with an opening in front large enough for a person to crawl in. In the interior are placed hot stones, water is poured upon these till the oven is full of steam, and then the patient crawls in, closes the aperture, and takes his steam bath.

From Jalapa the tramway extends nine miles southwest to Coatepec, which lies 500 feet lower than the capital, and enjoys a somewhat warmer climate. I went down there and spent some days with American and English friends who are engaged in coffee planting and in the preparation of the berry for the market. Coatepec is a typical Mexican town of the better sort, where nobody is very rich and nobody very poor. It is quite withdrawn from the world and its excitements—has no newspapers, no news, no agitations. The houses are mostly of one story, the streets

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are broad, well paved, and clean, and the country about is well cultivated. With the exception of the family with whom I staid, and a Belgian who has lived there many years, I believe there are no foreigners. "Society" can hardly be said to exist, but a club had recently been formed; in the bare rooms it occupied there were neither newspapers, books, nor any of the common paraphernalia of club life. So far as I could judge, the Mexicans here, who are of the ordinary yellow variety, have little intellectual life or ambition, or knowledge of the world. The chief occupation is coffee raising; all about the town are large and small plantations of it, intermingled with the banana and the plantain. The coffee-trees are seen in all the town gardens; and at this season, in the streets and court-yards, the coffee berry spread on mats was everywhere seen drying in the sun.

The house where I staid, perhaps the most commodious in the place, is worth a line of description as typical of the better sort in Mexico. On the street it has a solid two-story front, with windows of glass, and is built around three sides of a very pretty court, which has a fountain, tropical plants and flowers, and singing birds in cages. Most of the houses have no glass, and the window openings, which close with inner shutters, are protected with bars of iron or wood, Spanish fashion, and the inmates have the appearance of being imprisoned. A gallery runs round the inner second story of the house I speak of, and is a most agreeable lounging-place day and evening. Here are books, music, the latest English and American newspapers. In the sitting-room is a Steinway grand, which in this equable climate always keeps in tune. Every evening when there is music there is an orderly crowd in the street below. From this gallery is one of the most lovely prospects. One looks over the court and the garden beyond, over the huddled brown roofs of the town, the cathedral towers, the tall trees of the plaza with its arcaded buildings, over the rising nearest foot-hills and their semi-tropical vegetation, to the vast ridge of the Cofre de Perote, purple against the sky. Almost every feature of the landscape is Italian, and the view is wonderfully like that from the Villa Nardi in Sorrento of the gardens and amphitheatre of hills. But in one respect it far surpasses the famous Italian landscape. For there to the left rises in the blue sky the great dome of Orizaba, pure white, stainless, towering up like a cloud, its purity glowing in the rosy light of morning, or taking on a purple hue at evening. The place has altogether an air of repose, of stability, of softness, an indescribable charm.

This region is a paradise for the naturalist as well as the sight-seer. I could see, but cannot describe, hundreds of novel wild flowers and plants—plants aromatic, plants and vines with strange and brilliant blooms, tree-ferns, and all sorts of feathery and graceful growths. My friend had a collection of butterflies and moths dazzling to the eyes of a novice, but of still more interest to the student; his explorations of the hills have discovered many species hitherto unknown to science.

Not only the naturalist, but the ordinary traveller, would find much that is interesting in exploring these mountains. In their recesses are villages that retain all the simplicity of primitive communities.

It is an unexciting life that one would lead at Coatepec amid all this natural beauty. Even the jail, which stands on one side of the plaza, has a friendly aspect. It is a two-story edifice, with pillars supporting the upper gallery. In the upper story is a rude hospital. The lower story consists of one long, obscure room, with a floor of earth, in which all the prisoners are huddled together. The guards pace the corridor outside, and watch the inmates through the grated windows. Prison reform has not yet reached Mexico.

There is one person in Coatepec who has ideas and tastes above his fellows. This is an honest carpenter, who is the antiquarian of the region. In his little stone cottage, overrun and half hidden by vegetation, he has collected Indian relics, stone idols and images, a few manuscripts and books, and a great variety of natural curiosities. The house stands on the slope of a pure and pretty stream that runs through the village, and here he has laid out a garden that is unique. It is a miniature museum out-of-doors, planted with tropical shrubs and flowers, intersected with winding walks, along which stand Indian idols and fragments of antique sculpture, leading to quaint grottoes, paved and set with old tiles, bits of glass, and odd pieces of plate. The whole effect is fantastic

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and curious. This carpenter is an artist as well as antiquarian. A little while before my visit he had the misfortune to lose his third wife. A few days after he brought to my friend a skull and cross-bones, "life" size, beautifully carved in wood—perfect imitation of these emblems of mortality. The carving of these mementos was his grim way of taking consolation in his bereavement.

The country about Coatepec might well detain the traveller for weeks in agreeable excursions. The only drawback to riding is that all the roads are paved with round stones—at least all the roads connecting the principal villages. This is no doubt necessary in the rainy season, but it makes rough travelling. We rode one day over the rolling land, up hill and down, half a dozen miles to see the barranca of Tecalo. This is one of the minor barrancas, but it gives a good idea of these peculiar formations. A barranca is of the nature of a cañon; that is to say, it is a deep gorge, abruptly sinking below the level of the surrounding country, and has a stream at the bottom.

We had no sign of the barranca of Tecalo until we stood upon its brink, and looked down the rugged chasm a thousand feet. It is not a straight cut in the land, but winding, as if the stream had made it by slow process and irregular flowing, but its rocky sides are nearly perpendicular. We made our way by a zigzag path down one of the faces to the bottom, where we found a substantial bridge and a clear, rapid stream. Looking up the walls on either side we had a vision of wild and exquisite beauty. The sky was a narrow strip above. The walls of rock that shut us in were completely clad with vegetation, luxuriant, and wonderful in color. I know nothing to compare with it except the Latomia of Syracuse, in Sicily. Every foot of the precipices was covered with creepers, hanging vines, ferns exquisite in fineness, a mass of green and gray, in which gleamed flowers of scarlet and of a dozen bright hues, and here and there from ledges hung vegetable cables, ropes swinging freely in the air, with flowering plants at the end, like baskets let down. As we ascended from this bewildering vale of beauty, there was great Orizaba hanging like a thunderhead in the sky.

Coatepec, Jalapa, all the eastern slope of the great mountains have a delightful winter climate, warmer than the Mexican table-lands by reason of the lower altitude, but, as I have said, not so arid, for the "northers" bring occasionally clouds and a damp atmosphere, which freshens the vegetation a little.

STEPHEN WYCHERLIE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

I WAS born nigh to Mackworth, in the county of Worth, where my father's estates were coadjacent to those of Sir William Whalley, betwixt whom and my father was a friendship of long and earnest standing. My father was a sincere professor in the truth of the Lord, a serious and melancholic man, and did take at an early day a high stand amongst those who at that troublous time adhered unto the Parliament.

Now Sir W. Whalley also inclined toward the Parliament side, although my Lord Mackworth, his brother-in-law, used all of his power to tend him into the other path. Methinks it was through my father's influence that Sir W. Whalley took the stand which he did against the King's prerogative, for, though my father was of humbler birth and station, he was the stronger character of the twain, and inclined Sir William's mind greatly unto his own opinions.

I was oftentimes at Whallington House, and though of humbler birth, was strong in my friendship for the little Mistress Margaret, his daughter, and she with me. Neither did Sir William set any check upon our acquaintance, only the old Lady Whalley looked with disfavour upon it, and would sunder us whenever she would see us together. This woman was Sir W. Whalley's mother, and had abided at Whallington House ever since my Lady Whalley's death. She was a hot royalist, and as strong for prerogative as my father was for privilege.

Besides the old Lady Whalley, there was another at Whallington House, who looked with still stronger disfavour upon my acquaintance therein. This was Har-

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ry Lynne, my Lord Mackworth's son, a lad, some five years older than myself. He was mightily proud, and though so young, a rank royalist, for lads are ever hot and unreasoning in their beliefs.

This lad was always thrusting at me with gibe and jest, and was forever striving to divert the little Mistress Margaret's friendship from me (though he never could do so), telling her that it was shame for her, the granddaughter of Richard Lynne, to hold me, the son of a crop-eared Puritanic psalm-singer, in such high esteem.

So we all waxed in age together until the time came when Harry Lynne gibed at me no longer. At that time I was about fifteen years old, and he was about twenty, and Mistress Margaret about eleven years old. One fine morning, Mistress Margaret and myself being in the garden appertaining to Whallington House, comes my young lord, and fell to gibing at me as he had always been used to do. At last my heart rose in rebellion, and I could abide his mocking no longer.

"Sir," said I, "we be boys no longer; therefore beware how that you scorn me, lest I some time do you a harm."

He looked at me scornfully from head to foot. "How now?" cried he; "wouldst thou talk so to me? Why, thou oaf, thou penny jug, thou Puritan spawn, who art thou to ruffle it so before a gentleman such as I?"

More he might have said, but I gave him not the chance. All blinded by my rage, I catched him by the collar, and fell to twisting it as though to choke him. He did not use the sword which hung by his side, but began buffeting me like any young Hodge, and I him as heartily.

Then, his foot slipping, we rolled upon the ground together, buffeting and cuffing with right good will.

All this time Mistress Margaret was screaming, so that in a little while the gardener and his boy came running to us, and drew us apart. Then straightway, when this man had sundered us, he fell to cuffing me over the head, asking me who that I was, thus to maltreat my young lord.

As for Harry Lynne, never did I see one madder than he. He had drawn his sword, and I do verily believe would have run me through with it, had not Margaret held him by the arm, and the gardener stood betwixt us.

Then the gardener and his boy hustled me from the place, and I gat me home, though in sad perturbation of spirit.

I told my father all that had happened, and he took me to Whallington House, and before Sir W. Whalley and my young lord. I had to humble myself unto them both, and truly I know not which was the most galling to me, Sir William Whalley's laughter over the business, or my young lord's scornful smiling at my father and myself.

About a year after that time came the first great trial of my life, for I cannot clearly remember my mother's death, being too young at the time. This was the sudden death of my father, who was taken with a disease mightily like the plague, whereof he died in three days' time. Thus I was left without a relative in all of the world, saving only one Edward Wycherlie, a master glover at the sign of the White Doe in the Fleet.

Sir William Whalley took oversight of my father's estate, but what with fines and other causes there was little for me in all that my father had left. I abided in Sir William's household for nigh to a year, when, being close upon seventeen years of age, I was sent first to a good school, and then to Cambridge.

When I came of age and unto mine estates, there was but a bare pittance remaining unto me, whereupon Sir William offered me the post of secretary to himself, which I accepted, and gladly.

In all that four years I had not been once to Whallington House, so that everything seemed strangely new to me as I took the foot-path from Mackworth that led past the common moss-side, and so to the gardens of the house.

Thus I came to the garden gate, and so within.

Now this was in the early summer, and all of the many roses in the garden were in full bloom. As I went forward betwixt two plats of these roses I was aware of two women standing before me in the pathway. One of them was a serving-woman; the other was a lady, and young. She was busy gathering a garland of roses, and when I had come nigh enough to her for her to hear my footsteps, she turned her face to me. Then I saw that it was Margaret Whalley, but so changed that it was only by sundry small things that I might know her. For a space she looked earnestly at me, and with wide-

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opened eyes, and I, poor fool, stood as dumb, looking upon the ground, for I was utterly abashed before her. And this was why—that she had grown the fairest maid that ever mine eyes had looked upon.

It was she who first spake. "Are you not Master Stephen Wycherlie?" said she.

Then I answered, "Yes, lady," for I could find no other words to say, though I did hate myself for my dulness before her.

But she, with gentle courtesy, came straight to me and took me by the hand. "Then," said she, "am I right glad to welcome so old and so dear a friend."

I may not rightly know what I answered, but some poor words I said, though so foolishly that I felt that she must scorn me for my staleness of wit.

She then said that her father expected my coming; thereupon, she leading the way and I following, we went together to the library-room of the house, and therein found Sir William. He was mightily changed, and I marvelled greatly to see how white his hair had grown, and how thin his cheeks. Mistress Margaret stood behind her father as he talked to me, and truly I looked more at her than I did at him, for it was a fair sight to see her smooth his thin locks with her white hand.

I was sorely grieved to perceive that Sir William Whalley had fallen away so mightily in grace and in the light of the Lord as to be dubitating betwixt the Parliament and the King. Then I saw that he was truly a weak vessel, and that it had only been my father's will that had held him to his course in all the time past. I soon saw why it was that he so dubitated, for my young lord, Harry Lynne, was ever coming and going betwixt Worthington and Whallington House, as though he was verily one of Sir William's family.

I also grieved to see that Mistress Margaret inclined toward the royal side, and in this I beheld the finger of the old Lady Whalley.

I strove earnestly with Sir William to draw him back to the fold of truth, and after a time I perceived with gladness that he inclined his ear more unto me than to Harry Lynne, in spite of all his wit.

So passed three months, and in that time I was the happiest of any time in all of my life, for Mistress Margaret showed such friendliness toward me as she had been used to do when we were children together. She was wont to call me Stephen, and I called her Margaret, and, poor fool that I was, it made my heart tremble when I heard her speak my name, or when I spake hers. Often in our talking she would look earnestly upon me, though I might read nothing in her eyes but great friendliness.

At times I was nigh mad that she should thus look upon me and not behold the great love that was wracking my heart.

But at last came an end to my life in this fool's paradise, the door whereof was clapped in my face with no friendly hand. And thus it was:

One day Mistress Margaret and I sat in the garden together upon a stone bench. We were saying nothing at the time, but I, with my cheek resting upon my hand, sat gazing upon her as she leaned forward stroking the head of a great stag-hound that lay at her feet. Into the garden came my young lord, Harry Lynne, though without our knowing anything of it until he had come close to where we sat. I know not how long he stood there gazing at me, but presently looking up, I saw him, and straightway gat upon my feet.

He spake no word to me, but turned from me with such scorn in his face that I felt as though he had thrust a knife into my breast. "Good-morrow, cousin," said he to Mistress Margaret, who sat looking from one to the other of us as though wondering what was toward. Then, without turning to me, he said, "Sir, you may go into the house; your *master* waits for you in the library-room."

It was mightily upon me to answer him, but my wits were all gone astray in my confusion that he should have read my heart, as I saw that he had; therefore I turned and left them. When I had come to the garden gate I looked back, and saw that they were still talking, but that Mistress Margaret had arisen, and was holding tight to the back of the bench whereon we had been sitting.

When next I met her she hurried by me without speaking, and with a bowed head, albeit her forehead and her face were rosy.

Thus it was that I was awakened from my dream of a fool's paradise, and might never hope to enter into it again, for I saw that in some manner Harry Lynne had closed the gates thereof against me.

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At times I was sorely beset, for it seemed to me that Mistress Margaret was beginning to hold me in contempt herself, because of the singular coldness with which she treated me. Indeed, the only joy which I had at this time was through the friendliness of Sir William Whalley, which ever waxed stronger, in spite of all my young lord's striving. Yet was this poor comfort, and at times I felt my life a burthen unto me, though I could not tear myself away from that place, because of my foolish love.

At last the time came when the comfort of Sir William's friendship, such as it was, was taken from me, and my life was turned elsewhere than where it was then moving.

This happed upon the third or fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord 1649. It was maybe ten of the clock in the morning, and Sir William and I were sitting in the study-room together, when there came of a sudden a loud scream, and then the sound of a fall, and then the sound of hurrying feet. Sir William turned as white as wax, and then he and I together ran from the room, and into the hall, where we found sundry of the servants gathered around the old Lady Whalley, who lay upon the ground in a swoon. Mistress Margaret sat upon a chair near by, as white as death, and the tears ran down her cheeks in streams unheeded by her. My young lord, Harry Lynne, stood in the middle of the room, looking gloomily upon the floor, neither did he look up when we two came in.

Poor Sir William was as one distracted. "What is it? what is it?" he cried continually, wringing his hands the while.

Then Harry Lynne looked up, and spoke in a loud voice. "It is this," he cried: "King Charles is dead — murthered by traitors!" and truly I did never think to see him so moved as he was at that time.

Even now I can see how poor Sir William clutched his hand to his bosom. "My God! Harry!" he cried, "sure this cannot be." Thereupon he sank down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and presently fell to sobbing.

Then of a sudden my young lord turned upon me. "Sir, have you nothing to say to this?" he cried.

I knew not what to answer to him, but stood for a little time looking down upon the floor.

Then he asked me, in a louder voice, and for the second time, "Sir, have you nothing to say to this?"

Then I did scorn myself that I should be afeard to speak according to my true belief. Thereupon I looked up, and said, boldly, "No, I have nothing to say."

"And do you not grieve that your King should have been murthered?" cried he.

"I grieve for this," said I, "that good men should be so driven to adjudge him unworthy to live."

My young lord would have spoken further, but Sir William arose of a sudden, and pointing sternly to the door, bade me to begone. Thereupon I turned upon my heel and left them all, going to my chamber in the western tower.

I straightway gathered together those few things which belonged to me, for I knew that I might abide in this place no longer. Amongst my goods was a Testament writ in Greek which had belonged to my poor father. Within was a faded rose pressed betwixt the leaves of the book, it being one that Mistress Margaret had given unto me upon a certain time. I oped the book and looked long upon this poor flower, and as I looked and bethought me of that happy time before Harry Lynne had taught her to shun me, mine eyes blurred so that I had perforce to shut the book lest I should shame my manhood. Then I went down into the great hallway that led from the house, for I had thought that I would go forth quietly, saying nothing to any one, albeit it was as though tearing my heart out by the roots to do such a thing. But I gat not so away, for in the hall I came of a sudden upon two people; one of them was my young lord, Harry Lynne, and the other was Mistress Margaret Whalley. I was about to pass them without words, but with a beating heart, when Mistress Margaret spake to me, saying, "Where are you going, sir?"

"I know not, lady," said I, "but away from this house."

At this my young lord laughed harshly, and set his back against the door. "Nay," said he, "you get not away so easily as all that. The lads of Mackworth shall give you a taste of the horse-pond by way of a stirrup-cup for a snivelling Puritanic psalm-singer."

But Mistress Margaret turned upon him haughtily. "Sir," said she, "this gentleman is my father's guest, nor shall any one stay him in his going, if I can help."

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The red came up in my young lord's cheeks, and he made as though he would say something further, but he seemed to think better of it. "Nay, Madge," said he, "if you wish the knave to go scot-free, a Heaven's name let him go."

I paid no heed to him nor to his speech, for in all the world mine eyes saw no one but her, and mine ears heard nothing but her words. "Lady," said I, "I quit this house, and may never see you again. We were sometime dear friends; will you not grant me your hand at parting?" She reached me her hand silently, and I took it in mine own, and lo! it was as cold as ice. Then, holding it, I looked steadfastly into her eyes, and they fell before mine. "In parting from you," I said, "I leave behind me all that I love in this world. Nor may you hope ever to have greater love than mine, for truly I would lay down my life for you." When I had so spoken she raised her eyes, and looked into mine in a passingly strange manner. I bent and kissed her hand, and she drew it not away from me; thereupon I turned and left her without another word, passing out of the door where my young lord stood without thinking of him or looking at him. Thus it was that I left my love and sorrow and happiness at that place.

But I was not to get away without more happening. As I walked along the high-road that led to the village, I was aware of the sound of a horse's hoofs following, and presently of one calling my name. Upon this I turned, and saw that it was my young lord who called me.

When he had come to where I was, he leaped from off his horse and drew his sword. "Thou villain!" he cried; "didst thou think to come off thus easily? Draw thy sword and defend thyself."

Then my heart leaped within me for joy, for I felt that now I might have reckoning of him for everything which he had done unto me. But of a sudden it came to me how that I had just told Margaret that I would lay down my life for her. Then I said to myself: "Lo, if I slay this man, I will bring bitter sorrow upon her. I will not do this thing." Thereupon I drew my hand from my sword, and said, "I may not fight you, Harry Lynne."

Then he cried in a scornful voice, "Art thou afeard?"

At this a great trembling fell upon me, and I wrestled grievously with myself; still I made shift to say, in a muffled voice, "I may not fight you, Harry Lynne."

Then he drew the glove from off his hand. "Thou coward!" he said, and as he spake he smote me full in the face with it. At this the ground seemed to rock beneath my feet, and I was fain to lean against a stile near by least I should fall. Then I shut mine eyes, and said within mine heart, "Lord! Lord!" and the Lord heard me. Then for the third time, and in a loud voice, I cried, "I may not fight you, Harry Lynne."

"Then go thy ways, thou coward," said he, in bitter scorn of me; whereupon he mounted his horse and left me. And behold, I was as one broken-hearted.

Thereafter I went to London, and took up with the army of the Parliament, which was an army of saints rather than of men.

It was about this time that the light of the Lord was given to me, and I saw how vain had been my life, and how utterly given up to the selfishness of ease and the lusts of the flesh sent by the devil. No one may know what my torments were at this time, for I knew not where to turn for ease or peace. I bring to mind that in the bitterness of my fermenting spirits I could not abide to see men either laugh or smile, for, lo! I beheld Death lurking everywhere, and their mirth seemed to me to be like the grinning of skulls. I wasted away in flesh as though with a grievous sickness, and verily believe I would have died had I not fallen in with a certain saintly professor, one Trust-in-the-Lord Huckkleback. This was the man sent to me by the Lord in mine hour of need, and he ministered unto me, and so brought me into the bliss of true light and into the right path, though mightily wasted and worn.

And now the word of the Lord was so breathed into me that it was upon me to preach for the comforting of others. Thus I became a preacher of His truth, and truly it was great joy to see others drinking of that fountain which he had implanted in my breast.

Yet there were times when I was sorely beset with doubts and temptations. In these seasons of weakness my heart would yearn most sorely for the love that had been taken from it, and other seasons when it seemed as though all my ministrations were only for mine own selfishness.

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II.

Now I do pass by that year and more of service, during the which I did labour in the army of the Lord, both in Ireland and at the great fight at Dunbar. Only this will I tell, that at that latter place I was called upon by the Lord to save the Lord General's life, which I did in the charge when one of the enemy would have run him through with a pike only for me. Because of this matter I was raised to the post of captain, and that in the Lord General's own regiment, called the *Ironsides*, because of their steadfastness in the hour of battle.

Now, upon the ninth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1651, it being nigh to eleven months after the time of the fight at Dunbar, there came one to me and bade me to gird up my loins and go up unto the Lord General, for that he would have speech with me.

When I had come to him he bade me to make ready straightway for a journeying, for that I was to take three women, two ladies and a serving-woman, to the Council of State at Whitehall. He told me that the two ladies were of the family of a certain gentleman who had once been well inclined to the Parliament, but who had dubitated, and had joined with the young Charles Stuart, and was now with him in his intrenchments at Sterling.

These two ladies, he told me, had been chief in holding out a certain place called Needham House against two regiments sent against them by the Parliament, but had been overcome, and were now held as prisoners by Colonel Williamson, whose quarters were at the sign of the Black Swan in Edinburgh, where I would find them. He furthermore charged me to be careful of the women in all due measure, and told me that I should choose me a company of eight men as a guard, for that there were rumours of a great movement of the enemy at Sterling, and it was said that they were about going southward into England. I asked him when I should undertake the journey, and he told me upon the morrow. Therefore I straightway set about choosing the company of eight men as I had been bidden to do, and chief amongst them I chose Trust-in-the-Lord Huckkleback. The other seven likewise were sober and mightily steady, so that I had with me the flower of a lovely and godly company.

The next day against high noontide we had come to the sign of the Black Swan at Edinburgh, and I gave the order of transfer to Colonel Williamson, who said that the women should be brought forth without loss of time.

So we all stood about the door in the glaring sunlight awaiting the coming of the prisoners, for whose use we had brought with us three pad-horses of smooth gait, such as women might easily ride upon, and with some comfort.

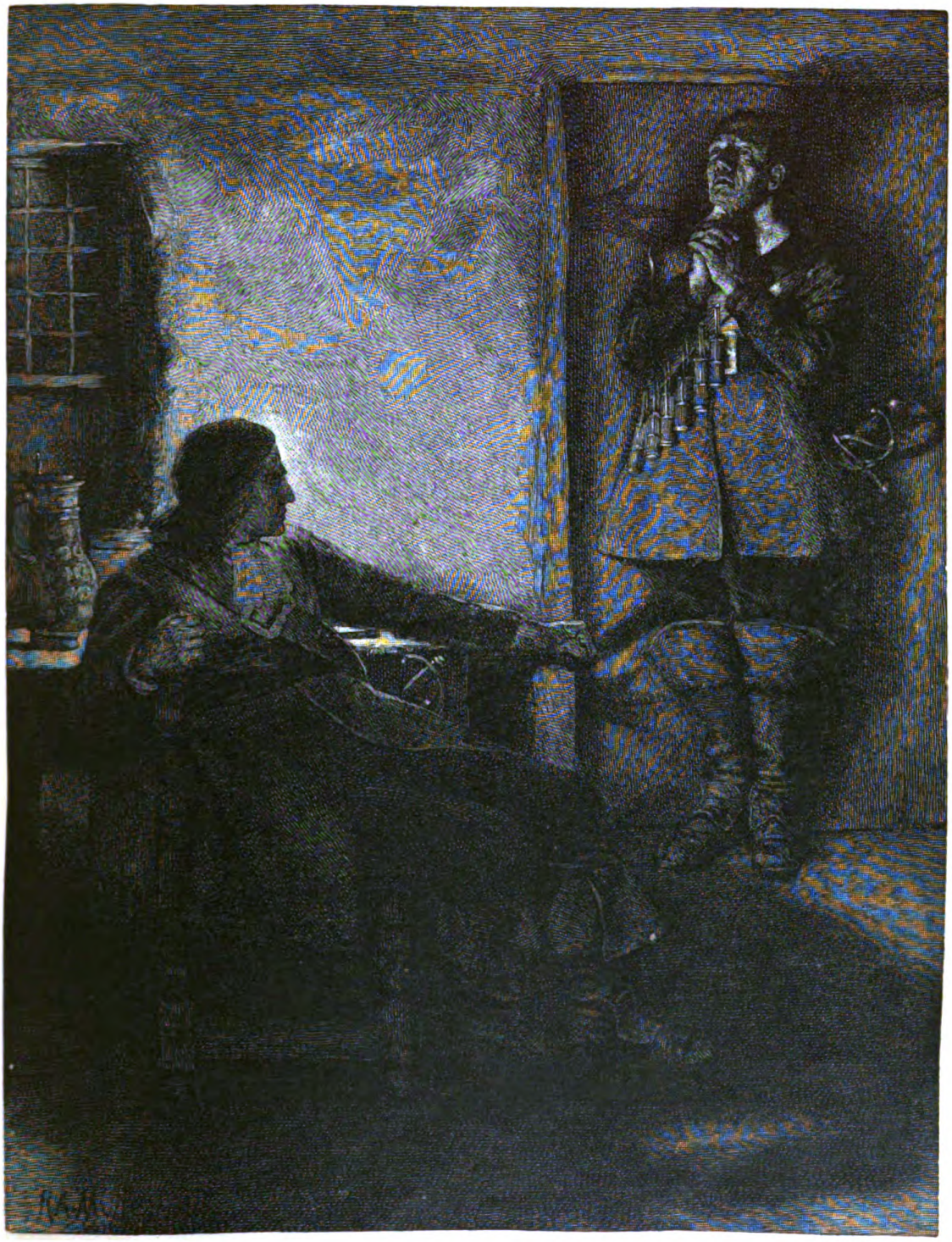
At last the door opened, and they came forth from the house.

Now I was sitting at a little distance upon my horse, and hearing the sound of their coming, I lifted up mine eyes and saw them. Then of a sudden it was as though my heart stood still within me, and I catched hold of the pommel of my saddle to stay myself from falling. I could scarce forbear to cry out aloud, for lo! who should come but Mistress Margaret Whalley and her waiting-woman, with the old Lady Whalley walking between them! They looked at me, but knew me not, for I had mine iron cap upon my head, and the nose and cheek pieces were down.

The soldiers helped them to their horses, but all the time I sat as though of stone. I watched Mistress Margaret as she stooped and smoothed the folds of her habit, and when I beheld how white and thin her face had grown, my heart yearned over her as the heart of the ewe yearneth for its lamb. Then all my company mounted, and we rode away, Master Huckkleback and I riding behind the rest.

In this order we rode on until we had come a mile or so from the town, when I bade Master Huckkleback leave me whilst I watered my horse at a certain fountain. When he had gone, I sat me down and tried to think, though I could not clearly do so in my bewilderment. It came to me that this was set upon me as a trial of my strength, and that I must either go forward and do as the Lord had set upon me, or turn back and approve myself a coward to my trust. As I sat there in great trouble of spirit, I beheld a carrion-crow fly across the hill. Then I said to myself, "If there comes another crow, I will go forward; if there comes not another, I will turn back again." So I watched for a little time, and lo! another crow came across the hill, whereupon I mounted my horse and rode after the others, and so came up with them in a little time, for they moved but slowly.

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"THEREUPON, LIFTING UP HIS EYES AGAIN, HE BEGAN ONCE MORE WRESTLING WITH THE SPIRIT IN PRAYER."
[SEE PAGE 37.]

Upon the tenth day of our journeying we had come near to Leicester town, and in all that time I had kept the women in avoidance, nor had I come nigh to them nor spoken unto them. Now about four of the clock in the afternoon we fell in with a party of foot-soldiers betaking their way to the westward. Master Huckkleback and I held converse with them, and they told us that they were upon their way to Worcester, that Charles Stuart was about setting up his standard at that

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place, and that the vanguard of the Scotch army had already taken up their quarters in the town, which had been opened to them.

As we stood thus talking, the day being warm, I had taken off my iron pot and was wiping my forehead. Now Master Huckkleback and I had been riding ahead of the others about the distance of a furlong, and as we stood talking to this company we were not aware that the others were so near to us until they came upon us suddenly around the bend of the road. At most times my company rode some before and some behind the women, as a guard; but this day, I know not why, the women rode first of all.

I strove to clap my cap upon my head before they should know me, but Mistress Ann, the waiting-woman, catched sight of me and knew me, whereupon she cried out in a loud voice, "My lady! my lady! yon is Master Stephen Wycherlie for sure!" Then I saw that I might not hide myself from them longer, so I stood beside my horse, my head bowed down upon my breast. When they had come to where I was standing, the Lady Whalley drew rein, and the others with her. She looked upon me scornfully for a little time, without speaking, and then she said:

"You may well seek to hide your face, sir. You may well seek to hide your face, Stephen Wycherlie—you who take the mother and the daughter of your father's dear friend to such a bitter judgment as we are like to suffer before your Council of State at Whitehall!"

Then, in my agony of shame at being so humiliated before all who were there, I looked up and cried, "I may not answer you, Lady Whalley; I may not answer you."

Mistress Margaret, with bowed head, was looking away, but Lady Whalley looked straight at me and smiled in such a manner that I would rather she had struck a dagger into me. "Sir," said she, "you cannot answer me." Then she rode on, and left me standing where I was, with the poison of her words seething within me.

After that time I took no pains to ride apart from my company, so in the afternoon, seeing that Mistress Margaret rode a little way behind her granddame, I could forbear no longer, but came and rode beside her. She did not look up at my coming, but I saw that the red came into her face and spread until even her neck was coloured therewith.

For a long time I could find no words to speak, but rode on in silence. At last I said, but as though my voice was stifled within me, "Do you not hate me for this thing, lady?"

"Nay, Stephen," she said, "I hate you not."

"And do you not think me cruel to you?" I said.

Thereunto she answered nothing, and I saw that she did so think of me. Then I clasped my hands together and spoke passionately, though in a low voice, lest the others should hear me. I told her that this was death to me, and that it broke my heart to do it, for that I loved her, and always had loved her, beyond all of the world.

She raised her eyes and looked at me when I had spoken, but there was no anger in her gaze. "Why, then, do you take us to London?" said she.

"Because," I answered, "the Lord hath set upon me this bitter burthen, and I must bear it for His sake."

She looked steadfastly upon me for a space; then she said, "Is it indeed for the sake of the Lord that you do this thing, or because of the sternness of your pride, and because you would rather sacrifice us than it?"

When she so spoke I bowed my head, and said, in a low, smothered voice, "Woman! woman! you know not what you say." It was strongly upon me to tell her how I had borne shame at the hands of her cousin for her sake, yet I forbore to do so.

She was still looking at me when I looked up, but her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, Stephen! Stephen!" she said, "what is this trouble which hath come upon us? Truly I do pity you more than I do mine own self!"

To this I could say nothing but, "Margaret! Margaret!" for my heart was riven at her words. She reached me her hand, and seeing that the soldiers behind were hidden by the hedge-row at the turning of the road, I pressed it to my lips in a passion of love. Therewith she drew her hand away, and I fell behind and joined my company, albeit I was as one blinded.

That night I ate my victuals by myself, and not with my company as I had done heretofore. So I sat all alone until, after a little while, comes a knock at my door,

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and upon my bidding him enter, comes in Master Trust-in-the-Lord Huckkleback. He said nothing to me immediately, but stood with his hands clasped and his eyes raised as though wrestling with the Lord in prayer. Then in a loud voice I bade him tell me what he meant by all this, whereupon he said that he and those with him had seen me kiss the hand of Mistress Margaret in the narrow way that afternoon. At these words the blood rushed to my cheeks in a torrent, and the grace of the Lord all fell away from me, and lifting up my voice, I bade him sternly to be silent.

He answered me that he shaped his footsteps according to his light, nor would he turn aside in the Lord's work because of any man's anger. Thereupon, lifting up his eyes again, he began once more wrestling with the spirit in prayer.

I could abide this no longer, but went forth bareheaded into the night. There I walked up and down unceasingly, for my soul was tossed as though with a tempest, and I wrestled within myself as Jacob wrestled with the angel, so that at times the sweat ran down my face with the greatness of my struggles. Truly it seemed as though the Lord had deserted me, and as though I stood alone. I went down on my knees in the kennel and prayed aloud, but I had no answer to my prayers, for this thing clave unto my very bowels. So I struggled unceasingly until the dawning of the day; then I arose to my feet, and said, "Lo! I, who thought myself so strong, am passingly weak. Now I will struggle no longer, for it can be of no avail, but will do that thing which I have in my heart." Thereupon peace came to me after a certain kind.

That day we reached Coventry in our journeying, but not until nigh dark, and finding the town full of soldiers on their way toward Worcester, we had to ride further to find some place of shelter for the night. When we had gone about two miles from the town we came to a neatherd's hut, built against the side of a hill. Here the women might find lodging, and there we abided for the night.

That evening I could eat nothing, but up and down continually, because of the trouble that was upon me. After the darkness had come I went aside into the thicket and kneeled down. But I could not pray, though I strove to do so. Then I cried aloud, "Lord! Lord! hast Thou indeed deserted me?" Then I waited awhile, but the Lord answered me not.

When I arose and came forth out of the thicket it was midnight, and I found that my cheeks were wet with tears. I found all of my company around the fire, which shone as red as blood on their back and breast pieces and their iron caps. All were sleeping soundly only Master Huckkleback, who sat as though carven of stone beside the door of the hut wherein the women lay. The light of the fire shone dim upon him where he sat, and beside him lay a brace of pistols. Then I went to him and asked him whether he was aweary, and he answered nay. Then with a beating heart I told him to go and lie down, and that I would watch in his stead, for I, being the youngest, needed the least sleep. He looked at me sternly and said, "No; I will abide by my post, and watch the women."

Then I said, harshly, "Do you doubt mine honour and my truth?"

When I so spoke he arose slowly. "I will do as I am bidden," said he. "I will leave you to watch the women, and I—I too will watch."

He went to the fire and raked it together into a blaze; then he drew forth a Bible from out his bosom, and oped it, and began reading it by the light of the flames. Where I sat I could see his lips move as he repeated the words unto himself. So we sat for a great long time, he reading and I watching him.

At last I beheld the book wavering in the old man's hands, and then my heart leaped within me, for I knew that sleep was settling upon him. Thrice he aroused himself, but at last the good book sunk upon his knees, and he slept.

This was nigh upon two of the clock in the morning.

And now I knew that my time had come, and I arose to my feet. The sweat trickled down my face, and my knees smote together beneath me, so that I was fain to lean against a beechen tree that stood nigh. Then I said, "Lord! Lord! Lord!" three times, and waited, but the Lord sent no sign unto me, and I saw the word "Traitor" writ as in words of fire before mine eyeballs. So I stood for a time, my heart beating as though it would smother me. Then I stooped and looked within the door of the little hut wherein the women lay. I could see by the light of the fire that the waiting-woman lay

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nighest to the door, and that Mistress Margaret Whalley lay next to her. All were sleeping deeply, so I drew off my shoes, and stepped within, and across the waiting-woman, who stirred not at my passing. I kneeled down beside Mistress Margaret, and of a sudden pressed my hand tight upon her mouth, that she might not cry out and alarm the camp. Instantly I touched her she oped her eyes, and I could see that a great terror fell upon her heart. Then I spoke to her in a voice that sounded strange even in mine own ears, telling her that I came to save her, and bidding her arouse the others silently, for the soldiers slept, and that they might now depart thence.

Thereupon I freed her, and stepped quickly out of the hut, and stood listening, albeit my heart was filled with the bitterness of despair, for now had I taken that first step whence there was no returning.

Presently one spake my name in a whisper, and I went forward, and saw that it was the serving-woman who spake it. Then in a whisper I bade them come forth, and they did so tremblingly. We stepped silently amongst the sleeping soldiers, who stirred not at our passing, and coming through the long grass, gat upon the highway, which was not more than twenty paces distant. Then we turned our faces to the westward, and walked along rapidly.

Once Lady Whalley would have spoken, and once Mistress Margaret would have done the same, but in both cases I bade them sternly to hold their peace, whereupon they made no further move to break the silence.

After we had gone about six miles upon our way, the day having pretty well broken against that time, and we having come to a thick woodland, I bade them halt, for we should have to lie hidden during the day, because of the Parliament soldiers abroad upon the roads. Therefore we left the high-road, and took to the woods for safety.

But when Mistress Margaret saw that we were safe, she came to me, and catched me by the hand. She strove to speak, but could not do so, and then she pressed my hand to her lips, she being shaken all the while with mighty fits of sobbing. But when I felt her kiss upon my hand, I snatched it away as though it had been seared, and ingeminating in a loud voice, "Lord, what have I done? Lord, what have I done?" I turned and fled through the woodland as one possessed of a madness. Neither did I return to them until nigh noontide, when I brought food to them that I had garnered.

Thus we travelled for three nights, abiding in some place of hiding during the day. Now just at the grey of the dawning of the third day, and when we had come about a mile without Abbots-Morton, we heard in the silence of the early morning the clattering of a party of troopers, and likewise the ringing of their weapons and of their armour. So soon as they had come nigh enough to us I knew by their cursing and swearing that they were King's men, for our troopers did never swear, either in encampment or upon the march. Then straightway I stood upon a stone wall and called to them, and in a little while they came forward to us through the morning mists, and demanded of me what manner of people we were.

I told them in as few words as might be who the ladies were, and what had befallen them, albeit I said nothing as to mine own self. The captain of the band, who was a youth of about mine own age, mounted the three women behind as many of his troopers, and me behind another, and so we rode away, and had come into the Scottish lines before Worcester about six of the clock in the morning.

As for me, I had no speech with the ladies after the time that we fell in with these troopers, but rode with my head bowed upon my breast, as one stupefied with his despair. I parted from the company as soon as we had come into the town, and I knew not where the ladies were to take up their abode, though I heard one of the troopers say that Sir William Whalley was within the walls, with the young Charles Stuart and the malignant army.

I took up my lodgings in a penny room, and so lived on in the town in a listless fashion, for I had scarce spirit to leave my abiding-place. My only joy in this dull time of bitter despair was the thought that I had given up everything in the world for my love, and had taken not one jot or one tittle in return from her or any who belonged to her. Thrice a messenger came from her with a packet, beseeching me to take it and read it; yet I would not do so, neither would I send word to her nor write to her. All this had that cer-

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tain pleasure to me that one feels in pressing an aching wound, that the agony may be the sharper and the more easy to bear.

III.

So I abided in this place in a listless, hopeless fashion. At times it came strongly upon me that the right thing for me to do was to go and give myself up to the army of the Lord (now gathered in great numbers about the town), there to suffer the due and fitting punishment for the betrayal of the trust imposed upon me by the Lord, and by his right hand, the Lord General Cromwell. Yet I was sunk so low that I had not the spirit to do that which my conscience told me was the right thing. Moreover, though I scorned myself therefor, I felt in my heart that it was put beyond me to do this thing, and to humble myself in the sight of all those who had held me to be a great and shining light.

So came the morning of the third day of September, which day was the last of life for many souls in that town, for it was plain that a great battle was to be fought before nightfall.

All was confusion and hubbub of people going hither and thither, soldiers and townsfolk; many laughed, many cried, and many made themselves drunk at the tap-houses who were to drink their last cup that day.

So came about two o'clock in the afternoon. I was standing in the doorway of my lodging-place when there came of a sudden a heavy boom, whereat the windows near by rattled as though a heavy weight had fallen. Then I knew that the battle had begun, and that it was the sound of cannon I heard. And lo! at the sound my heart beat quick within me, and the fire of battle rose in my cheeks, whereat I marvelled, seeing that I might not hope to lift a hand that day to be the executioner of the Lord his enemies. Then I said to myself, "I will go to the ramparts, that I may at least behold the might of the Lord in the hands of His chosen people!" So I came up to where I might see the fighting around Fort Royal.

A great crowd of people were gathered upon the ramparts at this place, and there was much talking, whereat I might smile, they being so simple and unlearned in the movements appertaining to a battle. I told them many things, and they presently crowded around me, both men and women, asking me all manner of questions, the which I strove to answer.

As I stood thus talking to those who pressed about me, I heard of a sudden a noise of many men below. Thereat I looked, and lo! the streets behind and within the walls were presently full of soldiers, horse and foot, all moving in one direction, and that for the gates which opened toward the royal forts. So they passed by troops and by companies out of the town and up the hill and over the brow thereof, and presently the noise of battle rolled up louder than ever to the ears of all that stood there listening. At last the hill was bare, only for a few stragglers who followed the rest at a distance. This was the last and greatest sally of that battle.

So maybe two hours passed, and the number of those who stood upon the ramparts waxed ever greater, nor did any know for certain what was happening over the hill. Some of them that were new come said that the Parliament army was broken, and others that the King's men were being borne back. And truly I did incline unto that latter belief mine own self, for methought that the sound of battle was nearer than it had been at first.

Now of a sudden, as we stood so listening, I beheld a single horseman come riding with might and main, bent over his saddle-bow. Then my heart leaped within me, for I knew what was come. I turned away, but even as I turned I catched sight of a great crowd come pouring over the hill in a broken rout, horse and foot commingled together in a great and ragged crowd.

So I came down from that place, and all of the others who were there came along with me, and the men shouted and swore at those who stood in the way, and the women screamed so that it was most grievous to hear. When I gat again to the streets, the first of the routed cavalry came riding into the town, crying in loud voices, "All is lost! all is lost!" And those who were there took up the words, calling, "All is lost! all is lost!" Many ran hither and thither as distracted, and the women and the children wailed and shrieked, for the terror of the Lord was upon them, many bearing in mind the fate of Weckford, where the wrath of the Lord had consumed all, even the babe and the woman who was quick.

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Now in all of the time that I had been standing upon the ramparts my mind had been so bent upon the battle that was toward that I had thought of nothing else. But of a sudden a great terror fell upon me, when I brought to mind that like enough there was now no one who might sufficiently aid Margaret Whalley in the hour of need that was close at hand. For I doubted not that Sir William must be with those who led this last attack, for I had heard this much of him, that he held a commission in the Royalist army. Then I saw how the Lord had punished me for the pride I had shown in sending back those letters she would have had me read, for had I so read them I would have known the place where she abided, and might now have gone directly to her. At this I was as one distracted, and began running hither and thither as possessed, calling upon all to tell me where Sir William Whalley and those with him abided. But such was the terror upon every one that none would stay to listen to me or give me any answer.

And now at sundry places the streets became full of people, who came forth from the several houses, and the fleeing soldiers coming into the town in great numbers. All was a mighty uproar of terrified people, both the young and the old, the men, the women, and the children. And truly it was grown a fearful sight, for companies of horse and dragoons rode down the middle of the street, and upon and over all such as stood in their way, and if any tried to oppose them in their course, them did they smite with their bloody broadswords, and so made way for themselves.

And now was the mercy of the Lord shown to me more than ever in all of my life before, for as I ran into a certain narrow way I came against an old man going upon another path. He called me by my name, and lo! I saw that it was Master George Markham, Sir William Whalley's body-servant.

I caught him by the arm and asked him what he did thus away from his ladies and in the streets at such a time. He said that hearing certain report that the King's army was beaten, he had come forth to find whether he could gather news of his master; that he had got into a great crowd at one place, so that for a while he could neither go forward nor come thence again. Then I cried out to him that there was no time to find his master now, but that he must aid me to get the women away, and trust in the Lord to bring Sir William Whalley unto them. I bade him to take me to the ladies; so straightway we left that place, and hastening forward, came after a while unto a certain street wherein the old man said they abided. It was a side street, and though many people were hastening along it, yet was it quieter than others that I had been in that day, nor did I see a crowd upon it anywhere that might block it. At last we came to a considerable inn, known as the Swan of Severn, which was the place wherein they dwelt. There we went through a great stone archway and into a paved court-yard within. All around this court-yard ran a covered gallery of stone, with the doors of the several apartments opening upon it, after the fashion of old priest-houses, whereof this had been one.

Having come into this court-yard, I bade the old man hasten to the women, and to tell them to make ready straightway for their going forth, and that I would go to the stable and would see that the horses were prepared for their journeying. Thereupon he left me, and I to the stable-yard, where I found two men engaged in saddling a pair of nags with all the speed that they might. I knew them, and that they were two grooms appertaining to Sir W. Whalley's household, whereupon I asked them what it was that they were bent upon doing. They told me that they were about to take themselves away, as the Roundhead army was coming. I asked them whether they were not ashamed to run away and to leave their ladies to their own devices. They answered nay; that it behooved each to shift for himself at such a season; that a man's skin was dear to him, for, were it spoiled, he could not easily get him another. I said that this was so, and to bear it well in mind; thereupon I drew one of my pistols (which were snaphances*), and said to them that the first man who mounted his horse, him would I shoot. They were mightily disturbed in their spirits at this, so much so that they waxed pale, and looked hither and thither, as not knowing whither to turn. Then I bade them to bring forth the other horses and to saddle them also, and this they did, and were glad enough to get away from me and into the stable.

* The early form of flintlock.

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They brought forth the horses and made them ready, as I had bidden them to do; and then they and I out and into the court-yard again before the women had yet come down. There I spake to the men, and told them to keep together with the others when that they had come forth from that place, for that that was the surest way to safety.

By this time the noises of firing and of shouting had grown loud in the streets; whereat these lackeys seemed so mightily disturbed that they scarce listened to that which I said unto them.

At last I heard the sound of voices, and lifting up mine eyes, I saw where the old serving-man came along the gallery with the two ladies and the maid-servant.

The old Lady Whalley leaned on his arm, and Mistress Margaret and the other came behind them. As I looked upon Margaret I saw that she was mightily pale, and my heart all fell away within me because of my tenderness for her; likewise it did beat within my bosom so unsteadily that I was fain to lean against the horse nigh unto which I was standing. The Lady Whalley saw me first, and spake to the others, whereupon Mistress Margaret looked up, and her eyes met mine. Then straightway the blood came into her pale cheeks, and even into her forehead and neck, which were coloured therewith. And as I leaned upon the horse beside me I said in my heart, "Oh, my love! my love!" For I was again weak in all the joy of finding her, and of being her aid in the time of her peril. Then the old Lady Whalley came forward and said, "So, sir, you are again our preserver?" More she would have said, but I stayed her, and bade her to listen to the shouts and the firing, and to how nigh the battle was come, and then she might know what little time there was to lose in vain talking. Thereupon, and without further speech, I bade the old man-servant to aid her ladyship to her horse, and one of the lackeys the waiting-woman. I myself brought Mistress Margaret to her nag, and aided her to mount; but in all that time we had said nothing unto one another, nor could I have done so had I chosen. Then, after she had mounted, she looked around, and turning to me, she said, "Where, then, is *your* horse?" I told her that I had no horse. She looked into mine eyes at this, and all the blood that was in her cheeks again left them. Then she said, but in a low voice, "Do you not, then, go with us?" I answered no, that I did not go with them.

But the Lady Whalley heard that which was said, and she cried out in a loud voice: "Surely you will not stay in this place! You will not remain here to meet your certain death! Do we not need a protector? May not our helplessness move you to your own good? Do not foolishly cast away your life when that it lies within your own hands to save it!"

Then I lifted up my voice and cried aloud: "Lo! I am fallen from mine estate of honour and of rectitude, therefore I will remain and submit me to the Lord's judgment, and if it so be that He taketh my life, then is He welcome unto it, by way of reparation for that wherein I have erred." Then, seeing that she was about to urge me further, "Urge me not," I said, "for I am not to be moved in this thing, and you do but waste your words. Listen; the battle is near unto you, and if you do not take yourselves away you are certainly lost."

Then I turned to the old man-servant and gave him the two pistols that I had with me, and told him to shoot either of the lackeys if they made a move to leave the women. Then I bade them to ride forth and to get them away, nor lose time in the doing thereof.

Now all this time Mistress Margaret had sat upon her horse, pale and silent as though of stone; but of a sudden she spake aloud, and bade them stay whilst that she would hold speech with me. Then she called unto me, and I came and stood beside the horse whereon she sat. She bent down unto me, and leaning both hands upon my shoulders, looked steadfastly into mine eyes, whereat I fell to trembling throughout all my body. Then she said unto me, in a low voice, "Will you not go with me, then?"

And I answered, "No, lady."

Then, still leaning with her hands upon my shoulders, she brought her face close to mine and said, in a voice so low that none that were by might hear, "Stephen, I love you: will you not go with me?"

Then my heart stood still within me; and in all of the world I saw no one but her. So I stood for a time looking into her eyes. Then, hearing of a sudden the rattle of musket shots that sounded mightily nigh unto us, I awoke as though from a dream, and it came to me that they must away if they hoped to escape.

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Then I shut mine eyes that I might not see her, and cried out in a loud voice, "Woman! woman! as the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth, I *will* not go!" Thereupon I oped mine eyes again, having so spoken. Still she looked upon me, though silently and as pale as death; then, and before all who were looking upon us, she stooped and kissed my forehead and then my lips. Then she turned and rode away, with her head bowed upon her bosom.

The others followed, leaving me standing in the middle of the court-yard.

How long I stood there I know not, but suddenly it came upon me with a great wave of desolation that she was gone from me, and crying aloud, I ran out into the street; but she was gone, and I saw her no more.

IV.

There being nothing left to keep me in that place, I went away and amongst the people, thinking nothing of them nor of the fight that was going on about me.

By this time it was the grey of the evening, the sun having set. So I came into one certain street which was straight and wide, and wherein, over beyond me, was loud noise of fighting. Along this street were hurrying soldiers and towns-people, screaming and crying for quarter, though no one was immediately nigh to harm them. Here I found the press so great that I gat from out it, and sat down upon the step of a doorway, leaning my head upon the frame of the door, for I felt strangely weary. Thus I sat until suddenly the noise of fighting at the further extremity of the street waxed louder, with the sharp crack of pistol shots and the sound of the clashing of swords ringing from wall to wall. Where I sat I could see that it was a company of our horse, and that they charged the hapless crowd that was packed within the street, rolling it up upon itself. Thus the poor distracted wretches were pushed past where I sat in one solid mass, those who fell being trampled beneath the feet of the others, nor was there mercy of any kind nor pity shown unto them, for the horsemen of the Lord's army drave them, smiting unceasingly, yet were they constrained to move slowly, because they could not urge the groaning crowd faster upon its way.

So they passed, and did not seem to see me where I sat, they being otherwise engaged.

After they had gone the street was cleared as though swept by the wrath of the Lord, it being empty for a great distance, only for those who lay upon the stones in the grey of the twilight, some groaning and some lying still. Here and there was one who crawled from the middle of the street, where the horses were like to pass shouldst they return, and so gat to the side thereof, where they were more safe.

As I looked I saw one arise of a sudden and come staggering up the street, swaying this way and that as though he were drunken, and I knew, because of his armour, that he was a soldier. When he had come nigh enough unto me to see him, the light of the twilight being still strong, I beheld in amazement that it was Harry Lynne. His morion was cloven in, and the blood ran all down one side of his face and over his collar and his armour, so that he was blinded therewith upon that side where it flowed. When he had come over against me in the street he sank upon his knees, for he was weak from the stunning of the blow and the loss of the blood; but presently getting to his feet again, he staggered across the street, and so came to a door that led through a wall, and there sank down upon the step and sat.

Now all along that side of the street over against me ran a wall of brick, and within was a garden, and a single door did pierce this wall, upon the step whereof Harry sat.

So I sat gazing upon him, and moved not so much as a finger, for, seeing him there, and to what a pass he had come, two voices began crying out within me. The one said, "Stephen, Stephen, go unto thine enemy," for I saw that if I could take him through the gate and into the garden (which he might not do himself, being too weak), he would be saved. The other voice cried, "Lo! yonder is a malignant, even one of the enemies of the Lord, therefore let him suffer the judgment of the ungodly, nor stretch forth thy hand to come betwixt him and the wrath of the Lord." So I sat communing with myself, until of a sudden the Lord saw fit to unfold His light unto me, and I saw thereby that it was not to the wrath of the Lord that I would commit him, but unto mine own hatred. Then I gathered myself together and went unto him, and saw that whilst he was faint from the blow and

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"STILL SHE LOOKED UPON ME, THOUGH SILENTLY AND PALE AS DEATH."

the loss of blood, the wound was not otherwise of great matter. He paid no heed to me as I stooped over him, for his eyes were shut, and he knew naught of what was passing about him at that time. Then I tried the latch of the gate, and found that it was unbolted. Within was a comely and considerable garden, with flowers growing in plats, and fruit trees trained against the walls. Thither in the gloaming I carried the wounded man, bearing him in mine arms as though he had been a child, and so coming within, shut and bolted the gate behind me. Then I went unto the house appertaining to the garden, but found no one therein. I came across a pail, and going to the well back of the house, filled it with water, and bore it unto the wounded man.

I gave him to drink, and then dressed his wound as well as I could, for night had fallen against this time, and there was no light but that of the stars. I bound up the wound with the sleeve of my shirt, which I tore into strips.

Now it being dark, and he not knowing me, he presently asked me who that I was. I told him, and thereat he was silent, nor did he speak again till I had washed and bound up his wounds. Then I arose, and said that it was time that I should go. He asked me whither I would go, and I told him I was about to deliver myself up, that I might suffer judgment for my shortcoming when the Lord's time should come. Then he cried out upon me that I was a fool not to seek to escape whilst there was yet time, for surely I would not forego the joy of life when I might hold such a sweet mistress in my arms as Margaret Whalley. At these words I fell to trembling all through my body, but presently I lifted up my voice and bade him sternly to tempt me not, and after that I went forth from the garden again, and shut the door behind me.

I sat me down upon the step of the garden gate, for once more, as at the inn, the devil came and tempted me, and wrestled with me so grievously that I was like to have failed in that which I had set upon myself to do. Then once more I cried out, as at the court-yard of the inn, "As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, I *will* not go!" Neither did I do so.

I sat me down on the step of the garden gate, and waited for what should hap to me. By this time the fighting was all over in this quarter of the town, and now and then troops passed by me along the street.

So I sat there until about eight of the

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clock had come, when I beheld a company of men come into the street below me, some bearing torches and some bearing hand-barrows, and I saw that they were gathering up the wounded.

Thus they came slowly onward, certain of the company bearing the wounded away so soon as they were gathered up. Then my heart beat thick within me, for I knew that now, at last, my time had come.

So after a while they came nigh to me, and then I saw that certain of them were of the regiment of the Ironsides, and that foremost of all in the company was Master Trust-in-the-Lord Huckkleback. Then I said unto myself, "Lo! how wonderful are the ways of the Lord, for who should be fitter for His purposes than that man to bring me unto my judgment and unto my punishment?"

Now when they were over against me in the street, the light from the torches falling upon me, one presently cried out that yonder was a wounded man sitting in the doorway. Whereupon I answered nay, that I was not wounded; that I was one in sore affliction of heart, and sat there awaiting the coming of the judgment of the Lord.

Then two of them came to me, and one of them was a young man of mine own company of the Ironsides, and when he saw who I was, he cried out in a loud voice, as of one who marvelled greatly, that it was Captain Wycherlie.

Now Master Huckkleback was about midway in the street, stooping over one who lay upon the ground sore wounded. When he heard them speak my name, he straightened himself up and turned his face unto me, and the light from the torch that he held fell upon his face, and I could see that it was set and hard as iron.

He came slowly across the street and stood in front of me, holding the light of his torch close unto my face. Then he said, but as though unto himself: "Is it indeed Stephen Wycherlie? Is it indeed that poor backsliding creature, that defiled vessel, one time of grace? Is it he that did tempt me, an old man, unto the neglecting of my post and of my duty, throwing potent spells upon me, so that I slept upon my post and upon my watch?"

Then raising his eyes, he lifted up his voice and cried aloud: "O Lord! how wonderful are Thy providences that Thou shouldst bring me unto this man! Lo! it is upon me that Thou wouldst have me, even me, to be the executioner of Thy wrath and of Thy judgment! Therefore steel my heart that I may do Thy will concerning this thing!"

Thereupon he drew a great pistol from his belt, and looked carefully to the match and the priming thereof.

Then one asked him what it was that he would do, and he answered that he would even do that which the Lord had set upon him to do, that he would be my executioner, for it was manifested unto him that the Lord had brought him thither for that purpose, nor might he doubt that this was so. Then many cried out against him that he should not do this, but should leave me unto the judgment of those in authority; these he answered sternly, asking them whenever had they seen him fail in the bidding of the Lord, and was it not strangely apparent that the Lord had set upon him to be mine executioner. And all this while I sat there, nor spoke nor moved.

So he came forward, and pressed the nozzle of the pistol against my forehead, and thereat I shut mine eyes, nor could I keep them opened. There was a great hissing and ringing in mine ears, and my soul shrank together within me. I wondered foolishly how the bullet would crash through my brains, and whether I would feel the agony thereof, or would be suddenly stricken without feeling. All the others stood about without speaking, neither did they interfere, for Master Huckkleback was great in the grace of the Lord, and a chastened vessel amongst them; therefore they would not stay his hand.

So a considerable time passed, until I could bear the agony of waiting no longer, but cried out in a loud voice, bidding him to kill me, but to keep me not thus waiting. Then I heard him saying, as though to himself, "O Lord, what weakness is this that is upon me? How is mine arm slackened in the doing of Thy will! Give me, O Lord, a sign whether I am indeed to be the executioner of this man, and whether it is set upon me to destroy one thus dear to my heart!"

Then did hap a most wonderous thing, for, as in my very ears, there rang the sharp report of a pistol, as though to deafen me. But still I did keep mine eyes shut, and did wonder foolishly, for I was sorely bewildered, whether Master Huck-

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kleback had fired, and whether I was now dead without feeling aught of pain in my dying. But in a moment came a deep groan, and one fell against me and upon me, and then I oped mine eyes again, and saw that it was Master Huckkleback, and that he lay across my knees, and that the dark blood ran slowly from beneath him and across the step whereon I sat. Thereupon I sprang to my feet, and the body rolled from my knees and from the step, and lay all in a heap upon the ground.

I beheld a puff of smoke drifting across the dark street, and raising mine eyes, I saw for a moment, and by the light of the torches, the face of Harry Lynne over the top of the wall of the garden. Those who stood around had also heard the shot, and had seen wherefrom it had come, and likewise the face of the young man.

Then divers of them ran, shouting, and came against the gate of the place and burst it open, and so within; I heard another pistol shot, and then the clashing of steel, and presently all was still. Then those who had gone within came forth again, and one of them wiped a bloody sword ere he thrust it back into the scabbard, and I knew that poor Harry Lynne had given his life for mine, and so was quit of all debt unto me for whatsoever I had done for him.

In the mean time came two forward and turned Master Huckkleback over, but found him dead, for the bullet had entered the body just betwixt the neck and the shoulder, and the pistol had been held so close unto him that his buff coat was blackened by the burning powder therefrom. Then two of them lifted the body and laid it upon one of the hand-barrows, and bore it away, and two of the others took me under guard and brought me to the cathedral, wherein were quartered many of the prisoners that had been taken in the fight that day.

I was not in the place for a great while, for, against an hour had passed, I saw two men come in, bearing the one a musket and the other a pike, and he that bore the musket was the young man of mine own company who had first seen me where I sat upon the step. After a while they catched sight of me, and came unto me, for it was I whom they sought. They took me thence and through the dark streets, and I wondered whether they now took me unto my death. But they did not do this, but brought me unto another place, and there confined me in a room by mine own self; and the place whereto they brought me seemed to be a prison of some sort, for the windows thereof were barred across, as I could see, looking out against the starry sky. There was no light in this room, but I felt about and so came upon a table and a chair and a bed, whereupon I lay myself down, for I was aweary. Mine eyelids feeling heavy, I closed them, and was presently asleep, for now that the Lord had taken me into His own hands, there was peace within me.

Methinks I had but just fallen into this slumber when I was aware of a light in the room, wherefore I unclosed mine eyes and looked up.

Then I leaped unto my feet, for, lo! it was the Lord General himself, and he sat upon the chair, looking at me by the light of a candle that stood within the window-place. Then I stood before him, albeit I was as drowned in wonder that he should have come unto that place and at such a time of the night.

Then he spake unto me in his harsh voice, saying, "Truly you sleep soundly for one who is like to die upon the morrow!" To this I answered nothing, nor could do so for the wonder of the thing, that the Lord General should have come unto me, a poor captain, for no other reason than to say such things to me.

So I stood silently before him, whilst he looked upon me as though sunk in thought. After a time he said, but as though to himself: "Truly I am not given to such weakness, and yet this youth of so much promise did save my life. It would be a grievous shortcoming to do the like by him, and yet—and yet—" Hereupon he brake from his musing, and spake directly to me again in his harsh voice. He said that whilst it might not be right for him to say it, who had never overlooked such a thing as I had done in all of his life before, yet he was grieved to the heart that I had not escaped whilst that the chance had been open to me. "But now," said he, "you are in prison, and with no chance of escape, and the judgment for your wrong-doing is surely come upon you; yea, you are all encompassed about with perils. Now had you a cloak to wrap yourself in, and did you find the door of this place open and the sentry asleep, and if coming forth hence you should look around and should

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perceive a horse ready saddled standing at the end of the street, and if you mounted thereon, then indeed you might escape, provided that you knew the pass-word, which is 'The Lord of Hosts.' This would bring you safe through the lines of the outposts; but all these things would have to happen before you could escape the danger that is upon you."

Having so spoken, he arose from his place without another word, and left me standing where I was, and, lo! the cloak that he had worn lay upon the back of the chair whereon he had sat, and the door of the place was ajar.

Then, for the last time that day, did temptation catch hold of me and wrestle with me as it had not before done, for I saw the meaning of all that he had said unto me, and that he himself had bidden me to go forth from out of the perils of the Lord's judgment. I leaned against the wall of the place as in an agony, and called unto the Lord, and He heard me. Then I catched up the cloak from the chair and ran forth from the room. The sentry that stood at the door was as asleep, leaning upon his musket and against the door-post. His eyes were shut, neither did he arouse at my going forth. So out and into the night, and found the Lord General just mounted upon his horse, and one other with him. Straightway I ran to him, crying, "Sir! sir! here is your cloak, which you have forgot!" and so thrust it into his hands, and he took it without a single word; then, turning, I went back into the place again.

The sentry that had been leaning against the door-post was awake, neither, in truth, do I believe that he had slept at all. He looked upon me as all in amaze, neither did he say anything unto me, and so I went back into the room again and shut the door behind me.

The next morning, about nine of the clock, I was taken from my place of captivity, and was brought before a court of martial that sat at the same inn wherefrom I had aided Mistress Margaret and the others to escape.

The Lord General was there, at the head of the table, albeit he took no part in anything that passed, but sat as apart from the others; neither when they spake together did he say aught unto them. Then, after divers witnesses had been examined, the president of the court turned unto me, and I arose and stood with clasped hands, for I felt that now surely was the time of my reckoning come.

But when he spake I was as one that heard not, for this was the judgment that he rendered: that as I had not deserted to the enemy to take up arms with him, but had only failed in my undertaking, I should be stripped of mine office, and dishonourably dismissed from the army in the presence of mine own regiment.

I stood as though stricken dumb, for it was another judgment than I had thought would be passed upon me, and for which I had looked, and in this I saw the hand of the Lord General. But when it came fully unto me what this judgment meant, and that I was to be dishonoured and disgraced before those who had held me in such high regard, I smote my palms together, and called upon them to slay me, but not to bring that upon a soldier which was so much more bitter than death. But the Lord General brake in before that I had ended mine outcry, and in a harsh voice commanded them that guarded me to take me thence, and they did so.

What happed thereafter and the dishonour that was brought upon me I speak not of, for there is no need that I should wrack myself and ope my partly healed wounds in the recounting thereof.

After that I had been so shamed and brought low I departed thence, though with a broken heart, and so came across the seas and into Holland, for I could bear to live no longer in my native land. There I abided in a humble way, gaining a livelihood by teaching unto others the art of fence and the use of the broadsword, being greatly skilled therein. So I lived in comfort and peace, after a fashion, though with a melancholy soul and a heart sorely beset with sorrow, for all hope and earnestness had been shorn away from me.

So cometh nigh the end of my story with this to tell: One day, going out from my place of abiding, I came face to face with Sir William Whalley's body-servant—the same whom I had met in so passing strange a manner at Worcester, now a year and more gone. So soon as he had caught sight of me he knew me, and called unto me in a loud voice to stay. But I hurried away from him as fast as I could, though he ran after me, still calling my name.

But the next day, being in my room, where I sat reading my Bible, there came a knock at my door, and I, going there-

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"THEN CAME MISTRESS MARGARET UNTO ME AND PUT A LETTER INTO MY HANDS."

unto and opening it, found myself face to face with Mistress Margaret and Sir William Whalley. She was mightily pale, and clung unto her father's arm as though she would fall. Then, I standing bereft of speech, they came into the room without word; nor could I stay them in their coming.

Then came Mistress Margaret unto me and put a letter into my hands, and besought me that I should read it, albeit her voice was only a breath that I could scarce hear. So, all enwrapped in wonder, I went unto the window and oped the letter and read it; and thus it ran, for I have kept it by me ever since that day:

"SIR,—I do write these unto you which at most times it were unbefitting for a maid to do, yet can I not forbear from so writing because of those sacrifices that you have made unto me for my sake, and of which I have had certain knowledge.

"Sir, you have told me that you do love me, and you do well know that which I one time said unto you. Therefore this: if that I can render unto you aught by way of return for all those things which you have done for me, then am I ready to do so, and to bring such joy into your afflictions as may lie within my power.

"These I do indite, because that I may not speak them unto you.

"MARGARET WHALLEY."

When I looked up from the reading thereof, I saw that Margaret sat over against me at the table, with her face buried in her hands, and it was now as rosy as it had been white before. And I knew that it was all for maidenly shame that she should so have seemed to seek me.

Then I came to her and kneeled down beside her and took her hand (though for a while she strove to withhold it), and set it to my lips; but all that I could find to say was, "Margaret! Margaret!" and "Margaret! Margaret!" Yet she seemed to comprehend me, for by-and-by she looked up and smiled upon me through her tears.

"Come," said Sir William at last, "let us be going."

And so all three of us presently went forth together, and as I shut the door behind me, it seemed to me as though I shut it upon all of my troubles that had gone before.

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THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS.

BY JOHN MASON BROWN.

THE traveller who stops for a day at the pleasant and picturesque little city of Frankfort, Kentucky, will be rewarded with the view of a landscape of surpassing loveliness. From the brow of a lofty hill, reached by a broad smooth turnpike that has replaced the ancient buffalo trace, he will look down upon the thriving town that fills the valley. A railway, crowded with busy trains, skirts the base of the eminence. To the right and the left extends the limpid blue Kentucky River, losing itself on either hand in graceful curves behind the wooded hills, and in the distance fields and pastures terminate the view. The observer stands at the grave of Daniel Boone. Here was the favorite resort of the famous pioneer of Kentucky, and here was he in 1845 interred. His bones were brought back to the State which he founded, and laid in this last resting-place. The outlook from his grave is toward the west, in keeping with the adventurous story of his life. The modest monument that marks the place is carved with scenes of pioneer life—the hunter's camp, the settler's cabin, the Indian combat; and around it the trees grow, secluding the spot from the military cemetery that lies beyond.

The story of Boone and the Kentucky pioneers has passed almost into the domain of romance. They are thought of and spoken of, when remembered, in a vague way as Indian fighters and hunters. They are scarcely ever credited with an idea or aspiration higher than the lust of the chase, or with a nobler quality than personal courage. It is too often forgotten how they framed, unassisted, the Constitution and policy of a State, how they conquered for their parent commonwealth, Virginia, the great Northwest Territory, and how they endured through unexampled trials the hardships of the frontier.

The entrance of the pioneers into Kentucky must be by one or the other of two routes. The parallel ranges of the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, and the wild precipitous country between, made a march directly westward and across them impossible. It is still beyond attempt. From the frontier settlements of Virginia the pioneer would take his way southwestward, following the trend of the mountains and the valleys, till East Tennessee and the valley of the Holston were reached. Then an arduous journey across the Cumberland Gap and the rugged hills beyond it brought him, as he kept toward the northwest, to the waters of the Kentucky and of Salt River, and to that pleasant land of the Kentuckian, the "Bluegrass." But the journey was one of quite six hundred miles, and it traversed an inhospitable and dangerous region. No white inhabitant was to be found in all its length. From the Holston River to the Kentucky hostile Indians were numerous. There was no road, and the direction of the trail was only indicated by occasional choppings made upon the trees. It was in 1775 that this "marking the road" was done by Boone, to serve for others' use. For him neither marks nor compass nor directions were necessary. His instinct served him better than any such aids.

It was by this route that Boone and his comrades entered Kentucky, and by it came most of the early pioneers. It was aptly called, by a name that still adheres to the excellent thoroughfares that have supplied its place, the Wilderness Road.

The other mode of reaching the Kentucky hunting grounds was one less convenient and even more dangerous. It was to proceed from the interior settlements to Fort Pitt, and from that place float down the Ohio in a flat-boat of rude construction. Such journeys were once or twice made, without serious loss, as far as to the falls of the Ohio (Louisville), but they generally ended, if the adventurers succeeded, at Limestone, where Maysville now is built. Thence by overland march through the canebrakes the emigrant would, if not waylaid by Indians, join the little settlements at Boonesborough, or Harrodstown, or St. Asaph. This river route was, however, exceedingly hazardous. The Indians who occupied Southeast Ohio watched the banks for plunder and scalps. The flat-boats were necessarily small, and could not be sufficiently manned to repel attack, and were so rudely framed that they could not be manœuvred to escape the swift canoes paddled by full crews of well-armed warriors.

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The great "Warriors' Path" of the Shawnees extended through eastern Kentucky, from Chickamauga to the Scioto, and along its length war parties incessantly moved.

The hunter who had safely passed these dangers, and reached the beginnings of the settlements, found return to Virginia quite as dangerous as it was to remain in his new home. He was thrown upon his own resources for everything, and necessity developed him into soldier, politician, farmer, and lawyer.

The pioneers were in many instances men of much more information and culture than is generally supposed. Boone was much more than a mere deer-slayer and Indian fighter. He was just and kindly, faithful to friend and fair to foe. Although his name is the synonym for adventure, his bravery was never that of violence. The Indians admitted that



GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE.

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Boone, their most skilful foe, had no malignant revenge in his nature. They several times captured him, and always treated him with a certain rough kindness and distinction. He was the greatest of the hunters, yet he never killed game needlessly. His singular nature was a compound of bravery without rashness, adventure without personal ambition, constant conflict without a trace of cruelty. He possessed a placid and gentle mind that often showed the poetic temperament. He spelled badly, and wrote an ill-formed hand; but he enjoyed reading, and expressed himself with grace and facility. It was in 1769 that he first entered Kentucky, and these are his own words in speaking of the event:

"On the 7th June, after travelling through a mountainous wilderness in a western direction, we found ourselves on the Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke."

It will surprise many readers to learn that Boone and his comrades in their earliest explorations carried a book or two to amuse themselves with. The little "pack" that contained the precious reserve of powder and bullets, the scant supply of clothing and the blanket of the pioneer, held also the reading matter that was to enliven the hours in camp. Commonly it was a Bible or psalm-book, and from these in the solitudes of the wilderness they would read to each other or sing together.

At a time when there were not ten white men in Kentucky, Dean Swift was read in the hunters' camp on a tributary of the Kentucky River. In a deposition given by Boone in 1796, as evidence in a land suit, he makes this statement:

"In the year 1770 I encamped on Red River with five other men, and we had for our amusement the history of Samuel Gulliver's Travels, wherein he gave an account of his young master Glumdelick carrying him on a market-day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud. A young man of our Company called Alexander Neely came to camp one night and told us he had been that day to Lulbegrud and had killed two Brobdignags in their capital."

The mistakes of names and orthography may be pardoned the old hunter, deposing from memory twenty-six years after the event. The name thus used by young Neely has clung to the locality. A creek that waters one of the most beautiful parts of Kentucky still bears the name of Lulbegrud, and the lands along its borders are still called the Indian Old Fields. They are the site of what was almost certainly the last fixed town that the Indians occupied in Kentucky. Long years after the pioneer days were over, an aged chief, the renowned Catahecassa, or Blackhoof, came to revisit the scenes of his youth. He had been born at the Shawnee town on the Lulbegrud, and had marched when far past middle manhood to take part in the fight where Braddock was defeated and slain. He was threescore when Boone first saw Kentucky, yet he survived the entire generation of the first pioneers, his old foes, and died in 1831, at the great age of one hundred and twenty years. The sons of the pioneers received him with honor and hospitality, and the old chief was made a welcome guest in the home of his childhood. His people were gone, the vestiges of their former occupancy obliterated, and the names of places and braves forgotten. A chance word from a chance book had given a new and strange name to the place of his birth and the long-ago home of his people.

John Floyd, the early companion of Boone, was a typical pioneer. He was educated, brave, and adventurous. Himself and two brothers fell by the Indian's rifle. Two of his brothers-in-law shared the same fate. At twenty-four years of age he was with Boone in Kentucky, and next year took part in the deliberations at Boonesborough. He hastened back to Virginia in the autumn of 1776, and with perfect confidence in his own resources fitted out a privateer and cruised as its commander. His checkered career brought him to Dartmouth as a prisoner of war, thence, by a daring escape, to Paris, where, as he afterward said, he wandered unknown, and wondered "if there was in all the world a man so lonely as he." Franklin met him, and conceived a strong esteem for the bold and handsome and courtly young hunter. He was received with marked interest at Versailles, and was the lion of the hour. Again he found his way back to Virginia, and rejoined Boone and Harrod in Kentucky in 1779, to lose his life soon afterward by a bullet from an ambuscade.

Another of the group was that great soldier George Rogers Clark, whose genius foresaw the importance of the North-

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SYCAMORE ON LULBEGRUD CREEK.

west, and whose prowess and skill conquered for the new republic that empire where now are established the great States of Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. The magnitude of the conception was appreciated by none but himself and the comprehensive mind of Jefferson. The achievement is a romance of war yet to be adequately told. His younger brother was of the same mould, and will be remembered for the marvellous expedition which, commanded by himself and his brother

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officer Lewis, crossed the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River.

The most accomplished of the pre-Revolutionary pioneers was doubtless Colonel John Todd, who fell afterward at the battle of the Blue Licks. Besides being a thorough woodsman, he was a classical scholar, had been trained to the law, and had seen service as a soldier. Though only thirty-two years of age at the time of his death, in 1782, he had assisted in subduing the Northwest, and filled the position of Military Governor of the Illinois.

He had also inaugurated a scheme for the extirpation of slavery, and first conceived the great ordinance of 1787, and devised, in the midst of frontier alarms, a comprehensive system of public aid to schools by grants of lands.

He and Boone and Floyd, with others, among them Parson Lythe, an adventurous preacher, were members of the first legislative body that met west of the Alleghany Mountains. It gathered at the stockade called Boonesborough, on the banks of the Kentucky, in May, 1775, and seventeen pioneers took part. The deliberations were opened with divine service, and the sessions were held under a great elm. The curious record has been preserved, and shows such characteristic entries as these: "On motion of Mr. Daniel Boone, leave is given to bring in a bill for preserving game." "On motion of Mr. Lythe, leave is given to bring in a bill to prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking." Mr. Lythe, as has been mentioned, was the preacher-hunter. The two bills were perfected, and were the first laws of the new community. Along with them were resolutions looking to the establishment of courts of justice, and the organizing of a militia.

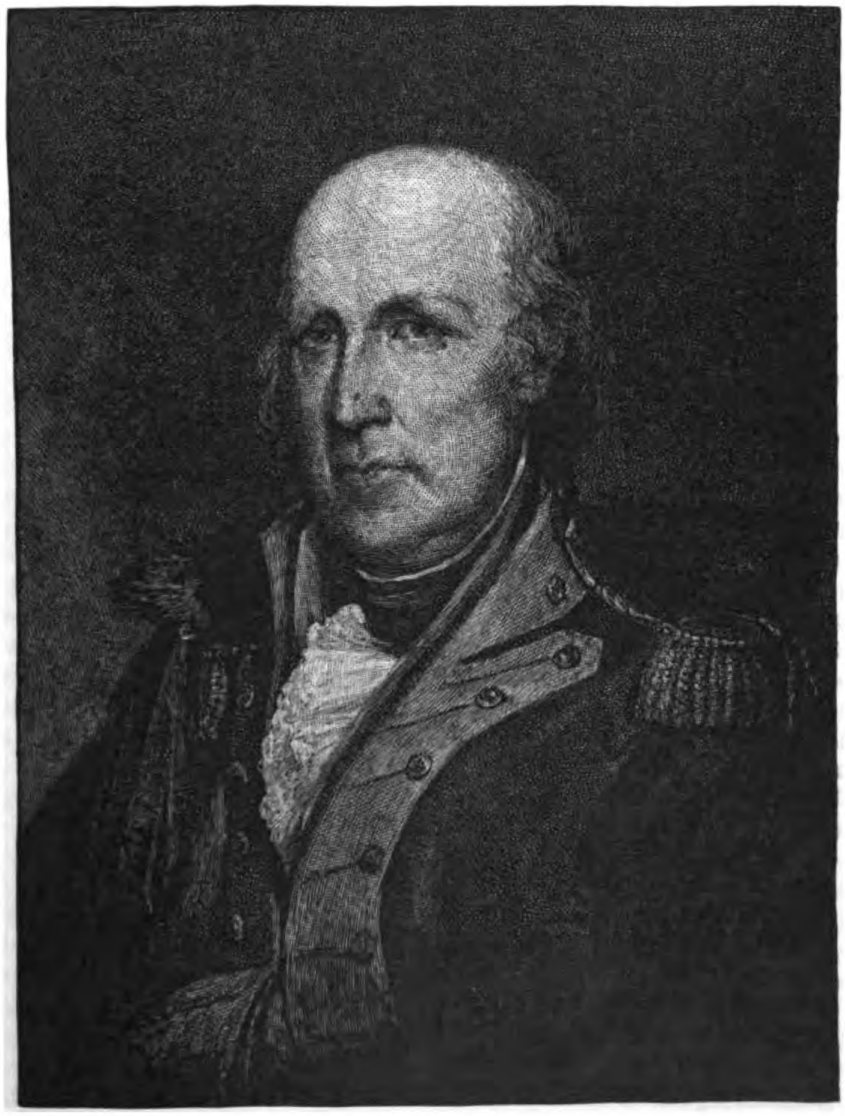
The Kentuckian, as has often been good-humoredly remarked, is nothing if not parliamentary. He loves debate and the forms of debate, and best of all political debate. It was even so with his progenitors. The orderly and strictly parliamentary way in which the little convention at Boonesborough proceeded with its business is quite surprising when the surrounding dangers and the remoteness of the spot from all civilized aid are remembered. During all the years up to the separation from Virginia there was indispensable need of a certain self-constituted authority. The parent commonwealth was remote and feeble, its officials too often careless of the struggling and distant community. Yet every form of law and procedure was scrupulously observed. The heads of settlements would recommend the militia officers to cause delegates to be chosen from their companies, and these would convene in due form, and call on the people to choose representatives in a legislative body, by whom the affairs of the district could be considered, and proper action recommended. Thus delegates to the Virginia Assembly were selected, provisions for future conventions made, and the common interest cared for. It may safely be asserted that the gravity, moderation, and patience which were exhibited are unsurpassed in the early history of any of the commonwealths.

It is strange to picture this curious phase in the pioneers' history. Their daily life was one of danger, and combat with a foe that gave no quarter. They were adventurers upon the limitless West, and the animating spirit of each was that of personal independence. There was no organized force or sanction of law. Those that first came had not even a recognition from King George's Governors, nor a charter of permission. Yet these men, usually esteemed so rude, and scarce one of whom had ever witnessed a legislative session, instinctively laid the foundation of their occupancy in a well-considered and admirably expressed treaty, by which right of occupancy was formally secured, and upon that basis commenced of their own motion a political organization. When the Revolution dissolved their English allegiance, and private treaties with Indians were repudiated by Virginia, they carefully established by chosen delegates their relations with Virginia, and scrupulously sought lawful commissions to issue to the few officials required for their simple yet urgent needs. As they emerged from the hunter life, and agriculture began to flourish and accumulations for commerce to grow, they never lost sight of the lawful forms of procedure; and in a matter of such vital importance as the navigation of the Mississippi they held their hand, in constant deference to the constituted power of the land, though tempted by every consideration that could sway men to take by strong arm the rights so essential to their prosperity and comfort. That they showed capacity for organization is not to be so much wondered at—such is the English characteristic; but that they should

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have restrained their organization so strictly by the forms of traditional law, under circumstances of so great and long-continued discouragement, is wonderful.

There was no use for money, and consequently no money-lenders. Land was not as yet the fruitful source of litigation, for it lay free to all who were hardy enough



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.
Photographed by L. Bergman, Louisville, Kentucky.

The public opinion of the settlers was stronger than any statute. Their relations were for years those of assent to a common law of the country, which no man presumed to violate or thought of questioning. So simple and obvious were its necessary points that they were not even codified. Its chief and essential principle was that every man should assist in the common defence, and render prompt aid to his neighbor. Debts there were none, for property had not yet accumulated. to take and hold it. The authority of the militia officers, and the supremacy of the County Lieutenant, as he was called in the Virginia law, were the most important matters of public concern, and to the orders and suggestions of these uniform deference was paid. For the redress of purely personal grievances their public appliances were inadequate, and the habit of self-reliance seemed to make them unsuitable. Men were left to maintain by their own strong arms many rights which in older

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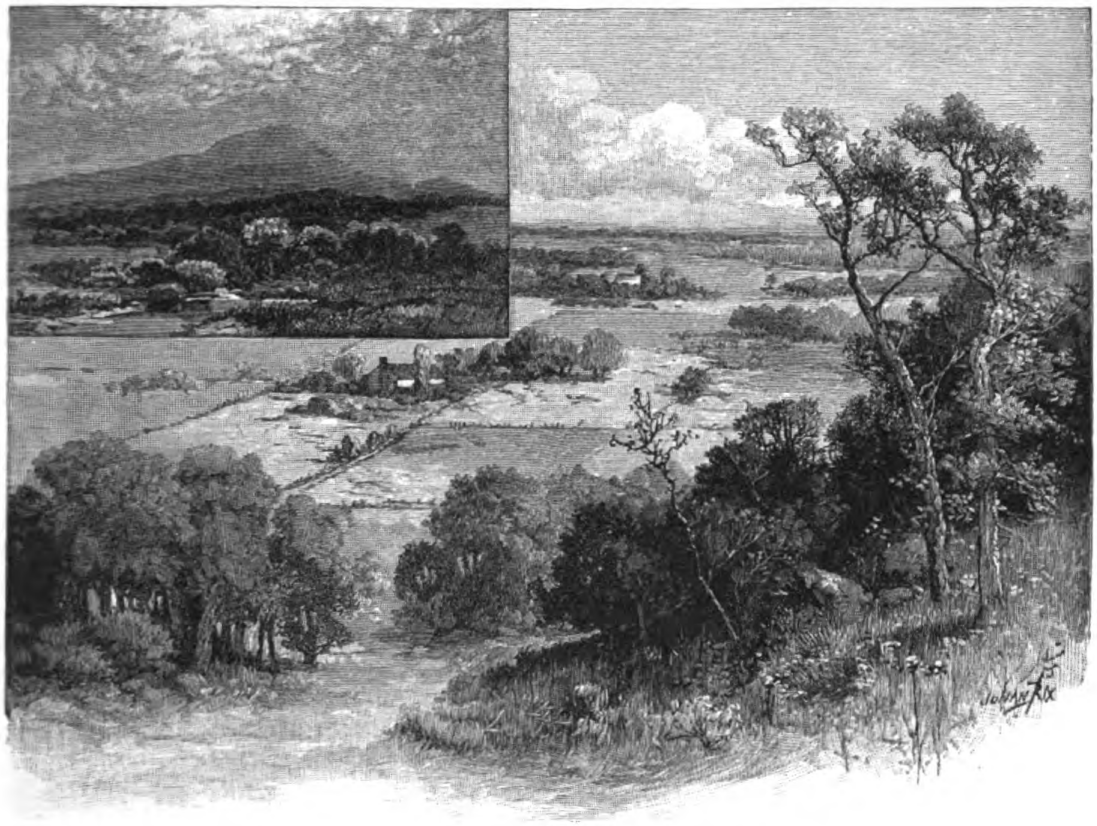
and quieter communities were vindicated by money damages at the hands of a jury. Public opinion committed the honor of females to the keeping of their armed kinsmen, and would have scouted appeal to a court for redress upon a wrong-doer. Each was competent to protect himself and that which personally concerned him, and was expected to do so; and this received notion gained such general and sure footing that an almost ceremonious regard for others' feelings and others' persons became universal. The violent were better restrained by the certainty of condign punishment at the hands of the outraged than they would have been by any mulct or fine. Contrary to what the moralist might perhaps have predicted, the idea worked well. The result was, for the public, prompt and well-concerted response to public duty; for the individual, great self-reliance in all that concerned his family or his honor, and an unwillingness to trouble the neighborhood with a trial of any infringement of his personal rights as distinguished from property rights. Some of the inherited results of this peculiar society are observable to this day. Among those who aspire to be considered the better class, suits for slander are unknown. In the history of the State there has not been a *crim. con.* trial. The slayer of a seducer has never been punished. And this remark applies to the best population of Kentucky, as distinguished from a class that is degraded and inferior, so often confounded with it, but which is in no sense of pioneer origin.

The little fort at Boonesborough was in an almost constant state of attack, and the increasing numbers and strength of the Indian war parties caused Boone and his comrades to enlarge it to such proportions as would give a refuge for those who ventured to clear land and plant corn in the vicinity. It may well be considered as the central point of early pioneer life in Kentucky. The walls of the fort were in part composed of the log cabins in which the pioneers lived, and constructed partly of tall palisades. At the four corners the cabins projected like bastions, and enabled the defenders to resist attempts to scale or burn the defences.

Within the enclosure, as in the other earliest settlements, there was collected the little wealth of the adventurers. The pots and pans brought with such toil from Virginia upon the pack-horse were, next to the gun and axe, their most valued possessions. They came along with the first wives and daughters of the pioneers, of whom there were as many as seven families within the area of Kentucky in 1775. These brought, too, the spinning-wheel, with which coarse yarns were made from buffalo wool; and it was not long before a few rude looms were improvised, that served for weaving a rough cloth suitable for the men's winter wear. The name of William Poague, who first made noggins and buckets, has been preserved, coupled with that of his ingenious daughter, who discovered that a fibre for weaving could be beaten from nettles and woven in the loom which her father made. Buckskin was the usual outer garb of the men, as well from choice as necessity. Their rough marches through thickets and cane would soon have destroyed a less strong material. The cotton cloth for underclothing was painfully brought from Virginia along with the occasional supplies of ammunition. The wives and daughters of the pioneers were more carefully provided for. They were apparelled in woollens and cottons, and wore shoes, brought over the Wilderness Road. Withal there was comfort and plenty. The list of luxuries was a short one; the comforts were substantial.

Greatly prized among them was the cheerful fiddle that enlivened the long winter evenings, and relieved the tedium of their lonely life. For him who could make music with their favorite instrument there was always the heartiest welcome and the choicest seat near the great log fire that supplied alike warmth and light. The accomplishment was a rare one, and the merits of the best fiddlers were well known throughout the different settlements. The use of the fiddle and indulgence in the dance were general with all of the first settlers. For old and young alike it was the approved recreation. The prevailing religious sentiment was Presbyterian or Baptist, for most of the pioneers were from Rockbridge, or Augusta, or Botetourt, in Virginia, or the strong Dissenter communities of Pennsylvania. They were rigid in their theology and strict in their observances, but their strictness seems never to have found fault with the innocent gayety of the neighborhood dance or the quilting party. Old Father Rice gave Presbyterian sanction by his presence, if not his participation; and so did the earlier

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INDIAN OLD FIELDS AND VIEW FROM PILOT KNOB.

Baptists, represented by Squire Boone and such preachers. Upon the subject of psalmody there was a serious and much debated difference throughout the settlements. Very many of the first pioneers would never sing Watts's version, and made the rugged lines of Rouse a test of orthodoxy. But all allowed the dance and fiddle to the young and the gay, and cheered their own troubles with the sight and sound of innocent merriment. It is a curious fact that so sudden and radical a change should have occurred as marked the state of public opinion at the end of Kentucky's first twenty years. The French Revolution had then brought *émigrés* even to Kentucky. The agents of the Directory were fomenting political discontent at Lexington and Danville. By a queer freak, the French divided public opinion politically and religiously. Those who shared the enthusiasm of the time for republican France became largely advocates of the infidelity then professed by representative Frenchmen, and imitators of their fashions and habits. And the social gayety of French manners became so thoroughly identified in the common mind with disbelief, that the innocent fiddle and the harmless dance were denounced as incompatible with avowed religious convictions. It was about the year 1794 that the religious organizations made dancing a subject of discipline. The rule was not relaxed in the sterner denominations until a time well within the memory of men not yet old. And as a parallel fact it may be noted that from 1794 up to the wonderful religious excitement of 1803–4 there was, according to a most reliable contemporary, such general departure from the early ways that but a single lawyer in the State avowed a religious belief. In a MS. autobiography that has fortunately survived, a brave and useful and eminently pious old pioneer recounts the happy escape of a party of settlers, male and female, from an ambuscade of Indians. The Indians made a "blind," or hiding-place of bushes, behind which they lay in wait for the whites who were to pass along the path. The young people went up a different ridge, in quest of wild plums, and so escaped the danger.

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SUNSET ON LICKING RIVER.

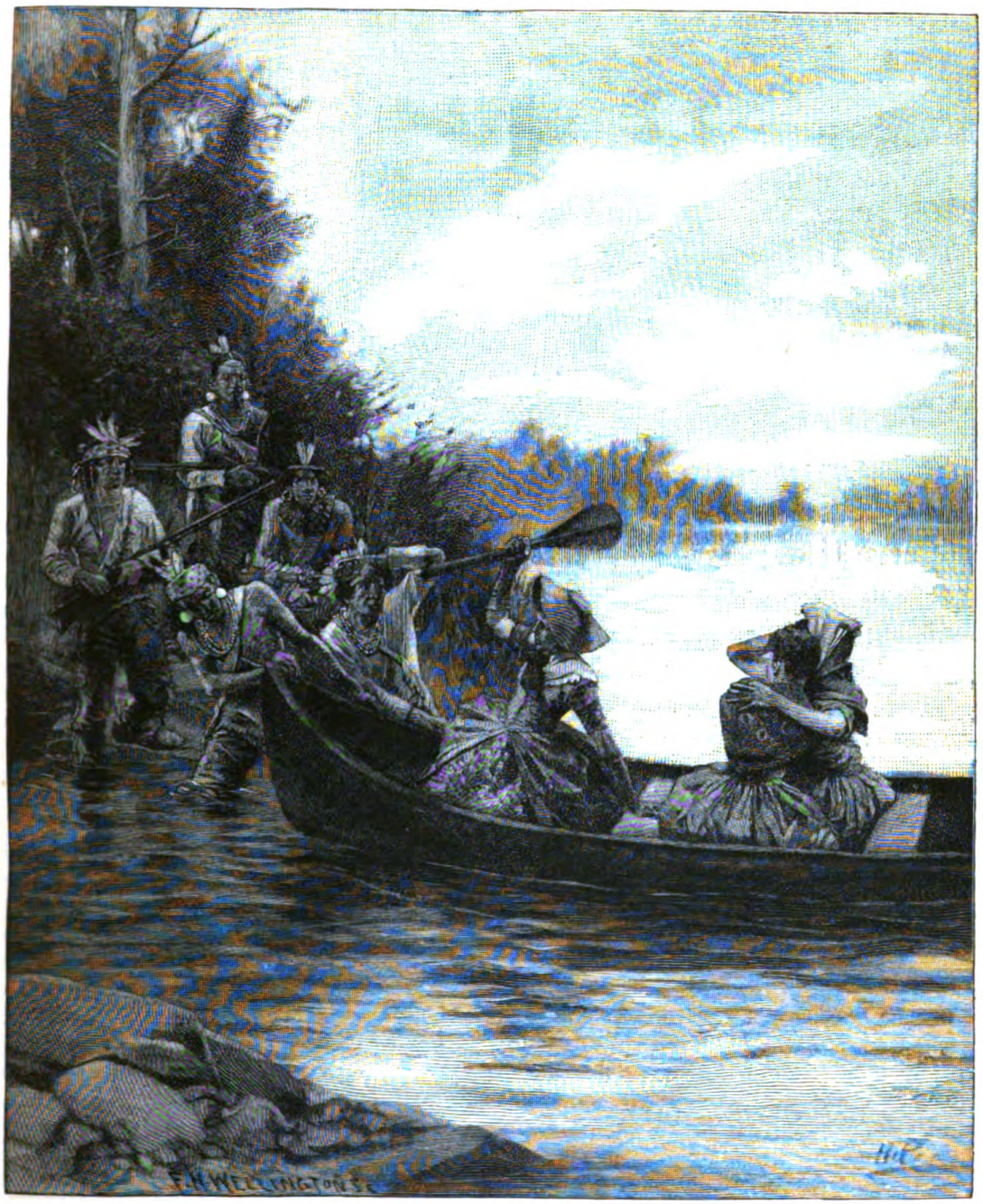
"This event was always thereafter" (says the narrator) "regarded as an extraordinary interposition of Providence in their favour. For which many heartfelt thanks were returned to Almighty God by the Parents of these Young people, who amidst all their dangers did not forget to Dance and Amuse themselves in the station whenever they could get the opportunity."

But the strict old Presbyterian elder in another place tells, with an almost regret for those days of his youth, how the young people in the stations "enjoyed themselves with Dancing several times each week. It was not then considered criminal, and it kept up their spirits and cheerfulness, in the wilds of the West, and it must be admitted that it added to the health and happiness of the young People, and indeed it was not believed to be inconsistent with their religious duties. But after-times proved the necessity of limiting this amusement." But these "after-times," as has been intimated, were not until the time of the French excitement.

Their favorite dance was the reel—the Virginia Reel, as it is still called, and as it is yet danced in undiminished popularity throughout rural Kentucky. The facing lines of dancers, the alternate advance and retreat of end couples, keeping strict time, and executing the "pigeon wing" and other intricacies according to the performers' ability, the continual sway and marking the music by all the dancers, the hands all round, the right and left, made an enlivening scene. The quick, marked tune, in two-four time, emphasized by the stamp of the fiddler's foot, and by the nods and gestures of the spectators, was played with an expression that was exhilarating. Of all dances, none has the contagious good-humor and gayety that characterize the Virginia Reel, danced at a country house to the music of good country fiddlers. For the music of these has a swing of its own, and differs from the best orchestra, just as the camp-meeting hymn moves the soul differently from the best performances of a trained and fashionable church quartette.

A negro slave owned by Captain Estill was pre-eminently the musician of the country in the earliest years. He was a person of greatest importance from the further fact that he alone of all in the new country could make gunpowder. The cave where "Monk" leached the earth for saltpetre, and combined his dangerous mixture, is one of the well-known spots of historic interest in Madison County. He possessed much intelligence, and was eccentric and reserved. He was treated with respect and consideration by whites and Indians alike. His freedom was given him in 1782 in recognition of his conspicuous bravery in an Indian fight. Thus, in addition to other points of interest, he was the first freed slave in Kentucky. His chemical secret—how to make gunpowder—was never divulged by him, and insured him a consequence proportioned to

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CAPTURE OF ELIZABETH AND FRANCES CALLAWAY AND JEMIMA BOONE.

the value of that indispensable article in a settlement of hunters and Indian fighters. But the powder made by "Monk" was no doubt below the standard of even those rude days. The supply was chiefly from Fort Pitt, and during the earlier years the expeditions to fetch it were carefully planned, and intrusted only to the most daring and successful woodsmen. In June, 1776, the pioneers held a general meeting on the "powder question," and sent two representatives all the way to Williamsburg, one of whose duties it was to procure from the Virginia Assembly a supply of ammunition. The five hundred pounds that were granted were carried on horses through the wilderness to Fort Pitt, and thence by night voyages in canoes to Limestone (now Maysville), and there secreted to await a favorable time for conveyance to the stations in central Kentucky. It cost the lives of several

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SIMON KENTON.
From painting owned by Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, Ohio.

good men to accomplish the task. It was in the same year that, in a similar errand to Fort Pitt, a party of seven were all killed or wounded, among them Colonel Robert Patterson, the founder of the three cities Lexington, Cincinnati, and Dayton, who there received the tomahawk wound which he bore to his grave.

The dangers which Boone and his companions encountered in the fields came to the very doors of their cabins, and constantly menaced their families. Indians lurked singly or in parties to seize a prisoner or take a scalp whenever an incautious white should give the opportunity. Frequent combats (and each combat ended, as a rule, in the death of one or both of those engaged) had habituated the men to danger. It was later that they felt the danger of their wives and children.

Late on a Sunday afternoon in July, 1776, three young girls ventured from the enclosure of Boonesborough to amuse themselves with a canoe upon the river that flowed by the fort. Insensibly they drifted with the lazy current, and before they were aware of their danger were seized by five warriors. Their resistance was useless, though they wielded the paddles with desperation. Their canoe was drawn ashore, and they were hurried off in rapid retreat toward the Shawnee towns in Ohio. Their screams were heard at the fort, and the cause well guessed. Two of the girls were Betsey and Frances, daughters of Colonel Richard Callaway, the other was Jemima, daughter of Boone. The fathers were absent, but soon returned to hear the evil news and arrange the pursuit. Callaway assembled a mounted party, and was away through the woods to head off the Indians, if possible, before they might reach and cross the Ohio, or before the fatigue of their rapid march should so overcome the poor girls as to cause their captors to tomahawk them, and so disencumber their flight. Boone started directly on the trail through the thickets and canebrakes. His rule was never to ride if he could possibly walk. All his journeys and hunts, escapes and pursuits, were on foot. His little party numbered eight, and the anxiety of a father's heart quickened its leader, and found a ready response in the breasts of three young men, the lovers of the girls.

Betsey Callaway, the oldest of the girls, marked the trail, as the Indians hurried them along, by breaking twigs and bending bushes, and when threatened with the tomahawk if she persisted, tore small bits from her dress, and dropped them to guide the pursuers. Where the ground was soft enough to receive an impression, they would press a footprint. The flight was in the best Indian method: the Indians marched some yards apart through the bushes and cane, compelling their captives to do the same. When a creek was crossed they waded in its water to a distant point, where the march would be resumed. By all the caution and skill of their training the Indians endeavored to obscure the trail and perplex the pursuers.

It is well known to those who have observed Indian modes of life that the pur-

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suer always marches faster than the pursued, if the parties are at all equally matched in woodcraft. To obscure a trail costs time. Unless it were perfectly covered it would never escape the eye of Daniel Boone; and the three young men strained every faculty to observe and keep the "sign."

The nightfall of the first day stopped the pursuit of Boone before he had gone far; but he had fixed the direction the Indians were taking, and at early dawn was following them. The chase was continued with all the speed that could be made for thirty miles. Again darkness compelled a halt, and again at crack of day on Tuesday the pursuit was renewed. It was not long before a light film of smoke that rose in the distance showed where the Indians were cooking a breakfast of buffalo meat. The pursuers cautiously approached, fearing lest the Indians might slay their captives and escape. Colonel John Floyd, who was one of the party (himself afterward killed by Indians), thus described the attack and the rescue, in a letter written the next Sunday to the Lieutenant of Fincastle, Colonel William Preston:



DANIEL BOONE.

From painting by Chester Harding, owned by W. H. King, Chicago. Photographed by C. L. Moore, Springfield, Mass.

"Our study had been how to get the prisoners without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us. Four of us fired, and all of us rushed

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on them; by which they were prevented from carrying anything away except one shot-gun without any ammunition. Colonel Boone and myself had each a pretty fair shot as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through the body. The one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was covered with thick cane, and being so much elated on recovering the three poor little heart-broken girls, we were prevented from making any further search. We sent the Indians off almost naked, some without their moccasins, and none of them with so much as a knife or tomahawk. After the girls came to themselves sufficiently to speak, they told us there were five Indians, four Shawanese and one Cherokee; they could speak good English, and said they should go to the Shawanese towns. The war-club we got was like those I have seen of that nation, and several words of their language, which the girls retained, were known to be Shawanese."

The return with the rescued girls was the occasion for great rejoicing. To crown their satisfaction, the young lovers had proved their prowess, and under the eye of the greatest of all woodsmen had shown their skill and courage. They had fairly won the girls they loved. Two weeks later a general summons went throughout the little settlements to attend the first wedding ever solemnized on Kentucky soil. Samuel Henderson and Betsey Callaway were married in the presence of an approving company that celebrated the event with dancing and feasting. The formal license from the county court was not waited for, as the court-house of Fincastle, of which county Kentucky was part, was distant more than six hundred miles. The ceremony consisted of the contract with witnesses, and religious vows administered by Boone's brother, who was an occasional preacher of the persuasion popularly known as Hard-shell Baptists. Frances Callaway became within a year the wife of the gallant Captain John Holder, afterward greatly distinguished in the pioneer annals; and Boone's daughter married the son of his friend Callaway.

The first pioneers were so successful in holding their settlements that others hastened to join them, attracted by the abundance of the game and the fertility of the soil. To some, no doubt, the element of constant adventure was a great inducement, and fully were they gratified. Some, like Simon Kenton, as a hunter and woodsman second only to Boone, seemed to seek hazard. He it was whose desperate ride, lashed to the back of an untamed horse, was the true original of Byron's Mazeppa. Unlike Boone, Kenton excited in his Indian foes the most exasperated feelings of vengeance. Aside from wounds received in fight, he was several times brought to the very verge of death while a prisoner in the Indians' hands. On one occasion he was struck apparently dead with a tomahawk that clove his shoulder through the collar-bone; three several times he was bound to the stake to die by fire, and as often as eight times was he compelled to "run the gauntlet." None of this generation will ever know in its true significance the horror of that word. There is now probably no man living who has "run the gauntlet" as an Indian prisoner. The venerable and reverend Thomas P. Dudley, of Lexington, Kentucky, now approaching his hundredth year, was sentenced, but reprieved. His comrades suffered the ordeal, while he in mere whim was ransomed for a pony and a keg of whiskey. The Indians ranged themselves in two lines, between which the prisoner was compelled to run for his life, eluding as best he could the blows of tomahawks and war-clubs that were aimed at him in his flight. Sometimes good fortune or activity saved the prisoner. Sometimes the Indians would in mere caprice use long sticks instead of deadly weapons, and in a few rare instances pure courage saved the victim. Kenton on one occasion won the applause of the head chiefs of the Wyandots, who interfered to save his life from their infuriated warriors. No sooner was he unbound to commence the fatal race than he seized a war-club, and dashed down the line striking in desperation at every warrior armed with hatchet or club. Though covered with wounds, he reached the goal alive, still brandishing the weapon with which he had fought his way. The exploit was without a parallel in Indian experience; it won their admiration, and for that time saved him.

The death by fire was seldom inflicted. The gauntlet was rare, but the stake even rarer. It was only under circumstances that to the Indian mind were exceedingly aggravating that a prisoner was burned. Boone, like others, was in constant

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warfare with them, and was several times their prisoner, yet the Indians used a sort of rude kindness toward him while in their power. The well-understood code of war was that actual combat was to the death, and that surprise and ambuscade were to be expected, and the scalp of the slain went to the victor. During the period from 1783 to 1790 no less than fifteen hundred authenticated instances of death by the Indian rifle or tomahawk occurred; but they were, after a rough fashion, regarded as part of the risk that pioneers took. The Indians must have suffered as much or more, and they too regarded it as the fate of continual war. But Kenton and a few others appear to have been considered as transgressors of the rules of "fair fighting," and to them, when caught, extreme penalty was administered.



ROBERT PATTERSON.

This state of continual war and incessant activity made it of last importance that the outfit of the hunter should be exactly suited to his surroundings. Like his Indian foe, he cut down his equipment to the minimum of bulk and weight, and experience soon established what became the accepted uniform.

A happy and artistic thought has preserved the authentic pioneer costume, sculptured upon the State Military Monument at Frankfort, from models prepared under the eye of pioneers that then survived. The coat, or "hunting shirt," that reached to the thigh, was of coarse cloth, or preferably of well-dressed deer-skin that turned rain, and was not readily torn. Around the neck and shoulders was a fringe six inches long, not intended for ornament alone, but supplying the strings so often needed by a hunter. The four pockets, two on either breast, were exactly placed that the use of weapons should not be embarrassed. A belt, carrying tomahawk and knife, passed through loops at the back, and was tightened by a buckle or thongs.

Beneath the right arm swung the bullet-pouch, and with it the powder-horn. In the former were carried the bullets, the cotton "patching" with which the balls were surrounded in loading, and the precious extra flints, all enclosed and fastened in interior pockets, lest in rapid movement they might be lost. The powder-horn was selected with reference to the curve of the body, that it might lie close, and neither impede the use of the right arm, nor become entangled with the bushes or cane. Much care was bestowed upon its adornment, and it was softened by boiling to receive the desired shape and preparation. At the left side hung the tomahawk, a light hatchet with curved blade, useful in many ways about the camp, and a formidable weapon in close combat. The knife lay across the chest within ready grasp. Over his short trousers and stockings the hunter habitually wore deer-skin leggings that reached to the middle thigh. These were prepared of brain-dressed skins that perfectly turned the rain and dew. Along their outer edge were often fringes of strings hanging for ready use. The feet were cased in moccasins, to which soles of raw hide were sometimes sewed; but as a rule the soft elk-skin was preferred, for the face of the land was as yet unbroken turf or forest mould, soft and springy to the tread. Stone cropped out as cultivation disturbed the soil in after-years. A cap, brought from the eastern settlements, or made of the skin of a 'coon or panther, completed the costume of the original hunter of Kentucky.

The rifle that the Kentucky pioneer carried was a weapon suited in every re-

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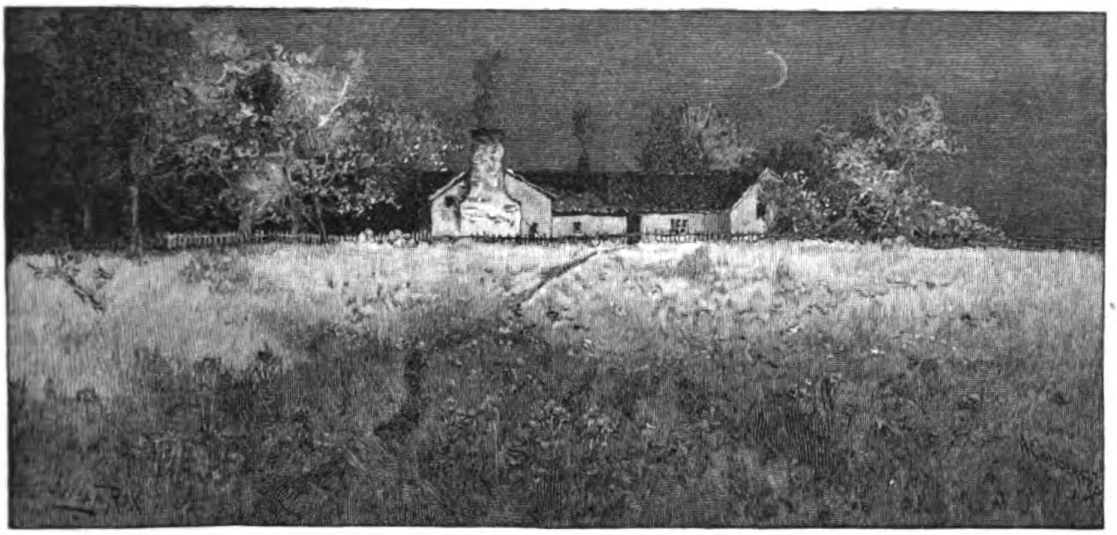
spect to the needs of the situation. The details of its length, calibre, weight, angle of stock, and arrangement of sights were greatly discussed, and the arguments were acrimonious over very small differences. A curious memorandum made at an early day perpetuates the views of some of the most noted pioneers. Charles Scott (afterward a major-general and Governor) thought that a calibre of fifty bullets to the pound of lead was best. John Allen was emphatic that the barrel need never be longer than three feet eight inches, and preferred brass mountings, as more easily kept bright. Knox, the chief of the Long Hunters, explained that the gun-barrel should be chambered to receive the charge when rammed home, and that the hind sight should be placed one-third of the barrel's length from the breech. Upon the theory of "sighting," it was well agreed that the top of the breech, the fine slit of the hind sight, and the edge of the fore sight should lie in one line. This insured equal accuracy at any distance between ten and one hundred and fifty paces. The material of the rifle barrel was soft iron, to permit easier manipulation; and as use dulled the grooves, the "saws were run through," as the term was, enlarging the bore and restoring the accuracy of the gun.



JOHN BROWN.
From the miniature by Colonel Trumbull in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College.

The Kentucky rifle of former days is now no longer made. Even those that remain have generally been supplied with percussion locks, and these in their turn are antiquated. In very early times an eccentric gunsmith named Graham built a soli-

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BRYANT STATION.

tary cabin on the waters of the Elkhorn, where he made the best gun in Kentucky. From habit more than public demand he pursued the trade till his death in 1820. He first introduced the "trade-mark" into the West. His rifles have alternate circles and stars stamped in the soft iron around the octagonal muzzle.

The skill acquired by the Kentucky hunters in the use of the long rifle has not been exaggerated. Constant practice, and the fact that life depended upon it, made every man a marksman. The peculiarities of guns were as well known and as carefully observed as the idiosyncrasies of men. Nowadays rifles are manufactured by the thousand, each a duplicate of every other, and each the perfection of mechanical excellence. The closest scrutiny will not detect a variation, and the tall and the short, the long-armed and the short-armed, the long-necked and the short-necked, use each the same weapon. But in the pioneer days, as each gun was hand-made in every respect, and each as a rule made to order, the owner caused his gun to be measured and shaped and weighted to suit its intended user. There was in those days a "personal equation" of rifle as well as of rifleman, and constant and careful practice made each man the perfect master of his own weapon. The story is authenticated by the late Chief-Justice Robertson of a wife who recognized the peculiar report of her husband's rifle as he returned home after a year's absence in Indian captivity.

The life of the hunter was, as has already been said, one of unceasing vigilance and activity. It involved every possible danger and fatigue, and called for the highest qualities of courage and endurance. Every out-door occupation carried with it the risk of death or captivity. Boone, with all his craft, became a prisoner, and was carried as far as Detroit. He had the tact to ingratiate himself with his captors, who were especially gratified at a victory by some of their chiefs in trials of skill with the rifle. Boone was prudent enough to suffer himself to be beaten, and by a margin so narrow as to enhance the triumph. The distinction of excelling the great white hunter with the rifle filled the Indian soul with pride.

At the Shawnee town of Chillicothe, Boone discovered that an expedition was preparing against his own station. Resolved to save his family and friends at every hazard, he escaped from the Indian town, and in four days reached Boonesborough, one hundred and sixty miles distant. The toilsome and perilous march was made in safety, across rivers and over prairies and through woods and canebrakes. The famished traveller tasted but a single meal during his journey, and he appeared like a spectre to his friends, who had reckoned him dead. The alarm of the approaching attack was speedily given. The settlers collected and strengthened the stockade, the cattle and horses were secured, and every preparation perfected for a vigorous defence. But the Indians

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delayed; the escape of Boone had disconcerted their plans. Again the indefatigable backwoodsman hurried to the banks of the Scioto, taking with him a small party of riflemen. There he surprised a detachment of the Indian force, and instantly fell upon the rear of the body that had already started for Boonesborough. Following the trail with consummate rapidity and skill, he overtook and by a circuitous march passed his enemy, reaching the fort first by a day's time.

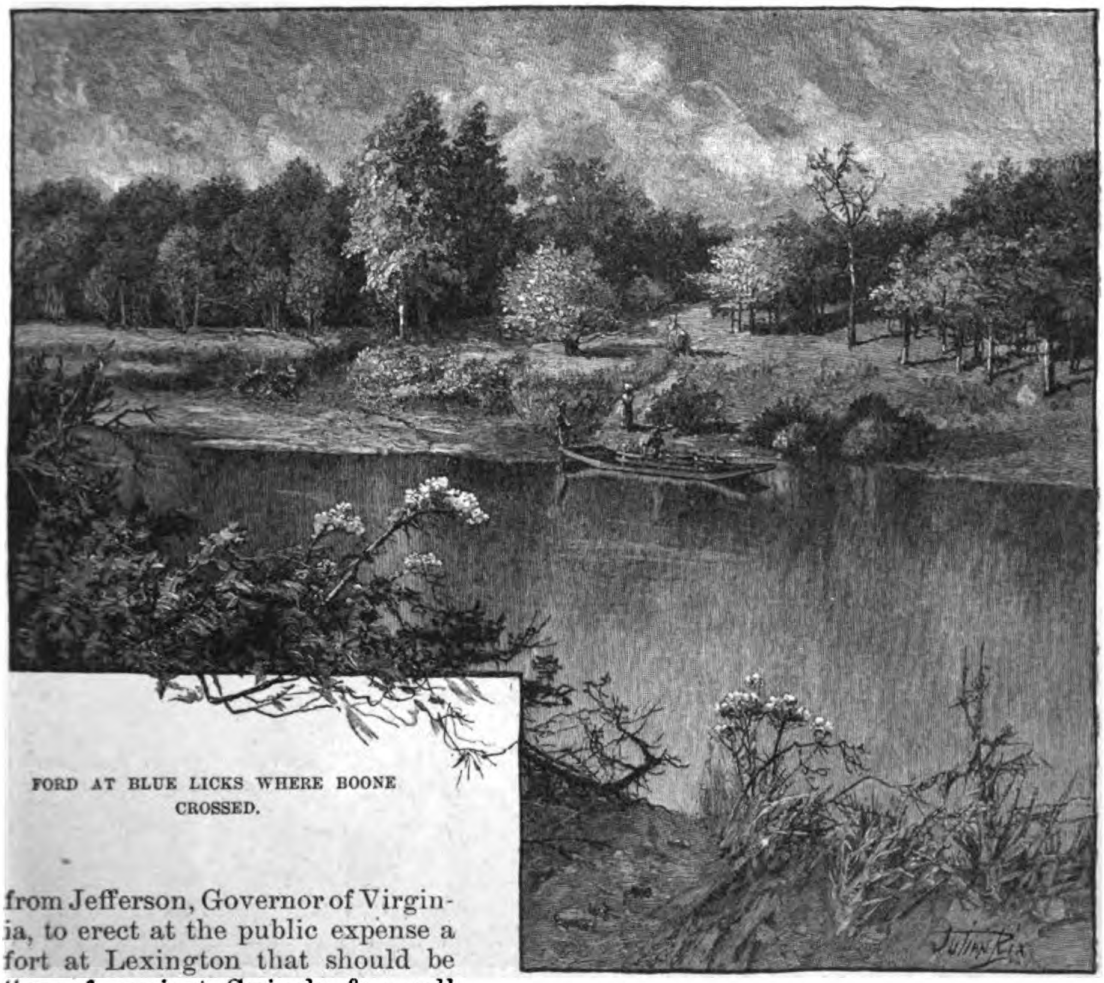
The Indians were beaten in their own tactics. They had been overreached in skill and overcome in endurance. Boone had twice passed them, and their meditated surprise was a failure. But they numbered more than five hundred well-armed warriors, and were commanded by Canadian officers appointed by Hamilton, the British Governor of the Northwest. The British flag was displayed, and a demand for immediate surrender made upon Boone, coupled with a threat of massacre by the tomahawk if it were not complied with. Boone asked time to consult with his comrades, and employed the delay thus secured in preparing for the siege. The pioneers resolved unanimously to fight to the death. Captain Duquesne, the commandant of the Indians, disappointed in his hopes of surprise or surrender, next asked a conference with nine of the pioneers. Strange as it may appear, Boone, for the only time in all his frontier experience, was deluded by the shallow artifice. Accompanied by eight others, he went out from the stockade to treat with the enemy. A crowd of Indians immediately surrounded the little party, while Duquesne attempted to engage their attention with talk about surrender of the post. At length it was suggested that a solemn custom of the Indians should be observed—that the hands of each white man should be grasped by two warriors in token of permanent friendship. Boone acquiesced, and the warriors approached. Instantly the pioneers broke through the surrounding crowd, and ran for their lives to the fort. But one man was wounded by the volley that followed their flight, and the cover of the stockade was regained. The incident brought upon Boone for a time a suspicion with some that he was not at heart true to his fellow-pioneers. Even his friend Callaway for a time shared this belief. But the injurious thought was soon dismissed, and Boone's frank explanation "that he didn't know how it happened, but he had played the great fool," was accepted as true. It was the first time and the last time that the old pioneer lost even for a moment his sagacity and self-possession. He had the singular gift of becoming more discreet and resourceful, and at the same time more daring, as danger became more pressing. His faculties were now all alive. The Indians, under the direction of their Canadian officers, attempted to run a mine beneath the stockade, and so gain an entrance. They worked secretly and diligently, but the earth that they cast into the stream discolored the water and revealed their plan. Boone countermined, digging with such tools as his little stock contained, and taunting his foe with the discovery of their scheme. The contest then became one of sharp-shooters, and the enemy were beaten off with loss.

The stockade stations served excellently well their purpose. They were proof against rifle shot, and gave good cover to an inferior force resisting an attack. Sometimes a bold marksman would climb into the top of a neighboring tree, and from his elevated perch would pick off the men within the fort. But his position was as dangerous as it was advantageous, and he soon became the target of unequalled riflemen. The tree still stands at Harrodsburg from the forks of which McGary, by a wonderful shot, brought down an Indian sharp-shooter. But the mere power of numbers was counterbalanced by the slight defences, and the contest was mainly of individual skill, endurance, and strategy.

The English Colonel Byrd had entered Kentucky with a large force of Indians in 1781, bringing with him what had not before been seen in Kentucky, a couple of small field-pieces. With these he subdued every station east of Lexington. Why he did not exterminate the settlers, as he might easily have done, has never been explained. One tradition has it (and we may hope it is correct) that Colonel Byrd was an officer schooled in a different style of war, and that the barbarities practised by his Indians upon the inmates of Ruddle's and Martin's stations caused him to terminate his campaign abruptly and return to Detroit.

The warning was enough for John Todd, who at once obtained authority

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FORD AT BLUE LICKS WHERE BOONE CROSSED.

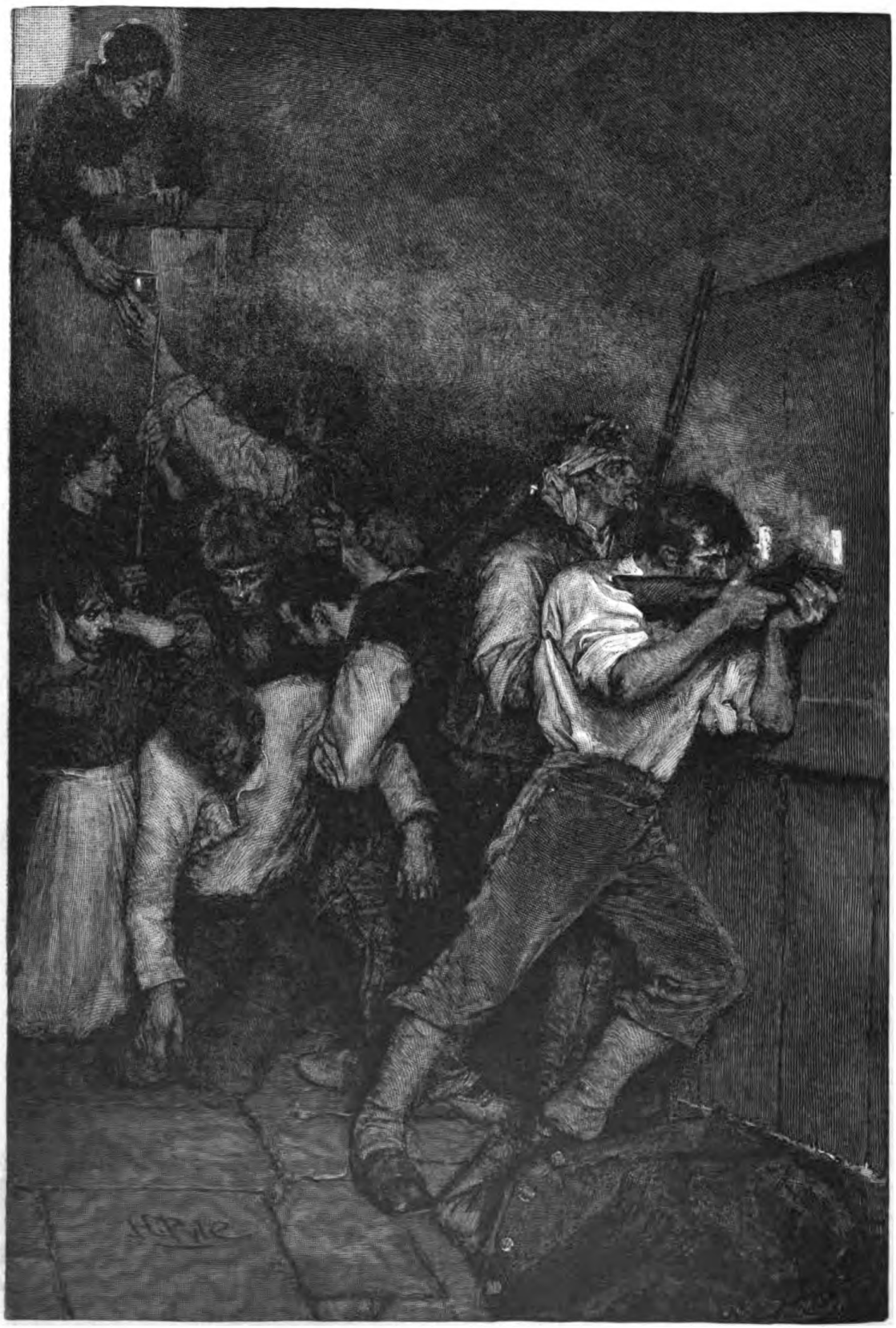
from Jefferson, Governor of Virginia, to erect at the public expense a fort at Lexington that should be "proof against Swivels & small Artillery which so terrify our people." But the exchequer was low indeed, and the Governor entreated Todd to remember the virtue of economy.

A substantial structure on the creek side was soon built. "Eight feet in the clear, walls 7 feet thick of Rammed dirt, inclosed with good timbers 9 feet high only, from 4 feet upwards 5 feet thick. The top of the wall is neatly picketed 6 feet High, proof against Small Arms. Ditch 8 feet wide & between 4 & 5 feet deep." And from that time no large Indian force crossed to the west of the Kentucky River.

The cost of this fort is worth notice. Colonel Todd reported it to the Governor almost in terms of apology. He wrote: "The whole expence amounts to 11,341£ 10*s.*, as will appear by the account herewith Sent. It is in vain for me to assure your Excellency that Diligence and Economy has been used in this business, as the Work so abundantly proves it. I believe four times the expence never before made for the Publick a work equal to this. An Emulation among the overseers & Rewards in Liquor to the men proved powerful Incentives to Industry. Being a charge of an uncommon nature, I thought it proper to present it to your Excellency & the Council, being better Judges of the Necessity & Expediency of the Work than the Auditors, who are probably unacquainted with the Circumstances of this Country. By either of the Delegates your Excellency may have an opportunity of transmitting the money."

This apparently extravagant outlay, for the payment of which Colonel Todd pledged himself to the contractors, dwindles, when examined, to amusingly small proportions. The value of the currency had been fixed by legislation of the previous year at one thousand of paper for one of hard money, and the Virginia pound was $3 33. The expenditure of public money in hard cash was therefore just $37 76! Well might Todd say, "four times the expence never before made for

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DEFENCE OF THE STATION.

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the Publick a work equal to this." And well may the modern engineer consider the economy and efficiency of a defence that made tenable the whole State of Kentucky, and wonder if the days of common-sense and frugality in public outlays will ever return.

The fort thus opportunely built saved the hamlet of Lexington from attack in the great expedition of the combined tribes against the Kentucky settlements. It was the supreme effort to drive out the white man, and with its failure Indian warfare became again a series of desultory forays and small but sanguinary combats.

The ability of the renegade Simon Girty combined the warlike tribes beyond the Ohio in an expedition which he ably commanded. No name was more abhorred or dreaded than his. He was the incarnation of savage cruelty. He was one of the four sons of a drunken reprobate who wandered into the extreme west of Pennsylvania, and was there murdered by some companion wretch. The children were made captives by a marauding band and carried off to the Indian towns. George, one of the boys, became a Delaware Indian, and continued with them through life, abandoning all the habits of the white man, and forgetting the language of his youth. James was adopted by the Shawnees, and became an active and cruel foe to the whites. His delight was to invent new and lingering tortures and to superintend their application. After he became enfeebled by a disease that destroyed his power of walking, he would cause captive women and children to be pushed within his reach that he might hew them with his tomahawk. Thomas lived and died with the Shawnees, an ordinary Indian, unnoted for any marked traits of enterprise or ferocity.

But Simon Girty became the representative of all the most dreadful forms of Indian cruelty and activity. He was adopted by the Senecas, and except for a brief period, when in the employ of Lord Dunmore on the frontier, he lived with them and the Shawnees. At one time he and Kenton were brother scouts, and the remembrance of it induced him, in a caprice of mercy, to save his old comrade from the stake to which he was already bound. But the weakness was never repeated. He advised and witnessed the burning of Colonel Crawford, and laughed heartily at the wretched sufferer's prayer that his torments might be ended by a bullet. He was a slave to drink, and when under its influence it is said "he had no compassion in his heart." Girty profoundly and sincerely hated the white man, and lost no chance of displaying his animosity.

Assembling more than six hundred picked warriors of the Shawnees and neighboring tribes at the old Indian town of Chillicothe, he moved rapidly and secretly, crossing the Ohio where Cincinnati now is built, and pushing toward the settlements in the Blue-grass. The capture of Lexington meant an extermination of the whites north and east of the Kentucky River. To his chagrin, his spies brought word that the new fort was just completed and impregnable. The grand plan had to be changed.

Northeast of Lexington, and about five miles distant, lay Bryant's Station, a place that ranks in Kentucky annals second only to Boonesborough. It had been early occupied by Joseph Bryant, a brother-in-law of Daniel Boone, and around his cabin soon collected others whose numbers gave an effective force of forty-four riflemen. The quadrangular enclosure was like that at Boonesborough —in part of cabin walls, and partly of strong pickets. It stood on a gentle elevation on the banks of the Elkhorn, looking out over the fairest land of the West. The bounty of nature embarrassed the pioneer with the luxuriance of forest growth and thick cane that sprang from the tall and matted grass. The industry of the settlers was but beginning to be observable around the little fort. The great buffalo trace that led from the Blue Licks on the east, through the rich pastures of the Blue-grass, by the Stamping Ground and Drennon's Lick, to that graveyard of the mastodons at Big Bone, had been made a pathway between the stations. The forest had been cleared away nearest the station, and small patches of corn waved their tassels close against the cane, whose dense growth proved the fertility of the soil. But between Bryant's Station and Lexington the short five miles traversed a yet unbroken wilderness. The rich and undulating acres, where now are found the manors of opulent stock-breeders, were as yet unbroken. A picket station, as it were, that Todd had located two miles southeast of Lexington, and held with a single family, was the only inroad upon the primitive forest in that direc-

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tion. Next to him lay the favorite feeding ground of the bison and the elk, where now are unrolled the pastures of Ashland and Ellerslie.

Silently, on an August night, Girty with six hundred Indians surrounded the station. Within it there was activity and preparation, for the men were to start at early dawn to relieve Captain John Holder's little fort, across the Kentucky, which was reported as threatened; but no one dreamed that Girty was near. At dawn the riflemen set out from the eastern gate, but fortunately a volley checked them before it was too late to regain the stockade. Elijah Craig was their commander, and from his experience of Indian tactics he guessed the force and plan of the enemy, and foresaw the siege that he was to repel. Fortunately there were provisions and ammunition, but by some improvidence the enclosure of the station did not take in the spring of water upon which the garrison must rely.

Calling all the women together, he explained that the Indians were concealed, as he believed, in force about the spring. But he thought that the ambuscade would not be developed until an attack by a smaller party on the other side of the stockade, intended to divert the pioneers' attention, should first be made; and he asked the women to volunteer to fetch from the spring, before the grand attack commenced, the supply of water that was indispensable.

It was naturally objected by the women that the men ought to go, but Craig reasoned that the women usually went to the spring with their buckets, and rarely the men; that the one would be regarded by the Indians as a proof that their ambuscade and plan of attack was not suspected, while the other would bring on the attack in open ground. The crisis was urgent, the peril great; but the women speedily reached their conclusion. Thirty or forty women and girls went out through the western gate, each carrying her pail or bucket, and endeavoring by laughter or song to disguise the fear that penetrated every bosom. Across the open space and past the side of the canebrake they passed on to the bubbling spring that burst out from the foot of the knoll. Their faces betrayed no fear, their manner showed no agitation, their walk was not quickened, though they felt sure that the rifles of five hundred savages bore upon them, and that not one would survive a signal of attack.

The buckets were dipped one after another in the spring, and loaded with their precious burden the brave women returned toward the fort. It was not until the thick cane was again passed, and the bushes and tall weeds left behind, that their composure was disturbed. Then, safe from the tomahawk and the knife of the savages, and well within the protecting range of the rifles of their husbands and fathers, they hastened with trembling limbs toward the open gate, spilling in their safety part of the treasure they had carried so steadily through danger, and bursting into tears of agitation and pride and gratitude. Not a gun was fired at them, nor did an Indian move, though the little company passed within twenty yards of five hundred. Craig had exactly guessed his enemy's plan and forecast his action. It was the boldest of bold risks, but it was confidently proposed and perfectly carried through. Men often wondered afterward what would have become of Craig had the Indians fired upon the women, or rushed out and captured them; but Craig's good-natured reply was that his good sense and the women's courage made the exploit a safe venture.

As the fight opened, and the little garrison of forty men held out stoutly against such odds, two brave fellows, Bell and Tomlinson, mounted their horses to carry the news to other stations and bring up help. The gate was suddenly swung open, and they dashed at topmost speed into the very face of the Indian ranks, and were through and beyond, and into the cover of the waving corn that hid them from the aim of their astonished foe. Soon Todd and the men from Lexington came hurrying up, and the news went on to Boone, and from him to Trigg at Harrodsburg, and still further on to Logan. Never had there been such a general uprising. The word flew from settlement to settlement that every fighting man was needed. The response was instant and unanimous. The little garrison meanwhile was sorely pressed, but activity and courage availed them. The women moulded bullets and cut "patching," and cared for the wounded and dying as they fell. The very children caught the inspiration of their parents' courage, and ran from place to place with gourds full of water to extinguish the flames that the

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fire-arrows lighted. An infant, destined to be the slayer of the renowned Tecumseh, and to become a Senator and Vice-President of the republic, slept peacefully in his cradle in care of a little sister, whose fidelity to that tender duty still left her time to carry ammunition to the men.

It was indeed a gallant fight. The arrival of Boone and Todd caused Girty to draw off his force and retreat toward the Ohio; and then followed the pursuit that ended in the battle of the Blue Licks and the death of so many of Kentucky's best men.

The pursuers felt sure of a victory over the repulsed Indians, and insisted upon a rapid march and a fight. The prudence of Boone and the cool judgment of Todd were overborne by the rash and insubordinate courage of McGary, who rushed into the ford, carrying with him the excited and shouting hunter-soldiers. How Boone endeavored to retrieve the error, and how Trigg and Todd and scores of others, the best men of the country, fell, has often been told. How Netherland held the ford single-handed, and rallied the routed force, is a landmark of Kentucky heroism. How Aaron Reynolds saved his captain, Robert Patterson, dismounting and giving his horse that his friend might escape the massacre, while he bravely took all the chance of death, is told in every story of the infant State. The gratitude of the rough woodsman, whose profanity had been rebuked by Patterson in a former campaign, and who had become deeply religious, was there proved. The reason for it was given in simple words in after-years: "He saved my soul, and I felt I must save his life."

It was the last great Indian battle on Kentucky soil. Girty retired with numberless scalps to the Scioto towns, and for weeks there was savage revel and joy throughout the tribes.

But the life of the Kentucky pioneers, though full of adventure and danger, had other features than those of Indian warfare and hunting buffalo and deer. There were from the earliest days a few good books to be found even in the poorest camp, and immigrants as they came westward over the Wilderness Road brought with them Bibles and psalm-books, and standard works, even then somewhat out of date, that served to make up little libraries for the stations. School-books were usually in manuscript, but the reading of the older people was generally well selected for the reason of its scarceness. Marshall, the bitter personal enemy of Harry Innis, and who wrote in his anger a history of Kentucky, dwelt with emphasis upon the fact that a copy of *The Sentimental Journey* belonging to Innis had been found in New Orleans, and argued from that circumstance in support of his charge that Innis and others whom Marshall disliked were in treasonable correspondence with the Spanish authorities. The unfounded charge has long since been abundantly refuted, but it is significant that the ownership of a book should have cut so great a figure in the most violent politics of the infant community. The character of Innis's book, like Boone's possession of *Gulliver's Travels*, hints the kind of reading that the pioneers of Kentucky were familiar with.

The little stations were at first the camps of hunters who in groups of five or ten ventured into the wilderness. As families came from the eastward, the little communities insensibly took form. By common consent some competent pioneer was recognized as chief—Boone at Boonesborough, Logan at St. Asaph, Harrod at Harrodstown—and to his orders every man held himself bound in cheerful obedience. The gathering for safety within the enclosures of the stations created a feeling of almost kinship among the inmates. Their fears, hopes, dangers, were all in common. The meat brought in by the hunters was free to all; the corn, planted under range of the rifles, was cultivated in common, and gathered for the winter use of all. The "claims" and "preemptions" were marked to await the time when the owner could safely take possession and live upon them.

As has already been said, the antecedents of the pioneers made them nearly all a strongly religious people. In the large majority of instances they adhered to the Baptist or Presbyterian denominations, and from the earliest days of the immigration there was in almost every station a preacher, volunteer or ordained, whose flock was the little community. Squire Boone, pious and brave, preached the Hard-shell faith at Boonesborough; Elijah Craig was the spiritual leader as well as the commandant at Bryant's Station. Neither had warrant from any organization, but they seem to have done much good in spite of that informality. At length Lewis Craig

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came with a Baptist commission, and David Rice with Presbyterian credentials, the first commission-bearing preachers since the day when Parson Lythe read the Episcopal service beneath the elm at Boonesborough. The narrative left by Robert McAfee, and still unpublished, gives a striking picture of the primitive and robust piety of those days. The observance of family worship and public services of religion were almost universal.

An increasing sense of security and the gradual growth of population brought new and important measures to their notice. The need of a separate State organization was becoming daily more apparent. The navigation of the Mississippi largely engaged attention, for the settlers were beginning to produce corn and tobacco that required a market. The relations of the West to the old Confederation and to the proposed Union, and the terms of the Constitution, were deeply pondered by a community that as yet had no newspaper, whose nearest station was hundreds of miles from the seat of government of the parent State, and whose daily life was one of hazard and hardship. But, as has already been remarked, the pioneers were, as a rule, superior and well-informed men.

A sample of their intellectual life has recently been discovered. It is the journal and memoranda of debates of the "Political Club," as it was called. This body held its meetings at Danville, and proceeded with an almost amusing formality and punctilio. Among its members were some of the most conspicuous men in Western history. There were Christopher Greenup, who afterward became a Congressman and Governor; Harry Innis, United States District Judge; James Speed and his brother Thomas, afterward an influential Congressman; George Muter, Quartermaster of Virginia during the Revolution, and who was Chief-Justice of the district; Thomas Todd, subsequently a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; John Brown, who, after serving as Lafayette's aide, became a member of the Continental Congress, and for many years was Senator; James Brown, his brother, afterward Senator from Louisiana, and long-time Minister to France; Samuel McDowell, who became a judge, and was conspicuous in the conventions and debates that led up to the formation of the State Constitution; besides others more or less influential in public affairs.

The debates were upon such topics as the right to navigate the Mississippi, and the political modes by which it should be obtained; the treaty which Jay proposed to make with Spain; the condition of the Continental currency; the erection of Kentucky into an independent member of the Confederacy; the nature of the Indian title, and the just and expedient treatment of the Indian.

At a later day the club took up the proposed Constitution of the United States, and discussed it, section by section, through a series of meetings. The secretary with scrupulous exactness noted the arguments of the debaters and the resolutions of the club, and reduced to order the alterations which seemed to these men of the remote frontier expedient. Among them were several that would radically affect practical politics. They thought that a Senator of the United States should be ineligible for re-election until three years next after the end of his term. They wanted the President debarred from re-election until at least four years should have intervened between the terms. They were opposed to the constitutional recognition of the slave-trade embodied in the prohibition of any legislation prior to 1808. A most acute argument is found upon that grant of power which provides for calling forth the militia to "*execute the laws* of the Union." The Kentucky critics thought it would be better that the power should be to call forth the militia "to *enforce obedience to the laws* of the Union," and the distinctions were taken and maintained with exceeding clearness and force.

One of the occupations of this body of frontier philosophers was to prepare the plan of a Constitution for the State that they hoped soon to organize, and they argued with earnestness the distribution of governmental powers and the limits upon them. Doubtless there were other clubs or occasional assemblings in which these and other pioneers debated matters of public welfare, but the memory of them has perished. There was no newspaper in which "Coriolanus" or "Vindicator" could contribute an anonymous opinion or administer irresponsible abuse. The opinions of men were thoughtfully formed, and of necessity had to be personally declared. The result was an intellectual self-reliance very like their self-reliance in physical affairs. The training made men of power and prudence and resource; and their discussions

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were conducted by men whose every-day life was one of bodily peril. As they rode to their meetings they were in danger of Indian attack. Not a week passed but some friend fell under the tomahawk. They were all subject to the call of the County Lieutenant or the militia captain at a moment's notice. The chief judge and the delegate representing the district in the Continental Congress were privates in the militia of their neighborhood, and continually served with their neighbors on scouts and guards. Not one of them but knew the perilous life of the frontier. Yet, surrounded by danger, beset with anxieties, remote from all contact with current events, they thought upon important topics and wrought out for themselves their own safety and that of their firesides, and a stable, well-ordered, and well-considered polity. With easy transition they passed from the frontier station to the halls of the Senate and to diplomatic missions. They had undergone a training as youths and men that gave them power and poise and courage.

The pioneers of Kentucky were, in brief, an intelligent, honest, and hardy race, strongly imbued with religious sentiment, and trained in a rugged but manly experience. Their private virtues were hospitality, courage, fidelity; their public virtues were patriotism, love of order, readiness for the most arduous public service. What they did speaks in their praise. What they were so self-contained as not to do speaks an even more emphatic eulogy.

The fair fame of the State they founded has sometimes been tarnished by violence and lawlessness, and at times shame has come upon many for the wickedness of the very few. But he who will carefully search out the history of her populations and the antecedents of Kentucky's wrong-doers will discover in them a class different from the blood of the pioneers. He will find that the too frequent homicides of certain neighborhoods have an origin altogether different, drawn from an originally immoral class, and justifying the law of heredity.

But in those areas where the original and true pioneers made their lodgement, and held it, the stamp of their qualities may still be observed, modified by the lapse of years, but the same in essentials: the badges of a martial, hospitable, truthful, and self-reliant people.

SOCIAL STUDIES.

Second Series.

II.—THE GROWTH OF CORPORATIONS.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

ONE hundred years ago the opinion was often expressed that corporations could not succeed, because the practical difficulties inherent in that form of organization of business were too great to be counterbalanced by any theoretical advantages which it might offer. In the note-books of his grandfather, who graduated at Princeton College about 1785, Major Richard Venable, of the Law School of the University of Maryland, finds it stated as a fact beyond controversy that corporations must fail in competition with ordinary private business concerns, because the stimulus of self-interest does not act with the same force on those who manage corporate enterprises as on those who conduct their own affairs in their own way for their own profit. This seems to have been a common assertion of lawyers, and was indeed occasionally heard proclaimed from the bench as an axiom of political economy, much as it is now a favorite saying of many who love dogma rather than fact that public undertakings never succeed so well as private ventures. Adam Smith joins in the condemnation of corporations which was so general in his day. A few sentences from his immortal *Wealth of Nations*, published, it will be remembered, in 1776, will help us better than pages of explanation to understand the feeling of the time with respect to the corporate principle. "The trade of a joint-stock company is always managed by a court of directors. This court, indeed, is frequently subject in many respects to the control of a general court of proprietors. But the greater part of those proprietors seldom pretend to understand anything of the business of the company.... The directors of such companies, however, being

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the managers rather of other people's money than of their own, it cannot well be expected that they should watch over it with the same anxious vigilance with which the partners in a private copartnery frequently watch over their own. Like the stewards of a rich man, they are apt to consider attention to small matters as not for their master's honor.... Negligence and profusion, therefore, must always prevail, more or less, in the management of the affairs of such a company.... That a joint-stock company should be able to carry on successfully any branch of foreign trade, when private adventurers can come into any sort of open and fair competition with them, seems contrary to all experience.... The only trades which it seems possible for a joint-stock company to carry on successfully, without an exclusive privilege, are those of which all the operations are capable of being reduced to what is called a routine, or to such uniformity of method as admits of little or no variation." The trades included by Adam Smith within this class were these: first, the banking trade; second, insurance from fire, from sea risk, and capture in time of war; third, the trade of working and maintaining a canal; fourth, the trade of bringing water for the supply of a great city. But Adam Smith held that even the possibility of success could not justify the creation of a joint-stock company unless the business which it was proposed to prosecute by a corporation was of more than ordinary utility, and at the same time required a greater capital than a private individual or copartnership could command. He knew of no trade except the four mentioned which combined all the circumstances requisite for the justification of a joint-stock company; and by way of illustration he cites several instances of failure. Manufacturing corporations, he held, "scarce ever fail to do more harm than good."

It is often remarked that the "fathers of the republic" endeavored to create such institutions as would prevent the accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of a few individuals or families. The general aim was to make distinction personal. Each one, it was held, should have, so far as practicable, the same opportunities, and should make the best use possible of these. Hereditary titles were abolished because they confer marks of distinction due to the merit of one's ancestors, and not to one's own virtue. Primogeniture and the transmission of wealth by entailments were abolished, and the division of estates encouraged, in order, on the one hand, to prevent the absorption of any considerable portion of the national resources by a few; on the other, to make wealth the reward of one's own frugality, diligence, and ability. Yet these men who so jealously guarded the rights of the many passed no laws and created no institutions designed to defend the American people against artificial persons devoid of soul, gifted with immortality, and devoted to the sole purpose of gain. Surprise is expressed at this, and we find it difficult to understand the strange oversight when we read of schemes for the purchase of the municipal gas-works of Philadelphia by a gigantic corporation, hear rumors of avaricious syndicates whose covetous eyes are fastened on the water-works of that same city, and are occasionally aroused to indignation by evidences that private corporations are usurping the functions of government by maintaining armed bands of hirelings to shoot down rebellious working-men whom their own greed may have whipped into revolt. When, however, we learn that in the time of the Declaration of Independence it was supposed that corporations could never succeed in competition with individual enterprise, it becomes easy to comprehend the failure of "the men of 1776" to guard against present dangers. These dangers did not exist then. In thirty years, in the second half of the eighteenth century, only one corporation was formed in Massachusetts, and that was of an eleemosynary character. When Alexander Hamilton wrote his celebrated report on the establishment of the First United States Bank in 1790 there existed only three banking corporations in the United States. Some estimate that railway corporations own one-fourth of the wealth of the country, but they did not begin to exist until more than half a century had elapsed after the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. Gas companies, which have been so fruitful a source of corruption in States and municipalities, did not exist at all in the eighteenth century, and not in large numbers much before 1830. Manufactures were carried on in the last century in insignificant shops by men of little wealth, and of no great social importance. The word manufacturer, in Adam Smith's *Wealth of*

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Nations, did not mean a great proprietor, but a man who worked with his own hands—a humble artisan. The wealth of the civilized world was largely agricultural until this century, and great land-owning corporations were then of less significance than now—at any rate, of different significance. Three-fourths of our population was rural when our first census was taken, and the Physiocrats had in France recently advanced the theory that agriculture was the sole source of wealth.

The contrast with the present time is so marked that it is patent to all, and scarcely needs mention. Take the item of banks. Instead of three banking corporations, we have nearly if not quite a thousand times as many organized under national law, to say nothing about those organized under the laws of the various States. Instead of one charter in thirty years in one State, we find that in the single commonwealth of Texas eighty charters were granted in ninety days in 1885.

It is unfortunately not possible to state exactly how much money is invested in corporate enterprises in the United States. In England there is an office called the Registry of Joint-stock Companies, to which returns are made, and which is able to furnish accurate statistics about corporations; but this could be done only in very few, if any, of our States. This information is of importance, and the impossibility of ascertaining exact data is one among the evils of the absence of uniformity of statistical methods, and of the lack of publicity concerning corporate affairs prevailing in this country. However, data can be procured for certain classes of corporations, and a rough estimate sufficient for present purposes can be made as to the relation between our total wealth and that part of it invested in corporate enterprises. We have, for example, excellent laws for those corporations known as national banks, and to enforce them is the special duty of an officer called the Comptroller of the Currency. His last report shows that the capital stock paid in of national banks amounted to nearly $550,000,000. For private purposes statistics of railway corporations are laboriously gathered together. It has already been mentioned that, according to some estimates, one-fourth of the property of the country, or a valuation of ten thousand millions of dollars out of forty thousand millions, belongs to them. This seems like too large an estimate. Probably one-fifth would be more accurate, while one-eighth is a low estimate. But without going into details, hardly called for in a study like this, it may be safely said that when we add the capital of manufacturing corporations, mines, insurance, telegraph, telephone, and gas-light companies, canals, street-car corporations, steam-ship companies, land-owning corporations and syndicates, and the various other classes of corporations, it will be found that it is within the bounds of moderation to estimate the wealth of corporations as one-fourth of the total value of all property in the United States. The most significant fact, however, is the rapidly *increasing* proportion of all the resources of the country which belongs to corporations. Hon. Abram S. Hewitt stated a few years ago that corporations were modern institutions, that private corporations did not exist fifty years ago, but that they now owned from one-third to one-half of the capital of the civilized world. This is not accurate in every respect, but it is important as registering the results of the observation of an active business man. Another authority has estimated that the wealth of corporations in the United States is increasing three or four times as rapidly as that of private concerns. While opinions like these are more or less uncertain, they are of value because in the main they harmonize with the results of all investigations which have been made.

It is interesting to notice the increasing importance of corporations in other countries, as it indicates a world-wide movement which is even more marked in America than elsewhere. According to an estimate made by the English *Economist* of November 6, 1886, the accumulation of capital in England between 1875 and 1885 amounted to nearly £1,000,000,000, of which £186,000,000 was attributed to "home railways," and £200,000,000 to other joint-stock companies, or nearly forty per centum of the increase belonged to corporations. If the amount invested in foreign corporations by English capitalists should be added, it would doubtless bring the per centum up to forty-five. A very considerable proportion of the increase consisted of money lent to local governments, to the general government, and to foreign countries. It is thus manifest that if the table printed by the *Economist* is correct, the capital of business organized on

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a corporate basis is in England growing more rapidly than that of business organized on a private basis. Every observer of English economic life remarks on the conversion of private business enterprises into joint-stock companies as one of its most marked features. The *Economist* of October 30, 1886, says that there had been nearly one hundred such conversions during that year, and opens its article on "Recent New Capital Creations" with the remark, "Throughout the present year company promoters have been very active, and there are not wanting evidences that before long their activity may be considerably increased."

The former distinguished chief of the Prussian Statistical Bureau, Dr. Engel, has given us some valuable statistics of 1267 joint-stock companies in Prussia. The table which he prepared is sufficiently interesting to justify its quotation:

Date.	Number of Joint-stock Companies created.	Capital. Thalers.
Before 1800	5	467,000
1801—1825	16	11,454,265
1826—1850	102	112,665,085
1851—July, 1870	295	801,585,105
July, 1870—December 31, 1870.	41	59,024,150
1871	225	375,952,533
1872	500	543,095,542
1873	72	305,780,500
1874	19	146,073,200

Of the 1267 companies, 410 were formed before July 30, 1870, whereas in the four and a half years following 857 companies were created, or more than twice the number, manifestly a most enormous increase. In the single year 1872 more corporations were formed than in the first seventy years of the century.

The private corporation created for business purposes, although of great importance only in recent years, has existed for four hundred years or more. Some trace it back to Rome, but this is doubtless an error. The companies which bought the revenues of that republic, "the farmers of the revenues," called "*societates vectigalium publicorum*," to which reference is usually made, differed in essential particulars from a modern joint-stock company. The earliest home of the corporation engaged in the pursuit of gain appears to have been Italy. In the fifteenth century creditors of the state put together their claims—their bonds, as we should say—and used them as the basis of a banking business. The first one of these banking corporations was the Bank of Genoa, founded in 1407. The seventeenth century is remarkable for the number of celebrated, indeed, one may say epoch-making, joint-stock companies for foreign trade, created in Holland, France, and England. The first of these great corporations for international trade was the Dutch East India Company, founded in 1602. Other companies followed in Holland, and the English East India Company, destined to play a rôle in the world's history, was established in 1599, and received a charter modelled on that of the Dutch East India Company in 1613. Other companies were soon formed, and some of them assisted in the development of the American continent. The London Company, the Plymouth Company, and the Hudson Bay Company may be mentioned. France followed in 1628 with the Compagnie des Indes Occidentales, and in 1664 with the Compagnie des Indes Orientales. Germany did not begin the creation of trading corporations so early, and there appears to be no record of any such institution before the foundation of the Wiener Orientalische Compagnie in 1719.

Banking corporations were created in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Sweden, England, Germany, Holland, and elsewhere. Some of these banks were of vast national and international importance, but there were comparatively few of them. Burke tells us that in 1750 there were in England not more than "twelve bankers' shops out of London."

Stock-jobbing and corporate swindling flourished at an early date. Laws were passed in Holland in 1621, 1624, and in 1677 to check speculation and to protect the public. In 1720 we have in France the disastrous failure of John Law's notorious Compagnie des Indes, better known as the Mississippi Company. A worse case of fraudulent inflation of values and a more terrible collapse has never been revealed by the subsequent history of corporations. About this same time joint-stock companies in England reached the conclusion of the first period of their history in a panic, in which the South-sea Company played the most prominent part. In 1720 its stock was selling at 1000, and it guaranteed an annual dividend of fifty per centum, which was a better promise than Law's company had ventured to make, for that engaged to pay only twelve per centum. A fever, a kind of insane epidemic of speculation, seized the people. This was

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the time of the creation of "bubbles," as the unsound joint-stock companies of the period were called. Among the enterprises proposed were schemes for extracting silver from lead, for melting shavings and casting good boards out of the fluid, for the discovery of a perpetual motor, for making salt-water fresh, and for making oil from sunflowers. One promoter came forward and invited subscriptions for "an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." Even he was able to decamp at night with £2000 as the result of one day's exertion. The news of Law's failure in Paris increased the suspicion already aroused in London, and alarm soon terminated in a panic which ruined thousands of families. It is worthy of notice that when the investigation ordered by Parliament into the affairs of the South-sea Company revealed fraud and corruption, the estates of the directors were confiscated, and used for the benefit of those who had suffered by the speculation. Would that this just course had always been pursued!

The reaction against corporations was so extreme in England that joint-stock companies, save such as should be chartered by royal grant or by Parliament, were forbidden by the "Bubble Act" of 1720, and it was not until 1855 that associations with limited liability could be called into existence otherwise than by special act.

While there is, then, a history of joint-stock associations of capital with limited liability, which may be traced back for four hundred years, and some features of which are still older, it is true that corporations devoted to gainful pursuits have only in very recent years assumed vast importance in the economic life of the world.

The question now arises: What are the causes which have led to such momentous changes in the organization of industry during the past fifty years? The answer is not difficult. Owing to discoveries and inventions, especially the application of steam to industry and transportation, it became necessary to prosecute enterprises of great magnitude such as could not be compassed by the resources of an individual or a combination of individuals in the ordinary copartnership. This applies especially to the means of communication and transportation. To provide these instruments of economic life has been generally regarded as one of the functions of government, municipal, State, and Federal. There were two alternatives. This might be done either directly, or the duty might be transferred to private corporations. There was in either case the same problem to solve, namely, the management of enterprises of unparalleled magnitude by delegated action. In one case managers would be chosen by the citizens to promote the welfare of the community. The electors would have the prosperity of their business interests more or less at stake, and would in so far have a motive to induce them either themselves to select good men to manage such important undertakings or to see that their elected agents appointed such men, as the case might be. The managers themselves would as citizens be interested in the success of the enterprises intrusted to them. On the other hand, there would be the danger of an abuse of public trust. In the case of the adoption of the corporate principle, the stockholders, in so far as their interests are not merely speculative, must desire to elect directors who will so manage their property that it will yield large dividends, while the directors, themselves stockholders, wish a return on their investment. On the other hand, as has already been pointed out, the interest of the directors is often not identical with that of the property which they manage, and they are, as experience demonstrates, oftener faithless to their trust than public servants, while the opportunities for their exposure and punishment are less favorable. They may wish to injure the undertaking in which they exercise control in order to buy shares at a lower price than they are really worth, or they may desire to sacrifice its future to the present for the sake of high dividends, so that the price of stock may rise unduly, thus enabling them to "unload" with profit on a too credulous public. Again, directors may find it to their advantage to neglect their interests as stockholders in a corporation in order to promote their interests as individuals or members of a firm engaged in some other enterprise. An example is seen in railway directors who give themselves special freight rates.

It is thus seen how similar was the problem in both cases. Whichever horn of the dilemma was grasped, it was necessary to learn how to manage great properties of a new kind by new methods; and as ex-

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perience more and more confirms the general principle that all governments should perform their functions by agents directly under their control, it cannot be said that it was easier for men united in corporations to learn how to construct and carry on those vast undertakings of a public nature which have been handed over to them. But fifty years ago the Manchester theory of political economy was unfortunately in its ascendency, and its one practical maxim inculcated the reduction of the functions of government to a minimum.

"*The Free Trade Advocate and Journal of Political Economy*, devoted to the science of Political Economy," edited by Condy Raguet, was started in Philadelphia in January, 1829, with the motto, "*Laissez nous faire.*" The first number of *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, published in 1838, bears the anarchistic motto, "The best government is that which governs least." Then followed the triumph of free trade in Great Britain in 1846, and in the rush of material prosperity which ensued, the policy of do-nothingism for government seemed assured. What high hopes attended the introduction of free trade in Great Britain! Englishmen thought that all the world would follow their example in less than a generation, and Richard Cobden, the great apostle of free trade, believed that the conditions of perpetual peace had been established. The argument was simple. Peace will be in the interest of nations which have large international dealings with one another, and they will follow the course prescribed by enlightened self-interest.

Then our States had tried some experiments in internal improvements, including railway construction, and had encountered, very naturally, grave difficulties. So in the enthusiasm for *laissez faire*, which it was held was certain to usher in an era of peace and wealth, we abandoned the attempt to perform many public functions which corporations were only too anxious to assume. We concluded that "the way to improve administration was to abolish it." As Professor Henry C. Adams well says in his treatise on the *Relation of the State to Industrial Action*—the profoundest study in the English language on that subject: "The advocates of non-interference have treated government as the old physicians were accustomed to treat their patients. Was a man hot, he was bled; was he cold, he was bled; was he faint, he was bled; was he flushed, he was bled; until, fortunately for him, he passed beyond the reach of leech and lancet. This has been, figuratively speaking, the form of treatment adopted by the people of the United States for their local governments, and it has worked its natural result of feebleness and disintegration."

Thus did we transfer to corporations our railways, and in general all the chief means of communication and transportation, save the Post-office, upon which the covetous eyes of promoters have been fastened, happily in vain. Even our municipal water-works were occasionally handed over to corporations, gas supply was, as a rule, intrusted to them, and street-car lines without an exception.

Well, corporations succeeded no better at the start than our States, and they have in the management of railways, gas-works, and street-car lines never attained the proficiency of many branches of the public service. Yet they were admirably situated for the promotion of their own welfare, even if not to the same extent for the advancement of the public weal, and they had every opportunity for a long career of experimentation. Private adventurers, to use Adam Smith's expression, could not come into any sort of competition with them; the only kind of competition which could affect them, that of other corporations, was generally totally absent, sometimes legally excluded, and seldom worked otherwise than spasmodically at intervals; and they were further intrusted with enormous powers, and gifted with extraordinary privileges by government. Moreover, as they were not equal to the tasks they had undertaken, they received enormous gifts from the public, including over two hundred millions of acres of land, and more than one hundred and eighty millions of dollars in municipal bonds, and to these was frequently added exemption from the burdens of taxation. Adam Smith said of trading corporations that they rarely if ever succeeded without an exclusive privilege, and often failed even with one. This was the case with our great corporations. They frequently failed even when favored by a practical monopoly. Still, after great loss and suffering on the part of many, and waste of national resources, men are learning how to work advantageously to-

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gether through corporations. Progress has been made in the art of the administration of economic interests by delegated authority. It has been found possible, in many cases, to interest managers in the permanent welfare of corporations, and large resources have purchased the best brains, which have often more than counterbalanced a weaker stimulus of self-interest. Men have also in time been raised up by corporate enterprises who thoroughly understand how to manage them, just as the English co-operative stores have trained up a generation of able managers, to which fact their success is largely due. The habit of combination has become stronger, and the spirit of individualism, each man for himself, is being crushed out. Co-operation of one kind or another is taking its place among the employers and great leaders of commerce and industry as well as among laboring-men.

The success of corporations in every field is the result of this evolution. Adam Smith said that manufacturing corporations were almost invariably a failure, as has already been stated, whereas Arnold Toynbee, in his excellent work *The Industrial Revolution in England*, published in 1884, remarks that in the recent depression of the iron trade the iron-works of Dowlais, managed on the joint-stock system, "alone remained successful amid many surrounding failures, and that because they had the ablest man in the district as manager." A German student, Dr. R. Van der Borght, concluded, in 1883, as a result of statistical investigations, that brewing was not a suitable industry for a joint-stock company, but the success of the brewing corporation Guinness and Company, with a capital of £6,000,000, has recently attracted attention in England, and given a decided impetus to incorporation. It is difficult to say in what department of economic life in our own country corporations are not successful. The undoubted truth is this: failures and disasters of one kind and another occasionally stem the tide perceptibly, but, on the whole, corporations continue to absorb an increasing proportion of the national resources.

One branch of economic life seems comparatively free as yet from their activity, and that is commerce. The great mercantile establishments of the world are still conducted on the individual basis. Yet even here a conclusion must not be too hastily drawn, although the necessity of quick, alert, and uncontrolled action is such that commerce, in the shape of either wholesale or retail trade, seems less adapted to the joint-stock principle than any business not purely speculative. In England co-operative undertakings have made very serious inroads on the domain of the mercantile community. We have the great English Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, in Manchester, with two branches, and sixteen purchasing and forwarding depots in five countries. When it celebrated its "coming of age," its twenty-first anniversary, in 1884, it reported ownership of several manufacturing concerns and of four steam-ships. Its sales, growing rapidly, had amounted to £38,604,674, and were then at the rate of £5,000,000 per annum. Scotland also has its great co-operative wholesale house, while 962 societies in England in 1882 sold goods valued at £22,854,434. The conditions are just beginning to become ripe for co-operation in the United States, and this form of industry and commerce is only in its infancy with us. But recent investigations have shown that it is growing, and sales of co-operative stores in New England now amount to over $2,000,000 per annum.

Agriculture—another great national interest—is still pursued on the individual basis almost exclusively. We have some live-stock-raising corporations of importance, and a few prosperous co-operative agricultural communities in the communistic settlements in various parts of our land; there are one or two co-operative agricultural colonies, not communistic, which have recently started, and still share the uncertain fate of all new enterprises. These are, of course, comparatively unimportant, and it is still too early to say whether they point to any future national movement at all or not. It may be that corporations will yet play a *rôle* in agriculture, yet it seems altogether probable that the individual farmer will for many years keep the field to himself.

Again we have to call attention to the significance of this industrial revolution in the midst of which we are living. I have spoken of it as the crushing out of individualism in the sphere of economic life, or, as we sometimes term this life, industrial society. Perhaps it would be more correct to speak of it as the crushing out of isolation. At any rate, this opens

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up the whole question of the chance of the individual. How is the individual affected? Our first answer is apt to be: "Unfavorably. Individuality is likely to disappear, and civilization to deteriorate. It is one part of the all-pervading levelling tendencies of our age, which will never cease to attack superiority until all elevations are removed. Society is becoming more and more one dreary plain, from which all peaks and mountains have disappeared."

Yet I venture to believe that this first answer is erroneous. It is doubtless true that the single individual is of less importance to the world than formeriy. It is true that the single individual must put himself in connection with others, and work with them, if he would accomplish anything. This is even so in science. Professor Justin Winsor, to give the world a satisfactory history of America, seeks the co-operation of historians in every part of the country. To write a treatise on political economy, twenty-five of the best scholars in Germany combined the results of their acquisitions. American historians have found it desirable to co-operate in the American Historical Association; the political economists thought it advantageous to form the American Economic Association; and the students of modern languages followed with the Modern Language Association. If these societies are not legal corporations now, it is not improbable that they will become incorporated in a near future. The supremacy of the individual is disappearing. We have now no more Platos and Aristotles; it is probable that in industry, commerce, and transportation our Vanderbilts and A. T. Stewarts will hereafter disappear. Already the railway system which is in many respects the best administered of all in the United States—I mean the Pennsylvania system—is not identified with any single person. But this does not mean a levelling down; it means a levelling up. One tree does not project its head above all the other trees in the forest, because it is a magnificent forest full of tall trees. The evolution of the race has reached that point where the supremacy of the individual is neither needed nor desired. What we seek now is not the chief, but the brother. We have a Father in heaven, but grown people who have attained to the stature of our nineteenth-century civilization do not want paternalism. We crave fraternalism, and without it we would perish. Here again we arrive at our democracy, in which we rejoice.

But what is the basis of true individualism? It is not isolation, for that means barbarism. Is it liberty, freedom of movement? Doubtless the largest practicable amount of liberty for the free development of all our faculties is of the utmost importance. Yet perfect freedom is a complete Utopia. Let the anarchist dream of it. We shall never see it. Restraints too are useful within certain limits. Obstacles to wrong-doing may be welcomed. Perhaps the highest ideal is perfect freedom to do the right thing in every case. We are told, however, that co-operation either through some public body or through some voluntary agency involves curtailment of individual rights. Is this so? The writers of the day seem to forget that freedom is limited by the laws of nature, and that subjection to them in a state of isolation is often worse than human slavery. I must eat to live. This is a terrible and inexorable law. It may chain me in subjection to the most inhuman master. Am I free? No human statute compels me, but the laws of my physical being transcend the enactments of legislatures. I form a co-operative society for productive purposes. With my fellows I agree to certain rules and regulations. These did not exist for me before, yet I am a thousand times freer. I have gained a control over nature. Her laws bear less heavily upon me.

Take another case. Here is a little boy hard at work in a factory eleven hours a day. His body will be dwarfed, the growth of his mind will be stunted, if this continues. Certain men meet in legislative assembly and decree the release of the child. They say that the child has rights, and they take measures which secure for him opportunity to develop his body in play and his mind in school. Now he will become a sturdy, vigorous man, with trained intellect, able to maintain himself among men. Has the law of man increased or diminished freedom? So, as I take it, through co-operation by means of governmental agencies and through voluntary working together in corporate and co-operative enterprises, we are gaining a control over the forces of nature for all men such as never existed before. We are thus opening the way

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for a more remarkable growth of individuality than this world has ever seen.

Again, this material economic life of ours, this production of goods, this buying, selling, and getting gain, it must ever be remembered, is not an end in itself. It is but a means to an end. It is the basis of our higher life, and is to be valued merely as such. The noblest development of our being, the grandest triumphs of freedom, must be sought in other domains. The entire life of a people has been divided into eight departments or territories, if these expressions may be used. They are the following: first, language; second, art; third, science and education; fourth, the family life; fifth, social life; sixth, the religious life; seventh, political life; eighth, the economic life. Now we observe such a measure of freedom, of opportunity for individuality, in the seven higher spheres of life as never could exist before. The eighth is merely basic, its purpose is to subserve most effectively the other spheres of life. That it accomplishes, on the whole, better than formerly. If the amount of freedom appears to diminish with progress, the appearance is deceptive. Some measures which we now advocate, as the abolition of child labor, restriction of the labor of women, inspection of factories, sanitary regulation, and the like, may lessen the amount of theoretical liberty; but they increase control over nature in the individual, and promote the growth of practical liberty.

ON KEEPING BIRDS.

BY W. T. GREENE, M.A., F.Z.S.

WHO was the first person that put a bird in a cage? and what was the motive that prompted him or her to do so? In all probability it was a woman, who, moved by a feeling of tender pity for the sufferer, rescued some poor victim wounded in the chase, or maybe by a bird of prey; and the first cage was doubtless a slight affair, rudely built of rushes, or perhaps of willow rods, by loving hands, to shield the injured prisoner from further ill; but soon the desire to possess a bird of one's own must have taken possession of other people, and led to the native songsters' being trapped and caged; for Venus, we are told, had her doves, and Lesbia at least one sparrow.

Yes, it must have been a man that first caged a canary or a nightingale, in order to enjoy the pleasure of listening to its sweet notes in full security at home, without the necessity of dangerous rambling through dense woodlands infested by beasts of prey; and if so, I am not prepared to affirm that he did wrong, but on the contrary am exceedingly obliged to him for setting me an example I do not hesitate to follow, although I might not have had the moral courage to have taken the initiative in the matter, and been the first to cage a bird, which at first sight appears a questionable thing to do; but, after all, is it treating birds unkindly to put them in a cage? On the whole, I think not. See what they suffer when they have their liberty out-of-doors: the rain drenches them, the wind buffets them, the cold of winter benumbs them, and when the ground is mantled in a garb of spotless snow, many thousands of them die of hunger, or become so weak from prolonged fasting that they fall an easy prey to rapacious birds and beasts; while in a cage their every want is anticipated and provided for, and in the society of the beloved lady who watches over them with tender care they find more than compensation for the doubtful boon of liberty that they have lost.

So true is this that I have known of more than one poor bird that actually died of grief when it no longer beheld the dear familiar form of the owner who had caressed and fed it.

There is no animal with which I am acquainted, not even that "friend of man" the dog, that forms so firm, so devoted, so tender an attachment for its master or mistress as the bullfinch—the naturally shy and wood-loving bullfinch, that almost dies of terror when first caught, but becomes more readily reconciled to captivity than any bird I know.

A word, however, to my readers here: do not buy one of these too charming birds unless you have leisure and love enough to make it your companion, to keep it on your study table or in your boudoir, talk to it, whistle to it, feed it with tidbits, and teach it to love you.

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When you have won its confidence, which, with gentle perseverance on your part, will not take long, your care and attention will be more than rewarded by the *empressement* with which it will greet your return from your business or your pleasure; it will hop down to the door of the cage as soon as it sees you enter the room, and invite you with the most fascinating of bows to let it out and perch upon your finger, where it will talk to you in its sweetest tones, and rub its dear black velvet poll against your cheek or on your hand, purring the while with purest and most unalloyed pleasure. It will even try to feed you, and instead of feeling offended and annoyed—one lady who wrote to me used the word "disgusted"—by this profoundest mark of its affection, feel correspondingly grateful, and bless your stars that you have indeed a friend, one who would die for you, and will, too, if you are cruel enough or thoughtless enough to slight it or forget it.

I do not say that there are no other birds capable of becoming devotedly attached to their owners, but I do affirm that not one of them equals the bullfinch in this respect. True, I have known parrots that displayed quite a romantic affection for their master or mistress, and yet, when parted from them, sulked perhaps for a few days, but in the end accepted accomplished facts, and, acting upon the advice of the poet, when they could not be near the dear ones they loved, made love to those that were near, which, under the circumstances, was doubtless the most sensible thing they could do. But "Bully" is compact of far other clay, and I again entreat my readers not to buy him unless they mean to love him, for to neglect him is to torture him, and most cruelly kill him too.

What a pretty bird he is! and yet some writers have described him as clumsily made. Fie upon them! Can anything be more symmetrical than his form, or more quietly beautiful than the varied tints of his many-colored coat, or, I should say, costume? Velvety black and rosy red and delicate lavender gray form a charming combination of colors, not one of which is obtrusive or "kills" another, as the ladies say, but is rather enhanced by the rest, the three different shades forming a *tout-ensemble* that is simply perfect.

A newly captured bullfinch may be purchased for three or four shillings, but one that has been tamed and educated will often be sold for twenty pounds, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is worth the money if it is like one dear bird I once possessed, that was as loving, sensible, and accomplished as a bird could be. I hope that he was happy while he called me master, and I believe he was; at least I know that he preferred my society to that of a lady of his own species, who was quite a beauty in her way, and a very clever little thing to boot; but he endured her, nothing more, and I never even saw him kiss her once all the time they lived together, though he would have fed and caressed me all day long if I would allow him.

The English robin is another charming bird that has until recently been very seldom caged; now, however, he has taken his place among our domesticated pets, and a most delightful one he is, if you have only one; for he is not good-tempered, I must confess, as a rule, and is, moreover, of a decidedly jealous and intolerant disposition as regards his fellows. He has peculiar tastes, too, in the matter of diet—repulsive, I might say, for a person of his sedate bearing and neat appearance. He is remarkably fond of those nasty wriggling creatures that make digging in the garden a horror for me, but afforded the late Mr. Darwin material for an instructive and interesting book.

These eccentricities apart, however, the robin is a very desirable bird. I need not say that he is pretty; his red frontlet and breast and his dark olive-green coat testify to that fact pretty plainly. He is very bold and familiar, and soon becomes quite tame, even to sitting on the hand of the person who feeds him; but it is all cupboard love on his part; he only pretends to be fond of his master for the sake of what he can get.

The robin's song is one of the prettiest to be heard in our English lanes, and has the further merit of being poured forth as frequently in winter as in spring or summer. In the house he will sing almost the whole year round, except while actually moulting. His diet in-doors should consist of bread and milk, ants' eggs, mealworms, and a little lean meat occasionally, upon which he will grow tamer and prettier every day. It is a pity that two of these birds cannot usually be kept together—never, if they are both males, and not always even if they are a pair.

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Our English robin has many near relations abroad, among which I may mention the well-known American blue-robin, and that charming Indian bird commonly called the Peking nightingale, which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is a true robin, and not a nightingale at all. I have said so much about this bird, the leiothrix of scientific authors, in another place that I have but little to report about it here, except that tame and confiding, pretty and interesting, as it is in every way, it is nevertheless a perfect nuisance in a mixed aviary, where it will eat up every egg it finds that it is able to pierce with its orange-tipped dagger of a bill. The male leiothrix sings very prettily, but not as well as his English congener, the robin-redbreast.

There are a great many fine songsters. There are the nightingale, queen (king?) of song, the mocking-bird, the leiothrix, the drongo, an Indian bird, and the prostemadera, of New Zealand, where it is commonly called the tui, from its cry, or parson-bird, from two white plumes it wears beneath its chin.

Well, I need hardly say that while an American would probably award the palm to his native mocking-bird, I as a Britisher would vote for the nightingale, though I must confess that I think the blackcap runs Philomela very near, and my friend Señor Leite would doubtless record his for the sabia of his native Brazil, where it sings all day on the top of the palm-tree, and ravishes all hearts with the charms of its soul-entrancing melody.

The drongo's minstrelsy I do not care very much about; it is starlingish rather, and somewhat loud; but the small body from which this music proceeds (it is not as large as a thrush) is worth more than its weight in sterling gold, seeing that the importer will not part with one of these birds for a less sum of money than thirteen or fourteen pounds.

Another Indian favorite is the mynah, a handsome fellow, rather larger than a starling, or perhaps I should say about the size of a jackdaw, clad in velvety black, with golden yellow wattles, legs, and bill. He is an accomplished linguist, it is generally allowed, and used at one time to be very dear, but now he can be bought for about twenty-five or thirty shillings, thanks to Mr. A. H. Jamrach, of Poplar, who has done so much to popularize exotic birds by bringing down the prohibitive prices formerly asked and obtained for them.

These mynahs, however, notwithstanding their value as speaking birds, are not great favorites of mine, for from the nature of their food—boiled rice, fruit, meat, egg, etc.—they require a very large cage and continual attention to keep them clean and presentable in refined society; nor do I, for the same reason, much admire the gorgeously plumaged cissa, or hunting crow, another magnificent Indian; or the hoopoos, with their crown which they are said to have exchanged for one of gold, or the jays of many kinds, that are certainly among the most beautiful of birds, and have their representatives in every land and clime.

In their wild state all the members of the jay family rob nests and eat the eggs and young of other birds, our British representative of the order being very destructive among youthful pheasants and partridges, for which reason he is persecuted by the game-keepers, who shoot him wherever found, while the gardeners bear him scarce less grudge for pilfering their fruit and pease.

All the Corvidæ are capable of imitating the human voice, though perhaps the raven is the most fluent speaker among them. I may add that I have never actually kept one of these ill-omened fowl, for that "bird or fiend" that sat above poor Edgar Poe's chamber door, and would persist in croaking "Nevermore," has prejudiced me against the whole race. I once saw several full-grown young ones in Leadenhall Market, one of which already barked in imitation of a puppy-dog, and I inquired their price of the attendant, who replied, "Thirty shillings each." "How much for this bird?" I continued, pointing to the barker. "Oh! that one's two pound," said the man. I thanked him and turned away.

Ravens will breed, I have been told, in captivity, and if the progeny could be regularly disposed of at the price indicated, it would not be an unprofitable speculation to keep a few of them, with their wings cut, in one's back yard, for these birds will eat and thrive upon anything that comes to table, and as they are decidedly long-lived, it is reasonable to suppose that their progeny would be numerous. In England the raven is becoming scarce, but it is yet to be met with in Scotland in considerable numbers.

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The magpie is one of the Corvidæ which it would be invidious to pass over in silence after mentioning the raven and the jay. True, it is not as big as the former, nor as gorgeously apparelled as the latter, but it is a very nice bird nevertheless.

The Australian magpie, or pied crow, is justly famed above all its congeners for its talents as a songster, no less than for the power of mimicry it also possesses. I might fill a good-sized volume with anecdotes of these birds, but must content myself at present with relating one or two instances of their sagacity. One that belonged to a friend of mine in the colony of Victoria was allowed to ramble about the grounds at his sweet will, and would, when attacked by the wild crows, throw himself on his back and fight them with beak and claw; but presently finding that half a dozen to one was long odds against him, he would jump up and anathematize them in good—or bad—colonial English, when his enemies immediately retreated in terror, and Jack returned jauntily to his master's residence, whistling the tune of

> "There's nae guid luck aboot the house,
> There's nae guid luck ava."

The same bird was a clever hunter after centipedes and scorpions, which he displayed great ingenuity in extracting from their hiding-places.

Another magpie I had the privilege of knowing was almost equally intelligent, and saved his mistress the trouble of calling the maid every morning by shouting out, as soon as it was day, "Bella, get up, you lazy slut, and get Micky's breakfast!" He too had the run of the place, but disappeared at length. Whether stolen by a passing tramp, or a victim to domestic vengeance, who shall say?

There are no singing-birds in Australia, we have often been told, but the assertion is of far too sweeping a description, for these magpies, or pied crows, really sing a loud, certainly, but a very charming whistling song that wonderfully relieves the monotony of the antipodean "bush," and forms an ever-welcome contrast to the incessant chirp of the cicadas that abound in every tree, and make daylight hideous by their unbearable noise.

The Australian bush, however, notwithstanding the cicadas and a few other drawbacks, is a charming place—that is, where its fastnesses have not been profaned by the advent of the almost ubiquitous prospector for gold—and its feathered inhabitants are among the most delightful of pets. I shall not have a great deal to say about them here, however, although I cannot refrain from briefly mentioning a few of the more desirable species, in addition to my old friend the magpie, or pied crow.

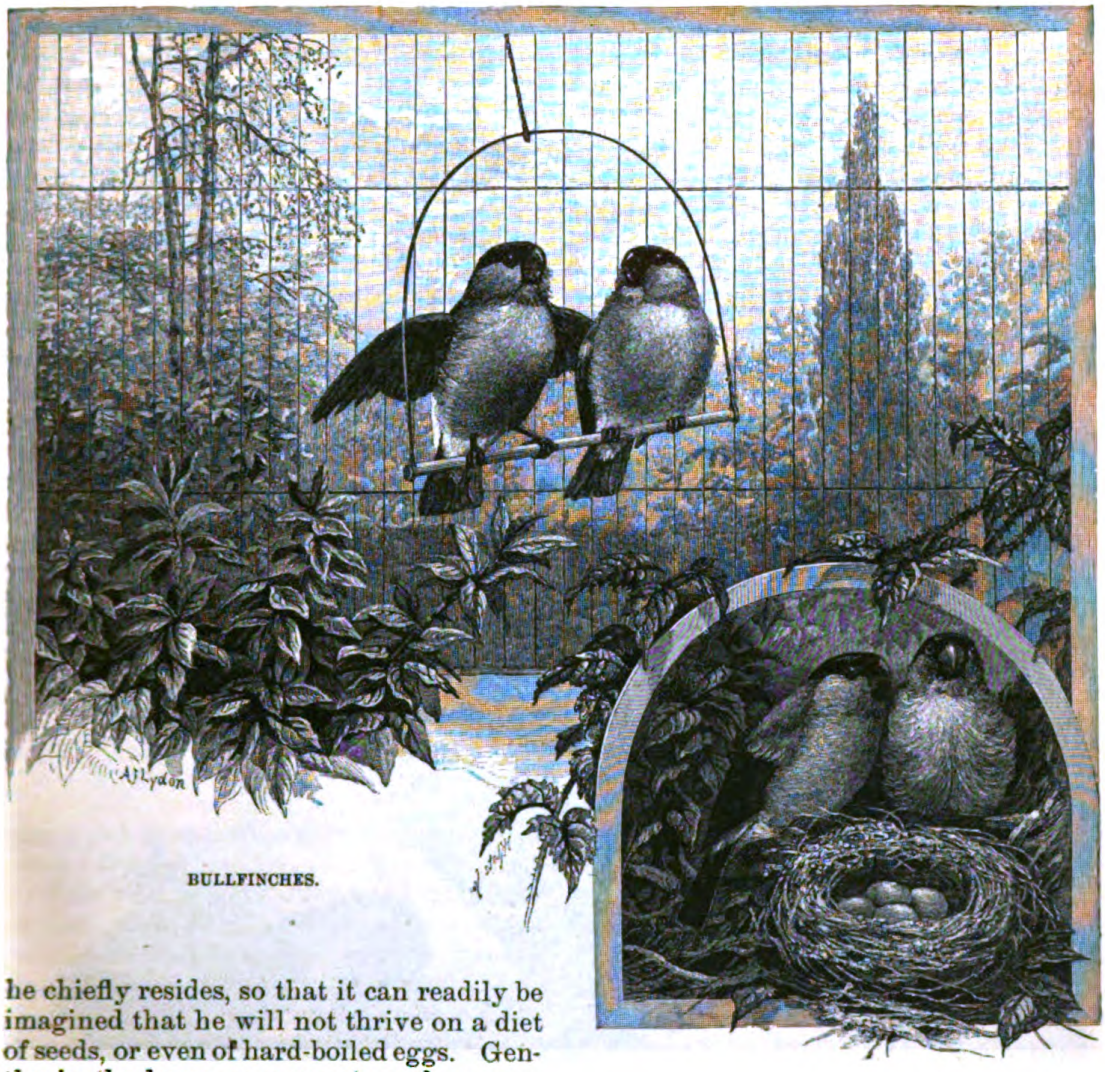
Every one knows the budgerigar—also called the undulated grass parrakeet—but every one is not aware that he can by a little patience and perseverance be converted into a most charming pet, and taught to perform all sorts of clever and amusing tricks. One of these birds that I once possessed had learned of his own accord to sing like a canary, and I have received accurate and reliable information concerning other individuals of the same species that actually learned to repeat quite a number of words, which, however, I do not consider very extraordinary, in view of the conformation of this bird's beak and throat, seeing that I have also owned a genuine talking canary, and have seen bullfinches, blackbirds, and starlings that had the faculty of imitating the human voice.

The Paridæ, or tits, are charming birds with a strong family likeness running through the entire group; they are very delightful cage birds, and can be readily made quite tame by a judicious course of bribery with kernels of nuts, hemp-seed, and meal-worms. Care must be taken, however, not to place them in the same enclosure with weaker or more defenceless members of the feathered tribes, for they are all more or less mischievously disposed, and failing their favorite diet, are partial to a dish of brains—an expensive luxury at all times, but especially so where the providers are exotic birds, worth, perhaps, their weight in gold.

Nevertheless, as I have said, the tits in their proper place, which means a large cage or a sheltered garden aviary, are very delightful little creatures; but the quaint-looking bearded tit is perhaps the very nicest of them all. This bird seldom visits Britain of its own accord, but is frequently imported from Holland and Belgium, and is in considerable request by amateurs, who should, however, be possessed of some knowledge of this favorite's habits, or he will not long survive in their possession.

In his wild state the bearded tit lives exclusively on insects and young mollusca, which he collects among the reeds where

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BULLFINCHES.

he chiefly resides, so that it can readily be imagined that he will not thrive on a diet of seeds, or even of hard-boiled eggs. Gentles in the larva or pupa stage, however, can be readily procured all the year round, and ants and their eggs are also obtainable—may, indeed, be preserved alive and fresh in perforated tin canisters for months, or a colony of them may be established in one's garden, where it will become no despicable boon for insectivorous captive birds, and, unless one has a peach-house, not interfere with the human proprietor of the place. In a glass case in a greenhouse, too, an old Wardian case, for instance, ants will even multiply as freely as fur moths in a barrel of rabbit-skins, providing some of the larvæ of the ubiquitous flesh-fly are given to them now and then for food.

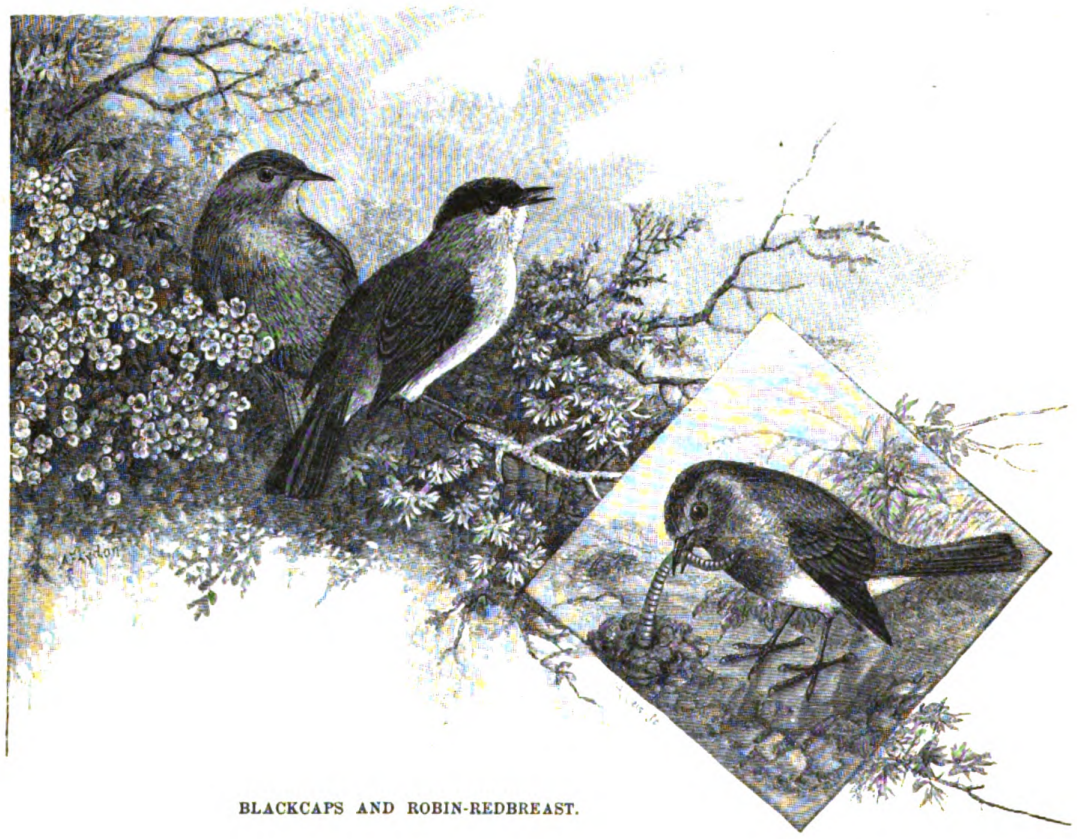
The remaining English tits are the great tit, or ox-eye, the blue tit, the crested tit, the marsh-tit, and the coal-tit, otherwise coletit—all very charming birds, where there are no eggs to be sucked and no other birds to be tormented. The family is largely represented in America and in Asia, nor in Africa and Australia are relations wanting of our English Paridæ, and without exception all of them are delightful birds, some even to an extreme degree.

The bulbuls I consider to be an allied group, and need only mention their name to set my readers thinking of the *Arabian Nights* and "Lalla Rookh." Some of these birds, as the Syrian bulbul, for instance, are easily kept in England, and at least one instance is reported from Germany of their having reared a brood in that country.

The Columbidæ form a large and most natural group of birds, all of which are suited, I might say eminently suited, for domesticity, with the exception of a few species that live principally or entirely on fruit, and are distinguished from

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their granivorous congeners by the generic name Carpophagæ. These latter are rarely imported successfully to Europe, yet the magnificent, nay, gorgeous, Nicobar pigeon has been lodged at the "Zoo," and lived for some time there, while under the fostering care of M. Vekemann he has even multiplied his kind in the zoological gardens of Antwerp. The smaller doves, however, are more likely to attract the notice of lovers of cage birds; not that they particularly shine in a cage, for their lively disposition ill adapts them for confinement; but in an aviary of suitable dimensions, where they have room to fly freely about, and bushes in which to perch, they are seen to great advantage, and are really most delightful pets. One or two drawbacks, however, are inseparable from keeping doves; they are very quarrelsome, and most of them are very susceptible to cold.

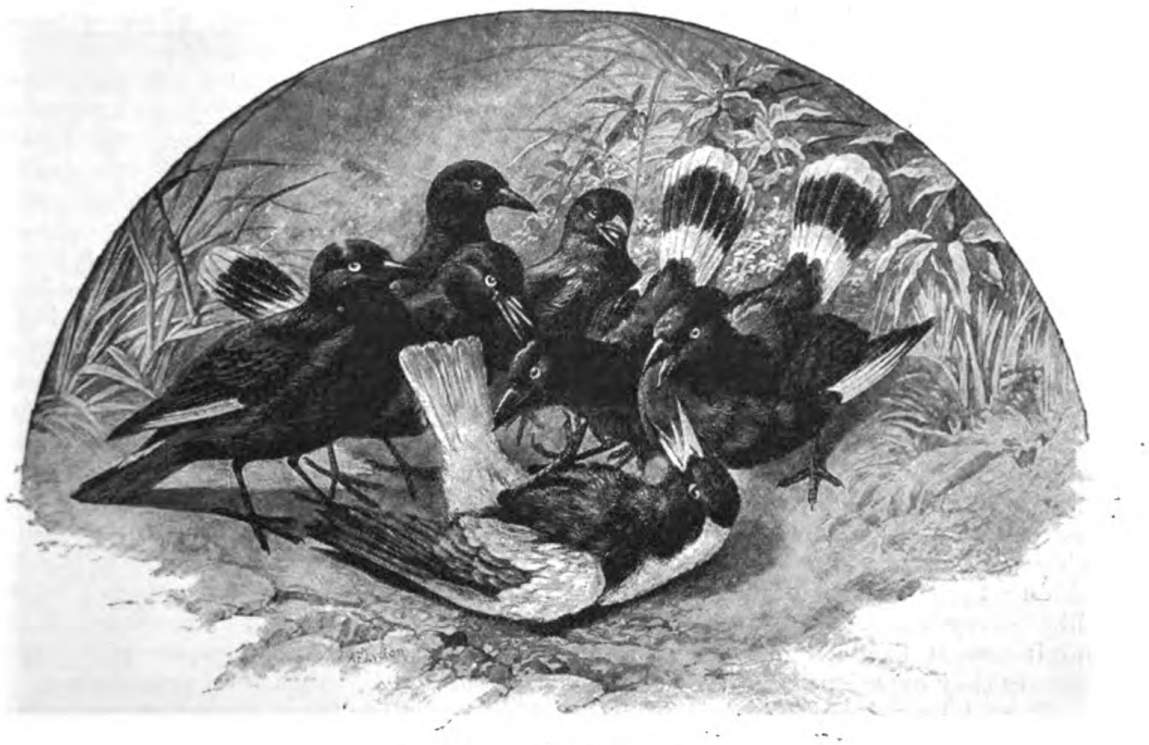


BLACKCAPS AND ROBIN-REDBREAST.

No rule, however, is without its exception, and the zebra-dove, with its quaint undulated markings, the bronze-spotted dove, the tambourine-dove, so called from its peculiar note, which is thought to resemble the sound produced by tapping quickly with the finger on the musical (?) instrument in question, the gorgeous green-winged Indian dove and its Australian congener, to which it bears so strong a resemblance that I fancy one is but a local variety of the other, are quite hardy, and if turned out during the summer into an out-door aviary, become so thoroughly acclimatized before the winter sets in that they may be safely left out, even during the severest portion of the year, namely, the early spring, when the keenest east winds are usually blowing, often for weeks at a time, so that these small exotic pigeons may be fairly looked upon as exceptionally hardy.

The tambourine-dove, however, is perhaps more susceptible to cold than the others, and experience has taught me that he does not become altogether acclimatized the first year he is turned out, but if housed from the middle of November until the middle or end of March, he may afterward be safely left to take his chance with the native and Northern birds in the garden aviary, especially if the aspect of

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AUSTRALIAN CROWS AND MAGPIE.

the latter is, as it should be, south or south-westward.

Fogs and rain try these birds more than actual cold, and it is almost needless to point out that a snug air-tight, or I should say draught-proof, retreat should always be provided for their accommodation during the winter season, in addition to the open-air flight in which they love to bask during the warm and genial summer months.

Many of the exotic doves will breed quite freely in a good-sized aviary, Geoffrey's dove, for instance, the Australian crested dove, the rarer striated and spotted winged doves from northern Australia, and others, all of which, however, must be taken in-doors by the middle of October at latest, and kept in a warm room or house until the middle of May or the beginning of June, when they will much enjoy being turned out again.

Apropos of doves, it is a very common, I might almost say universal, error to designate the semi-domesticated collared or laughing turtle by the name of ring-dove, which belongs, rightfully or wrongfully I shall not now stay to inquire, to a totally different species, the wood-pigeon, to wit, which does *not* make an agreeable cage bird, for it is almost irreclaimably wild. Of course there are instances on record contradicting this assertion, and proving *Columba palumbus* to be as tame and gentle as the bird to which I have just alluded really is; but there are exceptions to every rule, we know, and tame wood-pigeons merely confirm the general correctness of the proverb in question.

The collared turtle is admittedly gentle and tame; not that these birds do not occasionally squabble among themselves, for they both can and do wage fierce battle with each other in the spring-time if there chances to be an odd male or female in the dovery; so that the expression "as gentle as a dove" cannot be accepted without some qualification. With their owners, however, these pretty and very inexpensive birds are invariably most kind and gentle, and I know of no more delightful pets for a child in whom it is desired to foster the love of the feathered portion of creation.

A natural association of ideas now brings me to the gems of the bird world, considered as to their adaptability for household pets—the waxbills. They are more brilliantly colored than other birds; but for prettiness, neatness of carriage, sprightliness, happy, confiding disposition, frugality, endurance, and general

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adaptability to cage life, I know of nothing to approach these Lilliputians among the birds, many of whom, when in full health and vigor, weigh about one dram each, or the eighth part of an ounce!

Millet forms their chief food, whether in their wild state or in captivity; this nutritious seed, however, may be advantageously varied now and then by a handful of hay seed scattered on the floor of the aviary or cage, and the waxbills will find a world of enjoyment in turning it over in search of the many tidbits it contains. A fresh sod of long grass they also appreciate highly, and it is both amusing and interesting to watch them daintily threading their way through the blades of verdure, which to them is a veritable jungle, wagging their tails, and bobbing their heads up and down the while every second, while their joyful and incessant twittering testifies to the pleasure they experience from the change to soft and humid grass from hard and arid sand and perches.

The smallest and most charming of these miniature birds are the orange-breasted, the orange-cheeked, the common gray, the lavender, the blue-eared (not unfrequently called the cordon bleu), the African fire-finch, the St. Helena waxbills, and the common and green avadavats. Given suitable temperature and appropriate surroundings, most of these pretty little creatures will build nests, lay eggs, and bring up young in England, and nothing can be more interesting than to watch them at play, to observe their antics, and even their little squabbles during what the French call *la saison des amours*.

Many of the waxbills are gifted with the faculty of song, notably the avadavats and the orange-cheek—an accomplishment, however, that I do not greatly value, although it adds considerably to their attractions in the eyes of numerous amateurs. For my part I have a great respect for the manikin family, of which the various members generally sing in dumb-show. The chief species belonging to this group, also frequently called nuns, are the black-headed, the white-headed, the brown, the two and the three colored, the bronze-winged, and the pied or magpie manikins, to which I add the spice-bird, which is usually classed with the grosbeaks, and the Australian manikin, also known by the inappropriate name of chocolate-finch, for it also sings in dumb-show, and has no affinity whatever with the finches properly so called.

Both the waxbills and the manikins can usually be purchased very cheaply in London, often for a shilling apiece, but are, in view of their many sterling qualities, really worth their weight in gold. Their habitat, with the exceptions noted above, is either Africa or Asia.

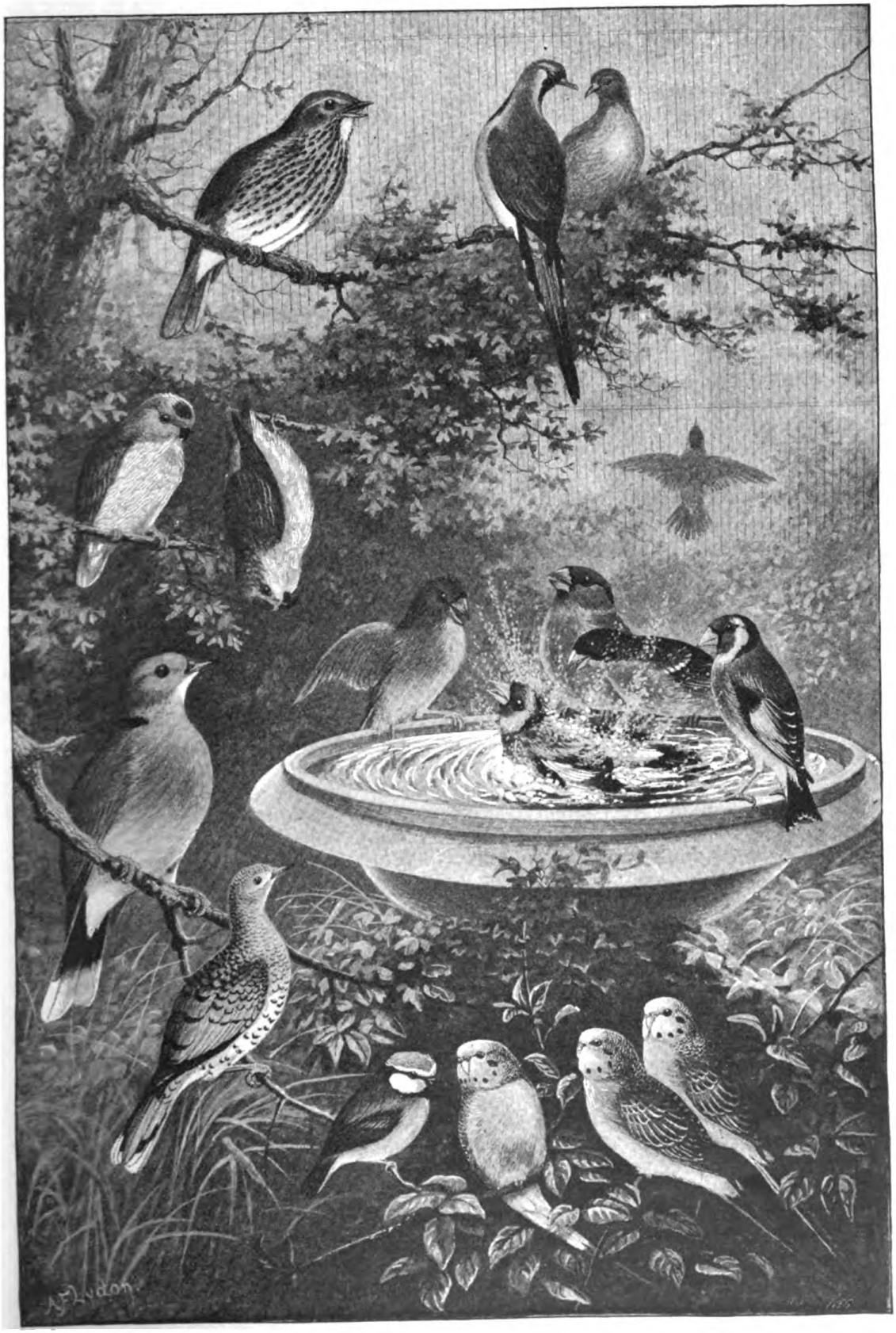
There is an allied group of charming cage birds, rather larger than the waxbills, which is by some writers classed with the grosbeaks, in consequence of the thickness, or comparative stoutness rather, of their bills, but in my opinion these desirable birds are more nearly related to the sparrow. We receive, among others, from Australia the zebra-finch and the parson-finch, both of which are as beautiful as they are interesting and amusing, the double-headed and the cherry-headed or modest grass-finches, which are all hardy, and eminently suited for domestication.

At one time these birds were very expensive: thus I paid fifteen shillings for my first pair of zebras, thirty shillings for my parsons; and the diamond-sparrows, a closely allied species, were considered cheap at one pound sterling apiece. Now they can be obtained for five, eight, and twelve shillings a pair respectively.

Another prettily marked bird, now beginning to be known as the ribbon-finch, but which was formerly called by the less euphonious name of "cutthroat," in consequence of a band of bright red extending from ear to ear under the chin of the male, may be classed with the foregoing. In all its habits it is a sparrow, as fussy and quarrelsome as our semi-domestic London bird, makes like it a nest in any convenient hole, or, if in a tree, domes it with hay or fibre, feeds chiefly on seed, but brings up its young on insects or animal food of some kind. The male has a pleasing little song, but, as I have said, is decidedly quarrelsome, especially during the breeding season.

Some of these sparrows will nest anywhere and everywhere, and will rear a numerous progeny without any particular attention or interference on the part of the amateur; while others, on the contrary, are very fastidious in their choice of a dwelling-place, and even when they finally make up their minds to construct a nest and lay eggs, will very often not rear the young, but remorselessly toss them out of their cradle when they are

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GROUP OF CAGE BIRDS.

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about a week or ten days old, and immediately start to build a new nest. This cruel conduct of theirs is, I fancy, the result of inexperience, for as they get older I find, in the majority of cases, they get wiser too, and the lamentable slaughter of the innocents is not persisted in. Should the old birds, however, continue to maltreat their offspring after the first year, it will be better to get rid of them, and give their place to some of their fellows with less unnatural proclivities.

Nearly allied to the manikins are the Bengalis, or Bengalees, of which three varieties are in the market: one all white, another white and fawn, and a third white and brown. They are very nice little birds, but act capriciously in the matter of nesting and feeding their young, after the manner of the ribbon-finches. The price of these Japanese toys has declined from two or three guineas to about twelve or fifteen shillings a pair.

I cannot pass on to another section of my subject without a glance at that old favorite of connoisseurs, the Java sparrow, once an expensive acquisition, but now frequently sold for twelve or fourteen shillings a dozen. Of this well-known species there are now two varieties offered to amateurs by the dealers, namely, the common gray and the white. The latter is of Chinese or Japanese creation, and not long since was very expensive; at present, however, it is comparatively cheap; that is to say, a pair may be purchased for about fifteen shillings, possibly in some cases even less. Both the common Java sparrow, otherwise the paddy or rice bird, and the white variety, breed freely in captivity, making a large nest of hay, twigs, and fibre, lined with feathers, in a box or hole of any kind. The eggs are white, and the young are readily reared on bread and milk and ants' eggs.

What an amount of sentiment has been wasted on a class of small parrots commonly called love-birds, or inseparables, which are about the size of a bullfinch, but in one or two instances somewhat less! It was once currently believed that they must be procured in pairs, and that if one of them died, the other would not long survive; but this is quite a mistake, as I have proved in several instances, which I have related in detail in my work on *Parrots in Captivity*.

In the matter of plumage the love-birds are not showy, green being the ground color with them all, relieved in some species by red on the face, by blue on the wings and back in others, and in yet others by delicate lavender gray on the head and neck; all are short and squat in figure, very dull and listless in a cage, but quick and lively in a large aviary, in which latter situation they ought only to be kept.

The love-birds seldom learn to speak, and most of them have a shrill, screaming note that is far from agreeable.

Some of them will breed in confinement—the blue-wings, rosy-faced, and lavender-headed species for example; but the red-faced love-birds do not; at least in this country they have not done so, to my knowledge, so far; but I imagine they have scarcely had fair play allowed them in this respect by their owners. With the exception of the Madagascar or lavender-headed love-bird, which is perfectly hardy, all these little parrots must be taken in-doors in the autumn, and be warmly housed during the inclement months of the year.

Formerly very dear, all the love-birds are now cheap, excepting the rosy-faced, for which dealers yet demand from five to seven pounds sterling a pair.

An article on cage birds without any reference to the larger parrots seems something like the drama of *Hamlet* with the *rôle* of the Prince of Denmark left out; but I can do no more than mention them in this paper.

Who that has read books of American travel—South American travel at least—has not been fascinated by the accounts of the marvellous living gems that make the forests of Brazil, Mexico, and the intervening isthmus a realization of the dream of the author of Aladdin's adventures in the subterranean garden whither he went to seek the wonderful lamp for his pretended uncle the magician—a garden where the fruit upon the trees were precious stones of inestimable value? And a visit to the Gould collection of hummingbirds at Kensington incontestably proves that the writers in question have scarcely if at all exaggerated in their account of what they saw, for what inconceivable combinations of form and color do we not behold in these miniature birds!—colors the most enchanting, and forms as eccentric and bizarre. To imagine them they must be seen, and when seen, the heart of the spectator is filled with an intense de-

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TIT FAMILY.

sire to become the possessor of such unparalleled loveliness.

Well, such possession is not as impossible as might at first sight appear, for humming-birds have actually not only been brought to Europe alive, but have been preserved in Paris in perfect health and beauty for some time, and, for anything I know to the contrary, some of them may yet constitute a perpetual joy to their owners, for that they are things of beauty I suppose no one will deny.

Dr. Russ, of Berlin, the well-known ornithologist, thus relates in his *Hand-Book*, page 340, on the authority of Professor Alphonse Milne-Edwards, the circumstance to which I am alluding: "A French woman who formerly resided for some years in Mexico has already twice brought over a number of humming-birds (*colubris*) to Europe, and in the July of 1876 I saw more than fifty of them, belonging to five or six different species, flying about in her cage."

Amateurs may therefore confidently hope to see the living gems and blossoms of the tropics transferred to their aviaries in the south and west, for "there is a certain syrup," says the same authority, "in which these most lovely [*allerliebsten*] birds find suitable nourishment." True, he omits to give the formula, but no doubt that is to be obtained, and then a collection of the Trochilidæ will be a sight to make men marvel, and ladies pause ere they authorize the wholesale slaughter of these animated jewels for the adornment (?) of their hats and bonnets.

The British song-thrush is, to my mind, a disappointing bird, and so is the lark of these humid islands, perhaps because too much is expected by a stranger of the former, and the latter cannot be readily reconciled to a life of captivity in a narrow cage when the boundless realms of space are his natural habitat.

In Brittany, where I lived for many years, we had no song-thrushes that I remember. Grives there were in plenty, but I fancy they were missel, and not song thrushes; at least they were larger than any I have seen in England; and redwings and fieldfares were abundant in winter. Of course I had read a great deal about the music of the spotted thrush in my natural history books, and was most anxious to compare the accounts I found there with the reality. At length my wish was gratified, and, as I have said, I was greatly disappointed. Yet hear what others have to say.

"The song-thrush," writes a German author, "is the great charm of our woods,

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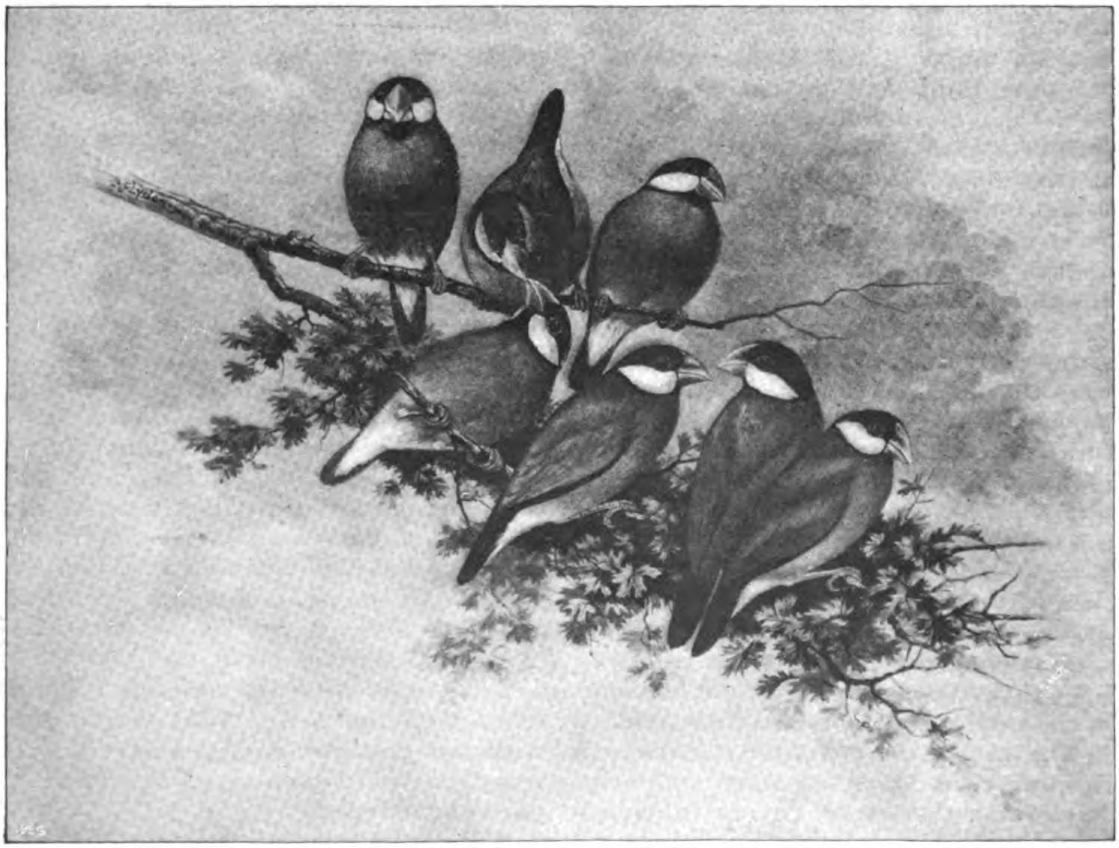
which it enlivens by the beauty of its song. The rival of the nightingale, it announces in varied accents the return of spring, and continues its delightful notes during all the summer months, particularly at morning and evening twilight." "It is," continues the same author, "to procure this gratification in his dwelling that the bird-fancier rears it, and deprives it of its liberty; and he thus enjoys the pleasure of the woods in the midst of the city."

Selfishness, I fear, is at the bottom of the desire to keep birds in a cage, as I have already hinted, and if excusable at all, the motive must be consecrated and rendered legitimate by the most careful attention to the little prisoners, and the most earnest desire to render their lives as happy and as comfortable as possible.

There is one bird, however, I must, in conclusion, ask my readers not to cage—I mean the skylark. The free denizen of the empyrean is out of place behind the bars of even the best-appointed cage, and in an aviary his unconquerable love of liberty will prompt him to dash himself against the bars in a manner so distressing to behold that no person with a heart could keep him captive for a moment.

I have known instances of young larks that were stolen from the parental nest when they were no more than a few days old, and were brought up by the hand of a gentle lady, which, nevertheless, on being turned into a large, well-grassed garden aviary, as soon as they were able to feed themselves, became quite wild in less than a fortnight, and so injured themselves in their frantic efforts to escape that one of them died from the effect of its self-inflicted wounds, and the others were allowed to fly away, which they did right joyfully, nor were they ever seen again by their former owner.

American birds I may not now dwell upon, but I cannot refrain from just mentioning that a multitude of delightful cage birds are imported from the dual continent. The cardinals, indigo-birds, nonpareils, the rare and beautiful rupicolas, the orioles, and numerous parrots, each more delightful than the other, are cases in point; but I must refrain, and bring my long-winded, but I hope not altogether uninteresting, article to a close.



JAVA SPARROWS.

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PENMAENMAWR.

THE ROUTE OF THE WILD IRISHMAN.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THIS wild Irishman is the fast train which carries the American mails from London to Holyhead, *en route* to Dublin and Queenstown. It drives down from Euston to Chester at a speed of forty miles or more an hour, and issuing from that quaint, gabled, and galleried city through a gap in the splendid walls, it continues on its course to Holyhead along the picturesque shores of North Wales.

Many Americans travel by it, as in leaving or in joining the Atlantic steamer at Queenstown they can save several hours by taking this route, but it is usually night when they are borne along, and the journey finds no dwelling-place in their memories. They miss the long reaches of solidly built sea-wall which the high tides of the Dee bespatter and gnaw at; and while propping up their weary heads, and striving to shut their senses to the jolt and jar of the train, they are unconsciously flying under the embattlements of historic castles, along the base of sea-washed mountains, and through the great iron tube which bridges the Menai Strait. Precipitous cliffs frown down upon the meteor-like train: on one side are the stormy waters of the St. George's Channel, and on the other the mountains descend without any intervening foot-hills; but by means of tunnels, embankments, and viaducts every natural obstacle in the route of the Wild Irishman has been overcome.

The distance between Chester and Holyhead is accomplished in less than two hours; a tubular bridge spans the Menai Strait, the ferrying of which formerly led to many tragedies; another bridge is hung over the Conway River, and Penmaen-

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mawr is pierced by a tunnel, through which the train winds like a ring through the nose of a savage.

When the train leaves Chester it almost immediately crosses the boundary line between Cheshire and North Wales, and for the rest of the distance to Holyhead it is in that country. The Dee is visible out of the carriage windows, like a brazen serpent crawling over a desert of mud and sand. At high-water the whole space between the banks is overflowed, but as the ebbing tide withdraws it only leaves a winding rivulet, which is of little use to any except the smallest craft. Once the river was wide and deep, but the channel has been shoaled by the washings of the hills, and the traffic which belonged to the Dee has sought the Mersey. Only a narrow tongue of land which Cheshire thrusts out separates the two rivers, and a little below Chester we can see from the windows of the Wild Irishman the place where they meet and mingle.

On the other side of the train lies a country of increasing hilliness—a landscape like that of England, with trim hedgerows, thatched cottages, and the solid-looking sculpturesque foliage which is a sort of atonement for the persistent humidity of the climate. Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's seat, is about two miles off the line, and about twenty minutes after leaving Chester the train runs close against the walls of Flint Castle—a gaunt mass of naked rock, upon which decay has set no sign of regret, and age has put no assuaging mantle. The castle was built by Edward I., and Shakespeare has made its "rude ribs" and "tattered" battlements one of the scenes in his play of *Richard II.*

Behind the hills which slope down to Flint is Holywell, a town which derives its name from a miraculously copious spring, of such efficacy in healing that the beautiful gothic shrine built over it, and ascribed to the generosity of the mother of Henry VII., is hung with the crutches and trusses of those who have been cured by bathing in it.

Beyond Holywell and Mostyn nearly every village along the coast aspires, with some success, to be a watering-place. The climate is salubrious, but how bleak, how Novemberish, to us who have just escaped from the Senegambian fervor of the American July! The thermometer is down below 60°, but the women are dressed in muslins and poplins, and the children, digging and building in the sands, are bare-legged and bare-shouldered.

The Wild Irishman scarcely slackens its speed at Rhyl, the flat and rectangular little watering-place whose noisy excursionists from Lancashire and Yorkshire bathe in a yellow mixture of mud washed down from the Dee and the Mersey, and we also will pass it by, leaving it, with Abergeley, Llandulas, and Colwyn Bay, to tourists who have time to see the coast in detail. But presently we cross a river which, flowing down from between high hills, empties into the sea within sight of the train, at a point where a massive headland juts outward, and reaching the farther side, we are borne under the shadow of a cliff-like wall. We look out and up, and there are towers, battlements, and parapets. These are so high, and the train is so close to the base, that we have to almost dislocate our neck in order to see the summit. It is a castle, not a cliff; but it seems to grow out of the rock upon which it stands, and when it was built nature and art joined hands to give it a double strength.

When Edward I. had conquered the Welsh he built three great castles to keep the vanquished down, and though dismantled and despoiled, they are still very substantial examples of the architecture of his time: one is at Carnarvon, another at Beaumaris, and the third is this at Conway, the common name of the river which we have just crossed, the castle, and the little town which lies under the castle, shut within a harp-shaped wall which formerly had twenty-four round towers.

We are disposed to take Pennant's word when that antiquary declares Conway to be the most beautiful of fortresses. The form is oblong, placed in all parts on the verge of precipitous rock. One side is bounded by the river, one by a creek which fills with every tide, and the other two face the town. Within are two courts, around which are the various apartments, or what remains of them. But the banqueting hall has tumbled into the kitchen, and the Queen's boudoir is scarcely recognizable from the dungeon cell. No roof or rafters remain, and the grass grows on the floor of the Council Chamber. The cold wind rushes through the empty fireplaces, the windows have nothing in them except the vines, and the winding stairways only go up a few steps, and then leave us standing on the brink

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CONWAY CASTLE.

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of some ragged gap. Ivy, moss, and grass have taken hold even of the highest towers, and the only pomp is the pomp of age.

We look at the smooth river issuing between the hills to the sea, and the quaint town and its little houses shut within the triangular walls. That headland of which we have spoken once or twice is the Great Orme's-Head, one of the most conspicuous points to all vessels passing up and down the channel, and between it and a similar though smaller elevation we can see some of the roofs of Llandudno, one of the most delightful of watering-places. But all other things are dwarfed in comparison with Penmaenmawr, which now looms up, and we can pity the travellers who, before the days of the Wild Irishman, found this shoulder of rock—a very cold shoulder indeed—thrust in their way.

Change is visible everywhere about the castle, and some thrifty husbandman is raising cabbages and potatoes in the moat. Other parts of the grounds are also turned to account as vegetable gardens, and the gate has no more formidable guard than a little girl in a blue pinafore. But while we sat eating our luncheon at the inn adjoining the castle we were reminded that though the relics of mediæval chivalry belong to museums, the love of military glory is still as strong in the female breast as it was before the watch on the ramparts had become a noiseless spectre. The little waitress was in a flutter of intense excitement. Some Volunteers, with faces as red as their uniforms, who had been encamped outside, were leaving the town, and she was divided between her anxiety to be attentive to us and her desire to look out of the window at them. "Will you have some cheese, sir?" "Yes, ma'am; they're the Volunteers." She tried hard to control herself, but she was carried away in her ecstasy, and we saw her run to the window and bring her hands together as if to applaud. Her pink face beamed, and the ribbons in her lace cap danced. "Oh, if you please, ma'am, doesn't the band play lovely!" she exclaimed, in a burst of rapture; and then she looked frightened, and hurried back to the table to give us our coffee.

A minute or two after the train leaves Conway the mountains begin to crowd down upon the Wild Irishman, and threaten to shove the line into the sea. It is these that the traveller from America sees from the deck of the ocean steamer as she passes up the St. George's Channel to Liverpool. They are a northern spur of the Snowdon range, and among the huddled masses rises one, a very Gibraltar of a peak, higher than all the rest. This, which strangers often mistake for Snowdon itself, is Penmaenmawr, the *via mala* of the old route to Holyhead, upon which many a traveller has come to grief between the crumbling strata of the mountain on one side and the unprotected precipice on the other. The road was grooved in the mountain, and, says Nicholson, writing of it as it was before the day of the Wild Irishman: "The amazingly abrupt precipice, variegated with fragments and ruins, presents a scene of horror. In some places rocks of vast magnitude, which have probably fallen from the summit, lodge on projecting ledges, and appear in the act of taking another bound." But carried along by this fast train, we have only the momentary darkness of a tunnel to remind us of what Penmaenmawr was a century ago. The Wild Irishman stops nowhere, not even at the little cathedral city of Bangor, and it hurries us on to the Menai Strait, which resembles the Hudson at Tarrytown. Villas and cottages are visible everywhere, and building sites are held at a very high price.

Once again we are in darkness, but this time the reverberations are not those of a tunnel. The sounds are hollow and metallic; we are crossing the strait by the vast tubular bridge which Stephenson built between 1846 and 1850, and which put an end to the frequent accidents that had previously occurred to passengers crossing by the ferry. The Britannia Bridge, as it is called, consists of eight tubes resting on three towers, and it spans the stream at a height of 104 feet. It is 1841 feet long, and the tubes are said to contain 11,400 tons of iron. Some fellow-passenger is sure to put us in possession of these dimensions, but we who have seen the Brooklyn Bridge can listen unmoved, and give him in return the statistics of a much greater achievement.

One end of the bridge—that by which we enter—is in Carnarvonshire, and when we reach the other we are in the island of Anglesey, the Mona of early English history, and the last refuge of the Druids. It is not a very large island, only twenty

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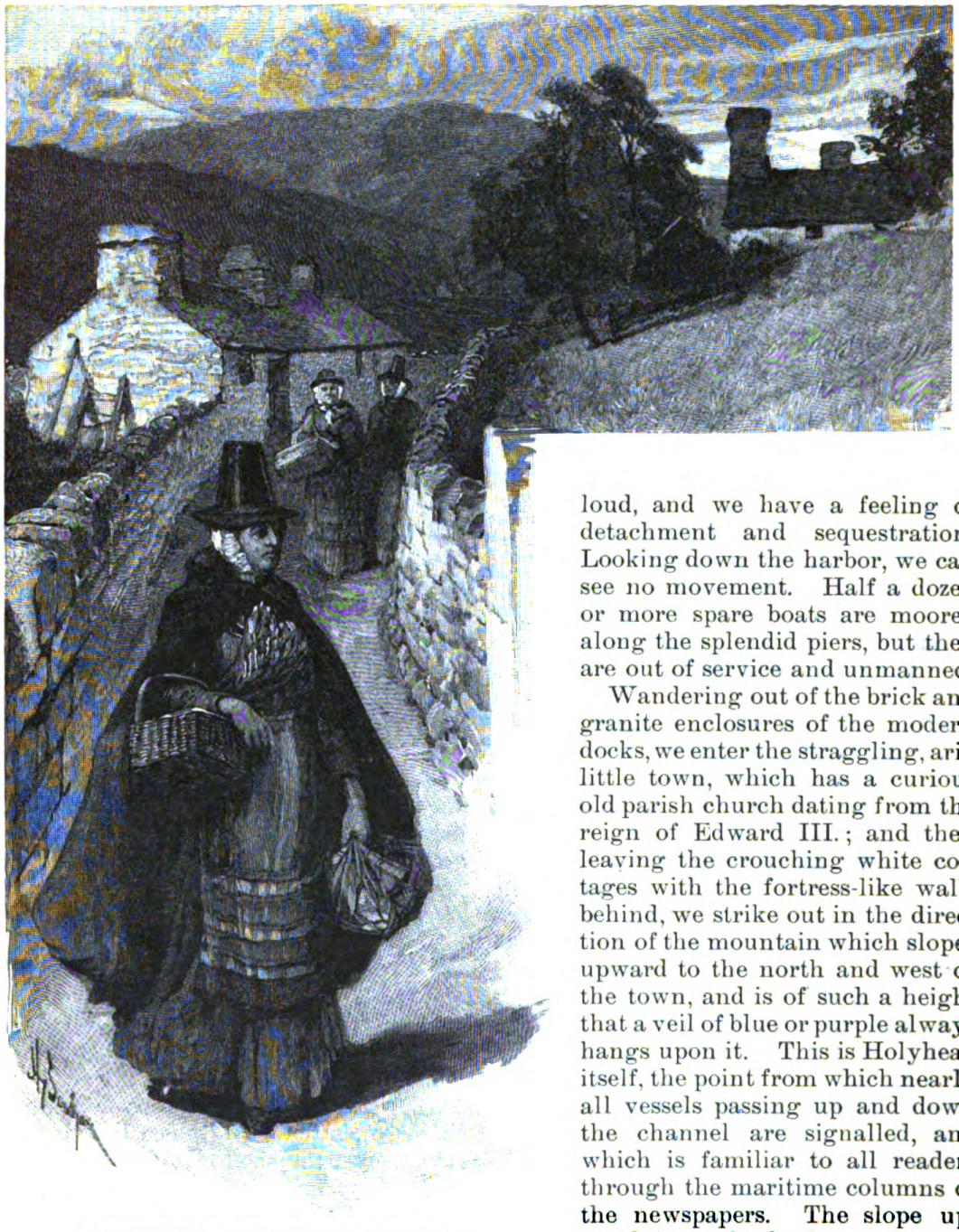
miles from north to south, and twenty-eight miles from east to west. The surface is rolling and (if such a word can be employed to describe anything in nature) commonplace, but, except in the straits, the seaward edge is a long line of cliffs of varying height, at whose feet many a ship has come to grief. There are many Druidical remains on the island, cromlechs and other enigmatical masses of stone which the old hierarchy of the woods has left unexplained, and it was in Anglesey that Suetonius burned the last of the Druids in their own altar fires. Tacitus has painted the wild scene which opened upon the Roman forces when they landed: the motley army in close array and well armed, with women running frantically about, their dishevelled hair streaming in the wind, while they brandished torches in their hands, and the priests moving among them, and, with arms reached out to heaven, uttering the most awful curses on the invaders. The Roman soldiers were spell-bound, and for some time were, as Tacitus puts it, resigned to every wound; but at length, aroused by their leader, and calling on one another not to be intimidated by a womanly and fanatic band, they displayed their ensigns, and quickly hushed their antagonists.

Anglesey has another claim to remembrance, as the home of the founder of the Tudor dynasty, who danced so well that he won the heart of the fair widow of Henry V. The queen, says an old chronicler, "beyng young and lustye, followyng more her own appetyte than frendely consaill, and regardyng more her private affection than her open honour, toke to husband privily a goodly gentylman, and a beautiful person, garnized with manye godly gyftes, both of nature and of grace, called Owen Teuther, a man brought forth and come of the noble linage and auncient lyne of Cadwalader, the last Kynge of the Britonnes." Some courtiers who were sent to Wales to ascertain the condition of the Tudors found Owen's mother seated in a field with her goats around her; but there is no doubt that, though reduced in circumstances, the family was of high descent.

A few miles from Holyhead we pass within a short distance of Aberffraw, the seat of the native princes of Wales, and thus the Wild Irishman completes its course, and lands us at the gangway of the channel steamer. The lugubrious passage is not for us this time; and knowing what it is, we watch the other passengers embark with feelings of pity. It is not an affair of eighty or ninety minutes, like that from Dover to Calais, or from Folkestone to Boulogne. It takes fully five hours, and the sea gives the steamer that irregular, eccentric motion which nothing can resist. It is a gusty and rainy expanse, and it is seldom peaceful or sunny. Few who have made it think of it except with abhorrence, and to recall it is to have visions of wet and slippery decks, pelting showers of spray, gray, low-hung clouds, and angry-looking waters. The steamer is sheltered in a large masonry dock, but, looking out to the mouth of the harbor, we can see the waves spattering over the breakwater, and a sallow-hued anticipation of discomforts to come is visible in the faces of those who are stumbling down the narrow gang-plank. There are members of Parliament, government messengers, sportsmen, tourists, and commercial travellers. There are few English people, but many Americans, who could be identified by their enormous iron-clad trunks if they were not individualized in other ways. The transfer from the train to the boat is quickly effected. Saratogas, knapsacks, gun-cases, fishing-rods, bicycles, and despatch-boxes are rushed on board after the passengers, and then the mail is heaped upon the deck. The bags are lettered with the names of American cities, and while we are speculating on their contents the little steamer starts, and in a very few minutes passes out beyond the breakwater into the open sea.

It is then that we discover what an empty, noiseless little place Holyhead is. It is the nearest port to Ireland, and that is, and always has been, the reason of its existence. The harbor is the principal part of it now, as it was years ago, when there were no steamers, and the vessels used were small sail-boats, which often took four or five days in making the passage between here and Dublin. Vast sums have been spent on its beacons, and on the long granite breakwater, the granite docks, and the lofty sheds lighted by electricity. There are rumors that some day it will be the terminus of a line of transatlantic steamers, which, by using it, will avoid the fogs and tidal delays of the Liverpool bar; but in the mean time it has the appearance of a premature expansion. Af-

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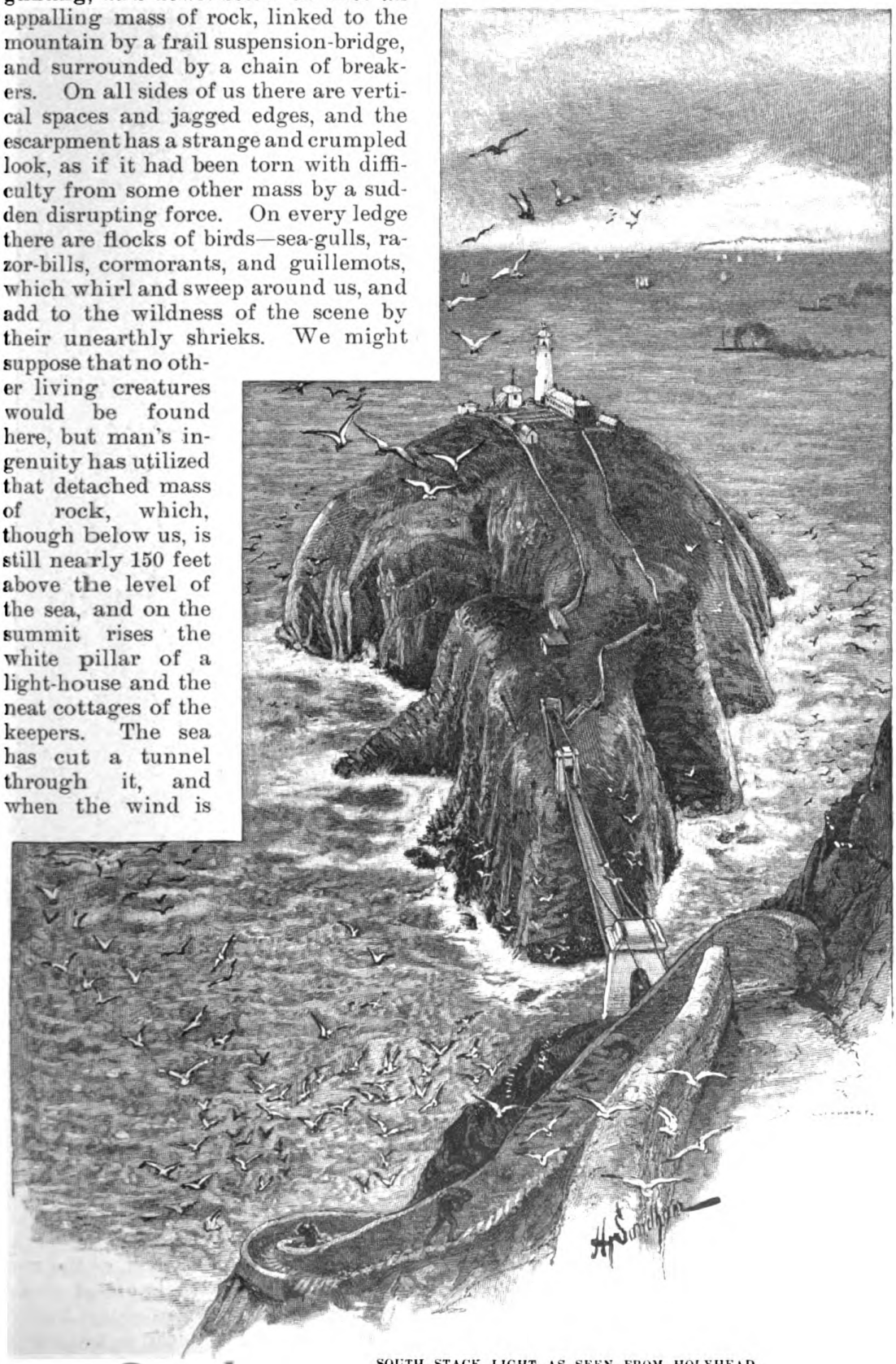
MARKET-DAY ON THE NORTH WELSH COAST.

ter the departure of the mail-boat it suddenly becomes silent and sepulchrally still. The vociferous newsboy, the wharfingers, the porters, and the railway and steam-boat officials all disappear. The ticket-office windows are abruptly closed, and the pensive attendant in the refreshment-room turns the lock on the mildewed veal pies and the sawdust sandwiches, which have reminded us of Mugby Junction. Our footsteps sound boisterously loud, and we have a feeling of detachment and sequestration. Looking down the harbor, we can see no movement. Half a dozen or more spare boats are moored along the splendid piers, but they are out of service and unmanned.

Wandering out of the brick and granite enclosures of the modern docks, we enter the straggling, arid little town, which has a curious old parish church dating from the reign of Edward III.; and then leaving the crouching white cottages with the fortress-like walls behind, we strike out in the direction of the mountain which slopes upward to the north and west of the town, and is of such a height that a veil of blue or purple always hangs upon it. This is Holyhead itself, the point from which nearly all vessels passing up and down the channel are signalled, and which is familiar to all readers through the maritime columns of the newspapers. The slope upward from the harbor and town forms a buttress to the wall which the mountain presents to the sea, and from the summit we can look down as dizzy and terrifying a precipice as there is on the coast of North Wales. The face of the rock is scarred and seamed in an extraordinary manner, and at its base the sea has bored several enormous caverns and alcoves, one of which, called the Parliament House, is seventy feet high. Our path up the slope is through some rocky, heather-strewn fields, and then over the shoulder of the mountain, and down a

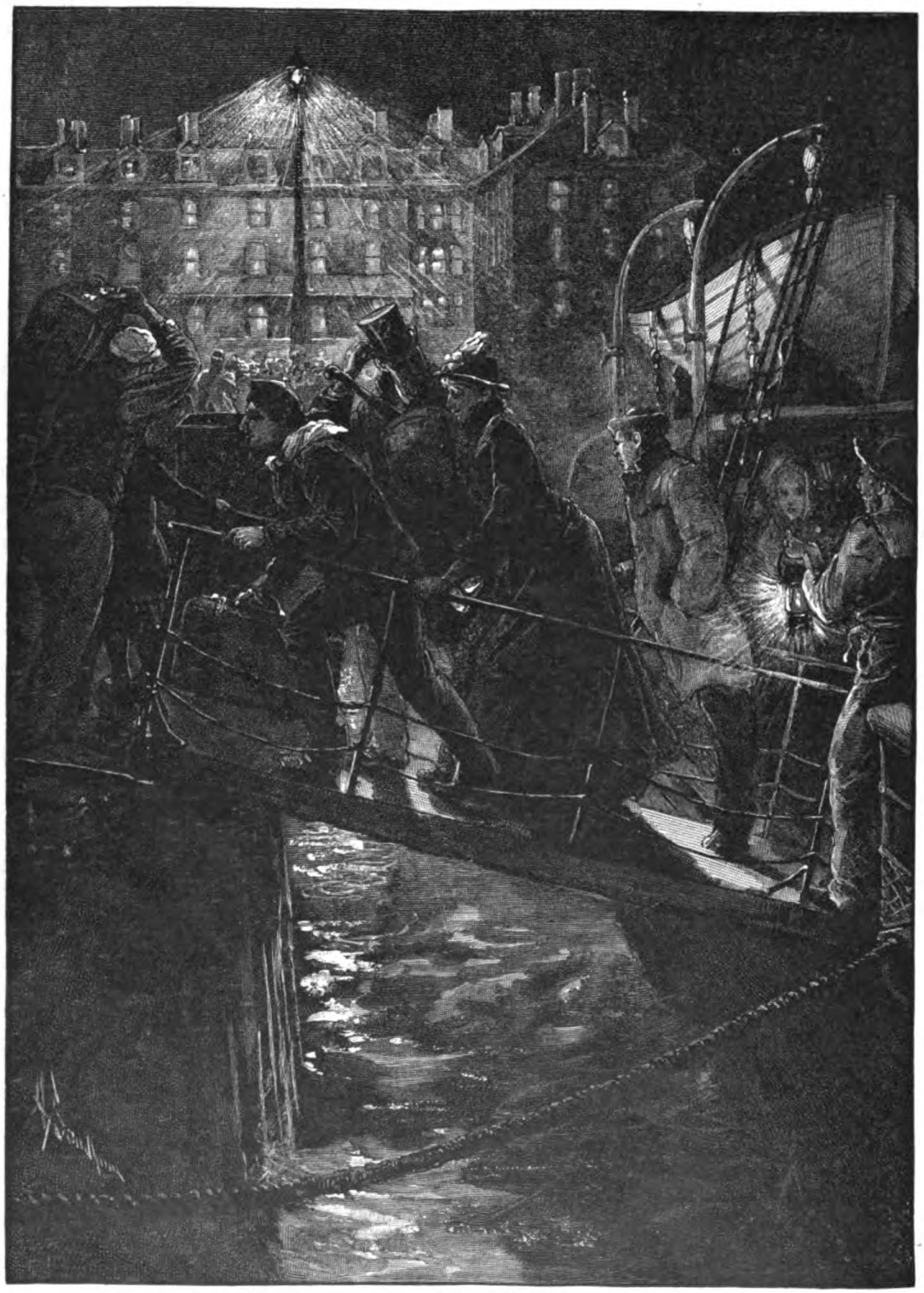
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steep stairway in the cliff. The sea reaches out before us, quivering and glinting, and down below us rises an appalling mass of rock, linked to the mountain by a frail suspension-bridge, and surrounded by a chain of breakers. On all sides of us there are vertical spaces and jagged edges, and the escarpment has a strange and crumpled look, as if it had been torn with difficulty from some other mass by a sudden disrupting force. On every ledge there are flocks of birds—sea-gulls, razor-bills, cormorants, and guillemots, which whirl and sweep around us, and add to the wildness of the scene by their unearthly shrieks. We might suppose that no other living creatures would be found here, but man's ingenuity has utilized that detached mass of rock, which, though below us, is still nearly 150 feet above the level of the sea, and on the summit rises the white pillar of a light-house and the neat cottages of the keepers. The sea has cut a tunnel through it, and when the wind is high the spray is carried over the suspension-bridge which loops the outer cliff with



SOUTH STACK LIGHT AS SEEN FROM HOLYHEAD.

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ARRIVAL OF MAIL STEAMER AT HOLYHEAD.

the inner. But, whirl and thunder as the gale will, the waters have never yet reached the lantern, and at night it is visible over the whole of Carnarvon Bay, and in conjunction with the light on the Skerries, this on the South Stack, as the rock on which we are looking is called, guides the boat from Dublin into the harbor, where the Wild Irishman is waiting to retrace its way to the noisy metropolis.

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APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXIV.

BEFORE the end of the first week after Dan came back to town, that which was likely to happen whenever chance brought him and Alice together had taken place.

It was one of the soft days that fall in late October, when the impending winter seems stayed, and the warm breath of the land draws seaward and over a thousand miles of Indian summer. The bloom came and went in quick pulses over the girl's temples as she sat with her head thrown back in the corner of the car, and from moment to moment she stirred slightly as if some stress of rapture made it hard for her to get her breath; a little gleam of light fell from under her fallen eyelids into the eyes of the young man beside her, who leaned forward slightly and slanted his face upward to meet her glances. They said some words, now and then, indistinguishable to the others; in speaking they smiled slightly. Sometimes her hand wavered across her lap; in both their faces there was something beyond happiness—a transport, a passion, the brief splendor of a supreme moment.

They left the car at the Arlington Street corner of the Public Garden, and followed the winding paths diagonally to the further corner on Charles Street.

"How stupid we were to get into that ridiculous horse-car!" she said. "What in the world possessed us to do it?"

"I can't imagine," he answered. "What a waste of time it was! If we had walked, we might have been twice as long coming. And now you're going to send me off so soon!"

"I don't send you," she murmured.

"But you want me to go."

"Oh no! But you'd better."

"I can't do anything against your wish."

"I wish it—for your own good."

"Ah, do let me go home with you, Alice!"

"Don't ask it, or I must say yes."

"Part of the way, then?"

"No; not a step! You must take the first car for Cambridge. What time is it now?"

"You can see by the clock in the Providence Depot."

"But I wish you to go by *your* watch, now. Look!"

"Alice!" he cried, in pure rapture.

"Look!"

"It's a quarter of one."

"And we've been three hours together already! Now you must simply fly. If you came home with me I should be sure to let you come in, and if I don't see mamma alone first, I shall die. Can't you understand?"

"No; but I can do the next best thing: I can misunderstand. You want to be rid of me."

"Shall you be rid of *me* when we've parted?" she asked, with an inner thrill of earnestness in her gay tone.

"Alice!"

"You know I didn't *mean* it, Dan."

"Say it again."

"What?"

"Dan."

"Dan, love! Dan, dearest!"

"Ah!"

"Will that car of yours never come? I've promised myself not to leave you till it does, and if I stay here any longer I shall go wild. I can't believe it's happened. Say it again!"

"Say what?"

"That—"

"That I love you? That we're engaged?"

"I don't believe it. I can't." She looked impatiently up the street. "Oh, there comes your car! Run! Stop it!"

"I don't run to stop cars." He made a sign, which the conductor obeyed, and the car halted at the further crossing.

She seemed to have forgotten it, and made no movement to dismiss him. "Oh, doesn't it seem too good to be standing here talking in this way, and people think it's about the weather, or society?" She set her head a little on one side, and twirled the open parasol on her shoulder.

"Yes, it does. Tell me it's true, love!"

"It's true. How splendid you are!" She said it with an effect for the world outside of saying it was a lovely day.

He retorted, with the same apparent *nonchalance*, "How beautiful you are! How good! How divine!"

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The conductor, seeing himself apparently forgotten, gave his bell a vicious snap, and his car jolted away.

She started nervously. "There! you've lost your car, Dan."

"Have I?" asked Mavering, without troubling himself to look after it.

She laughed now, with a faint suggestion of unwillingness in her laugh. "What are you going to do?"

"Walk home with you."

"No, indeed; you know I can't let you."

"And are you going to leave me here alone on the street corner, to be run over by the first bicycle that comes along?"

"You can sit down in the Garden, and wait for the next car."

"No; I would rather go back to the Art Museum, and make a fresh start."

"To the Art Museum?" she murmured, tenderly.

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to see it again?"

"Again? I should like to pass my whole life in it!"

"Well, walk back with me a little way. There's no hurry about the car."

"*Dan!*" she said, in a helpless compliance, and they paced very, very slowly along the Beacon Street path in the Garden. "This is ridiculous."

"Yes, but it's delightful."

"Yes, that's what I meant. Do you suppose any one ever—ever—"

"Made love there before?"

"How can you say such things? Yes. I always supposed it would be—somewhere else."

"It *was* somewhere else—once."

"Oh, I meant—the second time."

"Then you *did* think there was going to be a second time?"

"How do I know? I wished it. Do you like me to say that?"

"I wish you would never say anything else."

"Yes; there can't be any harm in it now. I thought that if you had ever—liked me, you would still—"

"So did I; but I couldn't believe that you—"

"Oh, *I* could."

"Alice!"

"Don't you like my confessing it? You asked me to."

"Like it!"

"How silly we are!"

"Not half so silly as we've been for the last two months. I think we've just come to our senses. At least I have."

"Two months," she sighed. "Has it really been so long as that?"

"Two years! Two centuries! It was back in the Dark Ages when you refused me."

"Dark Ages! I should think so! But don't say refused. It wasn't *refusing*, exactly."

"What was it, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't speak of it now."

"But, Alice, why did you refuse me?"

"Oh, I don't know. You mustn't ask me now. I'll tell you some time."

"Well, come to think of it," said Mavering, laughing it all lightly away, "there's no hurry. Tell me why you accepted me to-day."

"I—I couldn't help it. When I saw you I wanted to fall at your feet."

"What an idea! I didn't want to fall at yours. I was awfully mad. I shouldn't have spoken to you if you hadn't stopped me and held out your hand."

"Really? Did you really hate me, Dan?"

"Well, I haven't exactly doted on you since we last met."

She did not seem offended at this. "Yes, I suppose so. And I've gone on being fonder and fonder of you every minute since that day. I wanted to call you back when you had got half-way to Eastport."

"I wouldn't have come. It's bad luck to turn back."

She laughed at his drolling. "How funny you are! Now I'm of rather a gloomy temperament. Did you know it?"

"You don't look it."

"Oh, but I am. Just now I'm rather excited and—happy."

"So glad!"

"Go on! go on! I like you to make fun of me."

The benches on either side were filled with nurse-maids in charge of baby-carriages, and of young children who were digging in the sand with their little beach shovels, and playing their games back and forth across the walk unrebuked by the indulgent policemen. A number of them had enclosed a square in the middle of the path with four of the benches, which they made believe was a fort. The lovers had to walk round it; and the chil-

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dren, chasing one another, dashed into them headlong, or backing off from pursuit, bumped up against them. They did not seem to know it, but walked slowly on without noticing: they were not aware of an occasional benchful of rather shabby young fellows who stared hard at the stylish girl and well-dressed young man talking together in such intense low tones, with rapid interchange of radiant glances.

"Oh, as to making fun of you, I was going to say—" Mavering began, and after a pause he broke off with a laugh. "I forget what I was going to say."

"Try to remember."

"I can't."

"How strange that we should have both happened to go to the Museum this morning!" she sighed. Then, "Dan," she broke in, "do you suppose that heaven is any different from this?"

"I hope not—if I'm to go there."

"Hush, dear; you mustn't talk so."

"Why, you provoked me to it."

"Did I? Did I really? Do you think I tempted you to do it? Then I must be wicked, whether I knew I was doing it or not. Yes."

The break in her voice made him look more keenly at her, and he saw the tears glimmer in her eyes. "Alice!"

"No; I'm not good enough for you. I always said that."

"Then don't say it any more. That's the only thing I won't let you say."

"Do you forbid it, really? Won't you let me even think it?"

"No, not even think it."

"How lovely you are! Oh! I *like* to be commanded by you."

"Do you? You'll have lots of fun, then. I'm an awfully commanding spirit."

"I didn't suppose you were so humorous—always. I'm afraid you won't like me. I've no sense of fun."

"And I'm a little too funny sometimes, I'm afraid."

"No, you never are. When?"

"That night at the Trevors'. You didn't like it."

"I thought Miss Anderson was rather ridiculous," said Alice. "I don't like buffoonery in women."

"Nor I in men," said Mavering, smiling. "I've dropped it."

"Well, now we must part. I must go home at once," said Alice. "It's perfectly insane."

"Oh no, not yet; not till we've said something else; not till we've changed the subject."

"What subject?"

"Miss Anderson."

Alice laughed and blushed, but she was not vexed. She liked to have him understand her. "Well, now," she said, as if that were the next thing, "I'm going to cross here at once and walk up the other pavement, and you must go back through the Garden; or else I shall never get away from you."

"May I look over at you?"

"You may glance, but you needn't expect me to return your glance."

"Oh no."

"And I want you to take the very first Cambridge car that comes along. I *command* you to."

"I thought you wanted *me* to do the commanding."

"So I do—in essentials. If you command me not to cry when I get home, I won't."

She looked at him with an ecstasy of self-sacrifice in her eyes.

"Ah, I sha'n't do that. I can't tell what would happen. But—Alice!"

"Well, what?" She drifted closely to him, and looked fondly up into his face. In walking they had insensibly drawn nearer together, and she had been obliged constantly to put space between them. Now, standing at the corner of Arlington Street, and looking tentatively across Beacon, she abandoned all precautions.

"What? I forget. Oh yes! I love you!"

"But you said that before, dearest!"

"Yes; but just now it struck me as a very novel idea. What if your mother shouldn't like the idea?"

"Nonsense! you know she perfectly idolizes you. She did from the first. And doesn't she know how I've been behaving about you ever since I—lost you?"

"How *have* you behaved? Do tell me, Alice."

"Some time; not now," she said; and with something that was like a gasp, and threatened to be a sob, she suddenly whipped across the road. He walked back to Charles Street by the Garden path, keeping abreast of her, and not losing sight of her for a moment, except when the bulk of a string team watering at the trough beside the pavement intervened. He hurried by, and when he had passed it he

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found himself exactly abreast of her again. Her face was turned toward him; they exchanged a smile, lost in space. At the corner of Charles Street he deliberately crossed over to her.

"Oh, dearest *love!* why did you come?" she implored.

"Because you signed to me."

"I *hoped* you wouldn't see it. If we're *both* to be so weak as this, what are we going to do? But I'm glad you came. Yes: I was frightened. They must have overheard us there when we were talking."

"Well, *I* didn't say anything I'm ashamed of. Besides, I shouldn't care much for the opinion of those nurses and babies."

"Of course not. But people must have seen us. Don't stand here talking, Dan! *Do* come on!" She hurried him across the street, and walked him swiftly up the incline of Beacon Street. There, in her new fall suit, with him, glossy-hatted, faultlessly gloved, at a fit distance from her side, she felt more in keeping with the social frame of things than in the Garden path, which was really only a shade better than the Beacon Street Mall of the Common. "Do you suppose anybody saw us that knew us?"

"I hope so! Don't you want people to know it?"

"Yes, of course. They will *have* to know it—in the right way. Can you *believe* that it's only half a year since we met? It won't be a year till Class Day."

"I don't believe it, Alice. I can't recollect anything before I knew you."

"Well, now, as time is so confused, we must try to live for eternity. We must try to help each other to be *good*. Oh, when I think what a happy girl I am, I feel that I should be the most ungrateful person under the sun not to be good. Let's try to make our lives perfect—*perfect!* They *can* be. And we mustn't live for each other alone. We must try to *do* good as well as *be* good. We must be kind and forbearing with every one."

He answered, with tender seriousness, "My life's in your hands, Alice. It shall be whatever you wish."

They were both silent in their deep belief of this. When they spoke again, she began, gayly: "I shall never get over the wonder of it. How strange that we should meet at the Museum!" They had both said this already, but that did not matter; they had said nearly everything two or three times. "How *did* you happen to be there?" she asked, and the question was so novel that she added, "I haven't asked you before."

He stopped, with a look of dismay that broke up in a hopeless laugh. "Why, I went there to meet some people — some ladies. And when I saw you I forgot all about them."

Alice laughed too; this was a part of their joy, their triumph.

"Who were they?" she asked, indifferently, and only to heighten the absurdity by realizing the persons.

"You don't know them," he said. "Mrs. Frobisher and her sister, of Portland. I promised to meet them there and go out to Cambridge with them."

"What will they think?" asked Alice. "It's too amusing."

"They'll think I didn't come," said Mavering, with the easy conscience of youth and love; and again they laughed at the ridiculous position together. "I remember now I was to be at the door, and they were to take me up in their carriage. I wonder how long they waited? You put everything else out of my head."

"Do you think I'll keep it out?" she asked, archly.

"Oh yes; there *is* nothing else but you now."

The eyes that she dropped, after a glance at him, glistened with tears.

A lump came into his throat. "Do you suppose," he asked, huskily, "that we can ever misunderstand each other again?"

"Never. I see everything clearly now. We shall trust each other implicitly, and at the least thing that isn't clear we can speak. Promise me that you'll speak."

"I will, Alice. But after this all will be clear. We shall deal with each other as we do with ourselves."

"Yes; that will be the way."

"And we mustn't wait for question from each other. We shall know—we shall feel—when there's any misgiving, and then the one that's caused it will speak."

"Yes," she sighed, emphatically. "How perfectly you say it! But that's because you feel it — because you are good."

They walked on, treading the air in a transport of fondness for each other. Suddenly he stopped.

"Miss Pasmer, I feel it my duty to

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warn you that you're letting me go home with you."

"Am I? How noble of you to tell me, Dan; for I know you don't want to tell. Well, I might as well. But I sha'n't let you come in. You won't try, will you? Promise me you won't try."

"I shall only want to come in the first door."

"What for?"

"What for? Oh, for half a second."

She turned away her face.

He went on. "This engagement has been such a very public affair, so far, that I think I'd like to see my *fiancée* alone for a moment."

"I don't know what in the world you can have to say more."

He went into the first door with her, and then he went with her upstairs to the door of Mrs. Pasmer's apartment. The passages of the Cavendish were not well lighted; the little lane or alley that led down to this door from the stairs landing was very dim.

"So dark here!" murmured Alice, in a low voice, somewhat tremulous.

"But not *too* dark."

XXV.

She burst into the room where her mother sat looking over some house-keeping accounts. His kiss and his name were upon her lips; her soul was full of him.

"Mamma!" she panted.

Her mother did not look round. She could have had no premonition of the vital news that her daughter was bringing, and she went on comparing the first autumn month's provision bill with that of the last spring month, and trying to account for the difference.

The silence, broken by the rattling of the two bills in her mother's hands as she glanced from one to the other through her glasses, seemed suddenly impenetrable, and the prismatic world of the girl's rapture burst like a bubble against it. There is no explanation of the effect outside of temperament and overwrought sensibilities. She stared across the room at her mother, who had not heard her, and then she broke into a storm of tears.

"Alice!" cried her mother, with that sanative anger which comes to rescue women from the terror of any sudden shock. "What is the matter with you?—what do you mean?" She dropped both of the provision bills to the floor and started toward her daughter.

"Nothing—nothing! Let me go. I want to go to my room." She tried to reach the door beyond her mother.

"Indeed you shall *not!*" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "I will not have you behaving so! What has happened to you? Tell me. You have frightened me half out of my senses."

The girl gave up her efforts to escape, and flung herself on the sofa, with her face in the pillow, where she continued to sob. Her mother began to relent at the sight of her passion. As a woman and as a mother she knew her daughter, and she knew that this passion, whatever it was, must have vent before there could be anything intelligible between them. She did not press her with further question, but set about making her a little more comfortable on the sofa; she pulled the pillow straight, and dropped a light shawl over the girl's shoulders, so that she should not take cold.

Then Mrs. Pasmer had made up her mind that Alice had met Mavering somewhere, and that this outburst was the retarded effect of seeing him. During the last six weeks she had assisted at many phases of feeling in regard to him, and knew more clearly than Alice herself the meaning of them all. She had been patient and kind, with the resources that every woman finds in herself when it is the question of a daughter's ordeal in an affair of the heart which she has favored.

The storm passed as quickly as it came, and Alice sat upright, casting off the wraps. But once checked with the fact on her tongue, she found it hard to utter it.

"What is it, Alice?—what is it?" urged her mother.

"Nothing. I—Mr. Mavering—we met—I met him at the Museum, and—we're engaged! It's really so. It seems like raving, but it's true. He came with me to the door; I wouldn't let him come in. Don't you believe it? Oh, we are! indeed we are! Are you glad, mamma? You *know* I couldn't have lived without him."

She trembled on the verge of another outbreak.

Mrs. Pasmer sacrificed her astonishment in the interest of sanity, and returned, quietly: "Glad, Alice? You know that I think he's the sweetest and best fellow in the world."

"Oh, mamma!"

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"But are you sure—"

"Yes, yes. I'm not crazy; it isn't a dream. He was there—and I met him—I couldn't run away—I put out my hand; I couldn't help it—I thought I should give way; and he took it; and then—then we were engaged. I don't know what we said. I went in to look at the 'Joan of Arc' again, and there was no one else there. He seemed to feel just as I did. I don't know whether either of us spoke. But we knew we were engaged, and we began to talk."

Mrs. Pasmer began to laugh. To her irreverent soul only the droll side of the statement appeared.

"Don't, mamma!" pleaded Alice, piteously.

"No, no; I won't. But I hope Dan Mavering will be a little more definite about it when I'm allowed to see him. Why couldn't he have come in with you?"

"It would have killed me. I couldn't let him see me cry, and I knew I should break down."

"He'll have to see you cry a great many times, Alice," said her mother, with almost unexampled seriousness.

"Yes, but not yet—not so soon. He must think I'm very gloomy, and I want to be always bright and cheerful with him. He knows why I wouldn't let him come in; he knew I was going to have a cry."

Mrs. Pasmer continued to laugh.

"Don't, mamma!" pleaded Alice.

"No, I won't," replied her mother, as before. "I suppose he was mystified. But now, if it's really settled between you, he'll be coming here soon to see your papa and me."

"Yes—to-night."

"Well, it's very sudden," said Mrs. Pasmer. "Though I suppose these things always seem so."

"Is it too sudden?" asked Alice, with misgiving. "It seemed so to me when it was going on, but I couldn't stop it."

Her mother laughed at her simplicity. "No, when it begins once, nothing can stop it. But you've really known each other a good while, and for the last six weeks at least you've known your own mind about him pretty clearly. It's a pity you couldn't have known it before."

"Yes, that's what *he* says. He says it was such a waste of time. Oh, *everything* he says is perfectly fascinating!"

Her mother laughed and laughed again.

"What is it, mamma? Are you laughing at me?"

"Oh no. What an idea!"

"He couldn't seem to understand why I didn't say yes the first time if I meant it." She looked down dreamily at her hands in her lap, and then she said, with a blush and a start, "They're very queer, don't you think?"

"Who?"

"Young men."

"Oh, *very*."

"Yes," Alice went on, musingly. "Their *minds* are so different. Everything they say and do is so unexpected, and yet it seems to be just right."

Mrs. Pasmer asked herself if this single-mindedness was to go on forever, but she had not the heart to treat it with her natural levity. Probably it was what charmed Mavering with the child. Mrs. Pasmer had the firm belief that Mavering was not single-minded, and she respected him for it. She would not spoil her daughter's perfect trust and hope by any of the cynical suggestions of her own dark wisdom, but entered into her mood, as such women are able to do, and flattered out of her every detail of the morning's history. This was a feat which Mrs. Pasmer enjoyed for its own sake, and it fully satisfied the curiosity which she naturally felt to know all. She did not comment upon many of the particulars; she opened her eyes a little at the notion of her daughter sitting for two or three hours and talking with a young man in the galleries of the Museum, and she asked if anybody they knew had come in. When she heard that there were only strangers, and very few of them, she said nothing; and she had the same consolation in regard to the walking back and forth in the Garden. She was so full of potential escapades herself, so apt to let herself go at times, that the fact of Alice's innocent self-forgetfulness rather satisfied a need of her mother's nature; she exulted in it when she learned that there were only nurses and children in the Garden.

"And so you think you won't take up art this winter?" she said, when, in the process of her cross-examination, Alice had left the sofa and got as far as the door, with her hat in her hand and her sacque on her arm.

"No."

"And the Sisters of St. James—you won't join them, either?"

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The girl escaped from the room.

"Alice! Alice!" her mother called after her; and she came back. "You haven't told me how he happened to be there."

"Oh, that was the most amusing part of it. He had gone there to keep an appointment with two ladies from Portland. They were to take him up in their carriage and drive out to Cambridge, and when he saw *me* he forgot all about them."

"And what became of them?"

"We don't know. Isn't it ridiculous?"

If it appeared other or more than this to Mrs. Pasmer, she did not say. She merely said, after a moment, "Well, it was certainly devoted, Alice," and let her go.

XXVI.

Mavering came in the evening, rather excessively well dressed, and with a hot face and cold hands. While he waited, nominally alone, in the little drawing-room for Mr. Pasmer, Alice flew in upon him for a swift embrace, which prolonged itself till the father's step was heard outside the door, and then she still had time to vanish by another: the affair was so nicely adjusted that if Mavering had been in his usual mind he might have fancied the connivance of Mrs. Pasmer.

He did not say what he had meant to say to Alice's father, but it seemed to serve the purpose, for he emerged presently from the sound of his own voice, unnaturally clamorous, and found Mr. Pasmer saying some very civil things to him about his character and disposition, so far as they had been able to observe it, and their belief and trust in him. There seemed to be something provisional or probational intended, but Dan could not make out what it was, and finally it proved of no practical effect. He merely inferred that the approval of his family was respectfully expected, and he hastened to say, "Oh, that's all right, sir." Mr. Pasmer went on with more civilities, and lost himself in dumb conjecture as to whether Mavering's father had been in the class before him or the class after him in Harvard. He used his black eyebrows a good deal during the interview, and Mavering conceived an awe of him greater than he had felt at Campobello, yet not unmixed with the affection in which the newly accepted lover embraces even the relations of his betrothed. From time to time Mr. Pasmer looked about with the vague glance of a man unused to being so long left to his own guidance; and one of these appeals seemed at last to bring Mrs. Pasmer through the door, to the relief of both the men, for they had improvidently despatched their business, and were getting out of talk. Mr. Pasmer had, in fact, already asked Dan about the weather outside when his wife appeared.

Dan did not know whether he ought to kiss her or not, but Mrs. Pasmer did not in the abstract seem like a very kissing kind of person, and he let himself be guided by this impression, in the absence of any fixed principle applying to the case. She made some neat remark concerning the probable settlement of the affair with her husband, and began to laugh and joke about it in a manner that was very welcome to Dan; it did not seem to him that it ought to be treated so solemnly.

But though Mrs. Pasmer laughed and joked, he was aware of her meaning business, business in the nicest sort of a way, but business after all, and he liked her for it. He was glad to be explicit about his hopes and plans, and told what his circumstances were so fully that Mrs. Pasmer, whom his frankness gratified and amused, felt obliged to say that she had not meant to ask so much about his affairs, and he must excuse her if she had seemed to do so. She had her own belief that Mavering would understand, but she did not mind that. She said that of course, till his own family had been consulted, it must not be considered seriously, that Mr. Pasmer insisted upon that point; and when Dan vehemently asserted the acquiescence of his family beforehand, and urged his father's admiration for Alice in proof, she reminded him that his mother was to be considered, and put Mr. Pasmer's scruples forward as her own reason for obduracy. In her husband's presence she attributed to him, with his silent assent, all sorts of reluctances and delicate compunctions; she gave him the importance which would have been naturally a husband's due in such an affair, and ingratiated herself more and more with the young man. She ignored Mr. Pasmer's withdrawal when it took place, after a certain lapse of time, and as the moment had come for that, she began to let herself

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go. She especially approved of the idea of going abroad, and confessed her disappointment with her present experiment of America, where it appeared there was no leisure class of men sufficiently large to satisfy the social needs of Mr. Pasmer's nature, and she told Dan that he might expect them in Europe before long. Perhaps they might all three meet him there. At this he betrayed so clearly that he now intended his going to Europe merely as a sequel to his marrying Alice, while he affected to fall in with all Mrs. Pasmer said, that she grew fonder than ever of him for his ardor and his futile duplicity. If it had been in Dan's mind to take part in the rite, Mrs. Pasmer was quite ready at this point to embrace him with motherly tenderness. Her tough little heart was really in her throat with sympathy when she made an errand for the photograph of an English vicarage, which they had hired the summer of the year before, and she sent Alice back with it alone.

It seemed so long since they had met that the change in Alice did not strike him as strange or as too rapidly operated. They met with the fervor natural after such a separation, and she did not so much assume as resume possession of him. It was charming to have her do it, to have her act as if they had always been engaged, to have her try to press down the cowlick that started capriciously across his crown, and to straighten his neck-tie, and then to drop beside him on the sofa; it thrilled and awed him; and he silently worshipped the superior composure which her sex has in such matters. Whatever was the provisional interpretation which her father and mother pretended to put upon the affair, she apparently had no reservations, and they talked of their future as a thing assured. The Dark Ages, as they agreed to call the period of despair forever closed that morning, had matured their love till now it was a rapture of pure trust. They talked as if nothing could prevent its fulfilment, and they did not even affect to consider the question of his family's liking it or not liking it. She said that she thought his father was delightful, and he told her that his father had taken the greatest fancy to her at the beginning, and knew that Dan was in love with her. She asked him about his mother, and she said just what he could have wished her to say about his mother's sufferings, and the way she bore them. They talked about Alice's going to see her.

"Of course your father will bring your sisters to see me first."

"Is that the way?" he asked. "You may depend upon his doing the right thing, whatever it is."

"Well, *that's* the right thing," she said. "I've thought it out; and that reminds me of a duty of ours, Dan?"

"A duty?" he repeated, with a note of reluctance for its untimeliness.

"Yes. Can't you think what?"

"No; I didn't know there was a duty left in the world."

"It's full of them."

"Oh, don't say that, Alice!" He did not like this mood so well as that of the morning, but his dislike was only a vague discomfort—nothing formulated or distinct.

"Yes," she persisted; "and we must do them. You must go to those ladies you disappointed so this morning, and apologize—explain."

Dan laughed. "Why, it wasn't such a very iron-clad engagement as all that, Alice. They said they were going to drive out to Cambridge over the Milldam, and I said I was going out there to get some of my traps together, and they could pick me up at the Art Museum if they liked. Besides, how *could* I explain?"

She laughed consciously with him. "Of course. But," she added, ruefully, "I *wish* you hadn't disappointed them."

"Oh, they'll get over it. If I hadn't disappointed them, I shouldn't be here, and I shouldn't like that. Should you?"

"No; but I wish it hadn't happened. It's a blot, and I didn't want a blot on this day."

"Oh, well, it isn't very much of a blot, and I can easily wipe it off. I'll tell you what, Alice! I can write to Mrs. Frobisher, when our engagement comes out, and tell her how it was. She'll enjoy the joke, and so will Miss Wrayne. They're jolly and easy-going; they won't mind."

"How long have you known them?"

"I met them on Class Day, and then I saw them—the day after I left Campobello." Dan laughed a little.

"How, saw them?"

"Well, I went to a yacht race with them. I happened to meet them in the street, and they wanted me to go; and I was all broken up, and—I went."

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"Oh!" said Alice. "The day after I—you left Campobello?"

"Well—yes."

"And I was thinking of you all that day as— And I couldn't bear to look at anybody that day, or speak!"

"Well, the fact is, I—I was distracted, and I didn't know what I was doing. I was desperate; I didn't care."

"How did you find out about the yacht race?"

"Boardman told me. Boardman was there."

"Did he know the ladies? Did he go too?"

"No. He was there to report the race for the *Events*. He went on the press boat."

"Oh!" said Alice. "Was there a large party?"

"No, no. Not very. Just ourselves, in fact. They were awfully kind. And they made me go home to dinner with them."

"They must have been rather peculiar people," said Alice. "And I don't see how—so soon—" She could not realize that Mavering was then a rejected man, on whom she had voluntarily renounced all claim. A retroactive resentment which she could not control possessed her with the wish to punish those bold women for being agreeable to one who had since become everything to her, though then he was ostensibly nothing.

In a vague way Dan felt her displeasure with that passage of his history, but no man could have fully imagined it.

"I couldn't tell half the time what I was saying or eating. I talked at random and ate at random. I guess they thought something was wrong; they asked me who was at Campobello."

"Indeed!"

"But you may be sure I didn't give myself away. I was awfully broken up," he concluded, inconsequently.

She liked his being broken up, but she did not like the rest. She would not press the question further now. She only said, rather gravely, "If it's such a short acquaintance, can you write to them in that familiar way?"

"Oh yes! Mrs. Frobisher is one of that kind."

Alice was silent a moment before she said. "I think you'd better not write. Let it go," she sighed.

"Yes, that's what I think," said Dan. "Better let it go. I guess it will explain itself in the course of time. But I don't want any blots around." He leaned over and looked her smilingly in the face.

"Oh no," she murmured; and then suddenly she caught him round the neck, crying and sobbing. "It's only—because I wanted it to be—perfect. Oh, I wonder if I've done right? Perhaps I oughtn't to have taken you, after all; but I do love you—dearly, dearly! And I was *so* unhappy when I'd lost you. And now I'm afraid I shall be a trial to you—nothing but a trial."

The first tears that a young man sees a woman shed for love of him are inexpressibly sweeter than her smiles. Dan choked with tender pride and pity. When he found his voice he raved out with incoherent endearments that she only made him more and more happy by her wish to have the affair perfect, and that he wished her always to be exacting with him, for that would give him a chance to do something for her, and all that he desired, as long as he lived, was to do more and more for her, and to do just what she wished.

At the end of his vows and entreaties she lifted her face radiantly and bent a smile upon him as sunny as that with which the sky after a summer storm denies that there has ever been rain in the world.

"Ah! you—" He could say no more. He could not be more enraptured than he was. He could only pass from surprise to surprise, from delight to delight. It was her love of him which wrought these miracles. It was all a miracle, and no part more wonderful than another. That she, who had seemed as distant as a star, and divinely sacred from human touch, should be there in his arms, with her head on his shoulder, where his kiss could reach her lips, not only unforbidden, but eagerly welcome, was impossible, and yet it was true. But it was no more impossible and no truer than that a being so poised, so perfectly self-centred as she, should already be so helplessly dependent upon him for her happiness. In the depths of his soul he invoked awful penalties upon himself if ever he should betray her trust, if ever he should grieve that tender heart in the slightest thing, if from that moment he did not make his whole life a sacrifice and an expiation.

He uttered some of these exalted

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thoughts, and they did not seem to appear crazy to her. She said yes, they must make their separate lives offerings to each other, and their joint lives an offering to God. The tears came into his eyes at these words of hers: they were so beautiful and holy and wise. He agreed that one ought always to go to church, and that now he should never miss a service. He owned that he had been culpable in the past. He drew her closer to him—if that were possible—and sealed his words with a kiss.

But he could not realize his happiness then, or afterward, when he walked the streets under the thinly misted moon of that Indian summer night.

He went down to the *Events* office when he left Alice, and found Boardman, and told him that he was engaged, and tried to work Boardman up to some sense of the greatness of the fact. Boardman showed his fine white teeth under his spare mustache, and made acceptable jokes, but he did not ask indiscreet questions, and Dan's statement of the fact did not seem to give it any more verity than it had before. He tried to get Boardman to come and walk with him and talk it over; but Boardman said he had just been detailed to go and work up the case of a Chinaman who had suicided a little earlier in the evening.

"Very well, then; I'll go with *you*," said Mavering. "How can you live in such a den as this?" he asked, looking about the little room before Boardman turned down his incandescent electric. "There isn't anything big enough to hold *me* but all out-doors."

In the street he linked his arm through his friend's, and said he felt that he had a right to know all about the happy ending of the affair, since he had been told of that miserable phase of it at Portland. But when he came to the facts he found himself unable to give them with the fulness he had promised. He only imparted a succinct statement as to the where and when of the whole matter, leaving the how of it untold.

The sketch was apparently enough for Boardman. For all comment, he reminded Mavering that he had told him at Portland it would come out all right.

"Yes, you did, Boardman; that's a fact," said Dan; and he conceived a higher respect for the penetration of Boardman than he had before.

They stopped at a door in a poor court which they had somehow reached without Mavering's privity. "Will you come in?" asked Boardman.

"What for?"

"Chinaman."

"Chinaman?" Then Mavering remembered. "Good heavens! no. What have I got to do with him?"

"Both mortal," suggested the reporter.

The absurdity of this idea, though a little grisly, struck Dan as a good joke. He hit the companionable Boardman on the shoulder, and then gave him a little hug, and remounted his path of air, and walked off on it.

XXVII.

Mavering first woke in the morning with the mechanical recurrence of that shame and grief which each day had brought him since Alice refused him. Then with a leap of the heart came the recollection of all that had happened yesterday. Yet lurking within this rapture was a mystery of regret: a reasonless sense of loss, as if the old feeling had been something he would have kept. Then this faded, and he had only the longing to see her, to realize in her presence and with her help the fact that she was his. An unspeakable pride filled him, and a joy in her love. He tried to see some outward vision of his bliss in the glass; but, like the mirror which had refused to interpret his tragedy in the Portland restaurant, it gave back no image of his transport; his face looked as it always did, and he and the reflection laughed at each other.

He asked himself how soon he could go and see her. It was now seven o'clock: eight would be too early, of course; it would be ridiculous; and nine—he wondered if he might go to see her at nine. Would they have done breakfast? Had he any right to call before ten? He was miserable at the thought of waiting till ten: it would be three hours. He thought of pretexts—of inviting her to go somewhere, but that was absurd, for he could see her at home all day if he liked; of carrying her a book, but there could be no such haste about a book; of going to ask if he had left his cane, but why should he be in such a hurry for his cane? All at once he thought he could take her some flowers—a bouquet to lay beside her plate at breakfast. He dramatized himself charging the servant who should take it

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from him at the door not to say who left it; but Alice would know, of course, and they would all know; it would be very pretty. He made Mrs. Pasmer say some flattering things of him, and he made Alice blush deliciously to hear them. He could not manage Mr. Pasmer very well, and he left him out of the scene: he imagined him shaving in another room; then he remembered his wearing a full beard.

He dressed himself as quickly as he could, and went down into the hotel vestibule, where he had noticed people selling flowers the evening before, but there was no one there with them now, and none of the florists' shops on the street were open yet. He could not find anything till he went to the Providence Depot, and the man there had to take some of his yesterday's flowers out of the refrigerator where he kept them; he was not sure they would be very fresh; but the heavy rose-buds had fallen open, and they were superb. Dan took all there were, and when they had been sprinkled with water, and wrapped in cotton batting, and tied round with paper, it was still only quarter of eight, and he left them with the man till he could get his breakfast at the depot restaurant. There it had a consoling effect of not being so early; many people were already breakfasting, and when Dan said, with his order, "Hurry it up, please," he knew that he was taken for a passenger just arrived or departing. By a fantastic impulse he ordered eggs and bacon again; he felt it a fine derision of the past and a seal of triumph upon the present to have the same breakfast after his acceptance as he had ordered after his rejection; he would tell Alice about it, and it would amuse her. He imagined how he would say it, and she would laugh; but she would be full of a ravishing compassion for his past suffering. They were long bringing the breakfast; when it came he despatched it so quickly that it was only a quarter after eight when he paid his check at the counter. He tried to be five minutes more getting his flowers, but the man had them all ready for him, and it did not take him ten seconds. He had said he would carry them at nine; but thinking it over on a bench in the Garden, he decided that he had better go sooner: they might breakfast earlier, and there would be no fun if Alice did not find the roses beside her plate; that was the whole idea. It was not till he stood at the door of the Pasmer apartment that he reflected that he was not accomplishing his wish to see Alice by leaving her those flowers; he was a fool, for now he would have to postpone coming a little, because he had already come.

The girl who answered the bell did not understand the charge he gave her about the roses, and he repeated his words. Some one passing through the room beyond seemed to hesitate and pause at the sound of his voice. Could it be Alice? Then he should see her, after all! The girl looked over her shoulder and said, "Mrs. Pasmer."

Mrs. Pasmer came forward, and he fell into a complicated explanation and apology. At the end she said, "You had better give them yourself." They were in the room now, and Mrs. Pasmer let herself go. "Stay and breakfast with us, Mr. Mavering. We shall be so glad to have you. We were just sitting down."

Alice came in, and they decorously shook hands. Mrs. Pasmer turned away a smile at their decorum. "I will see that there's a place for you," she said, leaving them.

They were instantly in each other's arms. It seemed to him that all this had happened because he had so strongly wished it.

"What is it, Dan? What did you come for?" she asked.

"To see if it was really true, Alice. I couldn't believe it."

"Well—let me go—you mustn't—it's too silly. Of course it's true." She pulled herself free. "Is my hair tumbled? You oughtn't to have come; it's ridiculous; but I'm glad you came. I've been thinking it all over, and I've got a great many things to say to you. But come to breakfast now."

She had a business-like way of treating the situation that was more intoxicating than sentiment would have been, and gave it more actuality.

Mrs. Pasmer was alone at the table, and explained that Alice's father never breakfasted with them, or very seldom. "Where are your flowers?" she asked Alice.

"Flowers? What flowers?"

"That Mr. Mavering brought."

They all looked at one another. Dan ran out and brought in his roses.

"They were trying to get away in the excitement, I guess, Mrs. Pasmer; I found them behind the door." He had flung

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them there, without knowing it, when Mrs. Pasmer left him with Alice.

He expected her to join him and her mother in being amused at this, but he was as well pleased to have her touched at his having brought them, and to turn their gayety off in praise of the roses. She got a vase for them, and set it on the table. He noticed for the first time the pretty house dress she had on, with its barred corsage and under-skirt, and the heavy silken rope knotted round it at the waist, and dropping in heavy tufts or balls in front.

The breakfast was Continental in its simplicity, and Mrs. Pasmer said that they had always kept up their Paris habit of a light breakfast, even in London, where it was not so easy to follow foreign customs as it was in America. She was afraid he might find it too light. Then he told all about his morning's adventure, ending with his breakfast at the Providence Depot. Mrs. Pasmer entered into the fun of it, but she said it was for only once in a way, and he must not expect to be let in if he came at that hour another morning. He said no; he understood what an extraordinary piece of luck it was for him to be there; and he was there to be bidden to do whatever they wished. He said so much in recognition of their goodness that he became abashed by it. Mrs. Pasmer sat at the head of the table, and Alice across it from him, so far off that she seemed parted from him by an insuperable moral distance. A warm flush seemed to rise from his heart into his throat and stifle him. He wished to shed tears. His eyes were wet with grateful happiness in answering Mrs. Pasmer that he would not have any more coffee. "Then," she said, "we will go into the drawing-room;" but she allowed him and Alice to go alone.

He was still in that illusion of awe and of distance, and he submitted to the interposition of another table between their chairs.

"I wish to talk with you," she said, so seriously that he was frightened, and said to himself: "Now she is going to break it off. She has thought it over, and she finds she can't endure me."

"Well?" he said, huskily.

"You oughtn't to have come here, you know, this morning."

"I know it," he vaguely conceded. "But I didn't expect to get in."

"Well, now you're here, we may as well talk. You must tell your family at once."

"Yes; I'm going to write to them as soon as I get back to my room. I couldn't, last night."

"But you *mustn't* write; you must go—and prepare their minds."

"Go?" he echoed. "Oh, *that* isn't necessary! My father knows about it from the beginning, and I guess they've all talked it over. Their *minds* are prepared." The sense of his immeasurable superiority to any one's opposition began to dissipate Dan's unnatural awe; at the pleading face which Alice put on, resting one cheek against the back of one of her clasped hands, and leaning on the table with her elbows, he began to be teased by that silken rope round her waist.

"But you don't understand, dear," she said; and she said "dear" as if they were old married people. "You must go to see them, and tell them; and then some of them must come to see me—your father and sisters."

"Why, of course." His eye now became fastened to one of the fluffy silken balls.

"And then mamma and I must go to see your mother, mustn't we?"

"It 'll be very nice of you—yes. You know she can't come to you."

"Yes, that's what I thought, and—What are you looking at?" she drew herself back from the table and followed the direction of his eye with a woman's instinctive apprehension of disarray.

He was ashamed to tell. "Oh, nothing. I was just thinking."

"What?"

"Well, I don't know. That it seems so strange any one else should have anything to do with it—my family and yours. But I suppose they must. Yes, it's all right."

"Why, of course. If your family didn't like it—"

"It wouldn't make any difference to me," said Dan, resolutely.

"It would to me," she retorted, with tender reproach. "Do you suppose it would be pleasant to go into a family that didn't like you? Suppose papa and mamma didn't like you?"

"But I thought they did," said Mavering, with his mind still partly on the rope and the fluffy ball, but keeping his eyes away.

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"Yes, they do," said Alice. "But your family don't know me at all; and your father's only seen me once. Can't you understand? I'm afraid we don't look at it seriously enough—earnestly—and oh, I do wish to have everything done as it should be! Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me tremble. I've been thinking about it all the morning, and—and—praying."

Dan wanted to fall on his knees to her. The idea of Alice in prayer was fascinating.

"I wish our life to begin with others, and not with ourselves. If we're intrusted with so much happiness, doesn't it mean that we're to do good with it—to give it to others as if it were money?"

The nobleness of this thought stirred Dan greatly; his eyes wandered back to the silken rope; but now it seemed to him an emblem of voluntary suffering and self-sacrifice, like a devotee's hempen girdle. He perceived that the love of this angelic girl would elevate him and hallow his whole life if he would let it. He answered her, fervently, that he would be guided by her in this as in everything; that he knew he was selfish, and he was afraid he was not very good; but it was not because he had not wished to be so; it was because he had not had any incentive. He thought how much nobler and better this was than the talk he had usually had with girls. He said that of course he would go home and tell his people; he saw now that it would make them happier if they could hear it directly from him. He had only thought of writing because he could not bear to think of letting a day pass without seeing her; but if he took the early morning train he could get back the same night, and still have three hours at Ponkwasset Falls, and he would go the next day, if she said so.

"Go to-day, Dan," she said, and she stretched out her hand impressively across the table toward him. He seized it with a gush of tenderness, and they drew together in their resolution to live for others. He said he would go at once. But the next train did not leave till two o'clock, and there was plenty of time. In the mean while it was in the accomplishment of their high aims that they sat down on the sofa together and talked of their future; Alice conditioned it wholly upon his people's approval of her, which seemed wildly unnecessary to Mavering, and amused him immensely.

"Yes," she said, "I know you will think me strange in a great many things; but I shall never keep anything from you, and I'm going to tell you that I went to matins this morning."

"To matins?" echoed Dan. He would not quite have liked her a Catholic; he remembered with relief that she had said she was not a Roman Catholic; though, when he came to think, he would not have cared a great deal. Nothing could have changed her from being Alice.

"Yes, I wished to consecrate the first morning of our engagement; and I'm always going. Don't you like it?" she asked, timidly.

"Like it!" he said. "I'm going with you."

"Oh no!" she turned upon him. "*That* wouldn't do." She became grave again. "I'm glad you approve of it, for I should feel that there was something wanting to our happiness. If marriage is a sacrament, why shouldn't an engagement be?"

"It is," said Dan, and he felt that it was holy; till then he had never realized that marriage was a sacrament, though he had often heard the phrase.

At the end of an hour they took a tender leave of each other, hastened by the sound of Mrs. Pasmer's voice without. Alice escaped from one door before her mother entered by the other. Dan remained, trying to look unconcerned, but he was sensible of succeeding so poorly that he thought he had better offer his hand to Mrs. Pasmer at once. He told her that he was going up to Ponkwasset Falls at two o'clock, and asked her to please remember him to Mr. Pasmer.

She said she would, and asked him if he were to be gone long.

"Oh no; just overnight—till I can tell them what's happened." He felt it a comfort to be trivial with Mrs. Pasmer, after bracing up to Alice's ideals. "I suppose they'll have to know."

"What an exemplary son!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "Yes, I suppose they will."

"I supposed it would be enough if I wrote, but Alice thinks I'd better report in person."

"I think you had, indeed! And it will be a good thing for you both to have the time for clarifying your ideas. Did she tell you she had been at matins this morning?" A light of laughter trembled

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in Mrs. Pasmer's eyes, and Mavering could not keep a responsive gleam out of his own. In an instant the dedication of his engagement by morning prayer ceased to be a high and solemn thought, and became deliciously amusing; and this laughing Alice over with her mother did more to realize the fact that she was his than anything else had yet done.

In that dark passage outside he felt two arms go tenderly round his neck, and a soft shape strain itself to his heart. "I know you have been laughing about me. But you may. I'm yours now, even to laugh at, if you want."

"You are mine to fall down and worship," he vowed, with an instant revulsion of feeling.

Alice didn't say anything; he felt her hand fumbling about his coat lapel. "Where *is* your breast pocket?" she asked; and he took hold of her hand, which left a carte-de-visite-shaped something in his.

"It isn't very good," she murmured, as well as she could, with her lips against his cheek, "but I thought you'd like to show them some proof of my existence. I shall have none of yours while you're gone."

"Oh, Alice! you think of everything!"

His heart was pierced by the soft reproach implied in her words; he had not thought to ask her for her photograph, but she had thought to give it; she must have felt it strange that he had not asked for it, and she had meant to slip it in his pocket and let him find it there. But even his pang of self-upbraiding was a part of his transport. He seemed to float down the stairs; his mind was in a delirious whirl. "I shall go mad," he said to himself in the excess of his joy; "I shall die!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE SISTERS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HERE in the garden Rose rambles with me,
Here where the flowers are all blossoming free:
Modest white candytufts, flaunting sword-lilies,
Low-growing pinks, and sweet-scented stock-gillies;
Queen of them all is the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

Bearing before us their bright spikes of fire,
Salvias ask us to gaze and admire;
Here in our pathway the pansies are spreading
Purple and gold—a gay road to a wedding;
Over them all towers the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

Rose listens timidly here as I speak,
Eyelids low-drooping, a flush on her cheek;
Flashes a moment the shiest of glances—
Glance that tells much while my soul it entrances;
Trembling, a rose-bud she plucks—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

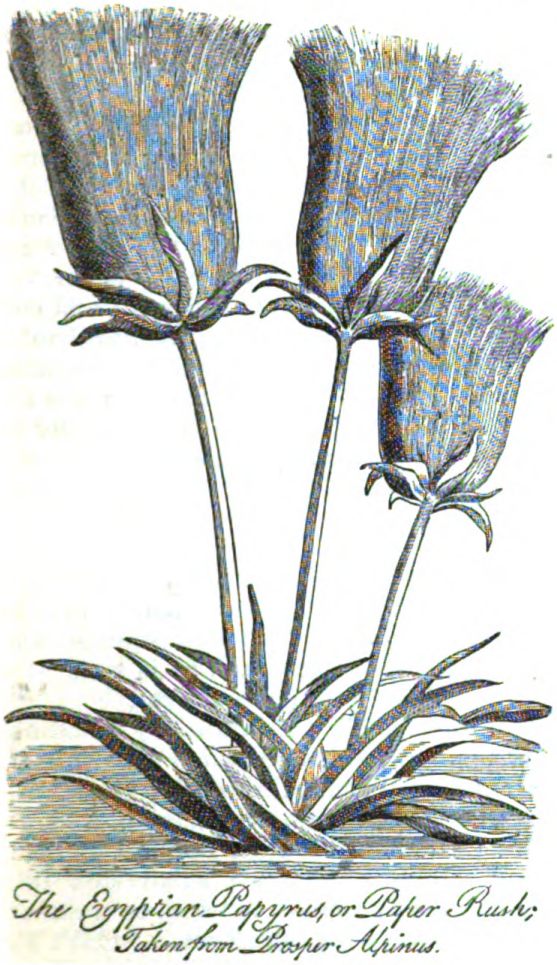
Two of the sisters to meet us have come.
Both of them greet us, but Rose has grown dumb.
Lily, as always, is gracious and stately;
Pansy is curious, but stands there sedately;
Rose deeply blushes—ah! *she* is the rose
In my heart's garden that bourgeons and blows.

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GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

VI.—A SHEET OF PAPER.

BY R. R. BOWKER.



From a print in Koops's book, 1801.

I.

WITHOUT paper the modern world would be literally impossible. The letter, the newspaper, the bank-note—these three applications of paper alone make a great part of the social and commercial machinery without which we would not and could not be what we are.

Of course the Chinese had invented or discovered paper some time before the Christian era, and to this day our finest paper comes from the far East. So much store do they set by it that a quantity of paper is often part of a bride's dowry. They made and used pulp for the purpose, as we do now, and from them, through the Arabians, the modern processes of paper-making came into Europe about the eighth century. But the earliest paper, with them as with the Egyptians, came from the pith of plants cut into thin scales and patched together. The Egyptian reed *papyrus*, or *byblos* (as the Greeks called it), gave us, indeed, both our word *paper* and our word *Bible* and its cognates. The papyrus is a rush growing in still pools of water to a height of ten or twenty feet, sometimes as thick as a man's arm, below water. It is now scarcely known in Egypt. The thin pellicles of pith under the outer skin below the water-line were carefully peeled off, with the help of a small pin or pointed mussel shell, and the pieces laid together with overlapping edges, crossed with other layers three or more thicknesses deep, pressed, dried in the sun, and "sleeked with a tooth." To this day the so-called "rice-paper" is made by the Chinese in similar manner by deftly cutting a continuous slice from the pith of the *Olrelia papyrifera*. Pliny asserts that the Nile water, having a certain glutinous quality, was necessary to dampen the sheets, but this seems to have been an error.

Twenty layers could sometimes be got from one stalk, and the process of peeling or furrowing off gave us, through the Greek *charasso*, to furrow, and Greek and Latin *charta*, a sheet of paper, our several words *chart*, *card*, *carte blanche*, and the like. Twenty sheets were glued together into a *scapus* by the *glutinatoris*, the ancient bookbinder, and then again into a *volumen*, or roll, whence our word *volume*. In Paris there is one papyrus manuscript thirty feet long. The Romans improved upon the Egyptians by sizing their *charta* with wheaten flour boiled into paste, with a few drops of vinegar added, and by hammering it smooth.

This old-fashioned process of making could not supply a hundredth or a thousandth part of the modern demand. The substitute was simple enough. Instead of laying together the slices of pith, the fibres which exist more or less in most plants were obtained, and these matted or felted together into sheets. Nature herself gives a hint of this process at brook-sides where the *conferva* grows. The fibres of this water-plant, disintegrated

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by the action of water, are said to rise to the surface as a scum, which, matted together by wind and current, and dried and bleached by the sun, is sometimes left on shore, after an overflow, as a veritable sheet of paper. The variety of fibre which can be used for this purpose is shown by the list of English patents on paper-making materials, which includes, aside from rags and old paper, cotton, flax, hemp, and the other textile plants, esparto or alfa, and other grasses, jute, aloe fibre, banana fibre, bean stalks, cocoa-nut fibre and the kernels of the nut, clover, hay, heath, hops, husks of grain, leaves, maize, and sugar-cane, moss, nettles, pea stalks, various roots, straw, sea-weed and fresh-water weeds, thistles and thistle-down, and tobacco stalks, wood, barks, saw-dust, and tan, wool, silk, fur, hair, leather, peat, dung, gutta-percha, and asbestos. This is by no means a comprehensive survey; but perhaps the most curious material ever tried was the bag of "frog-spittle," the curious spume which surrounds the larvæ of the frog-hopper or froth-worm, brought to the Catskill paper-mill about 1800 by one De Labigarre, which was actually made into a rather poor piece of paper, to the great delight of many foolish people, who saw here the germ of a new industry. In the Smithsonian Institution there is a German book of about 1772, in which Schaffers, preacher at Ratisbon, binds together sheets of paper from more than sixty different materials, the result of his own experiments alone, and several American libraries have copies of the very curious "Historical account of the substances which have been used to describe events and to convey ideas from the earliest date to the invention of paper," printed 1800–1801 by Matthias Koops, Esq., "on paper manufactured solely from straw"—an illustration from which is reproduced in this article—with an appendix printed on wood paper. Koops was the first to make over old paper into new. A French manufacturer had, however, obtained a silver medal from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, in 1788, for several quires of paper made from the bark of the sallow-tree, and the idea of making paper from wood seems to have been suggested by Réaumur, in 1719, as a result of his observations on the fabric of wasps' nests. Schaffers's book included a paper made from hornets' nests. Among several other similar volumes was an early work (1727) by a German naturalist, Dr. Bruechman, on stones, in which he speaks of asbestos, and of which he printed four copies on paper made of that mineral.

The vegetable fibres depend for their value as paper-making materials on the fibrous "cellulose," which is the basis of nearly all vegetation, cotton being almost pure cellulose. Cotton paper is traced back in Europe to the beginning of the eighth century; it was called *charta bombycine*, cotton being regarded as a vegetable silk. Some of the early paper was made from wool, or mixed wool and cotton. Somewhere about 1100, probably, although the date is altogether uncertain, linen began to take its place as the supreme paper-making material, chiefly in the shape of rags. "Rags are yet King," writes an enthusiastic devotee of his Majesty.

II.

The old-fashioned "ragman" is indeed the main-stay of the paper-maker, and he exists, in more or less picturesque personality, all over the world, as is suggested by the names of the qualities recognized "in the trade." One authority schedules as main divisions Japanese rags, Liban, Memel, Smyrna, Alexandria, Constantinople, Trieste, Leghorn, Russian, Königsberg, Hamburg, Dutch, Belgian, British, and domestic rags, all subdivided into mysteriously named, lettered, or numbered sub-classes, *ad infinitum*. "CSPFFF No. 1, cottons," is, for instance, a Hamburg variety; the domestic *genus* includes as *species* "city whites," Nos. 1 and 2, "colors," "country mixed," "country seconds," "country whites," "mill assorted, whites," "new seconds, dark," and a few dozen others, while simpler Japan furnishes chiefly "blues, ordinary," and "blues, selected."

It was only after much coaxing that the world could be got into the habit of saving its rags. A curious petition to the Pope (1471) asked his admiration for the enterprise which had collected rags enough to print 12,475 volumes. An old English writer is pleased that the act of Parliament providing that the dead were to be buried in no other dress than wool —intended to encourage the wool trade— saved about 250,000 pounds of linen annually for paper-making. The early American newspapers are full of quaint appeals, in prose and verse, to save rags.

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The Boston *News Letter*, 1769, announced that "the bell cart will go through Boston about the end of next month to collect rags," and added:

"Rags are as beauties which concealèd lie,
But when in paper, how it charms the eye!
Pray save your rags, new beauties to discover,
For of paper, truly, every one's a lover;
By the pen and press such knowledge is displayed
As wouldn't exist if paper was not made.
Wisdom of things, mysterious, divine,
Illustriously doth on paper shine."

The Massachusetts General Court, in 1776, required the Committee of Safety in each town to appoint a suitable person to receive rags, and appealed to the inhabitants to save even the smallest quantity. The Norwich *Courier* hoped every man would say to his wife, "Molly, make a rag-bag, and hang it under the shelf where the big Bible lies"; and the Boston *Gazette*, 1798, urged that every child should be taught its "rag lesson." Patriotism and frugality were alike invoked. The postmaster at Troy, New York, in 1801, urged the ladies of New York State to imitate the exemplary saving of those in Massachusetts and Connecticut towns, who "display an elegant work-bag as part of the furniture of their parlors, in which every rag is carefully preserved," in which case "this State would not be drained of its circulating cash for paper and other manufactures which American artists can furnish." About the same time the magistrates of an English town had a similar appeal painted in large letters on boards, which were put up in public resorts. The climax was reached by the appeal from the new mill at Moreau, New York, in 1808, to "the ladies, young, old, and middle-aged." "If the necessary stock is denied paper-mills, young ladies must languish in vain for tender epistles from their respective swains; bachelors may be reduced to the necessity of a personal attendance upon the fair, when a written communication would be an excellent substitute. For clean cotton and linen rags of every color and description, matrons can be furnished with Bibles, spectacles, and snuff; mothers with grammars, spelling-books, and primers for their children; and young misses may be supplied with bonnets, ribbons, and ear-rings for the decoration of their persons (by means of which they may obtain husbands), or by sending them to the said mill they may receive cash."

Our forefathers got as much as 3*d* per pound for clear white rags (2*d* and less for mixed), for which price we can now buy a good deal more than a pound of fairly good paper or a yard of cloth. Our mothers got 3 cents a pound for white and 2 cents for colored rags, until the war came, when 6 cents a pound and more was paid. Now the frugal-minded housewife gets only a single cent. America is not a very ragged country, but it furnishes about half its supply of rags, importing the other half: in 1885–6, 107,976,167 pounds, valued at $2,291,989, or $2\frac{1}{10}$ cents per pound, besides $2,807,987 worth of other paper stock. Rags and most other paper stock are imported duty free.

The increasing consumption of paper started anew the search for fibrous materials other than rags, and about the middle of the century Mr. Lloyd, of *Lloyd's Weekly*, London, introduced the *esparto*, a Spanish grass grown in North Africa and Spain, which has of late years supplied nearly half the material for English paper-makers. The proprietors of one of the London dailies have an esparto farm in North Africa for the supply of their paper-mill, which in turn supplies their presses. This grass is nearly half clear cellulose, and as a mixture with rags it makes perhaps a better paper than any American fibres, but it requires a large proportion of caustic soda and other chemicals to boil it free from resin and gritty silica, and the high cost of these and the distance of production have given it little vogue in America. The demand has now outrun the supply of this fibre, and Mr. Routledge recommends a new source in the young green shoots of the bamboo.

In America and in the northern European countries the plentiful supply of wood has offered another solution to the problem, while straw is very widely used for the cheaper papers. Various woods vary curiously in their proportion of cellulose, from less than forty per cent. in oak to fifty-seven per cent. in fir; it is from the poplar and like woods that the pulp is commonly made. There are two kinds, commonly known to paper-makers as "mechanical" and "chemical" wood-pulp, the one obtained by mere grinding or shredding, the other through disintegration by chemicals.

The first machine for grinding wood-pulp was patented in Germany in 1844 by

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one Keller, who sold his right to the Voelter firm, by whom an improved machine was patented in the United States in 1858. This invention, which is the basis of the "mechanical wood-pulp" industry, is simply an ingenious device to hold split logs against a revolving grindstone parallel to their fibre, with a constant supply of water and an automatically elastic pressure, so that the wood is shredded into fibre instead of ground to powder. In a succession of tanks this fibre is sorted out according to its length, and it is then matted together (usually on the cylinder paper-making machine to be hereafter described) into sheets of dry "half-stuff," or dried loose and sold in bulk (?). The Voelter patent recently expired, but within its period 187 or more patents for wood-grinders were taken out in this country. One process looks to the softening of the wood and toughening of the fibre by previous boiling in dilute alkali. The mechanical wood-pulp is used chiefly for cheap news paper, and is very apt to prove rather a filling than a fibre.

Chemical wood-pulp is made by separating the foreign matter from the fibrous cellulose by the use of chemicals, much like the treatment of rags, yet to be described. The original process was the boiling of the wood chips with about twenty per cent. of caustic soda, under a pressure of from ten to fourteen atmospheres, but the high temperature thus developed weakened and browned the fibres. The later acid processes use a bisulphite of lime or magnesia, requiring a boiler lined with lead, to oxidize the extraneous substances; the cellulose remaining is apt to be hard and transparent, but these difficulties are said to be removed by subsequent treatment with an alkaline solution. Chemical wood-pulp is in this country the chief mixture for good papers.

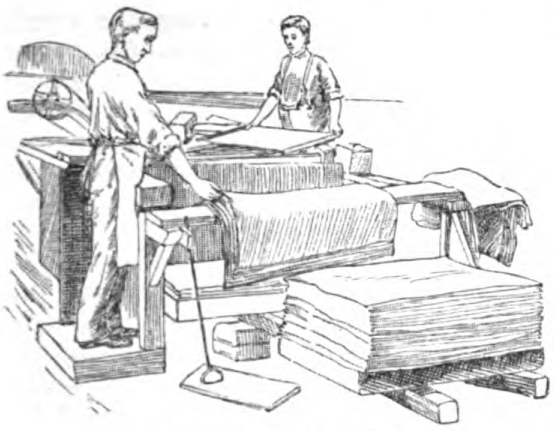
Great quantities of brown or "Manila" paper—some of it excellent writing or printing papers—are now made from Manila hemp, a fabric from a plant allied to the banana; from the sisal-grass, also called agave and American aloe, grown in Central America; and from jute, the fibre of a reed grown in India, in flooded districts like our own rice fields, which produces also the gunny-bags, largely used to bale cotton, and is used also for other textile fabrics, or in mixture with wool, flax, or silk, or even as imitation human hair in cheap chignons, the best fibre having a fine golden color and silky gloss. Jute butts are the cuttings of the plant below water or at the bottom of the stalk, and these are also a material for cheap paper. Manila and hemp are subject to $25 per ton, sisal-grass to $15, and jute butts to $5, duty, and jute itself to twenty per cent.; nevertheless, we import over 150,000 tons of these, partly for paper-making, valued at over $10,000,000. Some attempts have also been made to use the fibre of cane, disintegrating it by firing it from a gun.

Once made, paper nowadays undergoes a continuous transmigration, such as the Orientals attribute to human souls. Since Matthias Koops succeeded, at the beginning of the century, in utilizing waste or "broken" paper as a paper-making material, the processes for that purpose have been so developed that old paper is now one of the chief kinds of paper stock, especially for use in paper-hangings. The old ink and sizing are easily dissolved out by a solution of caustic soda or other alkali at high temperature, and the paper is then "beaten" back to fibre as any other material would be.

III.

The modern paper-maker has a thousand things to think of, yet the apparently complicated work of the marvellous paper-making machine is a simple enough development from that of the hand-worker centuries ago, which is also that of hand-made paper-making to-day. Whatever fibrous material he used, he had first to rid it of all but the clear, clean fibre, and then reduce that to an even pulp. To this end the rags or bark or what not were cut in bits, dusted, boiled to softness, bleached, and further disintegrated, and finally beaten to a smooth pulp by mallets, or pestle and mortar, or stampers moved by water or wind. At first, indeed, before the use of chemical agents was discovered, and the color of the material determined that of the paper, the process was even more primitive; the cut rags were piled up moist in cellars or vats, and left to rot for from six to twenty days, by which time the vegetable gluten, having fermented or putrefied, could be dissolved out. Water, heat, chemicals, and power were the simple agents in this cookery, which produced what the housewife might call a *purée*, or smooth soup, of fibre. This was now before the paper-maker in a vat. He held in his hand an

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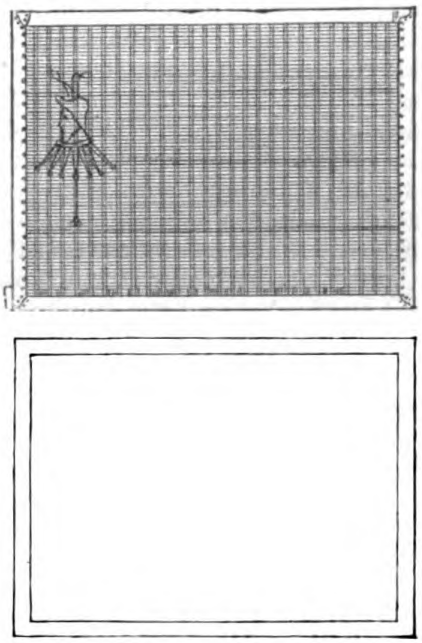


HAND-PAPER MAKING.

oblong sieve, so to speak, called the *mould*, made either of fine wire or, among the Japanese and Chinese, of split bamboo, on the edge of which he placed a frame, called the *deckel*, like the frame of a child's slate, exactly the size of the frame of the sieve or mould itself. When he dipped the mould, thus rimmed, into the vat in front of him, he brought up, of course, as much of the pulp as the height of the deckel permitted; the water at once drained off through the sieve, leaving a thick or thin layer of moist pulp, according as a high or low deckel had been used. As the water drained, the paper-maker shook the mould gently to and fro, to felt or mat together the fibres. In some moulds the wire was closely woven together, in and out like cloth, and paper from such was called *wove* paper; in others the sieve was a series of straight wires crossed an inch or so apart by stouter ones, and paper from such was called *laid* paper. A device showing the name of the maker or some distinctive mark was commonly worked in wire upon the other wires, and here, as the water drained off, the paper was left thinner than in other places, so that when held to the light the *water-mark*, as it got to be called, appeared. A good many forgeries have been proven by showing that a document was written on paper having a water-mark never used so early as the writing purported to be written. Of course these markings appear only on one side—that is, in hand-made paper, the under side. When the pulp is well drained, the *coucher*, as the next man is called, takes the mould, removes the deckel, and turns off the moist sheet upon a *couch*, or sheet of felt stretched over a board. A pile is presently made, first a sheet of pulp, then a sheet of felt, and this *post*, as it is called when it is several quires thick, is put in a press, and the remaining moisture is squeezed out. The felts are then removed, the sheets are again pressed, hung over hair ropes in the drying-loft to dry further, then dipped in size to fill up the pores, which otherwise would absorb ink as blotting-paper does, then pressed and dried again, and perhaps hot-pressed, to give a smoother surface, by passing between heated metal rollers.

To this day hand-made paper, untrimmed, is used exclusively for printing Bank of England notes, which are printed only two to the sheet, so that on every genuine note three of the four edges are rough. India, Japan, and Holland papers, used for etchings and other fine illustrated work, are hand-made papers produced in those countries, although so-called India paper is often of Holland manufacture.

The United States boasts but one hand-made paper factory, at North Adams, Massachusetts, producing but a few hundred pounds per day, but Great Britain, from several mills, produces about sixty tons per week. The industry there is controlled by the "Original Society of Paper-makers," which is one of the oldest and perhaps the most restrictive of trades-unions. An employer may take only one apprentice



MOULD AND DECKEL.

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in five years for each seven men in his employ; the son of a paper-maker must always be preferred, but he cannot be apprenticed after he has reached fifteen, and a lad not born into the craft cannot be apprenticed after he is fourteen years old. The apprentice must serve and pay to the society for seven years; he then pays his "freedom fee," and gets his "card." Without this certificate of membership in the society he cannot get work in a hand-made paper mill, nor in a machine mill within the county of Kent, whose pure water makes it the chief seat of paper-making in England. In the other shires society men work with non-society men, but in machine mills only, and providing the wages are at society rates. The society makes a fixed rate for wages, not a minimum, but one which requires all workmen to be paid the same. It is based on the day's work of so many reams of a given size and weight. Thus, "Imperial" size of 72 pounds to the ream is made at the rate of three reams per day; if the same size is to be of only 40 pounds weight, still only three reams would be made, but if, contrariwise, it is to be of 90 pounds weight, the production would be correspondingly reduced, that is, to about two and a half reams per day. For special sizes not scheduled the employer must make a specific arrangement with the society or its members in his mill, before he can safely take a contract; otherwise his contract may be practically vetoed. The purpose and result of the organization is to enforce equality; it puts all the employers on even terms as to cost of labor, and all the employés on even terms as to amount and pay of work. This, of course, checks progress, and keeps the quicker and better workman from rising above the dead level; the apprenticeship rules steadily reduce the membership of the society, and if unmodified would ultimately destroy the trade; and the employers lament that Holland is more and more obtaining the natural business of England. The plan is the complete practical application of the "wage-fund" theory held by English economists in old times, that there was a certain amount of capital to be divided among laborers as wages, so that the more men there were and the more work they did, the less they got for it. If the society had been strong enough outside as well as inside England, at the time of the invention of the paper-making machine, to prevent the supply of men to work it, the modern newspaper, the cheap book, the penny post, would not have been possible, and the tens of thousands of men now engaged in making paper and the hundreds of thousands now engaged in using it would have been hard put to it for work and wages.

This attempt was in fact made, as it has been made in almost every trade into which labor-saving machinery has entered. It was in the early part of this century a day's work for three men to "make" 4000 small sheets of hand-made paper, and it took about three months to complete the process. Many paper-mills were of two vats only, requiring about $10,000 capital, employing twelve or more men, boys, and girls, and making two to three thousand reams a year. The English proprietors of the new machine stated, in 1806–7, that while seven vats cost to run £2604 12*s.* per year, one of their machines, at the price of from £715 to £1040, would do the work of seven vats for £734 12*s.*—a saving of £1870 per year. It cost to make paper by hand 16*s.* per hundred-weight; by machine, 3*s.* 6*d.* Presently the number of men necessary to work a Fourdrinier was reduced from five to three, and after some improvements it was possible to deliver paper the next day after pulp went into the machine. At first sight all this looked like starvation to the paper-maker; disturbances ensued; machines were attacked and broken to pieces. It was the same spirit which in 1390 caused the Italian workmen in Ulman Stromer's paper-mill at Nuremberg, the first in Germany, to revolt, because he wanted to add a third roller to the two sets, working eighteen stampers, which he already used—a revolt only quelled by the interference of the magistrates. It is a spirit which exists more or less now, but happily, as the facts of progress increasingly show, it is a mistaken spirit which must disappear, as with broader education working-men become better able to apply the experience of the past to the conduct of the present.

IV.

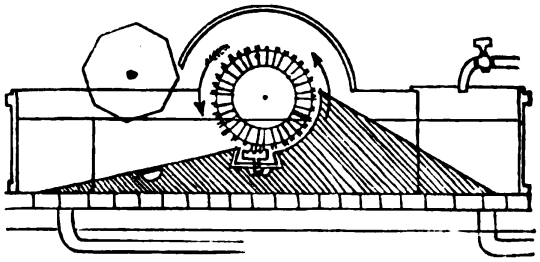
Let us now enter a modern mill and follow a sheet of paper from its beginning to its end. If it is to be of the best quality, such as is used for printing this Magazine, it begins where other things end, in rags. These are waiting, in huge bales, for the knife of the opener, who feeds

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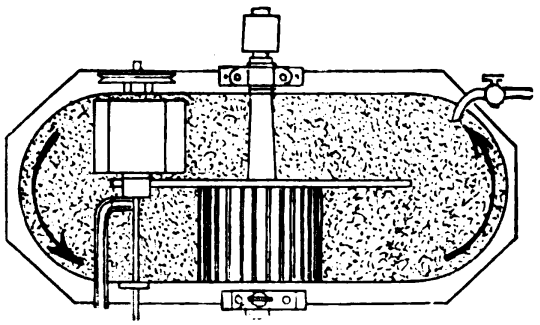
them into the "thrasher," where, inside an enormous wooden box, revolving arms thrash the dust out of them as they are tumbled round. They go now to the sorting-room, where buttons and other intruders are disposed of, and where large pieces are "shredded" into smaller ones against upright stationary knives, like scythe blades, mostly by women, who toss the different qualities into different boxes in the tables before which they stand. Thence the rags go to the "cutter," where revolving knives chop them into still smaller bits, and some mills here use various ingenious devices for removing foreign substances, magnetic brushes being employed in one machine to attract any bits or dust of metal. They must now be further dusted—if very dirty, first by the "devil," a hollow cone with spikes projecting within, against which work the spikes of a drum, dashing the rags about at great speed; and afterward by the "duster" proper, a conical revolving sieve, through which the rags emerge upon an endless belt, which carries them under one or two pair of sharp eyes, on a final lookout for overlooked buttons or unchopped pieces, along to the boilers. We follow, and find ourselves in a steamy room, where piles of rags are being mysteriously disposed of through holes in the floor. These prove to be the openings of huge rotary boilers, fed by steam, which we see hung from the ceiling on the floor below, some of them eighteen feet long by six feet in diameter, holding over two tons of rags, which, as the boiler revolves, are tumbled about in lime-water ("milk of lime"), or a solution of mixed lime and soda-ash, until their disposition is softened by trouble and their countenance blanched by fear. From thence the mushy material which results goes to the important machines called the "washers" and "beaters," or, in general, the "engines," which make the "stuff" that is the food of the Fourdrinier. The rag engine, invented in Holland about 1750, is often called "the Hollander." The material for fine paper is run through both washer and beater; for coarse, only through one.

"The Hollander" is an oval iron tub, ten to twenty feet long, four to six broad, and about three high, divided for two-thirds of its length by a "mid-feather" or upright partition, which makes a sort of race-course for the rags to chase each other round the edge of the vat. On one side of the mid-feather the floor of the tub is raised in a quarter circle, close to which a roll covered with knives or "bars" revolves, so arranged that it can be lowered closer to the bedplate, furnished with corresponding bars, as it becomes necessary to make the pulp finer and finer. The tub is partly filled with pure water, the disintegrated and decolorized rags from the boilers are dumped in, the roll, set just close enough to the bedplate to "open up" the rags and free the remaining dirt, sweeps the rags up the incline and over the "back-fall," and a drum of wire-cloth partly immersed in the current sucks up, and discharges by means of buckets inside it connected with an escape spout, the now dirtied water, fed in a clear, continuous stream at the other end, while the actual dirt falls into a "sand-trap" in the bottom of the tub. When the discharge water begins to run clear, the roll is lowered closer to the bedplate, to tear the fibre to pieces, a solution of bleaching powder is run in, and after from two to six hours the dingy rags from the boilers have become a whitish fine mince of fibre. This mass is now removed to a bleaching cistern for a longer soak, or the bleaching solution is run off, and the fibre, if for the best paper, taken from the "washer" to another engine, called the "beater."

The beater is a closely similar machine,



Side View.



Top View.

BEATING ENGINE.

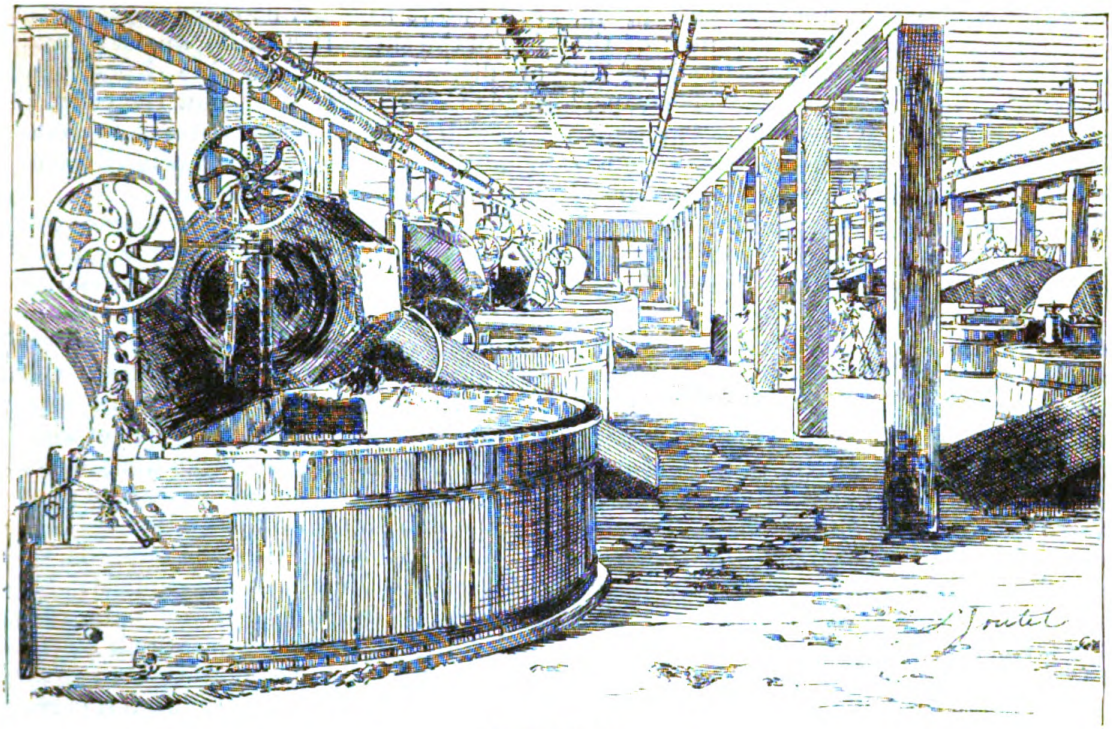
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except that the knives on its roll are grouped three instead of two together, and the roll is set closer to the bedplate, so as to beat the fibre still finer. But here some of the most important processes of paper-making are carried on—the selection of stock, loading, engine-sizing, and body-coloring. To make a certain grade of paper, to keep within a given price, to avoid lumping or discoloration when the chemicals are introduced, the superintendent at the beaters, like the cook with her flour and eggs and salt at hand, must choose and combine rightly the different kinds and quantity of stock, looking forward as well as backward, knowing and thinking of a thousand things—the cost of his rags, his chemicals, his labor, the wear and tear and difficulties of the Fourdrinier ahead. If paper is to be "loaded," that is, adulterated with clay or cheap fibres, these are added in the beater as the fibre swirls round and round. Clay, though a weakening adulteration when in quantity, is sometimes desirable in very cheap papers to give body or opacity to the paper. Then comes the "engine-sizing," distinguished from "tub-sizing," because in the one case the size is mixed with the fibre through and through in the beater or engine, while in the other it is soaked in from the surface of the paper as the web runs through a tub of size in its course through the Fourdrinier. Blotting-paper is made without size, so that it may freely suck the ink into its unchoked pores, and the hard paper, made wholly or chiefly of linen, and pressed by "supercalender" rollers into great compactness, used for the fine illustrated work of this Magazine, requires little or no sizing. But with most fibres, unsized, the ink would be absorbed into the pores, and would partly disappear from the surface, leaving a dingy instead of a sharp, clean print. For "engine-sizing," vegetable size is chiefly used: a soap made of resin is introduced into the beater, and when this is well mingled a solution of alum is added. A chemical combination, sometimes called the resinate of alumina, results, which fills the pores and interstices of the fibre, and makes the paper more or less waterproof when, later on, it is heated and pressed under the pressure of the drying cylinders of the Fourdrinier. If a paper is to be body-colored or tinted, the coloring matter is next introduced into the mass in the beater: for reds, cochineal, Brazil woods, or aniline reds; for yellows, various barks or plants, as barberry root and golden-rod, or chrome-yellow; for blues, Prussian blue or aniline blues; for black, lampblack or a combination of aniline dyes. White paper so called is really dyed with a little bluing and a trace of red. And thereby hangs a tale. About 1746 Mrs. Buttenshaw, wife of an English paper-maker, was one day washing some fine linen, when un(?)fortunately she dropped her bag of bluing into a vat of paper pulp. She thought it safe to keep quiet on the subject; but when Mr. B. admired the unusually white color of the paper from this vat, and in fact sold it in London for some shillings advance, she "owned up"; and this was the origin of bluing paper. The next time her husband went to London he brought back a costly scarlet cloak. What is often called "toned" paper is nearer the natural color—a yellowish shade—of the pulp. At last the fibre is in its final shape, well mixed, sized, colored, and closely beaten, and is now ready for the paper-making machine proper, or Fourdrinier.

V.

The paper-making machine, usually called a Fourdrinier, performs the remarkable work of receiving a fluid stream of pulp from its "stuff chest" at one end and turning out a dry, smooth, sized, and finished paper at the other, either in a continuous roll or cut into sheets of any size. The machine is an evolution from the invention of a French workman named Louis Robert, in Didot's hand-paper mill at Essonnes, who obtained a patent (No. 329) in 1799, and was also granted by the French government a bounty of 8000 francs for the development of his invention. M. Didot purchased Robert's rights, and to escape the turmoils of his own country crossed with John Gamble, an Englishman, to England, where, with the help of Bryan Donkin, a skilled mechanician, Robert's model was developed into very nearly the present machine. An English patent was secured in 1801, and the first machine mill was successfully started at Frogmore, Herts, in 1803. The brothers Henry and Sealy Fourdrinier purchased the rights in the original patents, made many improvements, in the course of which they spent £60,000, and secured an extension, and thus the machine which should have borne the name of Robert became asso-

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BEATING-ROOM.

ciated for all time with their name—another chapter in the long history of wronged inventors.

The machine-room of a modern paper-mill is a long room, well lighted and kept very free from dust, in which the visitor sees one or more machines, about six feet high and 120 or more feet long, mostly composed of sets of rollers, between which a web of paper is continuously passing and frequently disappearing from sight. The pulp, made fluid with abundance of pure water, is supplied to the "stuff chest," within which an "agitator" keeps it in suspense. It is thence pumped through a ball-valve into a "regulating box," whence there is an overflow at the top, so that from the always full box the pressure of the pulp is always the same as it flows into the machine through a discharge cock, by which the supply, and the consequent thickness of the paper, is regulated. The pulp passes first over the "sand tables," which are really shallow troughs, the bed of which is partly crossed by thin strips of wood, aslant of the current, and carpeted by long-haired felt, both of which operate to catch any remaining sand or dirt. Thence the pulp reaches the "screen," a horizontal plate of metal, with several hundred Λ-shaped slots, sometimes only one-thousandth of an inch wide (the narrow part at the top), about a quarter of an inch apart, through which the fibres must make their way, leaving behind all knots or matted fibres. A shaking motion is given to this plate to help the progress of the pulp through the slots, or in the "revolving strainers" and other modified forms a slight vacuum is produced to suck the pulp through. It should now be clean, fine, and even, ready to make the sheet, this part of the machine having simply completed the work of the beater.

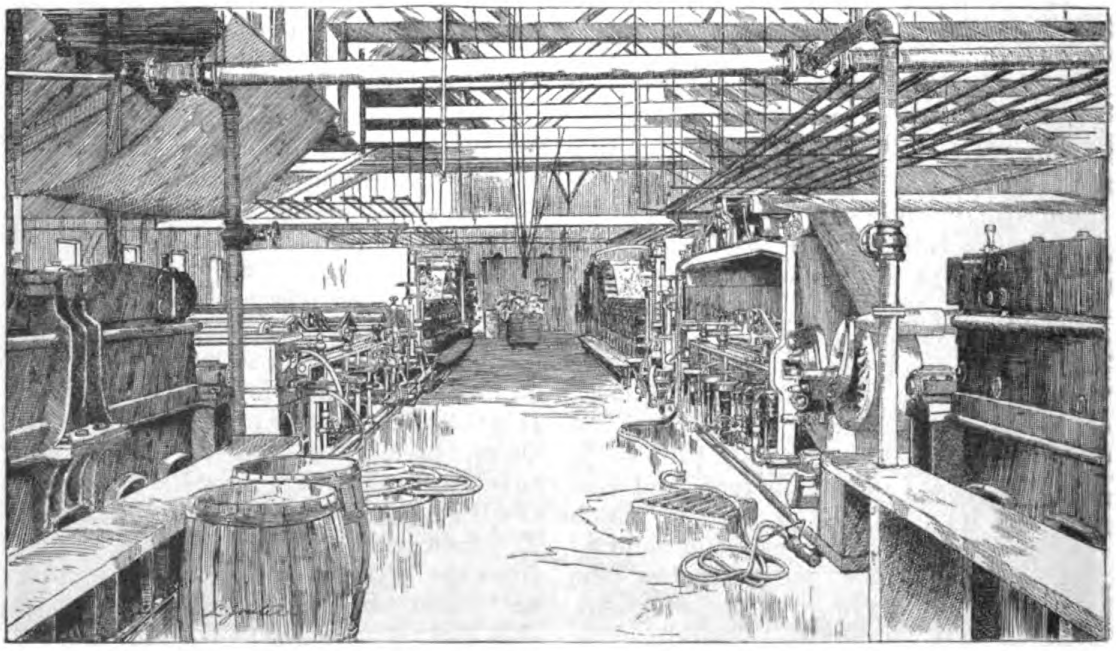
The next and essential part of the Fourdrinier does the work of the old moulder, as with his mould and deckel he dips out the desired thickness of pulp, strains off the water, and gives the "shake" which felts or mats the fibres together. The wire mould becomes an endless band of woven wire-cloth—always called simply the "wire"—the full width of the machine, and some machines are 110 inches wide. It is thirty-five to forty feet long, and travels on the breast roll at the near and the couch roll at the far end, with the help of small supporting rollers along its length. The fluid pulp is spread over this "wire" from the breast board of the strainers by an "apron" or fan-shaped rubber or oil-skin cloth, turned up at the edges, which delivers it under a gate or "slicer" intend-

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ed to assure the evenness of the spread, and finally regulate the thickness of the embryo sheet. Two square bands of India-rubber, called the "deckel straps," move with and on the "wire" at either side, and can be adjusted nearer together when it is desired to make a narrower sheet of paper. These and the slicer are attached to the "deckel frame," and together correspond to the deckel of the hand-paper maker. As the "wire" moves on with its layer of pulp, the water, charged with fine fibres, size, coloring matter, etc., drains through into the trough underneath, called the "save-all," whence it is carried back to the stuff chest, to give the pulp the extra supply of fluid it there needs. A shaking motion communicated to the "wire" from the frame on which the rollers bear assists this drainage and felts the fibres together. Toward the farther end of the "wire" the place of the save-all is taken by suction boxes, connected with an air-pump, by means of which the surplus water is sucked through. Between the suction boxes, above the "wire," a "dandy roll" covered with wire impresses any desired pattern or water-mark on the surface; if the paper is to be "wove," the dandy roll is of the same wire-cloth as the "wire" itself, so that the upper side and the under side of the finished paper will look exactly alike. The water-mark, however, remains (if there is one), and, as it is on the dandy roll, shows in machine-made paper on the *top* of the sheet, furnishing an easy means of distinguishing machine from hand made paper. We have now the continuous web of damp felted fibre, in the same condition in which the hand moulder delivers the sheet to the coucher.

The coucher's work is now taken up by this marvellous piece of automatism called the Fourdrinier. As the endless belt of wire disappears underneath the machine, to reappear again at the "apron" for a fresh supply of pulp, it passes with the damp web of paper between the upper and under couch rolls—cylinders of metal jacketed with felt, corresponding to the two felt sheets of the coucher—and delivers the web upon another endless belt called the "wet felt," since the paper is still too tender to travel without support. This felt carries the web between iron rolls, called the first press rolls, which squeeze out more water and smooth the upper surface of the paper, and a second felt carries it under and to the back of the second press rolls, so that by reversing the direction the under surface of the web comes to the top and has its turn at smoothing. A "doctor"—a long scraper the length of the top press roll—scrapes the roll free from adhering fibres, and keeps it smooth and clean.

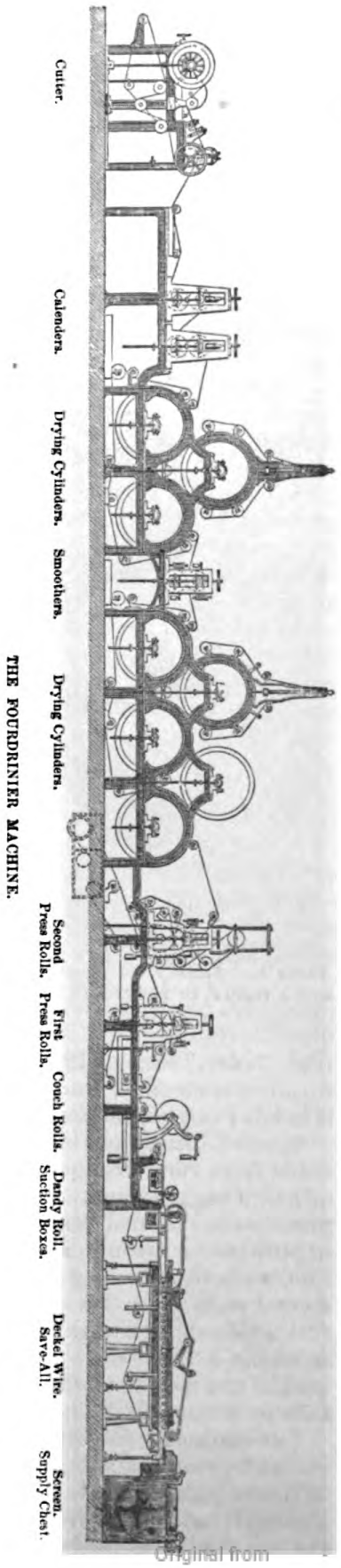
The paper can now travel alone, but it has still to be dried and further pressed, and perhaps tub-sized. This part of the



FOURDRINIER-ROOM.

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Fourdrinier takes the place of the press in which the coucher puts his "post" of sheets. The web passes above the second press rolls, resuming its original direction, to the drying cylinders—hollow rolls heated by steam—under and over and over and under which, to the number of six or eight or ten, sometimes with the guidance of felts, sometimes without them, the paper passes till it is thoroughly dry. Since the paper shrinks in this process, the successive rolls decrease slightly in diameter. In the midst of the driers there is sometimes a pair of highly polished smaller rolls called "smoothers," also heated by steam. From the driers the paper passes to the "calenders," an upright stack of rolls similar to the smoothers, which are under enormous pressure, regulated by screws on either side, and give the paper an additional hardness and polish. If the paper is for the modern newspaper presses, it is reeled off in a continuous roll; if not, it is cut into strips by a knife-wheel like a circular saw fitting upon another knife-wheel to make a continuous scissoring, and these strips into sheets by a straight knife revolving at the proper interval on a horizontal drum, whence a travelling felt delivers them upon the pile. The speed of a Fourdrinier is from 60 to 240 feet per minute, the latter for cheap news paper demanding little care. Of good paper, the production averages about 80 feet per minute.



THE FOURDRINIER MACHINE.

The curious illustration on the next page shows the matting or felting of the fibres in a piece of smooth white paper as seen under a microscope magnifying fifty diameters. The curiously ragged black figure is a comma, such as is used in this article, which to the unassisted eye seems so clearly and sharply defined.

Soon after the development of the Fourdrinier machine, Mr. John Dickinson, whose name is still borne by one of the most distinguished firms among English paper-makers, produced a quite different invention for making paper by machinery, which is generally known as the cylinder machine. This is used chiefly for making the cheaper and thicker grades of paper, such as "straw boards." Instead of the supply chest, "wire," etc., of the Fourdrinier, a cylinder covered with wire-cloth revolves with its lower portion dipping into a vat filled with pulp; a system of suction keeps a partial vacuum within this cylinder, which causes the pulp to adhere to the wire until it is detached above upon another cylinder covered with felting. Beyond this the system is materially the same as by the other method. It was patented in 1809. In 1826 a French inventor, M. Canson, applied the suction principle to the Fourdrinier, as has been described, and thus bereft the cylinder machine of its leading advantage—not, however, until he had kept his improvement a secret for six years.

All other paper-making machines are a modi-

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fication or combination of these two varieties. Our illustration of the Fourdrinier-room shows a Fourdrinier machine on the left, while on the right is the modification of it known as the Harper machine, in which the sheet of paper is supported by a felt from the upper couch roll to the second press rolls, which reverses the direction of the sheet and carries it high above the Fourdrinier part proper



PAPER MAGNIFIED FIFTY DIAMETERS, SHOWING FIBRE, AND A COMMA AS PRINTED IN "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

(the "wire," etc.), with the purpose of forming a stronger and drier web before it is left to travel alone.

Tissue-papers, the thinnest known, are made from very strong fibres, such as that of hemp bagging and cotton canvas, on a machine so planned that the tenuous sheet of pulp passes through almost in a straight line, without reversing its direction at the second press rolls, at a speed as high as 160 feet a minute. At the starting up of the machine a sheet of dry paper is carried part of the way with the pulp, as it is too thin to be touched by hand.

The bank-note paper used for the United States "greenbacks" was made under the Willcox patent at the mills of that old Pennsylvania firm, whose mills, curiously enough, had also made the paper for the Continental currency of Revolutionary days. It was rendered distinctive by the use of silk fibres of red and blue, the red being mixed with the pulp in the engine, so that it was scattered throughout the substance of the paper, while the blue were ingeniously showered upon the web while on the "wire," so that it appeared only in streaks. This combination was so difficult to copy, and required such expensive machinery, as to call for a skill, patience, and capital not at the disposal of counterfeiters.

VI.

If paper is to be "tub-sized" as well as "engine-sized," an animal size, made by soaking out the gelatine from clippings of horns, hides, etc., is mixed with dissolved alum and placed in a tub or vat, through which the web of paper is run after leaving the first set of driers. It is then passed through squeezing rollers, which press the size into the pores and get rid of the excess, and then along to the other driers. For finer papers tub-sizing is sometimes done after their completion in the Fourdrinier; the paper stands to allow the size to be absorbed, and the second drying is by means of a great number — sometimes 300 — of reels made of wooden slats, within which a fan revolving in an opposite direction makes a strong current of air. Or the paper is run through the tub between two continuous felts, which, with the paper, are pressed between rollers, and the paper is then "loft-dried" by hanging over sticks, as with hand-made paper. Writing-paper is often "double-sized"; that is, both engine-sized and tub-sized.

The "finishing" of paper presents many interesting varieties. "Plate-paper" was made by putting each sheet between brightly polished sheets of copper or zinc, and passing a stack of these to and fro through a rolling-press under heavy pressure until a gloss was imparted to both surfaces. This process has now given way to "supercalendering," in which a stack of rolls similar to that of the Fourdrinier, alternately of bright metal and highly compressed paper, between which the web of paper passes and repasses, produces the same effect. These rolls are virtually a great electric machine, so that it is sometimes necessary to attach ground-wires to the stack to carry off the electricity, which otherwise causes the paper to attract all sorts of dust in the print-

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ing-room. A jet of steam sometimes moistens the paper as it is run into the stack. Friction-glazing is done by passing the web between a large paper roll and a smaller iron one, the latter revolving at a higher speed. Sometimes beeswax is applied to the iron roll. A high polish is also given to fine printing paper by running the web through, or spraying upon it, a solution of carbonate of lime or magnesia with starch or glue, leaving a permanent coating of lime or magnesia on the surface. "Repped" and like papers are produced by passing the web between rollers on which the rib or other device has been cut. "Morocco," flowered, and like papers of uneven surface or raised devices are embossed in the same way.

Fancy papers are variously finished after leaving the machine, either in the web or in sheets. Colored papers which have the color on the surface only are not treated in the "engine" or tub, as body-color papers are, but are printed or varnished afterward, and then burnished or glossed. An iridescent or "rainbow" surface is given by a wash containing sulphates of iron and of indigo exposed quickly, as it is applied with a brush, to ammoniacal vapors; and a mother-of-pearl effect is produced by floating glazed paper upon a bath of solution of silver, lead, or other metal, exposing it when dried to vapors of sulphide of hydrogen, and afterward pouring collodion upon it, when most beautiful colors appear.

Marbled paper is made in a way even more curious. The "marbler" has before him a shallow bath of gum-tragacanth, on which from a flat brush he sprinkles films of the colors he needs for his pattern. Presently the whole surface of the bath is covered with bands or splashes of color; the workman then takes what is practically a huge comb, and with a wavy motion draws it the length of the bath. Long practice has enabled a good marbler to select and lay the colors and manipulate the comb—for he has no guide but his eye—to copy almost any pattern you can show him; so that, although no two sheets of marbled paper are exactly alike, only a practised eye would note the difference. The sheet of smooth white paper is then deftly laid upon the bath for a moment: as it is raised, the entire film of color comes with it, and the bath must be resprinkled for the next sheet. Books with marbled edges are dipped in the same way.

Sand and emery papers are made by coating a stout paper with glue, and then sprinkling the dust upon it. A water-

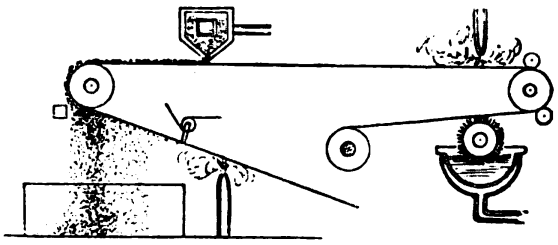


DIAGRAM OF SAND-PAPER MACHINE.

proof variety is made by using water-proof cement instead of glue. An ingenious machine has been devised which coats the paper with glue from a brush revolving in a steam glue-pot underneath, softens the glue with a spray of steam, sifts the sand upon the surface, drops the surplus into a box below as the sanded paper turns over a roller, shakes off other loose particles by the help of a fan motion, and fixes the rest more firmly by aid of a second jet of steam. "Cork-paper," for packing glass, etc., is made by sifting powdered cork on a soft, flexible paper, and a tobacco-paper for cigarette wrappers is similarly made from tobacco dust sifted on the surface of ordinary cigarette paper, and made to permeate it by heavy pressure. A paper for cigar wrappings is also made by using tobacco stems as a fibre, with enough Manila to give strength.

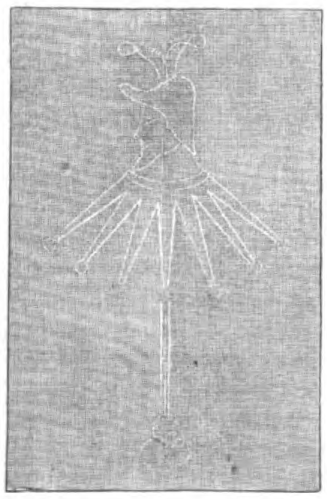
Photograph, telegraph, and lithographic transfer papers are made by surfacing with various chemicals sensitive to light, to electricity, or to other chemicals. A solution of Canada balsam in turpentine renders paper transparent for tracing purposes, or a paper may be made transparent by treating it with a solution of castor-oil in absolute alcohol, and permitting the alcohol to evaporate from it, and the paper may again be made opaque, with the tracing still upon it, by removing the oil in a fresh bath of alcohol. By treating unsized rag paper with dilute sulphuric acid, and then washing it, a parchment-paper, or vegetable parchment, is made, almost like the animal article. A paper whose surface can be washed off like a slate is made by treatment with benzine, and then with a preparation made of lead and zinc oxide, turpentine and lin-

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seed-oil, copal and sandarach. There are various processes for water-proofing paper, as soaking in dissolved shellac and borax, but most of these are done in a heated "tub" in the process of making. Resin and paraffine are among the usual ingredients of the preparation, and for meat and fish wrapping a paper is made in which the natural bitumen or wax called "ozocerite" is the saturating substance. When it is added that a special paper is also made to wrap silver-ware, in which the sulphurous vapors from ordinary gas are guarded against by the use of zinc oxide and caustic soda, some imperfect idea may be gained by the reader of the multitudinous applications and adaptations of a sheet of paper.

VII.

The names of sizes of paper are most curious. "Note" and "letter" tell their own story; "post" was the old size made for letters, and it bore the water-mark of a post-horn; "pot" had a tankard. "Fool's-cap" or "cap" was a larger size (which, folded at the top for law use, is called "legal cap") used in England for official purposes, and bore the king's arms until the Parliament, to do despite to Charles I., ordered the fool's cap and bells



FOOL'S-CAP WATER-MARK.

to replace them on paper for its journals. This was a copy of a rude satire of Henry VIII., who, in contempt for the Pope, used a paper water-marked with a mitred hog. The figure of Britannia afterward took the place of the fool's-cap mark. "Crown" bore the water-mark of a crown; "demy" (the half of the old standard sheet), "medium," "royal," "superroyal," and "imperial" are larger and larger sizes; and finally we reach "elephant," "colombier," "atlas," and "antiquarian," the last sheet, 31 by 53 inches, being the largest sheet made by hand. The book-size terms, post, crown, demy or medium octavo, duodecimo, etc., refer to the use of these respective sizes folded in eights, twelves, etc.

VIII.

What are called "boards," as Bristol-board, card-board, binders' board, press-board, and the like, are simply as many sheets of paper as are needed to make the desired thickness, consolidated by pressure. The cheaper kinds, such as "straw-board," are usually made by running together the wet sheets from a number of cylinders, by an ingenious arrangement of felts, between a set of rolls which press all into one sheet simultaneously with the process of drying. Another method is still more ingenious: paper is rolled over and over the lower of a pair of press rolls, of which the upper one is so adjusted as to be raised by the thickening jacket of the lower. When the desired thickness is reached, the upper roll touches a little bell; the machine-tender, a boy, then draws a knife across a guide lengthwise of the roll, and the sheet of board drops off below.

One of the most remarkable uses of paper is the building of paper boats, under the patent, recently expired, of E. Waters, of Lansingburg, near Troy, New York. These boats are made of an ordinary Manila paper of good quality, usually in five thicknesses, in all only one-sixteenth of an inch thick, except in parts where there is the re-enforcement of one or two extra strips. The process of making them is simple. A model of soft pine is made the full size of the boat, the bow end being of two pieces which can be detached. The paper is delivered in long rolls; the model is turned upside down on a long frame; one narrow strip of paper and then a second are first laid on where the keel would be, and then one, two, three, four, five sheets are successively laid along and moulded close to the model, each as it is put on being coated with shellac and with glue to attach the next sheet closely to it. Thus done up in paper, the models are taken to a drying-room, where a heat of about 150° F., continued for five days, consolidates the glued paper into a solid mass.

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The movable pieces of wood at the bow are unscrewed and taken out, and with this place for a start, it is easy to peel the boat off the model, as a peach-skin comes off a fresh peach. A keel is now fastened inside the boat, several extra layers of shellac are put on outside and inside, a strip of wood is fastened in for a gunwale, and the shell is presently ready for its fittings, seats, and outriggers. They are mostly racing shells, from single-scull up to eight-oar, but one boat has been built as large as 42 feet long by 4 feet 4 inches beam, to hold forty-two persons, this, of course, being stayed by wooden ribs; and a steam-launch 19 feet long, worked by a one-horse-power oil engine, boat and engine together weighing but 430 pounds, was last fall successfully run at a speed of about ten miles per hour on the upper Hudson. The cost is something above that of wood. The single-scull, 21½ feet long by 10½ inches beam, costs from $65 to $100; the eight-oared shell, about 60 feet long by 24 inches wide, costs $400. It is an interesting fact that the racing shells of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia in 1886 were all from the same model from this shop, so that the contest was entirely one of skill, on even terms. A "Long Lake" (Adirondack) boat for ordinary use costs something under $100, and is much lighter than wood to "carry." The paper boats can be "patched" so that the mending can scarcely be detected.

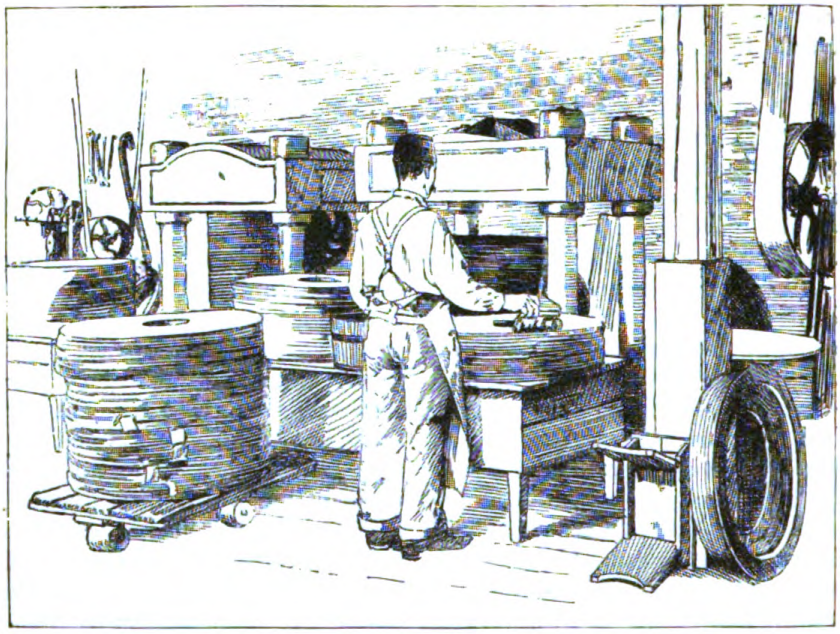
Not only is travelling by water indebted to paper, but travelling by land. A paper car wheel seems even more a contradiction of terms than a paper boat, yet it is now generally acknowledged to be better, safer, and longer-lived than one altogether of metal. It was the invention of Richard N. Allen, a locomotive engineer, afterward master-mechanic of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, who took for his aim in life the production of a better car wheel than those in use. His first set of paper wheels was made at Brandon, Vermont, in 1869, and after much scoffing he was graciously permitted the use of a wood-car on the Central Vermont road, under which they were tested for six months. The Pullman Palace Car Company in 1871 gave the first order for a hundred wheels; ten years after, the Allen Paper Car-wheel Company, with great shops at Hudson, New York, and Pullman, Illinois, produced and sold thirteen thousand in a single year. One of the set first experimented with under a "sleeper" is shown at Hudson, with a record of 300,000 miles' travel.

It is the body of the wheel only which is of paper. The material is a calendered rye-straw "board" or thick paper made at the Allen Company's mills at Morris, Illinois. This is sent to the works in circular sheets of twenty-two to forty inches diameter. Two men, standing by a pile of these, rapidly brush over each sheet an even coating of flour paste until a dozen are pasted into a layer. A third man transfers these layers to a hydraulic press, where a pressure of five hundred tons or more is applied to a pile of them, the layers being kept distinct by the absence of paste between the outer sheets. After solidifying under this pressure for two hours, the twelve-sheet layers are kept for a week in a drying-room heated to 120° F.; several of these layers are in turn pasted together, pressed, and dried for a second week, and still again these disks are pasted, pressed, and given a third drying of a whole month. The result is a circular block, containing from 120 to 160 sheets of the original paper, compressed to 5½ or 4½ inches thickness, and of a solidity, density, and weight suggesting metal rather than fibre.

The "paper wheel" is made up of this disk of compressed paper, surrounded by a steel tire, and fitted with a cast-iron hub, which is bored for the axle; wrought-iron plates protect the paper disk on either side, and all are bolted together by two circles of bolts, one set passing through a flange of the tire, the other through a flange of the hub, and both through the paper centre and its protecting plates.

The steel tires have been very accurately made, and are on the inner circle slightly bevelled. The rough paper blocks which we have seen made are now turned accurately in a lathe, whence shavings like leather and a cloud of yellow dust fly off, to a diameter slightly greater than the inner circle of the tire. The hole in the centre is also made on the lathe, and after the paper has received two coats of paint to prevent moisture working its way within, the cast-iron hub is pressed through, by the aid of the hydraulic press, and the wrought-iron back-plate is clamped on. The suasion of enormous hydraulic power now drives the paper centre into the tire, by help of the bevel. Once there, it is firmly caught. The other wrought-iron disk is now attached, bolt holes are drilled

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MAKING PAPER CAR WHEELS.

by machinery through the mass, and the bolts, milled to the exact diameter, are driven through with the rat-tat-tat of sledge-hammers worked by brawny arms. The nuts are put on and screwed close by an ingenious machine, which automatically applies just the needed power, and which is also used to unscrew the nuts when a wheel is to be taken to pieces. Another machine drills away all superfluous metal at the end of the bolts; the bolt ends are riveted by another rat-tat-tat of hammers; a powerful drill re-bores the axle hole absolutely true to the centre; the wheel is painted, and is ready to travel.

The real service of the paper is in interposing a non-vibrating substance between the axle and the tire, so that the vibrations, which in some unknown way re-arrange the atoms of metal so that it brittles and breaks after long wear, are prevented. Nature always provides some way of wearing things out, whether it be man, lest he lag superfluous on the stage, or "the everlasting hills" themselves, but in the case of compressed paper, art seems to have got ahead of nature, for it seems not to wear out at all. The steel tires of these wheels do wear down, and are then re-turned in a lathe to smaller diameter; but when they are gone and are taken off, the paper block appears again as good as new, and ready for a new tire. The paper wheel has the one disadvantage of greater cost, but its longer life and greater safety are in its favor.

"Straw lumber," so called, is a similar application of paper for building purposes; it is used, not for posts or beams, but in place of lath and plaster, for sheathing, etc. An ordinary "straw-board" paper is made on the cylinder machine—the refuse bedding of stables being very largely utilized as the material—and is run through a vat of resin and other water-proofing material heated to 350° F. A number of sheets are then placed together between metal plates, and subjected like the car wheels to enormous pressure in a hydraulic press. The result is a very hard and solid blackish board, about three-sixteenths of an inch thick, which can be cut with a saw or chisel, and is marketed in slabs 12 feet by 32 inches, at a price of about $40 per thousand feet. This is now in use also for the interior of railway cars and for perforated chair seats. "Building paper" of the ordinary sort is a coarse paper of straw or waste used for sheathing or lining wooden houses. It was put to good use immediately after the Chicago fire, when a Western paper company lined the 10,000 houses, 16 by 20, which were run up to accommodate the homeless, with this material, at a cost of $5 for each house.

The non-conducting quality of paper has caused a curious development in America of the paper-box industry, so that the lover of oysters may "take home a fry in a box" to keep it hot, or a brick

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of ice-cream to keep it cool. The Chinese and Japanese are said to make paper clothes, and their handkerchiefs and napkins are well known to us, but American achievements in this direction have been confined chiefly to paper collars, cuffs, and "bosoms," sometimes with a backing of cloth, which may be pasted on after making, but which is conjoined with the paper at some mills by reeling the cloth off parallel with the web of paper, and pressing the two permanently together between rollers. The use of paper bags and paper boxes by shopkeepers has reached enormous proportions, and the latest product of American ingenuity is a "self-opening bag," completed automatically from the web of Manila paper by a machine on which its owners had been at work for eight years. This is folded flat as it comes from the machine, but a single dexterous flap with the hand opens it into an absolutely square-cornered bag which will stand upright on the grocer's counter to be filled. Paper buckets, barrels, and other household utensils are either made by joining the edges of a flat sheet into a cylinder, or by stamping out the form from paper pulp, which last was the basis of the *papier-maché* of old days, which was moulded soft into the desired shape, coated with successive layers of asphalt varnish, and polished down. Paper pulp is also used in one process of stereotyping to make a matrix for the type-metal.

IX.

The paper industry in the United States, according to the latest statistics in Lockwood's *Paper Trade Directory* for 1886, numbers over 800 establishments, with over a thousand mills. In the census year 692 establishments were reported, New York State leading with 168, and Massachusetts following with 96, Pennsylvania with 78, Connecticut with 65, Ohio with 60. The paper city *par excellence* is Holyoke, Massachusetts.

The growth of the industry in recent years is suggested by the following census returns:

PAPER MANUFACTURE: STATISTICS FROM UNITED STATES CENSUS.

	1850.	1860.	1870.*	1880.
Whole number of establishments....	443	555	669	692
Persons employed	6,285	10,911	17,910	24,422
Capital.....	$7,260,864	$14,052,643	$34,365,014	$46,241,202
Wages.....	$1,497,722	$2,767,212	$7,148,513	$8,525,355
Value of materials used	$5,553,929	$11,602,266	$30,029,063	$33,951,297
Value of product	$10,187,177	$21,216,802	$48,676,935	$55,109,914
Wages per employé.....	$239	$253	$399†	$349

* Currency. † Currency=$320 gold.

Of the material used in 1880, 187,917 tons were rags, 87,840 old paper, and 12,083 cotton waste, 84,786 tons Manila stock, and 245,838 tons straw, while pulp to the value of $1,681,762 was purchased, and $3,628,798 worth of chemicals was used. Of the product, 149,177 tons were printing, 134,294 wrapping, and 32,937 writing paper, besides 20,014 for binders' boards, and 14,734 for hangings. Over 7000 tons of colored papers, 4000 of tissue, about 150 of bank-note paper, and 89,000 tons unspecified, make up the enormous total of over 450,000 tons—a consumption of paper reaching nearly 18 pounds per head of the entire population. Our imports in 1885–6 of paper and its manufactured products were but $1,802,482 worth, there being a duty averaging 22 per cent., while our exports amount to about half our imports.

Labor in a paper-mill is continuous, Sunday or a part of it excepted, for the stopping of a Fourdrinier and the necessary "washing up" means great waste. The "machine-tenders," of whom there are two to each Fourdrinier, work in "tours" or "shifts" twelve hours each. In the "engine" or beating rooms, and in the sorting rooms, where most of the hands are women, the work-day is the ordinary one of ten or twelve hours. The need of pure water for treating the pulp located paper-mills mostly on the banks of streams, and caused them to depend on water-power, so that of old there was apt to be no work for the hands in dry months; but the building of reservoirs or the use of steam-power has now made work steady through the year. There have been almost no strikes or lock-outs in this industry; paper-makers have no distinctive labor organization in this country, nor is there any combination of employers regarding labor.

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There is considerable difference of pay in different mills. The census figures, averaging all paper hands, show a rise of yearly earnings from $239 in 1850 to $253 in 1860, to $399 currency ($320 gold) in 1870, to $349 in 1880—for the latter is probably a real gain in purchasing power. Wages really reached their highest point in this country about 1873 (though paper was highest in 1865, and then steadily fell with the cost of material), and since that time they have fallen here, though they have risen in England, where in this trade they average little above half our day wages. Colonel Wright found the Massachusetts average for all paper hands to be $8 63 weekly in 1860, $9 77 in 1872 (when it was $3 60 in Great Britain), $8 17 in 1880 (when it was $4 57 in Great Britain). But the actual labor cost per pound of paper has either remained stationary or fallen with the rise in wages. One large mill reports that on machine-finished book paper which had fallen from 19 cents a pound in 1865 to 9 cents in 1880, and on super-calendered paper which had fallen from 20 cents to 10 cents, "the labor cost per pound is precisely the same in 1880 as in 1865," being 1¼ cents for the first-named and 1¾ cents for the other. Other mills report a definite decrease, especially as between 1850 and 1880, reaching from a fifth to nearly a half in that period, though in some of these same mills day wages have doubled in the thirty years. Owing to the improvement of labor-saving machinery since its introduction about 1832, says one mill-owner, "an amount of manual labor which prior to 1830 would have produced one ton of paper will now produce ten tons," yet there has been a steady increase in the number of hands. The percentage of wages to total cost varies from ten to twenty-five per cent. on various papers, the average being about $1 labor to $4 materials.

There is no more remarkable example of the great fact that the growth of civilization means a fall in prices than in the history of paper. Of old times it was a luxury; now it is one of the most universal, commonplace, and cheap necessaries of life. It is almost impossible to give close data for comparison, and the ups and downs because of the temporary scarcity caused by wars, or by increase of demand the world over before improvements in machinery could meet it with a supply, have been very considerable, but the fall in prices has been as sure as the rise in wages, and paper was never so cheap as to-day. The first bill extant is probably one of 1352, "for one quartern [quire] of royal paper, to make painters' patterns, 10*d*.," when the penny was worth a good many times what it is now. In 1854 the average price of all paper produced in America was about 10 cents per pound; by the census of 1860 it was 8⅓ cents; by the census of 1880 it was close to 6 cents per pound. Of course during the war paper was enormously high: writing papers cost from 40 to 60 cents a pound; book papers, 25 to 40 cents; news, 20 to 25 cents. The paper-makers made the most of the situation, and to overcome the "monopoly" Congress was memorialized to take off the duty, which, starting at seven and a half per cent. in 1789, had ruled since 1816 for the most part, with occasional reductions, at thirty per cent. It was reduced in 1863, on printing papers, to three per cent., and in 1865 the duty was removed, but the high rate of exchange minimized the relief. In 1870 writing papers sold at 22 to 32 cents per pound, book papers at 16 to 24 cents, and straw news at about 12 cents; to-day, writing papers bring 12 to 20 cents per pound, book papers from 8 to 12 cents per pound, and the daily papers of New York pay between 4 and 5 cents for news paper. It may be safe to say that what was a dollar's worth of paper in 1850 could have been bought in 1860 for about 70 cents, would have cost at least $1 50 at the height of war prices, and can now be had for within half a dollar.

There are now over a million tons of paper produced annually in the world, of which the United States makes over one-third, or probably more than any other two nations combined. If "the consumption of paper is the measure of a people's culture," as one writer says, we have reason to be proud of our record.

NOTE.—The best single work on paper-making is Hofmann's *Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper*, Philadelphia, 1873; the later work of Davis, *Manufacture of Paper*, Philadelphia, 1886, is valuable only for some descriptions of later machinery. Koops's *Historical Account* of substances used for writing, London, 1800–1, and Munsell's *Chronology of Paper and Paper-Making*, 5th ed., Albany, 1876, are useful historically. The reports on paper at the Centennial Exposition (Vol. V., Group XIII.) are of interest. Lockwood's Paper Trade Directory and Geyer's similar annual give lists of American mills, and the *Paper Trade Journal* and *Paper Trade Reporter* are the American trade newspapers.

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NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XX.

NARKA was just starting for La Villette, when a vehicle stopped at the door. She looked out, and saw Sibyl's brougham. Before there was time to consider how she should endure this new ordeal, it was made evident that Sibyl was not in the brougham, for the footman jumped down with a note in his hand, and disappeared under the porte cochère. Presently there was a ring at the door. Eudoxie had gone out. "I will not open," Narka thought. "It is no doubt asking me to go to her, and I can't go; I won't go."

The servant rang three times, and then gave it up. Narka saw the brougham drive away, and after waiting a few minutes to make sure of its being at a safe distance, she went down-stairs.

Passing the lodge, the concierge came out and handed her a note. "The valet de pied rang at mademoiselle's door, but no one answered him," said the woman.

The note was from Sibyl.

"Come to me at once, darling. I am in a sea of anguish. Baby has the smallpox! I am half mad. Your own

"SIBYL."

"Poor little angel!" said Narka, with a pang. But his illness at this crisis was a boon to her, inasmuch as it would keep Sibyl away, and absorb her, and draw her mind from the woman she wished to scourge.

It was a miserable morning. The rain had been falling heavily all night. Every rut and channel was turned into a pool, and a cold drizzly rain was still falling. Narka had used cabs, and freely enough, since she had been in Paris, but the stern reign of economy which had suddenly set in reminded her that omnibuses were a cheaper mode of conveyance; so she asked her way to the nearest station, and went there. It was so crowded that she had to push on to the counter for a number, and then push her way out again. An omnibus was coming up; as it slackened pace a crowd trooped after it with their umbrellas spread, looking very like a whale or some huge bird in the wake of a ship. They looked intensely ridiculous "making tail." Narka did not care to add her umbrella to the show; besides, she might be kept waiting an hour for a seat. Was it not better to take a cab at once? As she was balancing the question in her mind, a gentleman close to her called out:

"Will this take me to La Villette?"

"No, monsieur," said the conductor. "The blue omnibus there, with a *correspondance*." The gentleman hurried away, and Narka, with an inarticulate exclamation of thankfulness for her escape, crossed the street after him to where the blue omnibus was standing, empty; they got in almost together, and took seats opposite one another. The stranger was a tall, lean man, with a sallow complexion and marked features, carefully dressed, with a certain air of distinction. Narka more than once caught his eyes fastened upon her. It so happened that they stopped at the same place; the stranger got out first, assisted her to alight, touched his hat, and went on his way.

Narka stood in the middle of the street, waiting for a break in the stream of carts and cabs to cross over. As she glanced eagerly right and left she descried, a little higher up, a small figure in the costume of a Sister of Charity, waiting like herself to cross the busy thoroughfare. There are certain situations in which even Melpomene could not look dignified; for instance, hopping over the puddles with petticoats slightly kilted on a wet day; and yet as Narka watched Marguerite going through this trying performance it did not seem any more lacking in dignity than the steps and hops of a little child.

"Narka!" exclaimed Marguerite, in glad surprise, when they met on the foot-path. "How did you get here? Did you walk?"

"No; I came in the omnibus. Where are you coming from?"

"I have been to the Rue du Bac. I got an omnibus to the Madeleine, with a *correspondance*, but when I got out there was such a crowd I saw I should have to wait an hour for a place. So I started off on foot. Life is too short to be spent waiting for the omnibus. Oh, that horrid man!" she exclaimed, casting a glance full of something as near hatred as her sweet

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face could express at some one coming out of a shop. "I should like to see that man flayed alive."

Narka followed the direction of the glance, and to her surprise saw that the object of this murderous desire was the gentleman who had been her *vis-à-vis* in the omnibus.

"Who is that man?" she asked, as the stranger passed them.

"He is a Prussian; his name is Schenk. He stole away our dear old dog Tempête, and put him to death. Nobody saw him doing it, so we could not attack him, but there is no doubt he did it. His business is to bribe little boys—our boys—to catch dogs that he tries experiments on. He ties them down, and cuts them up, and tortures them alive. He is a fiend."

"He is a surgeon, I suppose," said Narka. "He does it in the interest of science."

"Nonsense! How can you talk like that, Narka? It is pure wickedness, and he is a bad, cruel man."

"I don't want to defend vivisection; I loathe it," said Narka; "but it is necessary for science."

"Then science is wicked; it is of the devil, and ought to be done away with. It is getting to be the curse of the world."

"What a little mediæval bigot you are!" laughed Narka.

"Am I? Well, I don't care. It makes my heart burn when I think of our poor gentle old Tempête, and I hate your cruel science that tortures poor dumb fellow-servants. I think a person who invents a good poultice to relieve a poor aching body of man or beast is a greater benefactor than the man who invents a way of blowing up ships, or finds out secrets by torturing live dogs."

"Then you care more about dogs than about human beings?"

"I care more for any dog than for that man Schenk."

They were close by the house now. A carter came round the corner, showering blows on a powerful horse that was straining and panting under a load of stones.

"Oh, why do you beat him like that?" Marguerite cried, piteously. "Poor beast, he is doing his best. If you drive him so hard he will drop."

"He's got to drop some day, like the rest of us," retorted the man, not ill-humoredly. "Anyhow, *ma sœur*, he hasn't got a soul to save."

"How do you know whether he has or not?" Marguerite said, and she laid her rough little gloveless hand on the quivering flank of the animal. The meek strong creature turned his head toward her, and a glance from his drooping eyes seemed to thank her. She watched the man out of sight to make sure he did not begin the blows again.

"I sometimes think those dray-horses may be angels in disguise," she said; "they have such a patient look in their faces."

As they entered the house the children were being let loose from class into the play-ground. The rain had ceased, and the paved court was dry.

"I am just in time!" said Marguerite. "I am on guard during the play hour. You won't mind staying out-of-doors? We can sit down. I will just fetch my knitting." She ran into the house, and returned in a moment. Her appearance was the signal for a general assault from the children. There must have been nearly three hundred of them, Narka reckoned at a glance, and they all shouted and gathered round Marguerite, full of discourse of the greatest importance. They caught her by the sleeve, they clutched at her gown, they elbowed and fought to get close enough to attract her attention. Marguerite bore the onset quite unfluttered, and in some mysterious way satisfied the whole flock in a minute and a half, and sent them off to their play.

The two friends sat down in a sheltered spot, but they were hardly seated when a scream from the other end of the court sent Marguerite flying off again. A small child had been knocked down by a companion twice its size, and was proclaiming in lusty yells that it was badly hurt. Marguerite picked up the toddler, and kissed it and made it well, and then with a sharp rebuke sent the delinquent to shame with her face to the wall.

"Now let us have a quiet talk," she said, coming back to Narka.

"There is not much chance of quiet with all these orphans to keep in order," said Narka, disappointed, and a little chilled.

"They are not all orphans," corrected Marguerite, as if the point must be of interest to Narka. "There are not more than thirty of them orphans, unfortunately. I mean the parents are so troublesome it is a pity they are not. They drink, and they neglect the poor little things, and

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maltreat them, and sometimes half kill them. I often think what a mercy it would be if the children of the poor could be born orphans."

"What a pity the parents don't kill them right off! then the poor little wretches would go straight to heaven, instead of living to grow up and die and go to hell like their parents," said Narka, in a bitter tone.

"Oh, what a dreadful thing to say! Their parents generally die much better than they live. They have suffered so much, poor things, that God *waits* for them at the end."

"Oh, does He? I have often noticed how peacefully the peasants die with us."

"The poor die peacefully everywhere. They have found it so hard to live, you see, that it comes easy to them to die, even when they die as criminals. Death is always a release to them. I am very anxious just now about a poor man.—Mathilde, didn't you promise Sœur Lucie you wouldn't scratch your eye if she took the bandage off? If I see you scratching it again, I'll have it put on this minute.—His name is Antoine Drex. Such a sober, hard-working fellow, and so good to his mother! But he married a dreadful woman who drank, and then he took to drink. One night he came home and found her dead-drunk on the floor. He went to bed, and in the morning there she lay in the same place dead, with a great cut in her temple. He was taken up for murder. They said he gave her the blow in her head. They have kept him in prison ten months without trying him. I'm afraid they will neither acquit him nor condemn him to death, but let him off with hard labor."

"Do you ever get to care for any of those dirty brats?" asked Narka.

"For any of them?" Marguerite repeated, in innocent surprise. "I care for them all. I love every one of them."

"What a capacious heart you must have!"

"Oh, not half capacious enough!" Marguerite sighed, quite unconscious of the covert sneer. "I wish it were ten times bigger. If only I could empty it of self, then God would come and fill it, and make room for everybody!"

"Oh, Marguerite!" Narka burst out, with sudden vehemence, "why can't you find a corner in it for me? I do so want a crumb of sympathy!"

Marguerite looked up quickly, and in a moment her whole heart was in her eyes. She dropped her knitting, and put her hand on Narka's arm.

"You are in trouble? Oh, dear Narka, why did you not tell me that at once? What is the matter? What has happened?"

"I am in terrible trouble, Marguerite," Narka said, and pride and self-control broke down, and her voice shook, and her eyes filled, and the tears overflowed.

Marguerite hesitated for a moment; then quitting her needles, she looked up at a window on the first story, and called out, "Sœur Claire!" There was no answer. "She is not there. Never mind. Come in-doors."

"But the children?" said Narka, fearful of getting her into trouble.

"Let their angels look after them. What else have they got to do?" said Marguerite, gallantly reckless; "but I can keep an eye on them from the parlor."

They went into the parlor, whose window commanded a view of the playground. It was a square room with white walls, and a polished oak floor, straw chairs, and a round table; a white Christ on a black cross hung over the fireplace. Marguerite stirred up the shabby makeshift of a fire, and drew two chairs close to it, her own facing the window. "Sit down and warm yourself, dear, and tell me what is the matter," she said, as if Narka's trouble were suddenly her one interest in life. And Narka poured out her story, Marguerite listening as if she had no longer any care on earth but to share her sorrow and comfort it. Never before had Narka realized what a healing balm there is in human sympathy, and Marguerite's sympathy was strong as fire and sweet as a child's kiss.

With extraordinary quickness she grasped the whole case, her shrewd practical sense noted every detail, measured difficulties and chances. The situation was bad enough, but by no means hopeless. She said so, supporting her opinion by sensible arguments that carried judgment with them, if not conviction. Presently, by the strength of her buoyant nature, she had lifted Narka from the depths of despair and compelled her to take a more hopeful view of everything. Basil's love had already proved itself equal to the pressure of antagonistic circumstances; it had stood the test of absence;

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it was not likely to break down before the opposition of his father; he was full of resources and of energy; and they were both so young: in fact, there were many anchors of hope to cling to.

"But Sibyl!" Narka exclaimed; "oh, Sibyl!—the thought of her breaks my heart."

"Dear Narka, you are suffering as much from the destruction of an idol (which is always a good thing for us, darling, however painful) as from the blow that she has dealt you. Half of our misery in life comes from the setting up of idols; for the idol is certain to fall down some day with a crash, and we get crushed under it."

"But I thought I knew Sibyl as I know my own heart. I never could have believed it."

"There is nearly always something in our fellow-creatures' hearts—and even in our own—that we never know, or could believe, until some test unexpectedly reveals it to us."

"I suppose so, and that is the cruelest part of adversity; it is always applying that test to our fellow-creatures, and compelling us to try them. If only one might go on to the end trusting and believing in those we love without ever having to test them!"

"It is sometimes good for us to be tested," said Marguerite.

Narka did not answer. Presently she said, "Do you think that if Sibyl knew the truth she would hate me and curse me as bitterly as she does now without knowing it?"

"It is very hard to say what Sibyl would do, she is so many characters all in one; yet when I remember the agonies of grief she certainly did suffer when you were imprisoned, and how tenderly fond she was of you at Yrakow— I can see her now when we were coming away, clinging to you as if she could never unclasp her arms and let you go."

"Ah, yes; that was just what deceived me. She took me to her arms, but she never took me to her heart; I can see that now. She has been feeding me on false sacraments of love all my life. And to think that I must be dependent on her for the means of earning my bread! Oh, if it were not for Basil, I would rather starve a hundred times!"

"You need not torment yourself about that just yet," said Marguerite; "I may be able to help you; I know a great number of people. I will speak at once to several friends of mine, and we will find you some lessons. Try and don't fret over that trouble, and you must stay at home and take care of yourself for a few days, or else you will certainly fall ill. I will come and see you with Sibyl in a day or two, and—"

"Sibyl!" Narka broke in. "She can't come to me. The baby is ill with small-pox."

"Nonsense! It is nothing but chicken-pox. I saw the child this morning. I forgot to tell you. I went there before I went to the Rue du Bac. Sibyl sent for me yesterday, imploring me to come at once; she was in an agony of grief, and wanted my sympathy. But I have something else to do besides flying across the town with my sympathy, and as nobody was dead, I suspected it was some imaginary grief, as in fact it was. But this morning came a message saying the baby was dying, so I went. It was nothing at all. The doctor had just been, and laughed at it. Sibyl was lying down, and could not be disturbed, and Gaston had gone out riding."

"Gaston is very good to me," Narka said.

"He has a great regard and admiration for you, and he would do anything in his power to serve you."

"I believe that," said Narka, tightening her grasp of his sister's hand.

Marguerite noticed that the hand which had been shivering with cold a little while ago was now burning hot.

"I wonder would you do something to please me?" she said, in a caressing tone.

"Of course I would. What is it?" Narka answered.

"Well, go home and get into bed, and I will give you something to take that will prevent your having a bad cold." She ran off to the dispensary, and was back in a trice with a small bottle and a mustard plaster. "If your chest feels sore to-night, you must promise me to put this on," she said; "and I am going to send you home in a cab. Nonsense! I have plenty of money, and I can't afford to lose my sister Narka, or to let her lose her voice. Just think what that would be!"

Narka dropped her head on Marguerite's shoulder and burst into tears; but it was not a bitter flood, and it loosened

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the pressure on her brain. Truly God had entered into Marguerite's heart, and made it a Bethlehem, a house of bread, where the hungry might come and feed upon that bread of love for want of which so many human lives are perishing.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE first thing Narka did on returning home was to give notice to the concierge that she meant to leave that day week. Then, obedient to Marguerite's wishes, she went to bed. The warmth and rest, or, as Narka preferred to believe, the virtue of Marguerite's cherishing sympathy, which had passed into her remedies, had the effect of staving off the illness which had seemed to threaten her. She rose feeling little the worse physically for the violent emotions, the sleepless nights she had gone through, and the chill of yesterday.

In the afternoon the concierge brought up a letter from the landlord in answer to the *congé*. It was a polite but distinct refusal to accept it. He regretted to remind his amiable tenant that she had signed an engagement to occupy, or pay for, the apartment up to the 15th of April. Narka uttered an exclamation of dismay; but referring to the paper in question, she found that it was true; she was bound to her present expensive quarters for nearly three months longer. There was nothing to be done but trust to Providence to bring her safe out of this new difficulty, as out of so many others.

In its outward tenor her life remained, therefore, undisturbed, notwithstanding the violent change that had shaken it inwardly. Marguerite's plans, practical like herself, had succeeded. Through a kind and wealthy South American lady, who was a benefactress to her poor, Marguerite procured at once several rich pupils for Narka, all foreigners, who came to her house twice a week for lessons and a general singing class.

To Narka, Sibyl was affectionate as ever. She would come to the singing class and sit and listen to the lesson, and bring out the superiority of the teacher's method by her clever criticisms, thus raising Narka's value in the eyes of the pupils and of their mothers, to whom the charming and *élégante* Comtesse de Beaucrillon was an oracle on art as well as fashion. The singing lessons came in this way to be a pleasant social opportunity. Narka might have led a gay life enough if she had been so inclined, for invitations poured in on her, but she declined them all. "I know my value," she said to Marguerite; "these fine ladies would be glad enough to have me to help out their entertainments, but if their sons or their brothers were the least bit civil to me, they would put me to the door. I sha'n't expose myself to that. Let them stay in their place, and I will stay in mine."

She had not had a sign from Basil since that terrible letter from the Prince, and there was no one to whom she could even mention his name except Marguerite. Sibyl, as if the subject were too intolerable, avoided it. When she did speak of it, it was to pity her father and herself, and to contemn Basil, and wish the woman dead who had entrapped him.

The only person who might have given her any news of Basil was Ivan Gorff; but he had left Paris as soon as he had conducted her there, and had never written since, and she did not know his address. There was of late something very mysterious about Ivan. Narka knew that he associated with the most advanced revolutionists, yet he came and went perfectly free, while Basil, for merely conniving at the movement which Ivan was actively precipitating, had been seriously compromised, only escaping imprisonment through a lucky chance. Then Ivan was leading a strange life for a man of thirty with a fortune, which, since Sophie's death, must be reckoned by millions. His personal appearance now suggested biting economy, offensive slovenliness, or sordid avarice, whereas in former days he had been somewhat dandified in his dress, and generous as a king. On the journey from Koenigsberg he had put up at a miserable inn at Berlin, apologizing to Narka for taking her there, but pleading as a reason that the people were honest, and that he was in the habit of staying there. What motive could induce a man of his wealth to deprive himself not alone of luxuries, but of the comforts and decencies that he had all his life been accustomed to?

One afternoon, on coming home from a lesson, Narka, who had been thinking a great deal about Ivan, and wishing to hear from him, found that in her absence

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he had called and left word that he would call again next morning. She was bitterly disappointed to have missed him; he was sure to have news of Basil; he had probably seen him. She was impatient for the morning. But it came, and Ivan did not appear. He had left no address, so she could not write to him. She had her singing class at one o'clock, and her terror was that he would call while it was going on and she should miss him again. But the singing class came to an end, and there was still no sign of him. Immediately after the lesson Sibyl came to take her for a drive. There was no ostensible reason for refusing, so Narka had to go. It was the longest drive she ever took, and Sibyl noticed that she was strangely preoccupied. On returning home she found a note from Ivan saying he had been hindered from coming by an accident, but he hoped to see her in a few days. Narka was too impatient to wait for his visit. The note contained his address, so early the next morning she set out to see him. The Rue B——, where he was staying, was a narrow sort of laneway behind the Pantheon; the house a shabby-looking *maison meublée.*

"Yes, monsieur is at home," the concierge said, giving her the number of the room on the fifth story.

Narka did not stop to think of the proprieties. She mounted the dark stairs, steep and narrow as a ladder, and knocked at Number 96.

"Come in," said a voice.

She opened the door. It was a small attic room, full of tobacco smoke, with the roof slanting on one side, no fire, no carpet. Ivan was sitting in a high-backed arm-chair, buttoned to his chin in a huge furred coat, a pipe in his mouth, his head swathed to an enormous size in a woollen scarf. He looked like some grotesque caricature of a man.

"Narka Larik!" he said, removing his pipe, and his blue eyes widened and sparkled with that inarticulate laughter which gave to his countenance its peculiar expression of childlike candor and merriment.

"I thought something must have happened, as you did not keep your appointment," Narka replied. "You have met with an accident?"

"No; only a savage fit of pain that seized me like a tiger. It knocked me over in half an hour. I was half mad. But it is gone now. Schenk pricked me with morphine, and killed the pain."

"Schenk?" said Narka, interrogatively.

"He is a doctor, a very clever fellow, and a friend of mine. Sit down, won't you?" He pushed toward her the arm-chair he had been occupying, the only one in the room.

What could have reduced Ivan Gorff to these extremities?

"When did you arrive in Paris?" Narka asked.

"The day before yesterday. I have come straight from St. Petersburg without drawing bridle; I took cold on the journey. It was like travelling through Siberia."

Narka bethought herself that if he had travelled first-class he would not have had to complain of the cold.

"You saw Basil?" she said.

"Yes. He is well, but as savage as a bear. He and the Prince quarrel all day. Basil has got himself into a fine dilemma. He ought to have kept his affairs to himself, at least for a while longer."

"It was not he who told the Prince of our engagement. Some one whom he had trusted with the secret betrayed him."

"He ought not to have trusted anybody with it. He ought never to have put a line on paper about it. I warned him many a time to be cautious, that the police had their eyes and ears everywhere; but it was no use. What did you do with those papers of his?"

"See, I have them safe with me."

"That is foolish. You ought to burn them. They may get you into trouble again."

"How so? What do the police know about me here?"

Ivan's round eyes widened and twinkled until it seemed as if they were going to explode with laughter.

"You fancy the police don't know just as much about you here as if you were in St. Petersburg? You are very *naïve*, Narka Larik."

"Am I? Well, you have something more interesting to say than that, have you not? Tell me about the Prince and Basil. The Prince wrote to Sibyl that if Basil did not surrender within three months he would have him sent to Kronstadt, and consigned to the tower until he came to his senses. Do you think he is capable of carrying out that threat?"

"He will try all soft means before he

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has recourse to the hard. He is trying to bribe Basil now with the promise of getting Father Christopher liberated and brought back to bless his marriage with Princess Krinsky."

"Basil is not such a fool as to fall into that trap," Narka laughed.

"Humph!" Ivan moved his huge bundle of a head slowly up and down. "The Prince is convinced that if he went to the Emperor and told him the whole story, he would grant Father Christopher's release at once. Marie Krinsky is in love with Basil, and Prince Krinsky is in high favor now. The Empress, too, is greatly annoyed at Basil's refusing to marry her pet maid of honor. Basil knows all this, and then the thought of Father Christopher's captivity haunts him perpetually."

Narka grew pale. "The Emperor does not know about Basil's supposed share in Larchoff's death?" she asked.

"No; but Basil thinks he does. He never heard, of course, of that tampering with his letters."

"Does the Prince know who it is that Basil wants to marry?"

"He did not tell me if he did."

"Basil would have told you?"

"Very likely, if he had had a chance; but we were hardly five minutes alone. He wanted me to come next day and have a quiet talk; but I was bound for time. I had to leave the next morning."

What could this business be that drove Ivan from city to city, compelling him to renounce the pleasure of a meeting with his best friend? Narka felt that she must know at all costs.

"Why cannot you trust me as Basil does?" she said, looking him straight in the eyes.

Ivan met her challenging glance with a beam of satisfaction. "To trust our friends is sometimes the unkindest thing we can do to them. Basil proved that to you. But now that you are comparatively out of harm's way, I will tell you anything you care to know. I have thrown in my lot with those who want to do away with tyrants and set the nations free. This involves ways and means which those who don't want to risk their heads had better know nothing about. I don't care about risking mine. If it had gone while that tigerish pain was clawing it yesterday I should have been glad enough. But, on the other hand, it would upset a lot of things if I were to drop off now. I am the telegraph between all the centres. There is not a plot hatched anywhere but I am the first to hear of it. I carry messages that can't be written; I organize meetings; I get the pamphlets published; I work the occult machinery of the Socialist press, and direct its underground operations. All this gives me plenty to do. It is not the work that brings pay and glory, like the work of the hero in livery who serves a tyrant, and calls it serving his country; but it is a hero's work all the same. The man who undertakes it must renounce everything and risk everything, and live every day with death dogging him like his shadow."

Narka looked at Ivan with a new interest, and recognized in him a genuine hero, though no man ever presented a more unheroic appearance than he did with his ungainly figure and his huge beturbaned head. "And is Basil involved in this work?" she inquired.

"Yes; he has now thrown himself into it body and soul."

"Ah!"

They were silent for a moment. Then Ivan said: "Why should not you join us, Narka Larik? You might help greatly, and without the same risk, here in France."

"Show me how. Show me anything this head or these hands can do, and I will do it," she answered, impulsively.

Ivan held out his hand to her, and she laid hers in the broad palm that closed on it with a strong clasp. As they sat thus, hand in hand, the door opened, and a man came quickly in.

Narka recognized Schenk, and colored violently.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" Ivan said, slowly releasing her hand. "This is my good friend Dr. Schenk, Mademoiselle Narka Larik, one of ours."

Narka bowed and stood up.

"Pray don't let me send you away, mademoiselle. I won't detain Gorff a minute," said Schenk.

"I was just going," Narka replied, her embarrassment relieved by his perfect ease and respectful manner. "I hope there is nothing serious the matter with M. Gorff?"

"It is serious—a case of suicidal mania," observed the medical man. "If he exercised common humanity to himself he would be as strong as a horse, but he maltreats himself as if he were a dog."

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"I should not have thought you capable of maltreating a dog," Narka said, remembering Marguerite's abuse of the vivisector.

She gave her hand again to Ivan, and bowing to Schenk, went out.

CHAPTER XXII.

On her return home Narka found a note from Sibyl, which a servant had just left. She opened the violet-scented missive, and read:

"My Darling,—I bring you a wonderful piece of good news!" (Narka stopped to take breath. Had Basil surrendered?) "It has come so suddenly I can almost fancy it a fairy trick. Fortune is going to be kind to you, my Narka, and reward you after all you have suffered. Listen: I have just had a visit from Signor Zampa, who was director of the Italian opera here last year, and is now managing La Scala, at Naples. He gave me lessons when I came to Paris. Well, dearest, he is in search of a soprano voice to take the place of *prima donna* at La Scala. An artist who heard you here that memorable night carried the fame of your voice and your genius to Naples, and Signor Zampa has come on here to see if you would suit him and accept his overtures. I gave him your address, and with difficulty dissuaded him from rushing straight off to you, there and then. I said he would not find you till two o'clock, and I promised to send word to you to expect his visit at two. I am beside myself with delight. Come to breakfast to-morrow morning, and meantime attune your voice to its heavenliest key, and sing the soul out of Zampa's breast, and millions out of his pocket.

"Your own Sibyl."

Narka dropped the letter with an exclamation. She was bewildered. It might, no doubt, be a most brilliant career that opened out unexpectedly to her, but at this first moment she could not realize anything but the shock it gave her. To turn public singer, to go on the stage—she who was engaged to Prince Zorokoff? Was it possible to contemplate such a thing? and yet how was she to refuse it without incurring Sibyl's deep displeasure, rousing her suspicions, and in that case alienating her, perhaps irrevocably? And there was not time to think it over. It was just one o'clock, and Zampa was likely to be punctual. She threw aside her bonnet, and went over to the piano, and excitedly turned over the leaves of a music-book. She could not well refuse to sing for the impresario, if he asked her, and in the midst of her perplexity the desire of the artist to win the approval of so great a critic asserted itself.

As the clock struck two, Signor Zampa rang at the door.

Narka, flushed with excitement, looked her best when he came in.

"You have heard from the Comtesse de Beaucrillon the object of my visit, mademoiselle?" he said, conquered at once by her beauty.

"Yes. It has taken me by surprise. I never dreamed of going on the stage. I have not had the necessary training for it. I don't think I am at all fitted to be an opera singer."

"Perhaps I am a better judge of that than you. Will you let me hear you sing?"

She rose without any pretence of shyness, and went to the piano. Zampa pulled off his gloves.

"You will accompany me?" she said.

"Certainly. What will you sing?"

"Choose anything you like," motioning indifferently to the books and songs that were scattered about.

"Let's try this," he said, opening the opera of *Norma* at the "Casta Diva."

Narka sang it with a perfection of art that would in itself have delighted the *maestro*, even if her voice had not enchanted him by its rare qualities. When she ended, he burst out with a rapturous "Brava!" and seizing her hand, kissed it with the demonstrative enthusiasm of his race. He entreated her to sing several other pieces, each chosen with a view to bring out the various qualities of her voice. Narka, stimulated by his genuine admiration and discerning criticism, sang at her best, feeling that ecstasy in the expansion of her splendid powers which is in turns the triumph and the despair of every true artist. Every fibre in her was thrilling to the music of her voice. Something of the grand, untamed creature that was visible in her majestic lines and strong supple limbs began to throb in her pulses and course in her blood; and when the Italian started up and described the brilliant future that was before her, she

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was more ready to respond to his offers than she could have believed possible an hour ago. As he stood there, with his fiery eloquence and mercurial gesticulation, she could almost fancy a wizard had sprung up on her path, waving his wand, and bidding the mountains roll down and the desert blossom at her feet.

"You will be a star that will outshine every star in the musical firmament of our age," he declared, executing a sort of war-dance on the hearth-rug in his excitement. "All Europe will ring with your fame; crowned heads will bow down before the royalty of your genius!"

Narka listened, and felt something like what the bird must feel when a kind hand is about to open its cage and set it free to take flight into its native element. She had been beating the bars of her cage all her life, even before she knew it.

Zampa saw that she was won, and he kept throwing in the incense, till the fumes enveloped her and went to her brain. It was a delicious intoxication. But suddenly the sweet smoke began to choke her. She had forgotten Basil. What would he say? How would this contemplated step affect their common destiny? Would the *prima donna* millionaire be a more suitable wife for Prince Zorokoff than Narka Larik? "I am so taken by surprise," she said, not pretending to disguise her emotion, "that I cannot answer you to-day. I must have time to think over your proposal and to consult my friends before I decide. I will write to you in a day or two."

But the impresario went away confident and exulting. He had no doubt of having secured a grand prize.

When he was gone, Narka asked herself whether she was waking or dreaming. Had she done wisely in leaving him to believe she was ready to entertain his offer? As to consulting her friends, whom had she to consult? Sibyl would think her insane if she hesitated for a moment, and would never forgive her for rejecting an offer that she, Sibyl, so wholly approved of. There was Marguerite. But Marguerite was sure to cry out in horror at the mere notion of the stage; she would consider it walking into the lions' den. Still, Narka must speak to some one, and there was only Marguerite, and Marguerite's sympathy was sure to be comforting, and it might possibly be illuminating.

Early next morning she set out to La Villette. To her great surprise, Marguerite, far from being horrified, met the idea complacently.

"I expected you would have shrieked at the bare notion of my risking my soul in such a wicked place as the theatre," said Narka.

"Is it such a wicked place?" said Marguerite, crestfallen at once. "I didn't know. A school friend of mine, a very pious girl, lost her fortune, and went on the stage, and sang for a year at the Opéra Comique, and she remained as pious as ever, and died like a little saint. But that was in Paris; perhaps at Naples it is worse."

"I suspect it is the same everywhere, pretty much," Narka replied. "But I have no fear on that score," she added, bridling inwardly. "Self-respect would protect me as well on the stage as walking about Paris alone. I was not thinking of any danger of that sort; it would not exist for me. I was thinking how the thing will appear to Sibyl."

"Sibyl? Why, Sibyl has invented it."

"I mean about Basil. Would it not be a greater degradation for him to marry me if I were a public singer?"

"Ah!" Marguerite slipped her hands into her wide sleeves, and put her head a little to one side, and gave her whole mind to the solution of this problem. "Sibyl could tell us," she said, after a moment; "but we can't ask Sibyl."

"No, we can't ask Sibyl."

They sat silent for a minute. Then Marguerite, like a person who, having passed every argument in review, arrives at a conclusion, said: "It always seems to me that the safest plan is to take what Providence sends to us, and trust the consequences to Him. If you are running no risk to your soul, I don't see why you should not accept this offer. Instead of being an obstacle between you and Basil, it may be the means of drawing you together. Perhaps Sibyl did not tell you, but her terror is that Basil, in spite of the Prince and the police, will contrive to make his escape from Russia. And if he does, how is he to live? The Prince won't supply him with money, certainly; and he would not like to be dependent on Sibyl—that is to say, on Sibyl's husband. He would not mind, perhaps, being dependent on his wife for a time."

Narka threw out her arms and caught

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the small figure to her heart. "Oh, Marguerite, what a blessed little Solomon you are!" she exclaimed, in delight. "That would indeed be a joyful culmination—to rescue Basil from poverty and dependence, and to be revenged on those who have been so cruel to us both."

"Oh, never mind the revenge, Narka!" Marguerite entreated. This was not the feeling she had meant to excite; but discussing with Narka was like stirring the embers of a smouldering fire; the flame leaped up and the sparks flew out when you least expected it.

The bell rang, and Marguerite had to say good-by and hurry off to her duties. Narka went straight to the Rue St. Dominique. She found Sibyl in high excitement.

"Zampa has been here, and he is beside himself with satisfaction. He draws such a horoscope for you as must make all the Malibrans pine with envy in their graves. Narka, you have a splendid career before you. I am so happy! It takes such a load off my heart!" She kissed Narka, and they turned to look at the practical side of the affair. The impresario was liberal as a prince. Narka was to proceed without delay to Florence, and put herself in training under the great master there. The whole tenor of her life was changed in an hour; she was lifted from poverty, obscurity, and carking care to ease, brilliancy, and the prospect of immediate fame. Sibyl entered into it all with that quick sympathy and subtle understanding that was part of her power.

"But you take it all too coldly, Narka," she said, suddenly, her keen perception detecting the lack of response in Narka. "Are you not glad, dear? I thought you would be excited."

"I suppose I ought to be." Then, after a moment, "Does M. de Beaucrillon say anything about it?" Narka asked, irrelevantly.

"Gaston? He is delighted. Did you think he would not care?"

"Oh no; he is too kind not to care." Narka repressed a sigh. She seemed tired. But there was something in her mind that she would not say, Sibyl suspected. "I am just wondering whether it will make any difference when I am before the footlights," she said, with a constrained laugh —"whether you will feel quite the same to me when I am a public singer."

"As if that could make the smallest difference!" Sibyl exclaimed, looking at her in blank amazement.

Narka again laughed in that constrained way. "No doubt," she said to herself, "I should be just as far beneath the Comtesse de Beaucrillon, *née* Princess Zorokoff, whether I turn public singer, or remain in my native obscurity as Narka Larik."

So it was settled that she was to close at once with the impresario's offer. She sat down at Sibyl's table, and wrote a note saying she would prepare at once to start for Florence, and enter on her preparation for the opera. Then, to Sibyl's disappointment, she insisted on going home. pretending that she was tired and wanted rest. Sibyl saw that she was both excited and depressed.

"You are quite feverish," she said, holding Narka's hand, and then touching her hot forehead; "you ought to stay here, and let me put you lying down, and bathe your temples with eau-de-cologne."

But Narka would not be persuaded, although she would gladly have lain down, and the touch of Sibyl's cool soft hand on her aching head would have been soothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

WHEN first the delicate crocus thrusts its nose
Up through the driftings of belated snow,
When folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Seated beside this blazing sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the gurgling brooks that slip and shine,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

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AMERICAN RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

BY PROFESSOR A. T. HADLEY.

AS late as 1850 the Erie Canal furnished the only means of cheap transportation between the West and the seaboard. There was through communication by rail on the line of the New York Central; but it was under the management of so many different companies, and its traffic was subjected to such burdensome taxes, that through freight could not be handled with economy. The other trunk lines were as yet incomplete. The Pennsylvania system of public works was useful in its way, but was too complicated to furnish a cheap or satisfactory means of freight transportation.

The Erie Railroad was completed in 1851. In the same year the State of New York ceased to tax the freight traffic of the New York Central. The development of trunk-line freight business dates from this point. Once begun, it grew with surprising rapidity. In 1852 the Central and Erie together carried less than 80,000 tons of freight; in 1854, 600,000 tons. The canal receipts were affected by the change. A reduction was made in tolls, but railroad traffic continued to grow in spite of it.

The Governor in his message for 1855 spoke of the injury to the State due to the attempt of the railroads to handle freight. In the reports of the State authorities for subsequent years stress was laid on the fact that the freight traffic belonged to the canal by natural right—that the railroads were lessening the revenues of New York State for the benefit of the residents of the West. Bitter complaints were heard on all sides. The "Clinton League" was organized to protect the canals. It was proposed to reimpose a tax upon railroads which should prevent them from attempting to carry freight. The New York newspapers insisted that the railroad managers did not know their own business; that it could not possibly pay to carry freight at three cents a ton a mile; that the property of stockholders was being thrown away by the directors in an insane effort to crush the canals.

This agitation continued till 1861, when public attention was diverted from it by the war; and in the next four years railroad freight traffic became so firmly established that the attempt to stop it could never be repeated. Each year was showing the ability of the railroads to carry freight at lower rates than those which the New York agitators had pronounced to be ruinous; each year made it clearer that the development of the West could not be stopped in order that the Erie Canal might make money. The efforts of the Clinton League to give the Erie Canal a monopoly of the through traffic had become a thing of the past; and to-day few persons remember this attempt at railroad control, and none are found to defend it.

And yet in one sense it had its justification. The authorities felt that a new power had arisen. For the first time the transportation system between the Lakes and New York city was passing out of the control of the State. The attempt to stop the railroads from carrying freight was crude and illegal; to have retained control in that way would have been worse than to lose control altogether. No subsequent attempt at legislation has involved quite so bad a mistake. But the difference has been in degree rather than in kind. People have tried legislative restriction because they were frightened at the growth of railroad power; they have not stopped to see the difficulties of the subject. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," has been the rule, and the public has suffered from the consequences. But each mistake has taught us something, and each new legislative experiment is less reckless than its predecessor. The Grangers were not so radical as the Clinton League; the extremists of to-day are less radical than the Grangers. We are gradually finding out what we can do, and thus narrowing down our efforts to the point where they will become really effective.

The attitude of our public authorities toward the railroads has been very much like that of an injudicious parent toward a wayward child—alternately giving him liberty which he was certain to abuse, and making rules which were so strict that they could not be permanently enforced. During the early years of railroad development no favor was too great to be granted. The United States welcomed railroads more warmly than any other nation. They came at a time when they met a national

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want. As our population was moved across the Alleghanies, some such communication was needed to bind the parts together, or they would have fallen asunder by their own weight. Our public men were ready to see this. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was planned for a national highway before steam communication had been really proved practicable. Many of the States gave active encouragement by exemption from taxation, or even by direct subsidies. Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Georgia at first built and operated no inconsiderable part of their lines. The crisis of 1837 did not put a stop to railroad development. The failure of canal schemes made the necessity of railroads all the more obvious. Many of the States devoted to the aid of railroads a large part of their share of the surplus revenue which was distributed in 1837. When this was exhausted, grants of public land were proposed, and after some opposition finally carried out on a large scale.

The first railroad land grants were those of the Illinois Central and Mobile and Ohio, in 1850. The system developed rapidly. Each State was anxious to secure its share of the benefit. The sectional interests of North and South were balanced against one another. Eight million acres of public land were given away under Fillmore, nineteen million under Pierce. The crisis of 1857 disclosed the true character of many of these enterprises. But the check to the practice was only temporary; in the time of the war it was renewed on a larger scale than ever. The Union Pacific Railway was felt to be a matter of vital necessity to the nation, in order to bind the different parts together. Credit and land alike were freely offered for its assistance. The Northern Pacific road a year or two later was less successful in engaging the credit of the government in its behalf, but in return it received a double allowance of land. These vast grants, aggregating nearly 80,000,000 acres, paved the way for a number of others. The war had opened men's eyes to the possibilities of national development. For the first time the East was beginning to appreciate the West, and to put ample faith in its resources. From 1866 to 1872 Wall Street and Congress vied with one another in encouraging the speculative fever. The lapsed grants in the Southern States were renewed, new ones were freely bestowed in the West and Northwest, until finally the amount of public domain given away included, at least nominally, an area as large as the whole of the thirteen original States of the Union.

Nor were the States and municipalities idle. They had no land to give away, but they could borrow money and devote it to railroad construction. They did not attempt to run the roads themselves: the early experiments in that direction had not proved very successful. But they did what was in some respects much worse: they subscribed to the stock or to the bonds of new railroads, and often were almost the only *bona fide* subscribers. They thus placed their money in the control of a board of directors who had only a speculative interest in the business, and who were much more solicitous to make money out of fraudulent contracts or speculation in the securities than to build or run the road properly. The result of the policy was disastrous. In so conservative a State as Massachusetts only a small part of the municipal subscriptions were rewarded with any interest; a much larger number assisted in building roads from which they never received any profit; while a larger number still were devoted to the construction of roads which remained unbuilt for many years, and some of which are never likely to be built at all.

This state of things lasted till 1870. During most of this period there was no systematic effort at railroad control; the few attempts, like the one in New York, already alluded to, were so ill-judged as to defeat their own ends. People relied on competition to regulate railroad charges. To secure this they were ready to grant all sorts of facilities. At first any man who wished to build a railroad had to secure a special charter. This requirement was gradually done away with in different States by the enactment of "general railroad laws,"* under which any company complying with certain conditions was empowered to construct a railroad without special legislation in its behalf. The efforts to enforce liability of railroad managers were few and far between. Railroad tax laws were even more chaotic than other tax laws. There was an occasional provision limiting dividends which corporations could pay, and still more rarely some sort of effort to fix max-

* First adopted in New York and Illinois in the years 1848–1850.

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imum rates, but nothing which touched the great evils and abuses of railroad management as they had developed in actual practice.

The central evil, greater than all others put together, was the inequality of railroad charges. The general scale of rates was low—lower than they had been by any other means of transportation, and on the whole lower than they were anywhere else in the world. But this did not make the differences in charge any less severely felt. It was a great deal better for A to pay a dollar, and at the same time be sure that his competitors B and C were paying the same price for the same service, than for A to pay only ninety cents, while his rivals were charged but eighty cents. Business could adjust itself to almost any schedule of rates; but where one person was favored at the expense of another, no such adjustment was possible. Now the railroads had it in their power to grant such favors, and they abused the power unmercifully. The system of freight rates was so far secret that it was impossible for any man to tell what terms his rival was getting. The charges were not merely unequal, but uncertain; the management often arbitrary, and almost always irresponsible.

Competition furnished no remedy. The great majority of places could have but one railroad; they must ship by that railroad or none at all, whether they liked its rates or not. Towns which had bonded themselves heavily in order to secure the building of a railroad through their limits were compelled not merely to pay taxes on their bonded indebtedness, but to pay much higher rates than the terminal points which had benefit of competition. The railroad seemed to have no sympathy with local interests. It was largely owned by capitalists in other States or other countries. The managers acknowledged no responsibility to their patrons; they seemed to be working in behalf of a foreign interest, whose object it was to drain the shippers as dry as possible. Too often the manner in which the complaints of local shippers were treated was more offensive than the grievances themselves.

A reaction was inevitable. The local shippers could not control the railroad managers directly; but they could control the State Legislatures, and make laws which the railroads must obey. A movement in this direction began about 1870, making itself first felt in Ohio. But it was not until 1872 that its true strength was revealed. As long as business was expanding, and almost everybody seemed to be growing rich, great inequalities were borne without complaint. But when the reaction set in—when the demand for American wheat, artificially stimulated by the European wars of 1870, gradually began to fall off, and the margin of profit for the farmers of the upper Mississippi Valley was rapidly converted into a loss—it was inevitable that they should try to shift the burden upon the railroads.

This was the origin of what is popularly called the Granger legislation. In one sense the term is not strictly correct. The Grangers, as an organization, were not responsible for its existence; it began before the granges had anything to do with the matter. Many of their leaders deprecated the attempt to drag the organization into politics. But it was to a large extent a farmers' movement; and the Grange, as a farmers' organization, furnished a rallying-point for the agitation, and seemed to the outside public the moving force in the whole matter.

It was on Illinois that the attention most strongly centred, and the Illinois legislation was typical of the whole movement. The Constitutional Convention of 1870 made certain provisions for State control of rates, which led to the passage of a law in 1871 directly fixing the rates which railroads should be permitted to charge. This law was pronounced unconstitutional by the State courts; but the term of office of the judge who had given the opinion soon expired, and he was defeated in his attempt to secure re-election. It is not clear that the Patrons of Husbandry, as such, worked against him, but there seems to be no question that many of the local organizations were made to subserve the purposes of politicians who thought that they saw in them a new means of obtaining offices and securing political power. The same influences controlled the election of candidates for the Legislature of 1873; and in that year a law was passed providing for a commission with power to fix rates. The statute was so framed as not to come into direct conflict with the previous decision of the courts; but it was at the same time made pretty clearly evident that no legal obstacles would be allowed to stand in the way of its enforcement, if the people of Illinois could help it.

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Other States of the upper Mississippi Valley followed the example of Ohio and Illinois, and made their regulations even more stringent. The policy of the railroads in some of these cases was almost suicidal. Had they been willing to unite their influence with that of the more moderate of the leaders of the Grangers, the worst evils might have been prevented. Instead of this they allowed the measures to take an extreme shape, thinking that if the statute were made thoroughly bad, they could perhaps defeat it in the Legislature, and certainly resist its enforcement in the courts. In both these respects they were disappointed. The moderate members of the Legislature preferred a bad measure to no measure at all. The courts, after some delay, pronounced such measures constitutional. In the Granger cases, decided in 1877, the Supreme Court of the United States declared unequivocally the right of the State Legislatures to regulate charges on railroads and other industries involving a virtual monopoly. The decisions were all the more significant because there can be little doubt that the majority of the Court regarded the laws as practically unwise, and admitted their constitutionality in spite of it.

It had not been at first expected that the Supreme Court would uphold this legislation. Had the decision come two years earlier, it is hard to say what would have been its consequences in frightening railroad investors. But the worst dangers were over before the decision came. The very men who had passed the obnoxious laws were now quite ready to let them remain unenforced. In some cases they actually repealed them. They had learned by experience that the farmers themselves were the worst sufferers from destructive railroad legislation. It was in Wisconsin that the matter was clearest. The law of that State had taken the lowest rates charged by any railroad as an indication of the price at which that railroad could afford to do its work, and had established schedules of mileage rates on that general basis. It went into effect in 1874. What was the result? Two years later the Governor's message called attention to the fact that railroad enterprise in Wisconsin was practically destroyed; no railroad was paying dividends; only four were paying interest; the capital necessary for the development of the country was seeking investment in other States; the railroads were afraid to do what was absolutely indispensable for the growth of the State, and could not be compelled to do it as long as the law deprived them of all their profits and threatened to throw them into bankruptcy. The very men who passed the law in 1874 repealed it in 1876. They lost far more than they gained by it.

Let us stop to consider for a moment why the system of equal mileage rates proved so disastrous in its consequences.

When railroads were first built it was commonly supposed that their charges would be graded on this principle. The tolls for turnpikes and canals, or the carriers' charges for wagons, have been generally graded in this way, and it was assumed that railroads would naturally do the same thing. But it soon became evident that a railroad did not need to charge twice as much for hauling goods one hundred miles as for hauling them fifty miles. The mere matter of train service was only a small item in the expense. The cost of loading and unloading remained the same whether the distance travelled were great or small. If the cost of loading and unloading the consignment of freight was a dollar, and the cost of hauling it was half a cent a mile, the expense of carrying it fifty miles would be $1 25; the expense of carrying it one hundred miles only $1 50. To insist that the charge for the latter service should be double the former would be obviously unfair to somebody. If the schedule were right for the short-distance shipper, the long-distance shipper would be robbed for the benefit of the railroad. If, on the other hand, it were made right for the long distance, the short-distance shipment would not pay expenses, and the railroad would lose money on its local traffic.

This was obvious enough when it was brought to the test of practice. But there was another point of the same kind less obvious, and even more important. If a railroad was already carrying a certain amount of traffic, it could handle additional traffic at very much lower rates. If it can double its volume of business, only a small part of its expenses are doubled. Interest charges remain practically the same. Administrative expenses increase but slightly. In the great majority of instances the same thing is true of expenditures for maintenance. The ordinary repairs of a railroad are not due

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so much to wear as to weather. Track watchmen must be kept busy, and bridges inspected, whether the volume of traffic be great or small. In order that the railroad may be profitable, some traffic must pay for all these things. But when they are once paid for, additional business can be profitably handled at very much lower rates.

It was thus for the interest of the railroads to reduce their charges wherever large additional traffic could be developed. It was this which led them to give low rates for necessaries of life, like coal or wheat, which would furnish a large business at low rates, but little or none at higher rates. Thus far it was an unmixed public benefit. Had the railroads been obliged to make the same charges for coal as for higher-priced goods, it would practically have stopped the coal traffic of the country, without benefiting any one. This is perhaps the main reason why a return to the old system of tolls is impracticable. If the railroad company charged tolls for the use of the road-bed, by which each car-load had to pay its share of the fixed charges, it would simply stop the movement of a great many of the necessaries of life, which to-day are charged perhaps half a cent a ton a mile—little more than the expense of loading and hauling, and by no means enough to cover anything like a fair toll for the use of the track. If everything were levelled down to this basis, the company could make no money; if everything were levelled up, the company would lose much of its business, and no one be the gainer.

But there were many other ways in which railroads were tempted to extend their traffic, which were not always for the public interest. The long-distance business offered a field which could be almost indefinitely developed by lower rates. The railroads did not see that by so doing they sometimes killed off their short-distance business by putting it at a relative disadvantage. A lower rate on wheat from Chicago might seriously interfere with the development of farming at intermediate points. But the loss of local business was indirect and often unseen, the gain of Chicago business direct and obvious. Under the stress of competition, the railroads often looked at the latter to the exclusion of the former. In so doing they were led into many devices which were not merely questionable, but absolutely bad. To secure business which they could not otherwise obtain they gave special rates to favored shippers. These favors were often quite unreasonable in amount. They were commonly kept secret. The machinery was such that they were given in a thoroughly irresponsible fashion. They were largely under the control of local freight agents, and often quite removed from the knowledge or influence of really responsible officers of the roads most interested. As a result they were apt to be given to the men who least needed and least deserved it, and culminated in abuses like the special contracts of the Standard Oil Company, which was granted a decisive advantage over its competitors under all conceivable circumstances.

This explanation of railroad practice shows some of the difficulties under which legislators worked. To return to the system of tolls or of equal mileage rates was as much out of the question as it would have been to prohibit the railroads from carrying freight altogether, after the fashion of the Clinton League. On the other hand, to allow the existing system to go on, with all its abuses, was to put every independent trader at the mercy of the railroads. The fault was not in the underlying principle of railroad management, but in its application. The system of making rates to develop business, or, in other words, of charging what the traffic will bear, if properly applied, was good for the public as well as for the railroads. But the trouble was that its application was in the hands of the railroad managers—oftentimes in the hands of their more irresponsible agents; that if they acted wrongly, whether through mistake or through corruption, the individual shipper had no remedy. The railroad agents were the sole judges of the application of the principle, and were often under a positive temptation to apply it in the most short-sighted fashion. The system of secret rates and personal discriminations had sometimes made such misapplication the rule rather than the exception.

The first important step toward a solution of this difficulty was taken in Massachusetts. While the Northwestern States were endeavoring to establish a system of regulation too strict to be maintained, Massachusetts had appointed a commission with powers apparently too slight to be of any use. It is not likely that the

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men who provided for the appointment of the commission expected that anything would come of it. Fortunately, however, it had something better than legislative powers: it had a man of exceptional ability at its head, in the person of Charles Francis Adams, Jun. His ideas were not always practicable, but among his many qualifications for the office not the least important was a readiness to acknowledge when he was wrong. The result was that he pursued those lines of policy which were practicable, and abandoned those which were not. One fundamental idea ran through all the work of the Massachusetts commission: it was seen that the real interests of the railroads in the long-run nearly coincided with those of the public; that the more serious abuses harmed both parties; and that by bringing matters squarely before the public the legitimate interests of all concerned were generally arrayed on the same side. The moral influence of the Massachusetts commission reports was overwhelming; no railroad manager dared to set himself directly in opposition to them. In less than ten years it had secured a great deal of publicity of railroad accounts, and had greatly lessened the abuses with regard to railroad rates.

The success of the Massachusetts system was so marked that it soon found imitators. The other New England States already had so-called railroad commissions, some of them dating back to the very infancy of the railroad; but their powers and their influence had been merely nominal. On the other hand, the Granger States in several instances had commissions charged with the execution of the laws regulating railroad rates, and their powers were too great rather than too small. The results in Massachusetts caused the powers of the Eastern commissions to be increased, and those of the Western commissions to be diminished, generally with good effects. Nowhere were these effects more striking than in Iowa. After the failure of the granger law in that State, a commission was formed on the Massachusetts plan pure and simple; and no commission in the United States has done better work than that of Iowa. The same general plan has been followed in New York within more recent years, and the results have furnished a strong justification for it.

Within the past eight years there has been an effort at stricter railroad control in some parts of the South: South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi have successively passed railroad laws of a severe character. Yet in all these States, with but one exception, the influence of the Massachusetts system has made itself felt. The execution of the laws has been left largely in the hands of commissions with large discretionary powers; and these commissions have relied for their support, not merely on the pains and penalties of the law, but on the influence of public opinion. The most extreme among them have proceeded with more caution, and therefore with more chance of enduring success, than the legislators of the Northwest in 1874.

By the year 1880 it had become a well-established principle that it was impracticable to fix rates directly by law; that the important thing was to secure publicity and equality, and above all to have the means of holding the railroads responsible for what they did. On the other hand, the railroads had come to recognize what ten years before they would have denied, that their business was not a purely private one; that they had public rights and responsibilities, and could not claim immunity from legislative control.

But though the State authority and the railroads were in less direct conflict than before, the most difficult questions yet remained unsettled. The wiser legislators were ready to allow railroads great freedom of action; but where should that freedom stop? The wiser railroad managers welcomed legal provisions for the enforcement of equality and responsibility; but how far should this equality or this responsibility be carried? These questions were still unsolved, nor was it in the power of the individual States to solve them.

The through business of the railroads had come to be of co-ordinate importance with their local business. Half the shipments of the companies, roughly speaking, are not confined by State limits, and this half includes nearly all the strictly competitive business, where the worst abuses prevail. The investigation of the Hepburn committee in New York in 1879 made a series of revelations with regard to the handling of inter-State traffic, which showed the community for the first time to what extent the discretion of the rail-

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road managers had been abused. Of what use was enforced equality within the State if all sorts of discrimination could be practised in favor of those shippers who lay beyond its limits?

The railroad managers themselves had not been insensible to these evils. They had taken measures to avoid the recurrence of a state of things like that in 1873, when cattle were carried from Chicago to New York at a dollar a car-load, or in 1875, when the "Eveners" and the Standard Oil Company obtained their greatest advantages. The system of railroad pools was intended to prevent precisely these abuses. As long as one point had the benefit of competition while another had not, the competition point would get lower rates, and individual shippers at that point would obtain secret rebates which would give them an advantage over their competitors. These abuses and inequalities were always worst in a time of active railroad war. The local shipper was often at the worst disadvantage when his absolute rates were lowest. Pools were devised as a means of preventing this. By dividing the traffic at competing points they put a stop to this system of secret underbidding. A mere agreement to maintain rates did little good, because it was so easily violated as to cause a suspicion of bad faith when there was no real ground for it. A division of traffic, or pool, was so much easier to watch that each party could rely on its being strictly obeyed by the others as long as they pretended to obey it at all.

It is impossible to trace the origin of the practice of pooling. It began in Europe earlier than in America, and has been more consistently carried out there. Important American pools were formed as early as 1870, but the first large and successful system was established in the South in 1873 or 1874. Since that time the practice has spread all over the country, though nowhere with the same completeness of organization as in the South. There can be no question that pools have lessened the inequalities of rates; but their workings have not been altogether satisfactory. There is a strong temptation for a pool to level up instead of levelling down, and to prevent the rapid reduction in rates and increase in economy of management which take place under the stress of active competition. Moreover, they are looked upon with a jealous eye, because they increase the railroad power, even when they distinctly lessen the abuses of that power. There is no room for doubt that they have done good; but they do not by any means furnish a satisfactory solution of the problem, or lessen the demand for a national system of regulation.

When the framers of the Constitution gave Congress the right to regulate commerce between the States, they builded better than they knew. They thought only of the possibility of legislative restrictions by the States themselves; but they actually provided a constitutional means for dealing with the railroad question in its larger aspects.

The right has been unquestioned, but until the present year little use has been made of it in connection with railroads. The exceptions are too trifling to note in detail. A serious proposal to make it the basis for effective legislation was first made in 1873, under the influence of the Granger agitation. Since then the matter has been quite constantly under discussion. The Reagan bill was first introduced into Congress in 1878. As first presented it was an exceedingly crude measure, taking no account of the intricacy of railroad business, and the necessity that national regulation should be elastic in order to be really effective. Year after year it was urged upon the attention of Congress, and with almost every session slight changes were made in the plan of the bill to render it more practical. The different characteristics of east-bound and west-bound freight were recognized; the clauses with regard to the relative rates for different distances were made less stringent.

As long as the bill was in its crudest shape, conservative influences were strong enough to defeat it; if not in the House, at any rate in the Senate. But as time went on it became evident that some measure of national control was bound to pass. The growth of business and the decisions of the courts were showing more and more clearly the limitation of power of the individual States. It became clear that the Reagan bill could be prevented from becoming a law only by the passage of a more moderate bill with the same general objects in view. Such a bill was introduced in the House in the session of 1884–5, and was preferred by the committee to the Reagan bill. But

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the House itself reversed this action, and insisted on passing the more radical measure.

When the matter came before the Senate they did not concur in the action of the House, but substituted a more conservative bill, introduced by Senator Cullom. The House was unwilling to agree to this, and the two bills were so radically different in character that any compromise was impossible. For the time being all legislation was defeated by this disagreement.

This discussion had one important practical result. A special committee of the United States Senate was appointed, with Mr. Cullom as chairman, to investigate and report upon the subject of the regulation of inter-State commerce. The committee worked industriously all through the summer, and at the close of the year 1885 presented a remarkably able report, accompanied by a mass of important testimony. For the first time we have before us a basis for intelligent discussion of the whole subject. They also reported a bill strictly prohibiting all purely personal discriminations and all secret rebates or drawbacks; attempting to regulate local discriminations, but not in a very rigid way; providing for a commission to secure the enforcement of the law, and at the same time to make those exceptions which should be found necessary in its practical operation. Toward pools the attitude of the bill was neutral; it neither prohibited them nor legalized them. It directed that the commission should report what action was needed on the subject.

The bill passed the Senate in the spring of 1886, but it became evident that it was too moderate to suit the temper of the House. The chief points of difference were three in number. In the first place, the House desired a strict prohibition of local discriminations instead of an elastic one; in the second place, they were unwilling to trust the execution of the law to the discretionary powers of a commission; in the third place, they demanded that pools should be directly prohibited.

There seemed to be great danger that this difference of opinion would defeat all action in 1887, as it had in 1885. The political leaders felt that such a result must not be allowed. The country was loudly demanding some action. A great many men had reached the position where they thought that almost any legislation was better than none at all. Senator Cullom himself was so far affected by this feeling that he was willing to make great sacrifices rather than to see all action defeated. A conference committee of the two Houses was appointed, which finally succeeded in agreeing upon a compromise measure. The Senate was to yield its point with regard to pools, the House its objections to the establishment of a commission with discretionary powers. The difference with regard to local discrimination was settled by the adoption of a compromise clause so vague that each man was able to interpret it to suit himself. The conference report was signed by all the conferrees, except Senator Platt, who made a vigorous fight against the prohibition of pools. But his efforts were unavailing; the demand for legislation of some sort was too strong to be resisted, and the measure, as reported from the committee, passed both the Senate and the House, and finally received the signature of the President.

Such, in brief, was the history of the Inter-State Commerce Law. Let us now examine its provisions, and their probable working.

It provides, in the first place, that it shall be unlawful for any common carrier to charge one person less than it charges another for the same service under similar circumstances; nor shall it in any other respect give undue preference to one person over another in the same circumstances. And in subsequent sections of the act it provides for a system of publicity of rates, and prohibits such secret rebates, drawbacks, or agreements as might defeat this object. All this part of the measure is thoroughly good. The object has been recognized as a desirable one, not merely by the public authorities, but by the better class of railroad men. Such publicity and equality of treatment would sweep away the worst abuses connected with our railroad system; and though the prohibition of special contracts will undoubtedly work great hardship in some instances, there is no question that the good to be obtained far outweighs the evil.

The provisions with regard to local discrimination are more doubtful; it is hard to say exactly what they mean, or how far they are wise. The section bearing on this point reads as follows:

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"SEC. 4. That it shall be unlawful for any common carrier subject to the provisions of this act to charge or receive any greater compensation in the aggregate for the transportation of passengers or of like kind of property, under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line, in the same direction, the shorter being included within the longer distance; but this shall not be construed as authorizing any common carrier within the terms of this act to charge and receive as great compensation for a shorter as for a longer distance: *Provided, however*, That, upon application to the commission appointed under the provisions of this act, such common carrier may, in special cases, after investigation by the commission, be authorized to charge less for longer than the shorter distances for the transportation of passengers or property; and the commission may from time to time prescribe the extent to which such designated common carrier may be relieved from the operation of this section of this act."

This does not mean that the Boston and Albany shall charge no higher rate per mile from Chatham to Boston than is charged for shipments over its line from Chicago to Boston. This interpretation, which would be ruinous to all concerned, is shut out by the words "in the aggregate." But there is a real uncertainty whether the law limits the amount which the Boston and Albany may charge from Chatham to Boston by the whole Chicago-Boston rate, or by the Boston and Albany's *share* of that through rate. For instance, supposing that a shipment is made at forty-five cents, and the Boston and Albany receives fifteen cents. Is the permissible charge from Chatham to Boston limited by the forty-five-cent rate or by the fifteen-cent fraction of it? The former interpretation would involve comparatively little change in the railroad tariffs of the country; the latter would upset them completely. There can be little practical doubt that the courts will adopt the milder interpretation; but as long as any uncertainty exists it may affect trade very seriously, because the railroads will not feel free to do a great many things which may subsequently be pronounced lawful by the courts.

There is another way in which this provision may make trouble. The Canadian roads are, of course, practically exempt from its operations. If the Grand Trunk desires to make special rates for wheat, it can do so. If the American roads attempt to follow its example, they are, in the first place, hampered by the necessity of a notice which must be given before changing their rates; and in the second place they must lower all their intermediate rates to correspond. Now the through traffic in wheat from Chicago to Liverpool is a large and easily handled line of business; but it is subject to severe competition, and in this competition the Grand Trunk Railroad will be given a great advantage, which will inure to the benefit of its English stockholders. Unquestionably the commission will provide for such cases. Perhaps the courts may decide that the export traffic is not under similar conditions with the domestic, and therefore exempt from the operations of the act. But in any event there will be much delay and uncertainty before these matters can be adjusted.

The difficulty of carrying the act into effect is greatly increased by the prohibition of pools. Unsatisfactory as pools have been in some respects, they have this great advantage, that they take away much of the inducement to secret rebates and discriminations. They prevent responsible roads from being placed at the mercy of their more reckless and irresponsible competitors. When pools are prohibited, if one company makes special contracts in violation of the provisions of the act, the other companies are almost forced to it in self-defence—and there are means of doing it which are exceedingly hard to detect. So serious has been this difficulty that other countries have recognized the impossibility of stopping pooling and discrimination at the same time. Believing that discrimination is the greater evil, they direct their efforts against this; as a means of stopping discrimination, they legalize pools. That is the only way in which the states of central Europe have been able to enforce the short-haul clause on their own lines. When there was anything like active competition, the government could not make its law binding on its own agents. If private companies were violating the short-haul law in Belgium or Prussia, the government roads had to do the same thing in sheer self-defence, or else see their lines losing money while their competitors were making money—a thing which the tax-payers would not stand. Thus it is that in Belgium, in Germany, and in Austria the state railroads enter into contracts for division of traffic with rival lines, and even with competing water routes.

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And it is here that the evils of discrimination have been, on the whole, most effectively met. In other parts of continental Europe, where pools are not so strong, discrimination is more prevalent. In England, where they are barely tolerated, there is still more discrimination; in America, where we have tried to prohibit them altogether, discrimination is at its worst. And in America itself we find that the abuses of the system of special rates have been most severe at those times and those places where railroad wars have caused pooling agreements to be thrown to the winds.

The prohibition of pools is to be regretted, because it will make it more difficult to enforce the other sections of the law. If the means provided are strong enough to enforce it without the aid of pools, it will do no special harm to see them abolished. But there is reason to fear that we shall have a hard task in so doing. Both the commission and the United States Circuit courts are likely to be crowded with business, at least during the first year or two of the operation of the act.

Not that the railroads are likely to try active measures of resistance. The most they will do is to interpret its more doubtful portions in their own favor, and it is by no means certain that they will undertake to do that. Some of the ablest railroad men say, with much justice, that even the appearance of resisting the enforcement of the act would cause them to incur much odium; that it is better in the long-run for them to interpret it according to its obvious meaning. Such a course would often hurt the railroads, but it would generally hurt the shippers a great deal more. The result would be that the blame would be cast, not upon the railroads, but upon the act itself; and its obnoxious provisions would be modified much more speedily than could otherwise be the case. In other words, the experience of Wisconsin in 1875 would be repeated in a milder form, but on a larger scale, and it would be seen that anything which really harmed the railroads harmed the public a great deal more.

Such a course will probably be the wisest in the end, but it will involve great hardship for the time being. We see its results already. The business of the country has developed under a system of special rates for different localities. All this is to be suddenly changed; just how great the change will be, no one knows. The names of the men on the railroad commission, and particularly that of Judge Cooley, its chairman, are a guarantee that the discretion of this commission will be wisely used. But the commission cannot provide at once for every case which shall arise. We have passed a law without knowing exactly what it is going to do, and the country is bound to suffer the consequences of its recklessness. Although the law is so framed that we may expect good to come of it in the long-run, it will be impossible to avoid great hardship in adjusting ourselves to it.

It is not likely that the adjustment will be a final one. The Inter-State Commerce Law is not in any sense a solution of the railroad problem: it is simply one of a series of experiments which narrow down the range of possible action. If honestly enforced, its successes and its failures will help to teach us what we can and what we cannot do, and another ten years will see us prepared to avoid some of our mistakes of judgment to-day. That an ideally perfect law will ever be obtained is not likely. A political problem cannot be solved like a mathematical one. The advocates of free competition and the advocates of State railroad ownership each have a solution to offer; but neither of these solutions does as well in practice as in theory. Free railroad competition turns out not to be free. State railroad ownership too often means not the ownership of the State as a whole, but of a small body of men who happen to hold political power at the time; it is neither more nor less than the substitution of a ring of political managers for a ring of railroad managers. Its practical success varies according to the condition of the civil service. But the government is, as a rule, less responsible than a private corporation, instead of more so. If there is any lesson which is clearly taught by the history of railroad management from the beginning until now, it is that publicity and responsibility are more important than any set of laws or regulations. It was because competition failed to secure such responsibility that we have ceased to rely upon it. It is because the Inter-State Commerce Law furnishes a new means of enforcing such responsibility that it marks a decided advance in American railroad legislation.

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JUNE.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

THE cuckoo-cups are full of rain,
And little elves do bathe therein,
The straddling spires o' beard-grass high
Swing back and forth till they be dry,
For moonworts bloom, and June is here,
The sweetest month of all the year.

The fallow-finches haunt the corn
With songs of summers dead and gone,
And every lass that's fair to view
Doth walk with fernseed in her shoe,
For Nature's darling, June, is here,
The wooing month of all the year.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE old question of the relations between authors and publishers has been opened recently in London with a great deal of vigor in a society of British authors. It was very plainly intimated that the conduct of publishers justifies the familiar view which regards them as ogres fattening complacently upon the brains of wretched authors. The traditions of Grub Street, of genius enslaved by greed, have been practically revived. But instead of grudgingly rewarding enormous labor with a paltry pittance, the publisher is now accused of concealing and cooking his accounts, and so swindling the confiding and helpless poet, novelist, historian, or philosopher. This is a remarkable indictment, and it is one that could not have been brought in this country. A society of authors here would be composed of those who best know the generosity and uprightness of publishers, and at the very moment when the controversy in London was proceeding, the Easy Chair became aware of instances of the remarkable, although undoubtedly also the shrewd and well-considered, liberality of American publishers.

The kind of complaint which was made in London comes generally from those who measure the returns of their work by their own estimate, not of its excellence only, but of its marketable value. The sale of a book, however, bears little relation to its intrinsic worth, and a work may be much noticed and praised and yet not be largely sold. The reviewers of books are not generally buyers of books, and there is, in fact, no means of ascertaining the real extent of the sale, and consequently of the returns, but inspection of the accounts. It follows, therefore, that an author may easily persuade himself that his book has been in great demand, and that his profits are very large, when actually the sale and the profits have been small. But the publisher's accounts cannot be falsified nor the author swindled without the connivance of clerks; and even if publishers—who in this country certainly are among the most reputable merchants—should wish to defraud the author, they must first corrupt their clerks to make them accomplices. But how many publishers would choose to put themselves as criminals in the power of their clerks? The aspersion upon the London publishers, therefore, was more serious than the authors who virtually made it could have been aware.

The allegation substantially is that authors and publishers, under the usual contract of publication, are virtually partners in a business transaction, of which the entire management and all the accounts are intrusted to one of the partners, and consequently that both should have free access to all the records. To this allegation a leading American publisher answers promptly and unequivocally, "There is not an author who cannot come here and have access to the books just as freely as the publisher himself." But to go further, and to say that the books are falsified, is merely to return to the charge that every great publishing business is a huge conspiracy. Such a business employs scores of clerks who are necessarily familiar with its details, and who, as in every business, leave for many reasons, and not always with friendly feelings. But does any testimony of theirs drawn from their experience tend to establish the extraordinary theory that the publishing business is a criminal conspiracy?

The allegation omits one vital fact which another leading American publisher points out. In this business contract between the author and the publisher one of the parties assumes all the cost and risk, and bears all the possible loss of the adventure. Now it appears that when the author is unknown a large proportion of the books fails to pay expenses. In that case, however, the author-partner does not share the loss, and the publisher-partner alone is the loser. If the transaction should be regarded wholly from the ordinary business point of view, and the contract should require the possible loss arising from the enterprise to be shared by the partners, the number of books published would be greatly diminished, because the author would not care to risk a loss. It is found by experience, however, that with an adequate "plant," and with sagacity, energy, and devotion, the publisher, like other merchants, can afford to assume the risk. This is a valid argument for his receiving also a larger share of the profit. And still another leading American publisher points out that not only does the publisher-partner assume all

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the risk of a venture of which the success in nineteen cases out of twenty he thinks to be problematical, but he contributes to the chance of the venture what the unknown author does not contribute—the value of his name. The imprint of certain publishers is a signal advantage to a book, and it is a contribution to the common transaction which is justly considered and remunerated.

The business of publishing is undoubtedly of the highest advantage to society. It enables the elevating and civilizing force of knowledge and the power of genius and the imagination to be made practicable and advantageous to human progress. It enables science to extend its researches, and in turn to make those researches useful to the world. It is the means by which the light of historical experience is thrown from the library of the scholar upon the advancing steps of mankind. It is, in this sense, a noble business. But, like all other business, it is pursued not primarily for the general benefit of the world, but for the particular advantage of the individual. Even Shakespeare wrote his plays not to charm mankind, but to sustain a private business, and to support himself. It is as unfair to forget this fact in the one case as in the other. The publisher, like the manager of a theatre, like a banker, or a grocer, or a shoemaker, pursues his business for his own advantage. The author who offers his productions for sale does the same. Neither of them can seek honorably to overreach the other, nor can either fairly impute to the other a knavery which he cannot substantiate.

If English authors are of the opinion that they are habitually defrauded by English publishers, they can refuse to deal with sharpers, and they can expose their swindling. But they should be very sure of their facts before they smirch the names of their business partners, or try to bring into discredit one of the most honorable of business activities.

ONE of the chief pleasures of the winter has been the revival at Daly's Theatre of the *Taming of the Shrew;* and no less a pleasure has been its success, because that promises to secure to us similar pleasures hereafter. The success of the revival has been signal. The performances proceeded every successive evening to the one-hundredth repetition, and the play held the stage to the end of the season. Every performance has been witnessed by a crowded house, and every seat has been engaged long in advance. The secret of such success is worth ascertaining, for this one event has disposed of a familiar impression, that Shakespeare's dramas can no longer compete with the modern plays except in the very unusual event of the appearance of a remarkable genius.

The revival of the *Taming of the Shrew* has demonstrated that Shakespeare has not lost his hold of the modern theatre, if the different conditions of the theatre in his time and ours are duly perceived and regarded. The first consideration is completeness of setting in scene and costume; the second is fitting adaptation of the play to the character and talent of the company; the third is a general superiority in the company, which secures a uniform excellence in the representation; and the fourth is that precision and perfection in the detail of action which gives the impression of entire ease and spontaneity. All these conditions were attained at Daly's in this revival. When the play was first acted by her Majesty's servants at "the Blacke Friers and the Globe," in 1596—if that was the year, upon which point the editors differ—it is easy to fancy the bareness of the setting and the dependence upon the boisterous fun of the story. But the play as seen at Daly's would have been a delight to Shakespeare himself, like the beautiful modern editions of his dramas.

It is, by the general agreement of the commentators, a composite work. Grant White says that at least three hands are evident in it, and Mr. Winter, in his introduction to the play as revived this winter, says that Shakespeare never claimed it as one of his works, and it was first published in the folio of 1623 after his death. It was an older play, perhaps by Robert Greene, rewritten. But the original story is like Emerson's road that dwindles from a highway to a squirrel-track, and finally runs up a tree. It is supposed to be drawn from a translation from Ariosto. The Induction is supposed also to be traced to an actual incident at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, in 1440; and again it is referred to a ballad of unknown old date; and finally Knight thinks it is of Eastern origin, being found in the *Arabian Nights;* and so doubtless it vanishes in a sun-myth.

The Induction and the taming are full of that boisterous liveliness which belongs to Boccaccio and the old Italian stories, but which alone would not hold a modern audience for a hundred nights. The success depends, as we said, upon a thorough appreciation of the play and complete adaptation to its representation of adequate talent, and then the admirable setting and perfect movement of the whole. All this we had at Daly's. There is little wit in the drama. It is largely horse-play in the taming scenes. The motive is the subjugation of an imperious temper by a well-feigned superior obstinacy carried out inflexibly, but in entire good-humor. To this result the company at Daly's co-operated with a remarkable evenness of intelligence and skill. It is especially a spirited, breezy, open-air play, and it was rendered with the utmost spirit. The performance had a freshness which was truly extraordinary when the "damnable iteration" of a hundred and more consecutive nights is considered.

The modern taste which this revival gratified demands fidelity to the scene—the repro-

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duction of the air and temper and spectacle belonging to the story quite as much as the adequate representation of the characters and the repetition of the words. The perception of this taste and demand, and their gratification, explain the great success of Henry Irving. As the modern opera of Wagner and his compeers subordinates the virtuoso and the trained individual vocal skill to the general effect of a drama told in music and action for its own sake, and not for the distinction of the performers, so the modern presentation of the drama must give the very aspect and pressure of the time. We must walk in Padua and be entertained in Petruchio's country house, and all that we see and hear—all the bright circumstance—must lap us in Italian airs, and in a world of faery beyond our own.

This was the exquisite charm of Irving's production of the *Merchant of Venice*. We were transported to the Adriatic shore. There were the palaces, the bridges, the canals. The air was full of song and the murmur of revelry. Here passed the hurrying maskers with echoing gibe and laughter. There under the arching bridge glided the lighted gondola, the floating bower of love. It was all mystery and melody and romantic form; the throbbing hum of music for dancing; the dark dominos of revellers; the sudden gleam of a stiletto; the folded embrace of lovers; the moonlit gardens of Belmont:

> "In such a night
> Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
> And with an unthrift love did run from Venice."

All this was in the beautiful suggestion of Irving's setting of the *Merchant of Venice*. It was imaginative, poetic, and lingered in the memory like sweet music or a lovely picture.

The *Taming of the Shrew* is not poetic; but it is Italian, and it belongs to the Boccaccian world. To recall that world, therefore, to show us its figures and fill us with its spirit, so that we enjoy without submitting enjoyment to criticism, is what Daly's revival does, and so it achieves its triumph. It has produced universal and innocent pleasure; and its happy ending, with the picture of Paul Veronese turned into life and gayety and music, is one of the mimetic scenes that will not be forgotten.

The young traveller and student in Europe who is impressed with the great galleries and libraries and palaces and noble public works which adorn the old and famous cities has been sometimes known to regret the poverty of his own land in such monuments, and to wonder if the tendency of a popular government is fatal to public spirit. It is not until he is older, and reflects a little more closely upon human nature and the facts of history, that he discovers that it is paternalism in government, not popular institutions, which weakens and destroys public spirit. When great fortunes were unknown in this country, such public works as galleries of art and libraries and all great æsthetic forms of expenditure were unusual. But one of the most distinctive and interesting aspects of democratic development, using the word in the large popular and not partisan sense, is the steady growth of the conviction that great riches are a great trust for the common welfare, and the consequent demand that they shall be devoted in part to public uses. This has become so strong and general a feeling that the failure of a very rich man to provide by his will for some public advantage is an evident public surprise and disappointment.

The remarkable series of bequests and benefactions for the common welfare within the last half century in this country may be explained in many ways, and there are obvious reasons, such as the facility of making money in a new country inhabited by a singularly inventive people, which will not be forgotten. But the final cause is of another kind. It lies in the public spirit which is naturally developed in a country without classes and with equal opportunities. There is infinitely greater catholicity of feeling in such a country. Every man is conscious of belonging to the people, and not to a part or clique of the people. His grandfather was a laborer, a sailor, a mechanic. He was himself bred in poverty, or his father was. There is a sentiment of which he is conscious which reveals to him the actual interdependence of the words of the republican shibboleth, liberty, equality, fraternity. They may be invoked, indeed, as the plea and apology of hideous crime. But nevertheless fraternity is the natural product of liberty and equality, as the butterfly springs from the chrysalis.

The price of the great and noble works which the young student admires in Europe is largely the oppression of the people. The cost is drawn ultimately from the great multitude, but without their knowledge or consent. Kings are not producers, and the riches of a king are derived from others. In older Asia and Africa lofty temples and magnificent structures of every kind are often monuments of frightful tyranny and human degradation. In America, how many of the noblest and most beneficent works are the memorials of the highest private wisdom, individual generosity, and public spirit, without a stain of unjust suffering upon a single stone, monuments not only of individual liberality, but of a deep sense of fraternity and of duty!

The good old phrase of worthies, by which eminent benefactors were described, as Dryden's nine worthies, "Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian Knights," and the nine worthies of London, is the true name to apply to many Americans whose names will occur at once to every one of their countrymen, beginning with John Harvard in early days, and more recently Cooper, Vassar, Cornell, Astor, Lenox, Ottendorfer, and at this very

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time, Tilden, Seligman, Vanderbilt, and Wolfe. These are but a few of the local names in this vicinity. But Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, other cities and other States, count proudly their worthies also, all worthy in the same mode of intelligent beneficence, and all worthy of most honorable remembrance. The latest illustrations of this worthiness are the gifts of the elder Mr. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of his sons in continuance of that gift, and to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and to the free library system. Latest of all as we write is that of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, who has left to the Metropolitan Museum her incomparable collection of modern pictures.

The long and wise generosity of this lady, her sagacious and unselfish administration of very great riches, are striking and beautiful illustrations of that noble public spirit which regards such riches as a trust for the benefit of others. The sense of responsibility which in such a mind attends the possession of great wealth is necessarily acute, and it imposes peculiar cares, which prevent life from becoming a self-indulgent sybaritic leisure. Miss Wolfe was wisely advised, but it is her praise that she sought and approved such advice. She has done for many years what many a person thinks that he would like to do. But not many persons would do it, or could do it, as she did it, and in any Walhalla of benefactors of the chief city of the country, a memorial of her should stand among the first.

The Wolfe gallery comprises some of the most noted of modern works, and is held to be among the few chief, if it be not the best, of such collections that exist. The pictures were selected mainly by her cousin Mr. John Wolfe, who is an expert of the highest character; and that the gift might be complete, Miss Wolfe gave a fund of two hundred thousand dollars for the proper care of the collection and for its judicious increase. This gift, immediately following that of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and of valuable works presented by Mr. Seney, secures to New York one of the finest of contemporary collections, so that a journey to New York will now assure to the young student of art an advantage for which formerly he must have crossed the sea. Such acts multiply themselves by stimulating a similar disposition of other collections. The practical advantage of the accumulation of treasures of art in the country is largely lost if the collections are to be dispersed after a few years, and not concentrated in a way to make them available to the public. There is great courtesy in generous permission of access to private galleries. But the necessary restrictions deprive of their enjoyment many of those to whom the galleries would be of the utmost service. But a large and well-known public institution like the Metropolitan Museum of Art offers the most desirable depository of such riches.

Among these noble public gifts the Tilden free library is also pre-eminent. Politically and as a partisan Mr. Tilden was a Democrat who always professed the views of Jefferson. The corner-stone of Jefferson's declarations was faith in the people, and no disciple could show more sincerely his devotion to his master than by providing for the enlightenment of the people, nor could any Democrat prove his democracy to be of a kind entirely superior to a party name more completely than Mr. Tilden proved it by dedicating his great fortune to the promotion of that spirit of fraternity among his fellow-citizens which is the sure result of greater public intelligence.

STANDING on the bluff at Fort Wadsworth on the Narrows in the northwest gale on a cold blue day in March, and watching the *Coronet* and the *Dauntless* stretching swiftly under every inch of canvas toward Sandy Hook and the ocean, and reflecting upon the "sea-change" that is always probable in the winds of March, it was natural to think of the heroism which is bred by a sea-faring life, the nerve which the constant fronting of urgent danger demands, and the steady self-command which is developed by its constant anticipation. It was a beautiful spectacle; but the interest was touched with apprehension, for the craft were small. Youth was on the prow and Pleasure at the helm, but the morn did not laugh, nor the zephyr blow softly, and the flashing of the sea far away seemed to be an ominous welcome of the monster who, not at all hushed in grim repose, awaited his evening prey. How nearly his appetite was satisfied, but how deftly it was baffled, the log of the yachts relates. It was certainly an exciting story, and even that tough old sea-dog, Captain Samuels, of the *Dauntless*, owns that crossing in March has "elements that are exulting and elements that are dangerous," but that for "solid comfort" he prefers at that season home, sweet home.

The heroism that the sea breeds is not merely the courage to look death in the face, but it is a certain simple manliness which is familiar to those who know seamen, and which is their distinguishing quality in stories of the sea. Smollett's seamen are very rough and profane, but they are honest pieces of humanity, and in Marryat and Cooper the romance of the sea makes the mariner romantic, and a natural hero of romance for the reader. It seems secretly to every man a prodigious feat of daring to sail out upon the pathless ocean, and to arrive not only anywhere, but at the very somewhere at which you aimed; and not only to do this, but to do it amid tremendous perils, which nothing but the steadiest and well-instructed head and hand can surmount. The sea is the nursery of romance, as it is the home of mystery and terror, and the traditional qualities of the sailor are gallantry, simplicity, and good-humor.

This was well illustrated in the story of

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Captain Samuels when he returned. It had been telegraphed that he had quarrelled with the owner of the *Dauntless*, and that he was angry and sullen and disagreeable, and altogether the report indicated a very unheroic hero; for in the competition of yachts nothing has been more conspicuous and pleasant than the graceful good-nature of the vanquished and the modest courtesy of the victor. But to growl and snarl, and frown and scold, and lay the responsibility upon this side and that, is not the natural conduct of a hero of the sea. The return of Captain Samuels, therefore, was awaited with interest and some concern. But when he arrived and was spoken by the eager reporter, the tone of his reply was so entirely that of the "Avast there, my hearty!" that it was evident the monsters of the deep had disturbed the cable, and repeated a tale that was never told.

The whole story of disagreement and scolding and swearing and sulking and discord was a romance of the sea founded on no fact whatever. Captain Samuels smiled it all away in a moment. "We were beaten because the *Coronet* sailed faster than we did," and in a few vivid and picturesque sentences the captain described the voyage, except that he could not command words suitably to express his feelings when he heard upon nearing "the finish" that the *Coronet* was already in. That point in the story caused the captain to turn aside for a moment and to meditate silently. "I was certainly sorry to get in second; but there was no fault to be found. The *Dauntless* did all that could be and was expected of her, and did magnificently. We were compelled to admit that the *Coronet* was a faster boat." That is the true tone of a true son of the sea—honest, manly, direct, and perfectly good-humored. It has a timely moral in it, and politicians especially may well heed it. How they skulk and evade and sophisticate and lie to explain, not to own, a defeat! How they spin nonsense into elaborate webs of theory to catch the insects which hate to give up flying against a window! The explanation is perfectly obvious all the while. The *Coronet* was the faster boat. They were beaten because the other side had more votes. The manly way is that of the sailor who says that "we sailed the race to win," and the "*Coronet* sailed faster than we did."

There is another moral. The newspapers announced in detail the quarrel of Captain Samuels and Mr. Colt. But in fact there was no quarrel. Everything was "perfectly harmonious." What, then, is the unpleasant conclusion? Is it not that everything in the newspapers cannot be believed? That, indeed, few important newspaper statements can be trusted until they are corroborated? This view is confirmed by the undoubted fact that "esteemed contemporaries" are perpetually branding each other in unqualified and explicit terms as liars, and dragging each other, as it were, to execution dock without benefit of clergy. If a reader should proceed publicly to denounce some extraordinary conduct on the part of a public officer, as described and detailed in his daily *Morning Guide, Philosopher, and Friend*, his wrathful hand or burning lips would have hardly discharged their corrective office before the evening paper would authoritatively contradict the tale, and leave him, as was amusingly said in Parliament of certain discomfited gentlemen, "stewing in his own juice."

The next time that we read in detail that a gallant sailor tried to avoid an acknowledgment that he had been beaten, or that an honest and upright officer has done a mean thing, that Garrison has been stealthily selling slaves, or Father Mathew getting drunk privately—let us all disbelieve, and await with perfect confidence the coming of the evening paper.

Editor's Study.

I.

SOME months ago the Study made occasion to say certain things in praise of American criticism, which, so far as we could observe, displeased most of the American critics. This effect might well have discouraged a less ardent optimist, but, with a courage which we will own we admire, we have clung to our convictions, and should be willing to repeat our unwelcome compliments. They were qualified compliments, if we remember rightly; we should not even now like to commit ourselves to indiscriminate flattery of our fellow-critics; and if we were again to enter upon such dangerous ground, we should prefer to recognize a general amelioration of our dreadful trade on this continent rather than specify improvements. If we were to be quite honest (which is really *not* the best policy in some things), we should say to these brothers of ours that they were still rather apt to behave brutally in behalf of good taste and the best art; and that they were perilously beset by temptations to be personal, to be vulgar, to be arrogant, which they did not always overcome. Perhaps we might go so far as to say that their tone was sometimes ruffianly; though perhaps this would be going too far; perhaps one ought to add that it might not be consciously so. In this home of the amenities, this polite haunt of literary discernment, artistic sensibility, and moral purpose, the critic sometimes appears in the panoply of the savages whom we have supplanted; and it is hard to believe that his use of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife is a form of conserva-

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tive surgery. It is still his conception of his office that he should assail with bitterness and obloquy those who differ with him in matters of taste or opinion; that he must be rude with those he does not like, and that he ought to do them violence as a proof of his superiority. It is too largely his superstition that because he likes a thing it is good, and because he dislikes a thing it is bad; the reverse is quite possibly the case, but he is yet indefinitely far from knowing that in affairs of taste his personal preference enters very little. Commonly he has no principles, but only an assortment of prepossessions for and against; and we grieve to say that this otherwise very perfect character is sometimes uncandid to the verge of dishonesty. He seems not to mind misstating the position of any one he supposes himself to disagree with, and then attacking him for what he never said, or even implied; the critic thinks this is droll, and appears not to suspect that it is immoral. He is not tolerant; he thinks it a virtue to be intolerant; it is hard for him to understand that the same thing may be admirable at one time and deplorable at another; and that it is really his business to classify and analyze the fruits of the human mind as the naturalist classifies the objects of his study, rather than to praise or blame them; that there is a measure of the same absurdity in his trampling on a poem, a novel, or an essay that does not please him as in the botanist's grinding a plant underfoot because he does not find it pretty. He does not conceive that it is his business rather to identify the species and then explain how and where the specimen is imperfect and irregular. If he could once acquire this simple ideal of his duty he would be much more agreeable company than he now is, and a more useful member of society; though we trust we are not yet saying that he is not extremely delightful as he is, and wholly indispensable. He is certainly more ignorant than malevolent; and considering the hard conditions under which he works, his necessity of writing hurriedly from an imperfect examination of far more books, on a greater variety of subjects, than he can even hope to read, the average American critic—the ordinary critic of commerce, so to speak—is very well indeed. Collectively he is more than this; for, as we said once before, we believe that the joint effect of our criticism is the pretty thorough appreciation of any book submitted to it.

II.

The misfortune rather than the fault of our several or individual critic is that he is the heir of the false theory and bad manners of the English school. The theory of that school has apparently been that almost any person of glib and lively expression is competent to write of almost any branch of polite literature; its manners are what we know. The American, whom it has largely formed, is by nature very glib and lively, and commonly his criticism, viewed as imaginative work, is more agreeable than that of the Englishman; but it is, like the art of both countries, apt to be amateurish. In some degree our authors have freed themselves from English models; they have gained some notion of the more serious work of the Continent; but it is still the ambition of the American critic to write like the English critic, to show his wit if not his learning, to strive to eclipse the author under review rather than illustrate him. He has not yet caught on to the fact that it is really no part of his business to exploit himself, but that it is altogether his duty to place a book in such a light that the reader shall know its class, its function, its character. The vast good-nature of our people preserves us from the worst effects of this criticism without principles. Our critic, at his lowest, is rarely malignant; and when he is rude or untruthful, it is mostly without truculence; we suspect that he is often offensive without knowing that he is so. If he loves a shining mark because a fair shot with mud shows best on that kind of target, it is for the most part from a boyish mischievousness quite innocent of malice. Now and then he acts simply under instruction from higher authority, and denounces because it is the tradition of his publication to do so. In other cases the critic is obliged to support his journal's repute for severity, or for wit, or for morality, though he may himself be entirely amiable, dull, and wicked; this necessity more or less warps his verdicts.

The worst is that he is personal, perhaps because it is so easy and so natural to be personal, and so instantly attractive. In this respect our criticism has not improved from the accession of large numbers of ladies to its ranks, though we still hope so much from women in our politics when they shall come to vote. They have come to write, and with the effect to increase the amount of little-digging, which rather superabounded in our literary criticism before. They "know what they like"—that pernicious maxim of those who do not know what they ought to like—and they pass readily from censuring an author's performance to censuring him. They bring a lively stock of misapprehensions and prejudices to their work; they would rather have heard about than known about a book; and they take kindly to the public wish to be amused rather than edified. But neither have they so much harm in them; they too are more ignorant than malevolent.

III.

Our criticism is disabled by the unwillingness of the critic to learn from an author, and his readiness to mistrust him. A writer passes his whole life in fitting himself for a certain kind of performance; the critic does not ask why, or whether the performance is good or bad, but if he does not like the kind, he instructs the writer to go off and do some other sort of thing—usually the sort that has been

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done already, and done sufficiently. If he could once understand that a man who has written the book he dislikes, probably knows infinitely more about its kind and his own fitness for doing it than any one else, the critic might learn something, and might help the reader to learn; but by putting himself in a false position, a position of superiority, he is of no use. He ought, in the first place, to cast prayerfully about for humility, and especially to beseech the powers to preserve him from the sterility of arrogance and the deadness of contempt, for out of these nothing can proceed. He is not to suppose that an author has committed an offence against him by writing the kind of book he does not like; he will be far more profitably employed on behalf of the reader in finding out whether they had better not both like it. Let him conceive of an author as not in any wise on trial before him, but as a reflection of this or that aspect of life, and he will not be tempted to browbeat him or bully him.

So far as we know, this is not now the carriage of criticism toward authorship in any country but England and her literary colonies. Self-restraint, decency, even politeness, seem to characterize the behavior of critics elsewhere. They may not like an author's work, but they do not for that reason use him with ignominy or insult. Some extreme friends of civilization have insisted that a critic should not write of a book what he would not say to the author personally about it; but this is not possible; it is at least premature, if not a little unreasonable. All that we now suggest is that the critic need not be impolite, even to the youngest and weakest author. A little courtesy, or a good deal, a constant perception of the fact that a book is not a misdemeanor, a decent self-respect that must forbid the civilized man the savage pleasure of wounding, are what we ask for our criticism, as something which will add sensibly to its present lustre; or, if nothing can do that, will at least approach it to the Continental attitude, and remove it from the English.

IV.

We do not really suppose that the inhabitants of the British Islands are all satisfied with their literary criticism; we suspect that many of them must have their misgivings when the *Saturday Review*, for example, calls names and makes faces because some one has, for instance, deplored the survival of the English aristocracy in our time. They must some of them feel that it is not a wholly terrible spectacle: that however right the *Review* may be, its behavior is a little ridiculous. But those islanders are very curious, and in some things quite remote; they may still think the tomtom a powerful argument, and the gourd-rattle the best means of carrying conviction to the minds of men. They may even admire the solemn port of the *Academy* when it knits its classic front and tells an American novelist that "he is, to say the least, presumptuous" in questioning the impeccability of English fiction. What he would be, if the *Academy* were to say the most, one shrinks from guessing; but apparently the British aristocracy, which reads the British novel so little, and the British novel, which derides the British aristocracy so much, are twin monuments whose perfection no foreigner may doubt, under pain of British criticism's high displeasure.

It is no doubt partially in revolt from this severity that we call in question British criticism itself, and beg American criticism, which is still in the sap, to incline to other ways, to study different methods and different measures. At this stage of the proceedings, with the light of civilization flowing in upon us from the whole European continent, it would be a pity to continue in that old personal, arrogant, egotistical tradition; it would be something more than a pity, it would be a sin; and we tenderly entreat our brethren, from the highest to the lowest, to take thought of the matter, to reason with themselves, and to be warned by the examples which they have hitherto sought to imitate.

V.

Consider, dear friends, what you are really in the world for. It is not, apparently, for a great deal, because your only excuse for being is that somebody else has been. The critic exists because the author first existed. If books failed to appear, the critic must disappear, like the poor aphis or the lowly caterpillar in the absence of vegetation. These insects may both suppose that they have something to do with the creation of vegetation; and the critic may suppose that he has something to do with the creation of literature; but a very little reasoning ought to convince alike aphis, caterpillar, and critic that they are mistaken. The critic—to drop the others—must perceive, if he will question himself more carefully, that his office is mainly to ascertain facts and traits of literature, not to invent or denounce them; to discover principles, not to establish them; to report, not to create.

The history of all literature shows that even with the youngest and weakest author criticism is quite powerless against his will to do his own work in his own way; and if this is the case in the green wood, how much more in the dry! It has been thought by the sentimentalists that criticism, if it cannot cure, can at least kill, and Keats was long alleged in proof of its efficacy in this sort. But criticism neither cured nor killed Keats, as we all now very well know. It wounded, it cruelly hurt him, no doubt; and it is always in the power of the critic to give pain to the author—the meanest critic to the greatest author—for no one can help feeling a rudeness. But every literary movement has been violently opposed at the start, and yet never stayed in the least, or arrested, by criticism; every author has been condemned for his virtues, but in no wise changed by it. In the beginning he

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reads the critics; but presently perceiving that he alone makes or mars himself, and that they have no instruction for him, he mostly leaves off reading them, though he is always glad of their kindness or grieved by their harshness when he chances upon it. This, we believe, is the general experience, modified, of course, by exceptions.

VI.

Then, are we critics of no use in the world? We should not like to think that, though we are not quite ready to define our use. If we were to confess that we had none, we must not say, Let us not be like these English critics; but, Let us not be at all.

More than one sober thinker is inclining at present to suspect that æsthetically or specifically we *are* of no use, and that we are only useful historically; that we may register laws, but not enact them. We are not quite prepared to admit that æsthetic criticism is useless, though in view of its futility in any given instance it is hard to deny that it is so. It certainly seems as useless against a book that strikes the popular fancy, and prospers on in spite of condemnation by the best critics, as it is against a book which does not generally please, and which no critical favor can make acceptable. This is so common a phenomenon that we wonder it has never hitherto suggested to criticism that its point of view was altogether mistaken, and that it was really necessary to judge books not as dead things, but as living things — things which have an influence and a power irrespective of beauty and wisdom, and merely as expressions of actuality in thought and feeling. Perhaps criticism has a cumulative and final effect; perhaps it does some good we do not know of. It apparently does not affect the author directly, but it may reach him through the reader. It may in some cases enlarge or diminish his audience for a while, until he has thoroughly measured and tested his own powers. We doubt if it can do more than that; but if it can do that, we will admit that it may be the toad of adversity, ugly and venomous, from whose unpleasant brow he is to snatch the precious jewel of lasting fame.

We employ this figure in all humility, and we conjure our fraternity to ask themselves, without rancor or offence, whether we are right or not. In this quest let us get together all the modesty and candor and impartiality we can; for if we should happen to discover a good reason for continuing to exist, these qualities will be of more use to us than any others in examining the work of people who really produce something.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of April.— The Inter-State Commerce Commissioners appointed by President Cleveland, March 22, are as follows: Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, for six years; William R. Morrison, of Illinois, five years; Augustus Schoonmaker, of New York, four years; Aldace F. Walker, of Vermont, three years; Walter L. Bragg, of Alabama, two years.

President Cleveland appointed new Ministers as follows: March 24, Oscar S. Straus, of New York, to Austria; April 16, General Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to Austro-Hungary.

Mr. Charles S. Fairchild was appointed Secretary of the Treasury March 31.

The act of the last Congress granting land in severalty to Indians was first put into effect on March 31, when President Cleveland ordered the allotment of land under this law to the Indians on the Warm Springs Reservation in Oregon.

A proposed amendment to the Constitution of Michigan prohibiting the sale of liquor in that State was defeated in a popular election, April 4, by a majority of about 5000.

The Rhode Island State election, April 6, was carried by the Democrats. John W. Davis was chosen Governor by nearly 1000 majority.

The Crosby High License Bill, fixing the fee for the sale of spirituous liquors to be drunk on the premises in New York and Brooklyn at $1000, and malt liquors $100, was vetoed by Governor Hill April 12.

The public debt of the United States was reduced during the month of March $12,808,467 71.

The transatlantic yacht race between the *Coronet* and the *Dauntless*, for $10,000 a side, was won by the former. The start was made from New York March 12. The *Coronet* reached Roche's Point, Queenstown, March 27, and the *Dauntless* March 28. The winning boat's time was 14 days, 19 hours, 3 minutes, 14 seconds, and the loser's 16 days, 1 hour, 43 minutes, 13 seconds.

The Irish Crimes Bill was promulgated by Mr. Balfour in the British House of Commons March 28. It abolishes trial by jury in Ireland, giving to magistrates power to inflict a maximum penalty of six months' imprisonment for offences such as boycotting, conspiracy, rioting, and the like, or inciting to the same. In grave cases, of murder or arson, it provides for a change of venue to England. The law will have no time limit, and will be applicable only in districts proclaimed by the Viceroy. On April 1 closure was applied by a vote of 361 to 253, and the bill passed its first reading. On April 18 it passed a second reading.

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—In the House of Lords the government presented a land bill, which passed its first reading, providing for the purchase of Irish holdings, that is, for the abolition of the system of dual ownership created by the act of 1881. The leaseholders whose leases expired prior to 1881, numbering 160,000, are to be admitted to the benefits of the act of 1881 in the same manner as those whose leases expired in that year.

A new Italian cabinet was announced, as follows: Signor Depretis, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Crispi, Minister of the Interior; Signor Viale, Minister of War; Signor Zanardelli, Minister of Justice; and Signor Saracco, Minister of Public Works.

Another effort was made to kill the Czar, on March 29, by an officer of the army, who shot at him while he was taking exercise in the park of the palace at Gatshina.

DISASTERS.

March 23.—Seventy miners killed by an explosion in the Bulli Colliery, Sydney, New South Wales.—Twelve miners burned to death in a boarding-house at Bessemer, Michigan.

March 24.—News at San Francisco of the burning to death by the villagers of 260 tramps in a temple at Hisia Shib, China.

April 1.—Destruction by fire of the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, California.

April 5.—Eighteen miners killed by an explosion at Venita, Indian Territory.

April 9.—Explosion in a nitro-glycerine factory at Freiberg, Saxony. Thirteen persons killed.

April 10 (and following days).—Prairie fires from two and a half to seven miles wide, in Graham and Norton counties, Kansas. Fifteen persons and many houses and several thousand head of cattle burned.

April 12.—Fire in St. Augustine, Florida. The old slave market, cathedral, court-house, and St. Augustine and Edwards hotels burned.

April 13.—Packet steamer *Victoria* wrecked on the rocks near Dieppe. Twelve passengers drowned.

OBITUARY.

March 27.—In Princeton, New Jersey, Paul Tulane, philanthropist, aged eighty-seven years.

March 29.—In Newark, New Jersey, Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., hymn-writer, aged seventy-eight years.

March 31.—In Albany, New York, John G. Saxe, poet, aged seventy-one years.

April 4.—In New York, Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, philanthropist, aged sixty-one years.

April 10.—At Evansville, Indiana, John T. Raymond, comedian, aged fifty-one years.

April 12.—In Wilmington, Delaware, Right Rev. Alfred Lee, D.D., S.T.D., LL.D., first bishop of Delaware, and senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in his eightieth year.

April 15.—In Paris, France, Very Rev. Monsignor William Quinn, Vicar-General of New York, aged sixty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE American man, the Drawer imagines, only develops himself and spreads himself and grows "for all he is worth" in the Great West. He is more free and limber there, and unfolds those generous peculiarities and largenesses of humanity which never blossomed before. The "environment" has much to do with it. The great spaces over which he roams contribute to the enlargement of his mental horizon. There have been races before who roamed the illimitable desert, but they travelled on foot or on camel-back, and were limited in their range. There was nothing continental about them, as there is about our railway desert travellers, who swing along through thousands of miles of sand and sage-bush with a growing contempt for time and space. But expansive and great as these people have become under the new conditions, the Drawer has a fancy that the development of the race has only just begun, and that the future will show us in perfection a kind of man new to the world. Out somewhere on the Santa Fe route, where the desert of one day was like the desert of the day before, and the Pullman car rolls and swings over the wide waste beneath the blue sky day after day, under its black flag of smoke, in the early gray of morning, when the men were waiting their turns at the ablution bowls, a slip of a boy, perhaps aged seven, stood balancing himself on his little legs, clad in knickerbockers, biding his time, with all the nonchalance of an old campaigner. "How did you sleep, cap?" asked a well-meaning elderly gentleman. "Well, thank you," was the dignified response; "*as I always do on a sleeping-car.*" Always does? Great horrors! Hardly out of his swaddling-clothes, and yet he always sleeps well in a sleeper! Was he born on the wheels? was he cradled in a Pullman? He has always been in motion, probably; he was started at thirty miles an hour, no doubt, this marvellous boy of our new era. He was not born in a house at rest, but the locomotive snatched him along with a shriek and a roar before his eyes were fairly open, and he was rocked in a "section," and his first sensation of life was that of moving rapidly over vast arid spaces, through cattle ranges, and along cañons. The effort of quick and easy locomotion on character may have been noted before, but it seems that here is the production of a new sort of man, the direct product of our railway era.

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It is not simply that this boy is mature, but he must be a different and a nobler sort of boy than one born, say, at home or on a canal-boat; for whether he was born on the rail or not, he belongs to the railway system of civilization. Before he gets into trousers he is old in experience, and he has discounted many of the novelties that usually break gradually on the pilgrim in this world. He belongs to the new expansive race that must live in motion, whose proper home is the Pullman (which will probably be improved in time into a dustless, sweet-smelling, well-aired bedroom), and whose domestic life will be on the wing, so to speak. The Inter-State Commerce Bill will pass him along without friction from end to end of the Union, and perhaps a uniform divorce law will enable him to change his marital relations at any place where he happens to dine. This promising lad is only a faint intimation of what we are all coming to when we fully acquire the freedom of the continent, and come into that expansiveness of feeling and of language which characterizes the Great West. It is a burst of joyous exuberance that comes from the sense of an illimitable horizon. It shows itself in the tender words of a local newspaper at Bowie, Arizona, on the death of a beloved citizen: "'Death loves a shining mark,' and she hit a dandy when she turned loose on Jim." And also in the closing words of a New Mexico obituary, which the *Kansas Magazine* quotes: "Her tired spirit was released from the pain-racking body and soared aloft to eternal glory at 4.30 Denver time." We die, as it were, in motion, as we sleep, and there is nowhere any boundary to our expansion. Perhaps we shall never again know any rest as we now understand the term—rest being only change of motion—and we shall not be able to sleep except on the cars, and whether we die by Denver time or by the 90th meridian, we shall only change our time. Blessed be this slip of a boy who is a man before he is an infant, and teaches us what rapid transit can do for our race! The only thing that can possibly hinder us in our progress will be second childhood; we have abolished first.

THE census taken in Massachusetts in the year 1885 was conducted on a very thorough system, and the enumerators had to ask and write down the answers to thirty questions for each inhabitant. It was a most tedious work, but was enlivened occasionally by some little experience or incident.

On one occasion an enumerator was working up an Irish section in a small town, and was met at one house by the mother of a large family, who answered for the entire household. After the questions in regard to herself and husband were answered, the children were next taken, commencing with the eldest, who was nine years old. This one was disposed of and several others, when the enumerator discovered that there was but a year's difference in their ages. Without making any comment thereon, he continued till one was reached who was but three years of age; as the last one was five, he asked where the four-year-old one was. He was assured, however, that there was no mistake by the mother when she replied, "That one died."

A CELEBRATED Washington belle, whose attractions invited such marked attentions from scores of men that the prefix of "Mrs." seemed a dead letter, was "receiving" with another fashionable woman. While chatting she inadvertently drew out her handkerchief, and observing a knot in the corner of it, stopped, hesitated, and said, "I've a knot in the corner of my handkerchief; I must have put it there to remind me of something." Said the hostess: "Probably to remind you that you are married."

SPEAKING of Washington society, Mrs. General M—— planned a series of receptions, and allotted her friends in such manner as to form congenial circles and prevent crowding her salon. Colonel ——, a crusty old bore, attended the first one, and the following conversation took place:

"Very pleasant lot of people here this evening, ma'am; but one misses a good many familiar faces!"

"Yes, my dear Colonel," the hostess replied; "but I shall give another reception next Friday evening, and then a good many familiar faces will miss *you*."

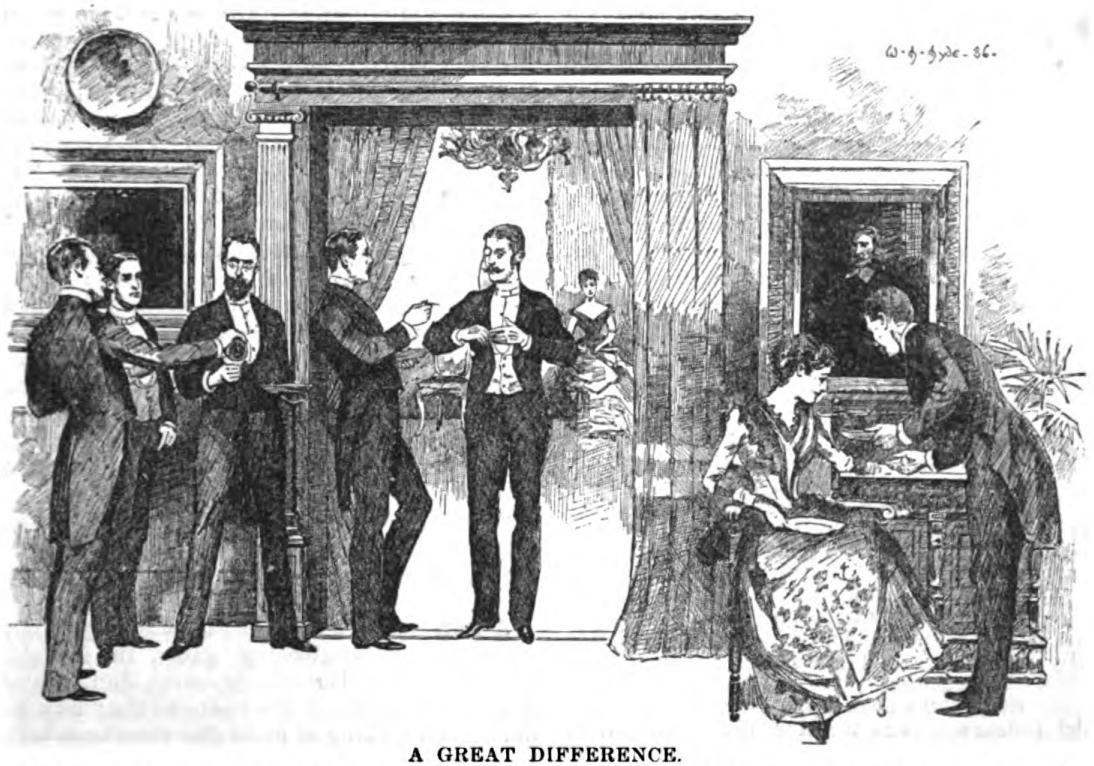
ONE Sunday evening last summer a bat, devotionally inclined, flew through the open window of a church in Rochester, and disported itself in those plunging circles peculiar to its kind. The choir boys were singing, and the congregation of course standing, so it had a better opportunity than usual to terrorize the worshippers. First the congregation would duck, and then the choir boys would dodge, till the sea of faces looked as if agitated by a violent storm, and the suppressed smiles grew broader and broader. Just then the choir began the second verse of the hymn:

> "Happy birds that sing and fly
> Around thine altars, O Most High."

The effect was magical. A sudden swoop carried the bat out into the night, and saved the occasion; but it was "a close call" for Sunday.

THREE young gentlemen living in one of our great cities were returning from a ball one fine winter evening at about five o'clock in the morning—the expression is forgivable, since they were all of Hibernian extraction—and were naturally thirsty. They tried the doors of a dozen places where at more reasonable hours liquid refreshment was dispensed, but found none open. In their desperation they

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A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

TOMMY GUZZLE (*some time in the supper-room*). "Hello, Billy, going to get something for the inner man?"
BILLY MANNERS (*who has just come in*). "No; I'm going to get something for the outer woman!"

bethought themselves of that despised fluid, milk, and were soon regaling themselves on a couple of bottles surreptitiously obtained from an area where they had just been left by the early milkman. In about five hours the three were facing a police justice, and one of them—Daniel O'Connell by name—was telling the story.

"Did you steal the milk?" queried the justice.

"Yes, your honor. There was a third bottle there which we might have taken, but"—proudly drawing himself up to his full height—"I did not wish to sully the immortal name I bear."

"SHINE 'EM UP?"

A BLUFF, hearty English friend was giving us his impressions of America, and he seemed to have especially noted the contrast between our young people and their juvenile English cousins. "Your youth are more forward than ours," he said, "and less respectful to their elders."

We remarked that this was only natural, a characteristic of all our people; our institutions developed a spirit of independence.

"Yes," he responded; "and this spirit appears to have been in a marked way developed in your bootblacks. I was in Washington, and had occasion to avail myself of the services of one of these knights of the brush. While he was 'shining' I asked his price, which he said was ten cents. 'But,' I said, 'in New York it is only five cents.' In an instant he had thrown aside his brush. 'Well, mister,' he said, 'I guess yer'd better go ter New York and get yer boots blacked.'"

CONSTANCE is *very* young, but she is also better worth quoting than most grown people. Her envy was somewhat aroused by the fact that a wedding was about to take place in the family of her little playmate, and that the playmate thereby had the advantage of her; so she remarked, very complacently, to her little friend's mamma:

"Mrs. ——, did you know that I was engaged to be married?"

"Why, no, Conny. Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm engaged to Fritz Ward" (small boy of her acquaintance). "He doesn't know it, but I've got to explain it to him."

"Well, Conny, do you expect to be married soon?"

"Well, I hope so. The fact is, *I'm tired of being spanked*, and I think we'll be married very soon."

AN Irishman was sent by his employer with a message to a merchant in the city. The office of the merchant was duly reached, but he was not in. The only occupant of the room was a monkey, and to him Patrick promptly handed his master's note. The monkey took it, looked it over with extreme care and in a perfectly business-like manner, and finally de-

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liberately tore it into bits. Pat on his return gave an emphatic account of the treatment which the note had received, and the wrathful master set off at once, accompanied by his servant, to inquire into the meaning of it. The merchant was now in his office, and the sender of the message was beginning an earnest expostulation with him, when Patrick interrupted him, and pointing to the monkey, that still occupied his corner, said, "Oh, sir, it was not this gintleman; it was the ilderly gintleman in the corner—*this gintleman's father*, I deem."

MY PROFESSOR.

He gave me a rose,
And he said, "Can you read
The alphabet dewy-eyed Flora invented
(So daintily tinted and charmingly scented)
To write over valley and mead?"
Do you think—can it be—that he means to propose?
Or why should he give me the eloquent rose?

For it is, you know,
Love's sweet intercessor.
And soft were his eyes, and so tenderly beaming,
They thrilled me and stirred all my heart into dreaming
Of him—the august professor.
And I dreamed (was it bold?) that he meant to propose,
So tender his words when he gave me the rose.

I shall not be coy
And coquettish, nor shy,
When he seeks me again. Only "trifling," you say?
But I know he is earnest and true as the day;
And his prayers how can I deny?
For I feel—I am *sure*—that he means to propose,
Such presage of bliss is the gift of a rose.

C. W. Thayer.

A prominent physician, who has since died, once wrote a prescription for a powerful liniment. He was noted among the druggists for his chirography. He had a large practice, and often wrote in such haste that it was difficult to read his prescriptions. The directions written upon the above-mentioned "recipe" were, "Apply locally as directed." The clerk read it, "Take a teaspoonful three times daily." The patient took only one dose.

Another doctor sent his bill to a widow for "doctoring your husband until he died."

The attention of parents with children to name is respectfully called to the melancholy paragraph which follows. Mr. J——, being on one occasion belated in the mountains of Georgia, stopped at a little cabin and asked a night's shelter of the owner, who was sitting at the front door in all the luxury of shirt sleeves and a rush-bottomed chair tilted well back against the wall. It was hospitably accorded. A supper consisting of bacon and corn-bread was set before him; and the conversation turning upon the fine pasture-lands of that section, Mr. J—— modestly insinuated that he would have supposed it possible to keep a cow for the benefit of the two children whom he saw playing about the room.

"They don't need it; they are all right as long as that thar lasts," said the father, pointing with a jerk of his thumb to a barrel of whiskey sitting in one corner. Properly horrified, Mr. J—— expostulated, but in vain. "It keeps 'em screwed up like a fiddle all the time," explained the fond parent. This incident led to some further talk about the little ones, and Mr. J—— affably asked their names.

"This here one" (here the mother dragged forward a shame-faced youngster in "butternut"), "hopin' you'll excuse his looks, was named for my paw—Joseph Edward Malcolm Norton Gunter."

It was rattled off as one mouthful in a singsong voice, and Mr. J——, to whom comment was difficult, said, "And the little girl?"

"Mary Josefine Rhody Catherine Benjamine Frankline Palestine Gunter. She was named for my maw," was the reply.

A few years ago base-ball was a popular game, an all-engrossing game, in Buffalo. State Engineer Horatio Seymour, Jun., found it so. Upon one of his visits to that city he heard men talking of little else than base-ball, "on the dock," at the hotels, and in the counting-rooms. Old merchants and young clerks watched the papers and the bulletins for the scores made by the members of the National League, and seemed to take little interest in legitimate business. Feeling no interest whatever in "the American game," Mr. Seymour was somewhat disgusted with the condition of public sentiment in Buffalo, and so expressed himself to a sympathizing friend in the evening. The friend proposed a visit to the circus for a change, but Mr. Seymour declined, saying that he was very tired, and intended to give up his room at the hotel, go to the house of an uncle—an elderly, much-esteemed citizen—find a quiet room, and get a good night's rest. Toward midnight there was a violent ringing at the old man's door-bell, and investigation revealed that a boy was at the door with a telegram for Mr. Seymour. With no little anxiety the State Engineer, who had been wakened from a sound sleep, tore open the despatch, hoping that it had no bad news from home. Half bewildered and half enraged, he read: "Providence, 3; Boston, 2. Errors—Providence, 2; Boston, 4. Base hits—"

He read no more. "What on earth have I got to do with this?" he roared out to the alarmed but innocent messenger; who replied,

"Why, ain't you the Mr. Seymour what reports base-ball for the Buffalo *Courier*?"

The State Engineer went back to his bed to wait impatiently for morning. And though the next day was the Sabbath, he took the first train for almost any place where he would be likely to hear men, women, and children talking about something besides scores, errors, fly balls, and base hits. Max Elyot.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. JULY, 1887. No. CCCCXLVI.

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

VII.—A PRINTED BOOK.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

I.

THE world has many times come near to printing, and just missed it. The ancient Assyrians stamped their records deep in bricks or cylinders of clay, using a raised wood block, or possibly separate characters. A wooden hand-stamp discovered in a tomb at Thebes, left upon the Egyptian bricks for which it was used, in raised hieroglyphics, the name of Amenoph—possibly that very Pharaoh who was the taskmaster of the Israelites—which was cut into it. The Greeks not only cut exquisite seals, leaving raised impressions upon wax, but used also the contrary process of engraving maps upon smooth metal plates, from which they might have taken ink impressions "if they had only thought of it."

The Roman potter used, it would seem, movable types to stamp his vessels with the owner's name or a contents label; the private loaves of bread sent to the public oven were stamped with an owner's mark; cattle and slaves were "branded" by a heated stamp; the "signum of Cecilias Hermias" in raised brass, which saved that Roman citizen the trouble of writing his name or of learning how to write it, as well as several incised brass stamps which seem intended for use with ink, are in the British Museum. Quintilian suggested the use of a stencil to teach Roman school-boys to write, since by following its lines with their stylus they could trace the letters; Cicero and other Latin writers come very near the idea of printing-types when they speak of the absurdity of expecting an intelligible sentence from chance mixing of engraved letters; Pliny, indeed, speaks of "a certain invention" by which Marcus Varro proposed to insert in his books "the images of seven hundred illustrious persons," thus "saving their features from oblivion," and "making them known over the wide world," which sounds very like our wood-cut printing. Yet, so far as we know, all Roman books were made by slave copyists, so cheaply that Horace complains that his books were too common, while Martial's first book of epigrams could be bought for six sesterces (24 cents) in plain and five denarii (80 cents) in fine binding, and the daily newspaper of Cicero's Rome, the *Acta Diurna*, which contained local news and gossip of marriages and divorces as well as acts of the Senate, was probably made in like manner. The Emperor Justin, who could not write, used a stencil to sign his name, and merchants had trade-marks to the same purpose.

The Codex Argenteus, or Silver Book, at Upsala, Sweden, which dates from the sixth century or earlier, must have had its silver letters stamped on its purple vellum one by one, since some of the letters are upside down, and such engraved letters were in use by many calligraphers of the Middle Ages to outline initial letters for their illumination. Woven fabrics of silk and of linen were printed in colored inks from hand-stamps in Italy possibly as early as the twelfth century; indeed, Breitkopf holds that the Egyptians thus printed cloths, and the Mexicans and Polynesians had perhaps a like practice. The printing-press itself was rather an adaptation of the wine-press or cheese-press used in all countries than an invention, and the playing-cards and block-books of the Middle Ages, made from engraved wooden blocks, which preceded the use of movable types, were probably printed on it.

All these items show that every ele-

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ment of type-printing—except the type-mould for casting types, in which De Vinne finds the true origin of modern typography—existed here or there at one time or another in the world long before the mystical or mythical Koster or the undoubted Gutenberg of the fifteenth century. It seems, indeed, a predestination that it was left to the glorious era of the Reformation to consummate this among its other wonderful achievements. The truth is, the world was not ready before; there was no soil for the seed. An earlier Gutenberg would have lived—perhaps did live—in vain. In Darwinian phrase, printing was an evolution requiring environment. The environment was the same which made possible the Reformation.

Of course the Chinese were ahead of Europe. Their chronicles record printing upon silk or cotton in the century before Christ, paper being attributed to the first century after Christ. It is certain that many hundred years ago they had begun to put writing on transfer-paper, lay this face downward on wood or stone, rub off the impression or paste on the transparent paper, cut away the wood or stone, and take an impression in ink which duplicated the original. First, probably, they cut the letters into the block, leaving white letters on black ground, which method, Didot thinks, was known to the Romans and was the process referred to by Pliny; afterward they cut away the block, leaving the letters raised, to print black on white. This last process is attributed to Foong-Taou, Chinese minister of state in the tenth century, who was driven to the invention by the necessity of getting exact copies of his official documents. Indeed, there is detailed tradition of a Chinese Gutenberg, one Pi-Ching, who in 1041 carved cubes of porcelain paste with Chinese characters, afterward baking them, and literally "setting" the porcelain types by help of parallel wires on a plate of iron in a bed of heated resinous cement. These types he hammered or planed even, and pressed close together, so that when the cement hardened they were practically a solid block, which could be taken to pieces again by melting the cement. But Pi-Ching was born out of time, in the wrong country, and to the wrong language. The Chinese word-alphabet contains at least 80,000, possibly 240,000, characters (the National Printing-office at Paris made types for 43,000), and for the lesser number the Chinese compositor would require a large room to himself, where he could wander among five hundred cases "looking for a sign," while Chinese wood-engravers will cut on pear-wood, or on the hard waxen composition used for that oldest of existing dailies, the Pekin *Gazette*, an octavo page of characters for forty or fifty cents—a hundredth part of the cost of coarse work, a thousandth of the cost of the finest work, here. The Chinese printer, without a press, but with a double brush like a canoe paddle, inking the block with one end, and pressing the paper laid on the block with the dry brush at the other end, prints two thousand sheets a day, on one side only, which are then bound into a book by making the fold at the front of the sheet, and stitching through the cut edges at the back. A fair-sized book is sold for eight or ten cents, and there is little inducement for improvement. Playing-cards, invented probably in Hindostan as a modification of chess, and then engraved on ivory, were made in China and in Hindostan centuries ago, and thence they seem to have made their way into Europe, probably through Saracens or Jews, before 1400.

The demand for playing-cards and for image prints caused the industry of wood-block or xylographic printing to attain great proportions early in the fifteenth century. The image prints were the religious chromos of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were rude outline drawings cut on wood, printed in an undetermined way, possibly on a press, and colored by hand, probably by use of a stencil. A St. Christopher, dated 1423, is the best known of these. Printed on paper, by this time in general use, cheap, widely distributed, they were of enormous educational service.

Meanwhile the business of book-making by copying had had a curious development in two directions. The industry so flourishing in Cicero's Rome had dwindled to nothing by the sixth century. The great libraries had been destroyed. Few could write their names; fewer could read. The Irish monks alone preserved the art of illuminating, and from the island of Iona shed such light as they could throughout Europe. Charlemagne himself could not write, but used a curious monogram to picture his name; he was the more ready, it may be, to permit his

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English adviser, the monk Alcuin, to require that every monastery should maintain a scriptorium, and every convent or bishop should employ a permanent copyist, "using only Roman letters," for the making of books. The Church monopolized this art up to the twelfth century, when the ignorance of the inferior clergy, and later the influence of St. Francis d'Assisi, who forbade Bible, breviary, and psalter to his order, made way for the lay booksellers, who congregated about the great schools of theology like Padua and Paris. But the Church still arrogated superintendence and censorship; the University of Paris required "the stationers, vulgarly called booksellers"—the first name coming from their selling at a station or shop—"to tell the truth, without deceit or lying, touching the price of books," which was fixed by four master-booksellers appointed by the university, with four deniers profit when sold to teachers or scholars, or six deniers when sold to the public. Even then the bookseller might not buy a book for sale until it had been exposed five days in the hall of the university, and its purchase declined by teachers and scholars; and he was obliged to loan it for copying, at a small fixed price, to any student giving security. Consequently the university was, later on, compelled to fulminate against base booksellers who, naturally desiring to earn a living, did not uphold the dignity of their profession, but mixed it up with "vile trades," such as "fripperies and like haberdashery," as modern booksellers have also been compelled to do. Vellum became scarce, and the richer buyers disdained paper. This fact promoted the differentiation of book-making into two distinct divisions: on the one side the superb missals of the religious orders and the daintily written and bound troubadour books of the courts; on the other, a flood of alphabets, primers, creeds, prayer-books, and crude school-books, wonderfully cheap, from a groschen up, made by unprofessional copyists, demanded as the result of the Church schools, the work of such early reformers as Wycliffe and Huss, and the general awakening of Europe. The Fraternity of St. Luke, existing in Paris in 1391, the Company of Stationers, in London, 1405, and book-trade guilds in other cities, show the extent of the industry.

Yet the great body of the people, and many of the friars, could not write. For them pictures were necessary; hence the image prints. It was natural that these should presently be bound together into books; and wood-engraving was also called upon to reproduce the pictures of the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, the *Speculum Salutis*, and other early books of religious instruction, which had become very popular in manuscript, and which gave the ignorant friars material for their sermons. Thus the block-books came to be. There is a story, not fully accepted, of a "Heroic Actions of Alexander," pictures and legends cut in wood, made by a twin brother and sister, Cunio, when but sixteen years old, at Ravenna, Italy, in 1286; but the block-books known to us are chiefly German or Dutch, and a hundred years or more later. Some of them were without text, except for the legend engraved in the picture; others had text around the picture, or on an opposite page. At first, the edition being small—perhaps a hundred copies or so—this text was copied by hand after the pictures had been printed, for the engraving of letters was costly. When movable types were invented, the text also was printed, sometimes with the pictures, sometimes by a second impression and in different ink. Much of the confusion in the early history of printing is due to the multiplicity of editions—some of them printed from blocks imitating type letters after others had been printed from types—of popular books, such as the famous *Speculum*, whose "unknown printer" is a mysterious, shadowy figure in early typography, and as the *Donatus*, or Boy's Latin Grammar, the only block-book without pictures, *the* school-book of the Middle Ages, known, like Webster's Speller, from the name of the Roman grammarian of the fourth century, Ælius Donatus, from whose greater work it was abridged.

II.

The world was now ready for printing. Before the middle of the fifteenth century Europe had a cheap material, paper; an oily ink, developed for block-book printing, in place of the fluid ink, which could be used only with the brush; probably the press itself; skilled artisans, trained in the block-book work; most important of all, the demand caused by education. It lacked movable types that could be fitted evenly and readily together, for nei-

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ther the porcelain letters of Pi-Ching nor the individual stamps of the early copyists had developed to this point. "The invention of printing" in its modern sense consisted in the simple production of such types, or, as De Vinne puts it, of the type-mould which should produce such types. Fifteen cities claim to be the birthplace of printing, but the honor rests between Haarlem, Strasburg, and Mainz. The Dutch legend is that some time about or previous to 1440, one Laurent Janszoon Koster, custos or sexton of a church in Haarlem, while in the Hout, or Haarlem wood, cut letters on a beech-tree, which suggested to him wooden types, from which he afterward developed metal types; and that a man in his employ, escaping with the secret to Mainz, originated the art there. Haarlem contains many portrait-monuments of Koster, and belief in him is an article of the Dutch faith, but later investigators claim that he is altogether a myth, made up, with much imagination and some rascality, of two Haarlem citizens, neither of whom was a printer, and of the "unknown printer" of much later days.

The German story centres in John Gutenberg, of the family called Gensfleisch—taking his mother's name in accordance with a German custom, because her family was dying out—as to whom there is a definite historical chain of evidence, including the records of two lawsuits. Nothing is certainly known of his first thirty years. He is supposed to have been born about 1399, at Mainz, whence his family were exiled, going to Strasburg. In 1439 he appears as a defendant in a lawsuit brought in Strasburg by an heir of one Andrew Dritzehen, to compel Gutenberg to admit him to the secret and benefit of an art into which the deceased had bought by payment to Gutenberg. This art seems to have been printing, and the evidence in the suit shows that Gutenberg sent his servant to Dritzehen's house, immediately on his death, to have a "form" of "four pieces," "lying in or about a press," separated "by turning two buttons," "so that no one might know what it is." We do not know, for Gutenberg won the suit and kept the secret. Different modern scholars construe "it" to be parts of the press, pages of type, matrices, or a four-part type-mould, such as is known to have been used by early printers. It is not definitely known whether Gutenberg printed any books in Strasburg (some fragments of a type *Donatus* being most plausibly connected with him there), which caused a German critic to declare that if Strasburg is the cradle of printing, "it is a cradle without a baby." By 1448 Gutenberg had removed to Mainz, for there is record of his hiring money, and in 1450 he made a contract with John Fust, a money-lender, to provide money for "paper, vellum, ink, wages, and the other materials required," on half-profits, which contract was the basis of the second suit. In this suit, brought in 1455, Fust, who has been sadly confused with that later Dr. Faust, of Wittenberg, from whose wicked learning grew the Faust legend, foreclosed his mortgage, got possession of part of Gutenberg's implements and stock, and by help of Gutenberg's apprentice, Peter Schoeffer, who afterward married Fust's daughter Christina, took up the business of printing. There is a legend that this Schoeffer, and not Gutenberg, invented the type-mould, but recent investigators show that this invention was peculiarly Gutenberg's.

Gutenberg, who started a new printing-office after the separation, by help of money from Conrad Humery, physician and town clerk, printed two editions of the Bible. He printed also an edition of the *Donatus*, several *Letters of Indulgence* (the earliest job-work), a broadside *Calendar* of 1457, a *Catholicon* of 1460, and many other things. He was alive in 1465, when Archbishop Adolph made him one of the gentlemen of his court, and was dead in 1468, for in that year Conrad Humery had succeeded to his effects.

III.

Gutenberg, Koster (if he ever lived), and most of the early printers made their own type, and this, indeed, is the germ and key of the whole industry. The making of the type is now a calling by itself—the trade of the type-founder—but it is most curious that up to the invention of the type-casting machine in 1838, by an American, David Bruce, Jun., of New York, there had been scarcely any improvements in the process since the early days. Then, as now, in all probability, the type-founder cut first his "counter-punch" of hard steel, which stamps into the end of a tiny bit of soft steel the interior part of the letter to be made. It is a patient man who must do this work, which is completed

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by cutting away all the superfluous metal outside the letter, leaving in relief the letter A of the desired new pattern or new size. When a smoke-proof of his die shows the punch-cutter that his A is perfect, he hardens the bit of steel, and with successive blows of this die upon a bit of copper makes the *matrix* for any number of type. If it is a very large letter, the metal is poured into a mould, with these matrices at the bottom, by hand, in the old-fashioned way, and the letters sawn apart; but most types are now cast in the little casting machines, which will turn out a hundred or more type a minute. The type-metal has been fused in great melting-rooms, where the lead, antimony, and tin have been mixed in the crucibles in the proper proportions to form this alloy, which must be "hard, yet not brittle; ductile, yet tough; flowing freely, yet hardening quickly." It is kept fluid in a little furnace under the casting machine, whence, as the caster turns a crank, it is spurted by a pump in just the right quantity to fill a tiny mould which presents itself at the spout at just the right moment to receive it. The copper matrix forms the end of the mould, and as the latter jumps back with its quickly cooling charge of metal, the matrix frees itself from the mould, the upper half of the mould pops off, and the formed type is tossed out *instanter*. Thence the tiny bits go to the breakers, boys who break off the waste "jets" of metal; rubbers, with leather-protected fingers, sitting at large circular stones, rub down the rough edges; girls set the types up in long rows into a "dressing-block," in which they are held while the dresser, with a planing tool, grooves their understandings and shaves their sides perfectly true. After passing the inspection of his magnifying glass, the good letters go to a haven of rest to wait the printer's orders, while the bad are committed again to the flames.



THE COMPOSITOR AT WORK.

IV.

The compositor who "sets" the type is commonly spoken of as the printer, while his fellow who does the actual printing is called the pressman. The former stands, hour after hour, before his "case" of types, each kind in its own little box, and each box in its well-defined position in the case, so that the hand reaches for it by instinct, picking up and placing in the "composing-stick," which he holds in his left hand, type upon type, line upon line, the bits of metal of which there are in a page of the size and type before the reader about 6000 pieces. There are really two cases before him, the "lower case," nearly flat, containing in its fifty-four boxes the small

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letters, figures, and common punctuation marks, the "upper case" containing in its ninety-eight boxes the capitals and less used characters. In the lower case, *e*, of which there are 60 to every 40 *a* and every 1 *z*, always occupies the centre, and the letters most in use are grouped nearest to it, so that the hand may travel no farther than need be. If he needs italics or other "sorts," the workman must step aside to another case, or if he is to change to matter of another size or style of type he takes off the cases on his "stand" and replaces them with others. When he has filled up one line in his composing-stick, which he has previously adjusted by a screw to the "measure" or width of his page or column, it will frequently happen that the word does not finish with the line. He must then break it properly, putting the hyphen at the end of the syllable, and "justify" his line by putting thicker or thinner "spaces" between the words of the line. After the compositor has set his stickful of type, he deftly shifts it off upon a "galley"—a movable brass trough usually the length of one or two pages or columns of the book. With the help of a "measuring stick" he counts up the number of "ems" he has set, *m* being a square letter which forms a convenient basis of measurement. English compositors reckon by "ens," the *n* being nearer the average letter.

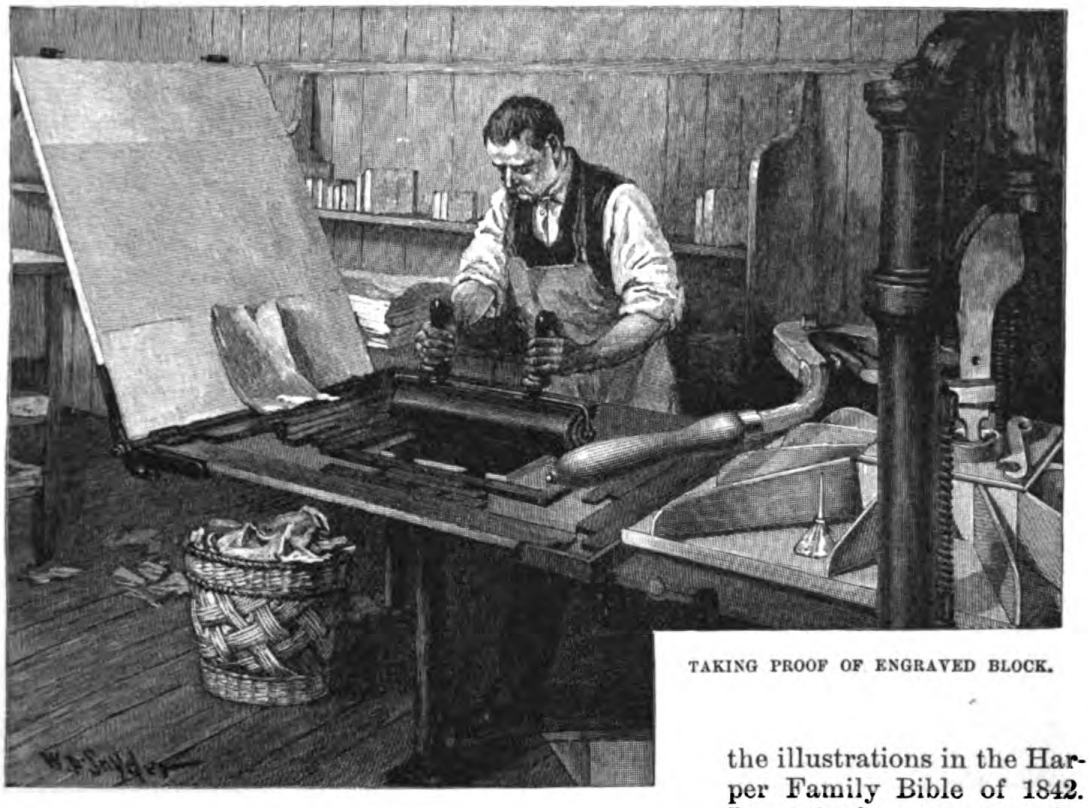
As soon as a galley is filled with type it is "proved," either by inking it with an ink ball or roller as it stands on the "stone" or work-table, spreading over it a strip of wetted paper, and taking an impression by means of a flat block covered with cloth, struck by a hammer; or else by putting it upon a proof press of the old-fashioned hand pattern. The proof-reader now compares proof with the author's "copy," and sends the proof, with his mysterious signs upon it, back to the compositor for correction. This correction, as well as the "distribution" of the different letters into their proper boxes after the page is printed off or electrotyped, is paid for in the compositor's charge per thousand ems. The most valuable compositor is the one who makes the "cleanest" proof, for the time lost in careful work is saved in the time of proof-reading and correcting.

Either for taking proof or for printing, the types must be carefully locked up in their "chase" (another form of the word *case*)—a strong frame of metal or wood—by means of quoins, or wedges. For the rotary press this chase becomes a curved "turtle," so called from the resemblance of its curvature to a turtle's shell, and the rules between columns are thinner at the base than at the top, so that the square types may fit in and be properly "locked up" by screws which tighten them together. In the printing of a newspaper or a book each page of type must be so placed in the chase that when type and chase are locked up into a "form," as it is then called, the pages will back each other and fold together properly as the completed sheet comes off the press. This is called "imposition," and the printers' hand-books give diagrams to fit the different problems of the "stone-man" or "maker-up."

The many efforts to make a steam man do the work of a human compositor have not been fully successful. There are many patterns of type-setting machines, but the essential principle of most of them is the delivery from horizontal channels centring at one point, or from upright pipes dropping the type to one spot, of the types called for on a key-board struck by the finger. The types are set in a continuous line, and must be "justified" to the proper measure and mistakes corrected by hand, since brains cannot be got rid of. For "distributing," each letter or sign has its individual set of nicks, like the wards of a key, and it is passed on by the distributing machine until it reaches a corresponding combination of metal fingers, which, so to speak, unlock its proper door and pass it into its particular home.

In England most books are printed from the actual types, which are reset for new editions. The cost of type-setting is so much higher here that publishers were early driven to the use of "plates," first stereotypes, afterward electrotypes, in the case of books of which more than one edition was likely to be required. Van der Mey, a Dutch printer, about 1698, soldered his types together into a solid block, much as the Chinaman Pi-Ching cemented his porcelain types, but it was not till 1725 that an Edinburgh printer, William Ged, hit upon the present method, by which the types were freed for further use. One of his plates is still preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. The type, set with high "quads" and spaces, is hammered, or "planed," to an even surface, and is then coated with oil. Two pages or more at a time are locked in a moulding

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TAKING PROOF OF ENGRAVED BLOCK.

frame, and either liquid gypsum is poured into the frame and allowed to set, or the form is pressed upon a soft clay or papier-maché bed, which makes the mould. These moulds are dried, enclosed in a "casting pan," and lowered into the "metal pot," where half a ton of molten type-metal is kept hot enough to set fire to paper. When the casting pan is filled, it is lifted out and taken to a cooling trough, and more metal is poured in to fill any interstices left by cooling. The mould is now peeled off, and the solid (stereo) block lifted out from the pan and sent to the planing and flanging machines—both American inventions—where the back is shaved to leave the blocks of a standard height. This process can be performed so quickly that the morning dailies perfect their plates within thirteen minutes from the receipt of the type.

Stereotyping produces, however, only a type-metal block, not finely accurate, and easily worn down by much use. About 1839, two Englishmen, a Russian, and an American seem to have been simultaneously at work in developing a galvanic process. The last, Joseph A. Adams, an engraver of New York, first did practical work, and he electrotyped the borders of the illustrations in the Harper Family Bible of 1842. In 1852, the process as developed by Mr. S. P. Knight was applied to entire pages of this Magazine, which then required from 36 to 48 hours per page. The form of type is prepared much as for stereotyping, but is coated with graphite carbon ("black-lead"). Upon this a plate of prepared wax, or similar yielding substance, is then pressed to make the mould. The wax is, however, a non-conductor, and must therefore be coated evenly and completely with black-lead. This was formerly brushed on, in fine powder, by hand or by a brushing machine—a dirty and not healthful process, requiring careful skill. The newer Knight method shuts the moulds in a tight box, within which a strong jet of water carrying the fine carbon is pumped against their face, leaving them perfectly and evenly coated. The deposit on this mould of a film of fine copper, precipitated from a solution of copper by reducing it with iron filings, is another improvement of the same inventor. The mould is now placed in the copper solution bath, attached to one electric pole, while a plate of copper is attached to the other. Electro-chemical action deposits infinitesimally fine particles of copper on the mould from the solution, while the copper at the other pole is giving up its substance

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to the solution. Under the old processes, and when the galvanic battery supplied the current, twelve or fourteen hours were required to complete the shell; the newer processes, with the help of the dynamo machine, converting coal into heat, heat into power, and power into electricity, do the same work in from two to four hours. The shell is now removed from the mould, soft metal is poured into the under side, and the plate is planed down to standard height. We have now an accurate reproduction of the finest lines of the original, in hard copper, from which nearly half a million copies can be printed.

V.

Our type being now locked up, or our electros or stereos finished, we follow the "forms" to the press-room, where the actual printing, properly speaking, is done. The great room is filled with enormous machines, some noisily, some quietly, doing their work, evidently of most complicated mechanism. Their purpose and method become, however, quite simple to understand if we trace their development from its beginnings.

The development of the printing-press itself has indeed been most interesting. The early presses, as shown in old woodcuts, and as still existing in the Musée Plantin-Moretus at Antwerp, were very nearly the same as the press used by Benjamin Franklin, now in the United States Patent-office, and the hand-press used in many modern printing-offices for taking proofs and at the other extreme for fine hand-work. They were a simple adaptation of the cheese or wine press, with a carriage for running the type and paper under the plate or "platen," which lowered by a screw made the impression. The "form" of type, locked in its "chase," was laid face up on the bed of the press; ink was applied by hand from an ink pad or ball; the sheet of paper was carefully placed between the "tympan" and a "frisket" or frame to keep the sheet in place and prevent the soiling of that part of the paper not to be printed on, which together were folded down upon the form; all this was pushed, or in later days rolled by the "rounce," under the "platen"; pressure was applied by the screw, and when this was relieved, the carriage was brought back, the tympan lifted, and the printed sheet taken out. Blaew, of Amsterdam, about 1620, made some minor improvements in the travelling bed, the easier working of the screw, and a spring to throw back the platen after the impression, in his nine presses, which he named after the nine Muses; but so late as 1770 his press was still "new-fashioned" among English printers, many of whom yet held to the "old-fashioned" kind. Until the end of the last century the press still had a wooden frame, a plank of wood or slab of stone for its bed, and so small a platen that two "pulls" were required to print one side of a full sheet. Between 1790 and 1800, Didot, the French printer, devised a platen of iron large enough to print one side without moving along the bed, and Ramage, a Scotch American of Philadelphia, substituted an iron bed for the stone slab; and in 1798 Earl Stanhope, who revived the art of stereotyping, presented to the trade (waiving a patent) his famous press, a stout affair, all of iron, printing at a single pull, which was made much more easy by the action of levers on the screw. He was outdone by George Clymer, of Philadelphia, who early in the century (1817) completed the famous Columbian press, in which the screw was entirely replaced by a combination of powerful levers above the carefully counterpoised platen, by which the pressman was given delicate and indeed exact control of the pressure, so that he could almost "feel the type." The stout frame of the Stanhope and the lighter but serviceable model of the Columbian presented at that early day the contrast which has since been so often noted between English and American machine-building. Peter Smith, of New York, who was connected with the Hoe firm, in 1822 made a further improvement by simplifying the levers; and the Washington press, patented in 1829, constructed by Samuel Rust on this plan—including the "toggle" or elbow joint, with its enormous power, used by Otis Tuft in his press of 1813—displaced in great measure the Columbian, and is still made by the Hoes.

With the era of steam, the steam-press, of course, made its appearance. In 1790 a "literary feller," one William Nicholson, of London, editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, took out a patent for improvements in printing, which contained the three germs of the modern rotary press. The types, made narrower at the base than at the face, were to be fixed upon

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Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

IN THE PRESS-ROOM

Engraved by Varley.

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(1) a printing cylinder, to be inked by (2) an inking roller, against which (3) an impression cylinder of soft leather was to press the paper. Nicholson caught the true idea of fast printing in substituting rotary for reciprocating motion throughout his press. His printing cylinder required further development; but his impression cylinder, substituting for the great pressure required to cover the whole surface of a platen a contact with the type along a mere line of pressure, and his inking-roller, substituting for the ink-ball which jabbed ink on the form by hand a revolving cylinder which received from the ink-trough and gave off upon the form a continuous supply of ink, made further progress easily possible. The ink-roller was first made of leather; afterward cloth, felt, and silk were tried, and found unsatisfactory; finally a printer happened upon the dabber composition of the Staffordshire potteries, and this mixture of molasses and glue—a kind of solid jelly with a sticky surface—proved the one thing needed.

But it was one König, a Saxon clockmaker who came to London early in the century, who put power-printing to the actual test. After futile attempts to apply power-printing to the ordinary hand-press, he developed a machine on which in April, 1811, he printed an edition of a London weekly, and, backed by Bensley, the printer, and by Mr. Walter, he then constructed the famous press on which the London *Times* of November 28, 1814, was printed. This had a flat bed of type, inked by rollers, and passing to and fro under an impression cylinder; by using two forms of type and two impression cylinders, virtually two presses attached together, he presently succeeded in printing both sides of the paper on the same press.

To understand fully the later development of steam-presses it must be noted that the printing form (type or stereotype) may be either flat, in which case it may be stationary, or may move up and down or to and fro; or curved, in which case it revolves. All the varieties of presses vary on these lines, or on combinations of them. The old hand-press used a flat stationary form, on which the platen descended. The first American power-press, that of Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, patented in 1826, was of the same type; it was first used by the American Bible Society and the American Tract Society, the latter working theirs by donkey-power, two mules being daily hoisted by tackle to the top story of their building. The Adams steam-press, invented by Isaac Adams, of Boston, 1830–36, and still much used for fine work, reversed this method, pressing the flat form of type, by an up-and-down motion, up against a fixed platen at the rate of about 800 impressions an hour, by help of a toggle or elbow-joint worked by an eccentric rod.

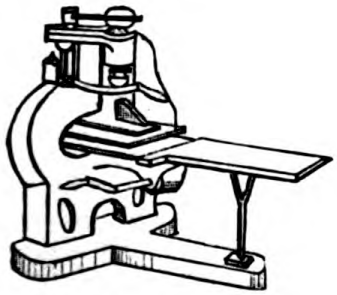
The "cylinder press," so called (a term confusing because it covers also the type-revolving presses) is virtually König's press, more or less modified, the flat form being inked by rollers and carried to and fro under an impression cylinder. König's own press had been much bettered by Applegath and Cowper, in whose machine an inking-table distributed the ink more evenly to the rollers, and two wooden drums, carrying the sheet accurately from one impression cylinder to the other, obtained an exact "registry" for the two sides; and in 1827 the *Times* adopted their press of four cylinders, raised and depressed in pairs, so that two printed while the bed went forward and two when it went back. In one or another shape the cylinder press still does the bulk of the world's printing. The ordinary newspaper presses have a small cylinder which rises to permit the form to run back for inking; job-presses have mostly a larger cylinder, revolving continuously, but with one portion of a smaller radius to permit the return of the form without printing; while the finest illustrated work, such as that of this Magazine, is mostly done with the "stop cylinder," which stands still while the type returns, having a flat side to avoid contact, printing 1000 or more impressions an hour.

The evident advance from the flat-bed presses was to put the types themselves on a cylinder. Nicholson's idea had proved unworkable because of the awkwardness of his wedge-shaped types. In 1815 Cowper patented curved plates to be affixed to a cylinder, the rest of which was to be used as an inking surface, but stereotyping was then slow and costly. Napier, an English press-builder, devised in or before 1841 a press with an enormous printing cylinder, on whose periphery the ordinary types were to be held in place by rules larger at the top than at the bottom, with ten small impression cylinders about it—the prototype of the great Hoe rotary.

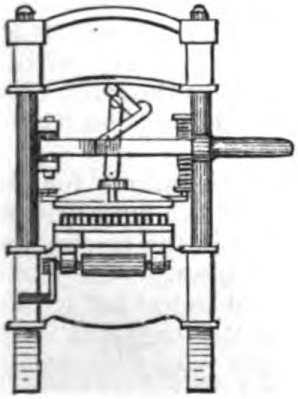
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1. EARLY PRESS.

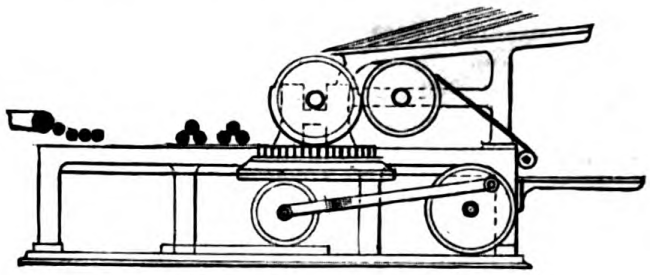


2. STANHOPE PRESS.



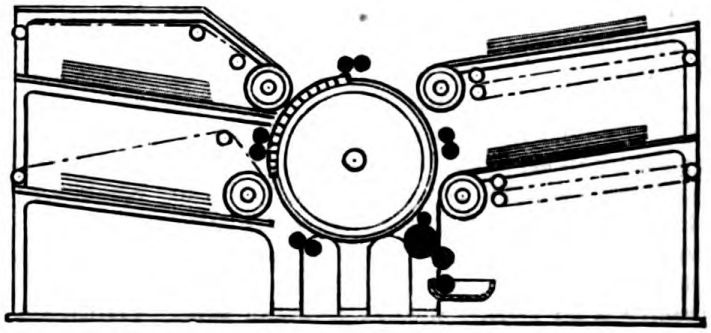
3. WASHINGTON PRESS.

But it was left to an American, Colonel Richard March Hoe, to bring together the *disjecta membra* of these various improvements into a press which has been pronounced "the greatest innovation on the routine of the printing craft since the days of Gutenberg." Yet



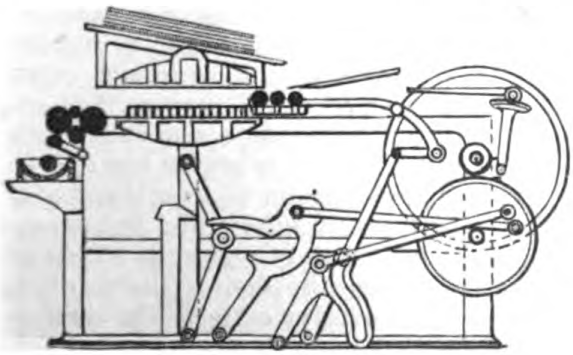
5. STOP-CYLINDER PRESS.

how closely this development of the printing-press has been a work of evolution has already been shown. His first claim, in the patent of 1842, was for a double-cylinder combination of Applegath and early Napier presses. In 1844 he patented what he called the Planetarium press, in which small cylinders were grouped around

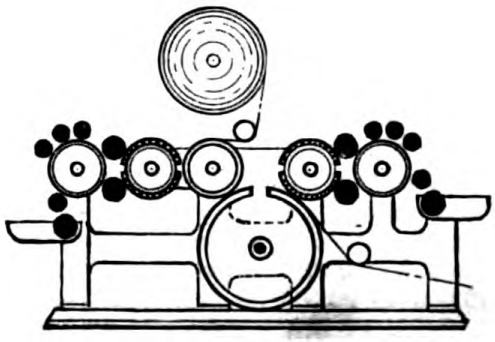


6. THE HOE ROTARY PRESS.

a larger one, like planets around the sun. Out of this was developed the famous Hoe rotary or lightning press, in which the form was carried on a huge cylinder, the other three-fourths of which was used as an inking surface, about which the two, four, six, or eight



4. ADAMS PRESS.



7. WEB PRESS.

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impression cylinders and attendant inking rollers were grouped. This press, first used by the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, and in 1848 by *La Patrie*, Paris, finally superseded in the office of the London *Times* the curious Applegath press of 1848, in which the type was carried in an upright polygonal drum and the sheets were printed on end. Colonel Hoe's patent of 1847 included the ingenious device of the "turtle," a curved chase with column rules thinner at the base than at the face, in which ordinary type could be "locked up" for use on the cylinder. In the largest presses ten printings were made at each revolution of the great cylinder, five men feeding from each side, one above another, on this enormous five-story press, eighteen feet high, producing 20,000 impressions an hour.

One more advance remained to be made. It occurred to Rowland Hill, the father of cheap postage, that the continuous web of paper made by the Fourdrinier ought to be utilized, and in 1835 he actually constructed a press with a small cylinder, completely covered with pyramidal type or with a curved plate, which printed from the web. The red tape of the Stamp Office forbade the use for newspapers of anything but sheets of paper on which the government stamp had previously been impressed, and made his press useless. An American, William Bullock, took up the same idea in 1861, and made the first web perfecting press, utilizing the new quick method of stereotyping with *papier-maché*, and the Walter press was constructed later on the same principle. The Hoe rotary was limited only by the human limitations of the feeders; the web perfecting press, containing two printing cylinders, printing both sides of the paper, does away with feeders altogether. These compact machines, eight feet high, eight wide, and twenty long, are fast displacing the old rotaries; and the latest perfecting presses built by R. Hoe and Company, with the cutting, folding, inserting, and pasting attachments, under the Crowell patents, perform the remarkable feat of printing "four, six, eight, ten, or twelve page papers of various sizes, six, seven, and eight columns in width, delivering the same, cut at the top, pasted down the centre margin, folded as desired, counted in lots, at a speed from 12,000 to 72,000 perfect newspapers per hour, depending on the size and number of pages to be printed." The capabilities of modern newspaper printing are best illustrated in the feat of the New York *World* in printing, of a Sunday edition, 250,000 copies of a twenty-eight-page paper, using 98,000 pounds, and covering with print 600 miles, of paper.

VI.

The careful pressman has always two prime objects—to get his form properly inked, and to get the proper pressure upon each part of it. If the type or electro is good, and the paper good, and the ink good—which are all beyond his control—this makes good printing. He finds that several light coats of ink applied successively give a much better "distribution" than one thick coat, and this is the reason for the many inking rollers in the best modern presses, and for the stop-cylinder device. The frontispiece of the old Harper Bible is one of the finest examples of wood-cut printing ever produced, its lights as clear and its darks as black as prints from a steel plate; and the present press-superintendent of this Magazine recalls how he and his fellow-'prentice counted aloud one, two, three to twelve rolls of the inker on the old hand-press before each sheet of paper was laid on. Modern presses have means of regulating the flow of ink from the fountain to different parts of the roller, but this applies only lengthwise on the form. For the rest, the pressman depends on "making ready."

"Making ready" illustrations for the printing-press is one of the most delicate and difficult processes in the mechanical arts. Much of the beauty of modern wood-engraving would be lost but for the careful regulation of "color," that is, degree of blackness, got partly by regulating the supply of ink, but chiefly by the "overlay," the purpose of which is to increase the pressure on the dark part of cuts and to diminish it on the light parts. In "making the overlay" the workman has before him a number of "flat" proofs of the wood-engraving he is to treat, so called because they are taken with even pressure, and the artist's proof, taken by the engraver himself, in which by dabbing on more ink and giving harder pressure here and lightening up there he has shown just the effects of light and shade he desires the print to show. The overlay cutter looks carefully through the artist's proof for the high lights (the whites) and the ends of thin

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lines which should fade off into nothing. These portions he carefully cuts out of one of his flat proofs with keen knife, deft hand, and accurate eye, and then makes his "first overlay." He then looks for the absolute blacks, and cuts out from another flat proof all *but* these. He then judges how many intermediate shades should be brought out in the print, and cuts one, two, three, or four more overlays, as he thinks best, retaining in each

Sometimes it happens that there is a depression in the block or electrotype, or the block rocks by reason of being thicker on one side, in which case a layer of paper pasted *under* part of the block forces the face up, and this is called "underlaying."

The pressman must also get exact "registry"; that is, the paper must take its exact place on the press to give even margins, or in color printing to bring each



THE OVERLAY.



MAKING AN OVERLAY
(Showing print from overlaid block.)

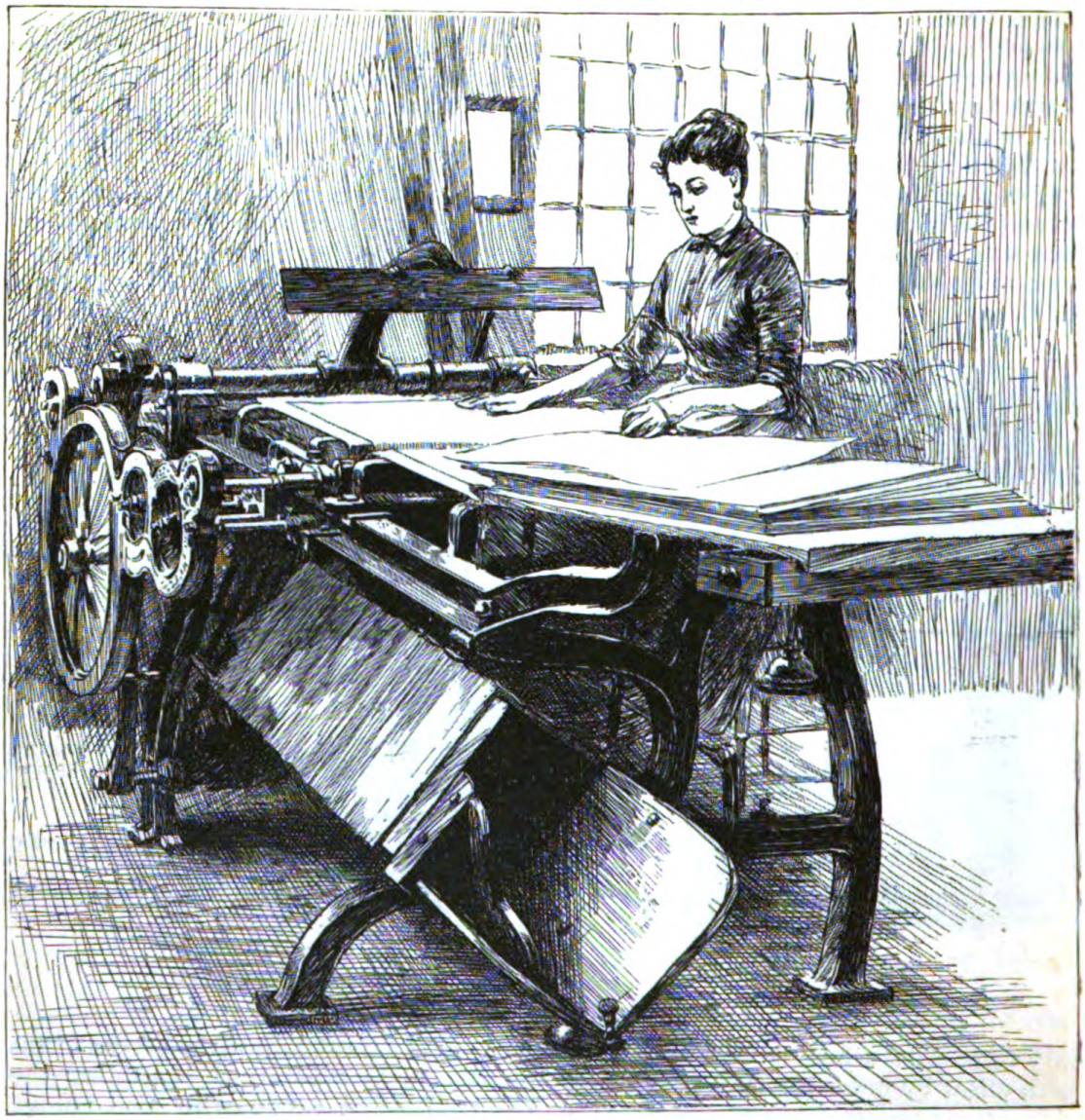
only those parts where he wishes to bring forth effect by pressure. These are now with minute accuracy pasted, one over the other, exactly together, for the slightest error would compel all the work to be done over again. He has now a completed overlay, say of four layers, as in the cut here printed. The black part is four papers thick, the half black three, the middle two, the gray one, while the white is represented by holes. When the form containing this engraving is ready for the press, a light impression is printed on the paper sheet covering the tympan or cylinder, and by this guide the overlay is fitted on the pressing surface so that at every impression it will exactly correspond with the lines of the block. Where the overlay is thick the heavy pressure will load the ink heavily upon the printed sheet; where it is thin the pressure is relieved, and the lines get the merest film of ink.

color in exact relation to the others. This is effected by "pointing"—bringing the sheet in exact range with two points, which in one press, the Campbell, connect by electricity, so that the sheet regulates the entire process, and cannot be printed unless it is exactly in place.

VII.

Binding is a very simple art, which the division of labor has caused to seem very complex. Its beginning is so natural that it can scarcely be said to have been invented. The Egyptian *glutinator*, as the Romans translated his name, glued together his pieces of papyrus into the *volumen*, or long roll, which was the first volume. When printed sheets came into being it was natural enough that they should be folded for easier handling, that several sheets so folded should be fastened together, and that they should be protected by a stout cover, which should carry

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FOLDING MACHINE.

the title of the book and such ornamentation as seemed desirable. It is this simple work which has developed into the seeming complexity of the modern bookbindery, of which the census of 1880 recorded (blank-book making included) 588 establishments, with $5,798,671 capital, producing from $5,195,771 worth of material, $11,976,764 product, and distributing $3,927,349 wages among 10,612 employés, half of them women — an average of $370 yearly.

First of all, the printed sheet must be folded. This is done by hand, with no tool except a folder, like a paper-knife, to do the creasing, or by an ingenious machine, the principle of which was patented about 1853 by David A. Wells, who was apprenticed a paper-maker, though since known to the public rather as a paper-user. The sheet is laid on a flat table, across the centre of which is a slit, into which a thin bar of metal forces the middle of the sheet. Below this slit two rollers, working slowly together, clutch the sheet and carry it down folded, delivering it on a second table below for a repetition of the process, and so on as many times as the sheet is to be folded. A folder, human, will do about 500 octavo sheets (of three folds) per hour; a folding machine, about three times as many. A newer

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method of folding, used mostly in machine folders dealing with a web of paper, creases the sheet by drawing it over a tapering cone, whence two rollers seize it and complete the fold.

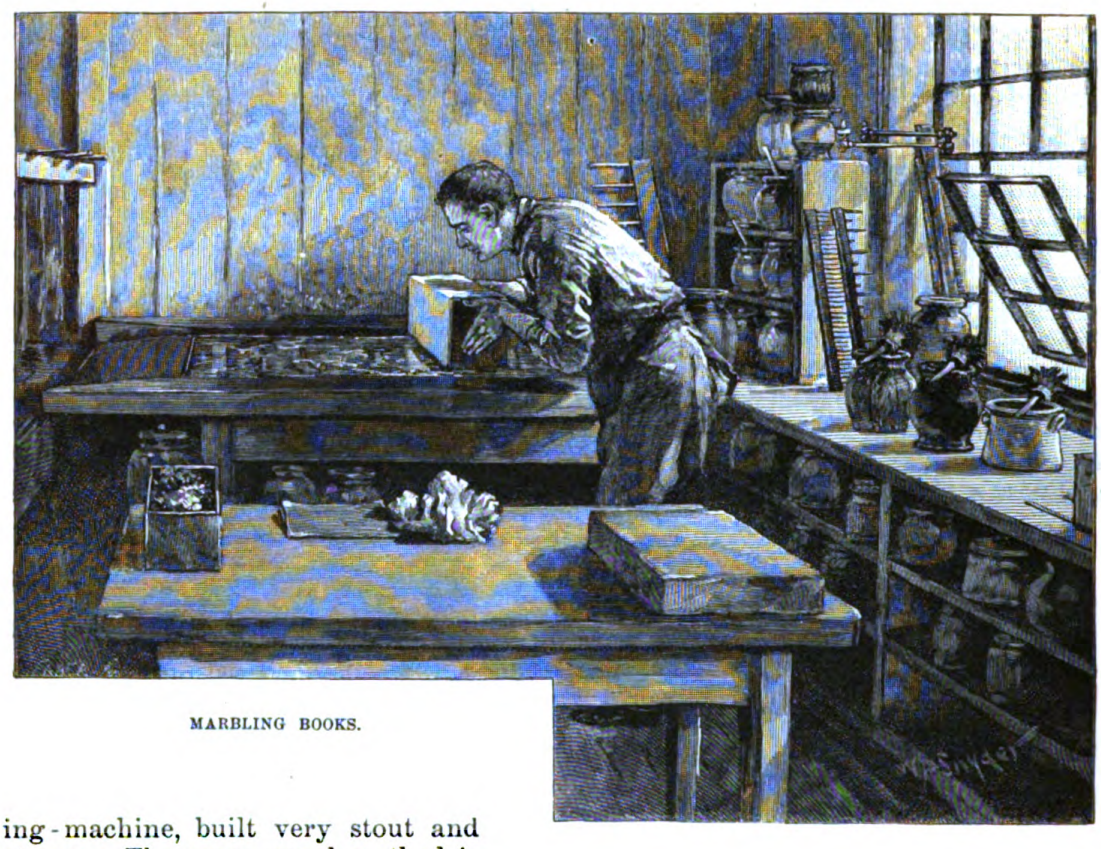
The folded sheets must next be gathered and collated. Each sheet when folded bears at the bottom of its first page the "signature," the number or letter showing its place in the book, whence the folded sheet itself is often called a signature. Beginning with signature "1," or "a," or with any title or other extra signature which may precede "1," the piles of folded sheets are laid in their proper order on a long table, alongside which a quick-handed girl passes, taking one of each sheet after another until she holds a complete book. In some binderies a revolving round table takes the place of the long one, and the gatherer sits or stands in one place, and while the table is swung round by machinery, completes one book at each revolution. If "inserts" or "plates" of single sheets are to form part of the book, these are usually pasted or "whip-stitched" by hand upon or within the folded sheet before gathering. The book is then "collated"; that is, a careful eye runs over each gathered set of sheets to see that all sheets are there, that each sheet is in its proper order, and that inserts are in their right place.

The gathered and collated sheets are now to be "sewed" or "stitched" together. Sewing and stitching are, in binders' parlance, two very different methods of accomplishing the same end. "Stitching" or "stabbing" is the simpler and cheaper process of driving a thread or a wire, by the help of machine-power, straight through all the sheets of a book, which are first stacked evenly together, or "jogged up" by the back and top. For thin pamphlets, a line of stitching is sometimes run across the back by an ordinary sew-



STITCHING MACHINE.

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MARBLING BOOKS.

ing-machine, built very stout and strong. The more usual method is to carry the thread through two or three holes by a stout needle, and tie it by hand. Wiring is the most modern method, by which tinned wire is fed from a spool, cut into a staple, driven through the book by the machine, and clinched on the other side, two or three such clamps completing the book.

In sewing, which is both the older and the better way, the set of sheets is placed in a press or treated by the "smasher," which at a quick blow presses them firmly together between two plates of metal, and is thence taken to the "sawing machine," where a circular-saw cuts four or more furrows across the back to receive the threads. Several sets of sheets are pressed and sawn in a single stack, which is then taken to the sewing bench, an upright frame in which bands of twine are threaded perpendicularly, so that they fit into the furrows made by sawing. Here a girl sits, who sews and ties each sheet separately through its fold upon these bands. When she has finished "a bench of books," as a frameful is called, it goes to the "preparer," who "draws off" each set of sheets separately, fastens the bands, and pastes in the end or lining papers.

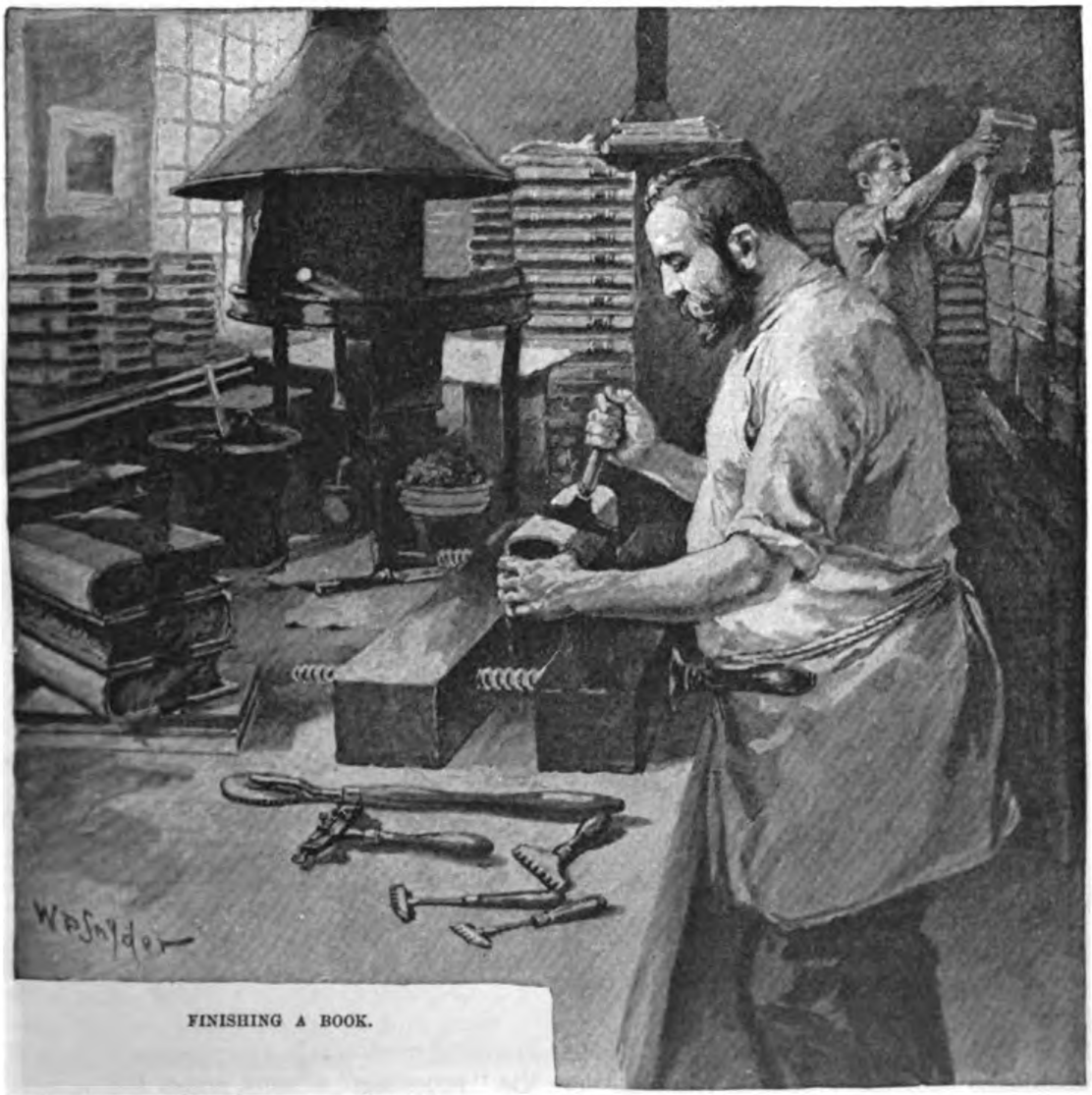
The books thus "prepared" are now trimmed at the edges by the "guillotine" or other cutting machine; "uncut" books of course escape this barbarity. If books are to be gilt-edged, red-edged, sprinkled, or marbled, these processes are next in order. The gold is applied in leaf, and burnished on. Red edges are made with the brush, and gilding is sometimes afterward added, producing a very beautiful effect. For sprinkled edges the color is literally sprinkled on from a brush. Marbled edges are produced by dipping the book edges in a marbling trough, just as marbled paper is produced.

The back of the book is now covered with glue, and presently "rounded" by pounding with a hammer till it takes the desired curve. It is next "backed" by placing it edge down between two clamps and working over it a heavy roller, which causes the back to spread slightly over the clamp, so that a ridge is formed along its edge, into which the cover board may fit. The head-band and backing of cloth are glued on, and the book is now ready for its "case."

For cloth-bound books, in considerable editions, covers are made in quantities separately from the book. The basis is

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the two pieces of "binder's-board," a stiff pasteboard, made usually of manila, cut to the size of the cover, and perhaps bevelled at the edges. The piece of cloth or book-muslin has been cut large enough to allow for the back width of the book, where it is stiffened with a strip of stiffening paper, and to lap over the edges of the boards, and this is glued upon the two sides and folded over. For the lettering and ornamentation, brass dies have been cut or stamps electrotyped from type, and the blank stamping, colored ink, or gold-leaf is stamped on with the power of the embossing press.



FINISHING A BOOK.

The book is finished by "casing-up," which consists simply in pasting the set of sheets into the case by means of the outer flap of the lining papers.

In "fine bindings" where each book is separately covered, the bands are fastened to the boards through holes before the cloth, leather, or paper is pasted upon the sides, and the lettering and "tooling" which ornament edges, backs, or sides are put on with individual tools by the finisher.

VIII.

The engraver is a modern magician who has caused art to blossom in every corner of the land. If we put side by side an old block-book, one of Bewick's cuts, an English magazine wood-cut of twenty years ago, and one of the fine American tone engravings of to-day, we shall get a pictorial history of the progress of wood-engraving. The early engravers cut in bold outline, as if for filling in with

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colors, black lines on white ground, using the fibrous side of pear or apple wood blocks. There was also the so-called "dot manner," perhaps suggested by goldsmiths' work, in which figures were produced by white dots on a black ground. The engravers of Dürer's and Holbein's day attempted finer work, introducing the cross-hatching, an imitation of brush shadings, and bolder black, with which was sometimes combined the stipple developed from the "dot manner," and later a style of white line on black ground. These proved too much for the ordinary press of that day, especially in connection with type-work, and wood-engraving, shunned by typographers, fell from its high estate to debased styles, and gave place, for book illustration, to copperplate printing. It was Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, England, who revived the art in his books of *Fables*, *Quadrupeds*, and *British Birds*, published between 1779 and 1804. To him are attributed the use of wood cut across the grain, overlaying, and the counter process of slightly lowering surface portions of engraved blocks; but it is probable that he revived and combined rather than originated these. He was apprenticed to a metal engraver, but his art instincts led his graver to wood; his pictures of birds and animals are the perfection of simple vigor, avoiding the methods of copperplate, striking out for clean lines and masses in strong contrast, using both the black and the white line, never wasting two lines when one would tell the story. With his pupils and imitators, wood-engraving came into high fashion in England. Large blocks were attempted, but again presses proved inadequate; even the Stanhope press was unequal to Harvey's "Dentatus," a block 15 by 11½ inches, and it broke under the pressure of the Columbian press. These difficulties were ultimately to be avoided by the machine presses and the help of electrotyping, but meanwhile there was another reaction. Charles Knight's popular illustrated books and the illustrated papers and magazines which started a generation ago, again revived wood-cut work, and in the last twenty years there has been a surprising growth.

The engraver has upon his table a smooth block of boxwood, upon whose surface appears, reversed, the drawing or a photograph from the picture which he is to reproduce. Modern photography has been able to coat the wood with a sensitive film which takes an exact photograph, reversed, of a picture to be copied, leaving the picture itself as a guide to the engraver. This is a double gain, and most artists now draw directly on paper in wash or body color, in preference to drawing backward on the wood itself a design which the graver's tool must destroy as he interprets it. The block is placed upon a cushion on the engraver's table, and between the block and his eye is a magnifying-glass, supported from a frame, through which the eye directs and follows the hand. Thus equipped, the engraver uses otherwise only the simplest tools—gravers of well-tempered steel, sharpened occasionally on a whetstone near at hand, and sometimes the multiple graver or "tint tool," which has a cutting series like a comb, and cuts parallel furrows. This last is seldom used by the best men. Line by line, with exquisite patience, the engraver pursues his wonderful work, in whose highest reach there is no secret beyond the eye careful to see, the hand deft to cut, the artistic judgment which dictates the right kind, direction, and width of line to interpret the artist's feeling. The graver cuts away the furrows in the wood, leaving ridges which are to be the lines of the print, so that a magnified wood block is simply a carefully ploughed field.

Nature and science have of late years been set to vie with the work of the engraver, and it is now possible to copy a landscape or a work of art for reproduction by the printing-press without the intervention of the human hand. "Process work" makes a more exact fac-simile of pen drawings than the most accurate engraver can do, but it finds its limitations in the artistic interpretation which a great engraver can give to a work of art in color or tone, and to which even the best mechanical work can only approximate. All the "processes" depend upon the simple fact that bichromatized gelatine (or a similar material), when exposed to light, is rendered insoluble, while parts not so exposed can be dissolved away, leaving the other portions in sharp line, or swelled by water, producing a hill and valley surface. There are in the multiplicity of "processes" three general kinds, the simplest being the reproduction of line-work in absolute fac-simile, by making an ordinary photographic picture of the pen drawing on the prepared gelatine, and dissolving away the white spaces. The

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Drawn by W. P. Snyder. Engraved by Tinkey

ENGRAVER AT WORK.

gelatine relief which remains serves in one variety of this kind of "process" to make a plaster cast, from which a stereotype can be taken, or it is directly electrotyped; or the gelatine itself in one method is so hardened that it can be printed from to the extent of tens of thousands of impressions without the use of metal. The cut on page 178 is an example. By using paper prepared with a surface in grain or line relief, soft-pencil drawings not in distinct line may be adapted to this process.

The second kind of "process" is the "half-tone," by which a picture not drawn in lines or points, but in tones or brush-work, like a wash-drawing or oil-painting, is divided into tiny lines or blocks in the process of photographing, and thus becomes a relief plate, closely imitating the effects of the brush. The

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most successful method is that patented by Mr. F. E. Ives, an American, in 1881, in which the gelatine picture is swelled till the light parts of a picture stand out in hilly contour, like a relief map of the White Mountains, while the black parts remain as valleys. By taking a plaster cast from this the dark parts become the hills and the light parts the valleys. The ingenious part of the Ives process, most difficult to describe, is the inking method, for which the elastic "composition" of glue and molasses used in inking-rollers is made in flat sheets, furrowed by V-shaped ditches, which are crossed by other lines of ditches not quite so deeply furrowed. This leaves the inking surface a series of tiny pyramids close together, and the ink is pressed on so that it not only inks the tops of the pyramids, but their sides and the ditches between. This inked surface is now turned on its face and pressed upon the white plaster cast. Where this cast is high (the darks of the original picture), the inked pyramids are flattened out against it by the pressure, and leave a broad square of ink; where it is low (the lights of the original picture), only the tiny tops of the pyramids touch the cast, and the merest point of ink is left. The absolute blacks in the original picture are so high that even the furrows of the inking surface are pressed against the cast, obliterating the spaces between the blocks, and giving an absolute mass of black; *per contra*, the absolute whites of the original picture are so low in the cast that even the tops of the pyramids do not touch them, and they are not inked at all. When the inking surface is removed, the eye sees on the plaster almost an exact reproduction of the original picture, in little blocks instead of in continuous tone. This is taken off the plaster by a collodion film or photographed directly, and the picture being now practically in line or point, a relief plate is easily made, like that on page 181. Another method of "half-tone" work, made public by Meissenbach, a German photographer, consists in photographing the original picture as seen through a so-called "grating" made by coating glass with an opaque film, through which transparent lines are cut. By placing this "grating" a little distance in front of the picture a curious optical effect of translating the darker portions of the picture into thicker lines is produced. From this line effect a relief plate is produced.

The third kind of "process" includes the photolithograph and the photogravure, which present themselves under any number of names and patents. Neither of these produces a relief plate which can be used on the ordinary printing-press. The photolithograph is made, after slightly wetting the gelatine, by inking it with lithographic transfer ink, which is of course rejected by that part which has accepted water, and so transferring the picture to the stone for ordinary lithographic printing. The photogravure is kindred to copperplate printing, a plate being made in metal in the hills and valleys before described, in which the blacks of the picture are represented by the depressions in the plate, which are deepened by a peculiar use of emery powder sprinkled on the mould, by which the granulated surface disclosed by a careful examination of photogravures is produced. This metal plate is inked as a steel or copper plate would be, the ink being left in the depressions and cleaned off the high lights, and the impression is taken by pressure on a copperplate press.

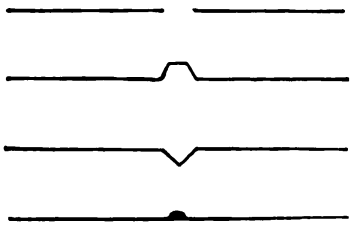
Photographic progress has now reached that point where it is possible to photograph colored objects, and reproduce them either in the equivalent light and shade, or, by the combination of several relief plates, in approximation to their actual colors, though this last has not been applied to any practical extent. In ordinary photography blue and purple turn out white, and strong red becomes black. By the use of plates prepared with a solution of chlorophyl (the remarkable natural substance which is the coloring matter of leaves) Mr. Ives in 1879 produced a true "isochromatic" photograph, and he contests the claim of priority of a German scientist, Dr. Vogel, who uses eosine to accomplish a like result. By using properly sensitized plates, the blues, the yellows, and the reds of natural objects may be eliminated, and a relief plate made for each, which, used in succession with the proper inks, would achieve a nature-colored press print.

IX.

Type or xylographic (wood-cut) printing is but one of four general methods of impressing a print upon the surface of paper, which are illustrated in the diagram (page 185), showing the four ways of printing a black line. The first is the old-fashioned method of the stencil, in

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which the line is cut *through* thin metal or paper, and the ink is brushed on. This



METHODS OF PRINTING BLACK LINE.

is still somewhat used for coloring picture-books, and has had a curious modern revival in the devices for multiplying handwriting: by the electric pen, in which a fine needle, worked by electricity, makes minute holes in a paper stencil; the cyclostyle, which does the same thing by a tiny wheel or ball covered with sharp points; and a still later contrivance, in which a metal stylus presses prepared paper against sharp ridges of a metal surface underneath, and cuts a very similar stencil. Through any of the stencils thus prepared a brush or roller or pad makes an inked print. The second method is the raised line of type-work, wood-engraving, stereotype or electrotype, or "process" relief plate, worked on the printing-press as already described. The third method is the incised or cut-in line of the engraver on steel or copper, or the etcher in line or point, each of whom cuts his lines below the surface, rubs the ink into these lines, cleans off the surface of his plate before each printing, and removes the ink from the graved lines to the paper by applying the latter under enormous pressure. The fourth method uses no cut or raised lines, but transfers ink from a surface of stone or gelatine to a surface of paper as a result of chemical affinities; it is the method of lithography, and of such multiplying processes as the papyrograph and hektograph. These latter, however, have the peculiarity of printing from the original inking, giving off more and more faintly with each copy a portion of the aniline ink in which the original is written.

About 1440, Tommaso Finiguerra, an Italian artist in *niello* (black) work, or the art of cutting ornamentation upon metalwork and filling in the lines with a black composition, hit upon a process of taking proofs of his work by rubbing lampblack and oil into the lines, and pressing paper upon the metal. This is said to have been the beginning of plate engraving, though a German origin is also claimed for it. It is the most difficult of all the processes of illustration, whether on the softer copperplate or on hard steel, which latter may, however, be tempered soft for the engraver and again hardened. The plate engraver's tools are a burin or graver, foursquare but sharpened diagonally, to cut clean, strong lines; the dry-point, or needle, to scratch fine lines; the scraper, to scrape down the bur left by the dry-point; the burnisher, to polish the surface for high

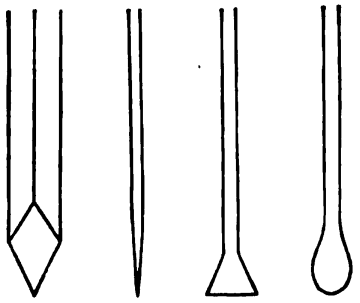


PLATE-ENGRAVERS' TOOLS.

lights, and to erase errors, when the plate is beaten up from the back to get a new surface; and the rubber, a roll of cloth dipped in oil, to finish the surface. He cuts his lines always from him, with strong, firm, delicate hand, and must reverse the picture as he works. Stipple—a kind of engraving using dots instead of lines—was formerly much in vogue for portraits, but is now chiefly used in combination with line. Mezzotint is a kind of engraving said to have been suggested to Prince Rupert by the sight of a soldier polishing his rusty blade. The metal plate is roughened all over so as to hold ink, by "rocking" with a grounding tool or cradle—a sort of graver with toothed edge—lengthwise, crosswise, and criss-cross, and the ground thus produced, which prints the dark "middle tint" from which the process takes its name, is scraped and burnished to produce the half lights and high lights.

Etching is a variety of engraving of uncertain origin, in use soon after 1500, in which the metal (or glass) plate is covered with a waxen composition, upon whose surface a design may be transferred, or which may present a clean ground for the free-hand artist. The artist with a sharp etching-needle draws through this composition, exposing the surface of the

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metal; a wall of wax and pitch is then formed around the plate; acid is poured upon it, which bites lines into the exposed metal, leaving the protected parts untouched. This is quickly run off, and the plate rinsed with lukewarm water. The lines which are bitten in sufficiently deep are then stopped up with a mixture of lampblack and turpentine applied with a camel's-hair brush, and those which are to be deepened are again subjected to acid till the strongest lines are of sufficient depth. The etching process has been a favorite with great artists, as less technical skill of the hand is required than for graver work, and it is also used by engravers to obtain a first outline of their subject upon their metal plate. Aquatint is an almost obsolete process, which is to etching what mezzotint is to engraving proper, the ground being laid in pulverized resin dissolved in spirits of wine, which granulates in drying, permitting the acid to reach the plate in the interstices, and giving when printed an effect like a wash of India-ink.



ROCKING TOOL.

All these methods give a reversed picture in incised or cut-in lines, and their printing is the reverse of typographic or wood-cut printing. The plate is covered with ink, which is well rubbed or rolled into the lines, and the ink must then be rubbed clean off the rest of the surface, so that perhaps not a hundredth part is used. A dampened plate-paper is then laid upon the plate, and great pressure is required to transfer the ink from out the lines upon the surface of the paper. The plate press is practically the "rolling-mill" of the iron-foundery, two metal rollers in a stout iron frame, between which the plate and paper pass under heavy pressure, the upper roller being blanketed to press the yielding paper into the engraved lines, and worked by long arms like a ship's wheel. This press is also used to make transfer plates, soft steel being pressed against the hard steel engraving till it takes the lines in relief, and this plate being hardened so as to incise its relief lines into a third steel plate, closely duplicating the first. The process of plate-printing is necessarily slow, three hundred impressions of a large plate being a fair day's work; a steam plate press has been invented, but has been only moderately successful. The wear on a copperplate by the polishing first with a rubber and then with the hand, and by the strong pressure of the press, causes the earliest impressions to be much the finer, so that "artist's proofs," "proofs before letter," and those of other stages are usually of higher price; but with a good steel plate there is less difference. Wood-engraving has proved so much more adapted to book illustration that the number of plate-engravers is very much reduced; few are apprenticed, except by the bank-note companies, and steel-engraving is becoming almost a lost art.

In 1796 a musician of Munich, one Aloysius Senefelder, who had used bits of limestone for jotting down his musical notes before he put them on paper, happened to drop a piece of this stone, with a memorandum of some clothes the washerwoman was taking away, into the slop-bucket. On snatching it out, he noticed that grease adhered to the pencil marks, but not to the rest of the stone. This set him a-thinking, and for four years he studied drawing, tried crayons and inks and acids, and worked at devising a press, until in 1800 his new art of lithography was achieved, and he obtained the exclusive privilege of its exercise. From all over Europe came offers that would have made him rich, but choosing to have all or nothing, he got nothing. The secret leaked out, he could not protect his privilege, and in a few years several printers were using lithography, though Napoleon is said to have refused permission to practise the art in Paris because it offered a premium to counterfeiting.

The key to the process is simply the mortal antipathy of grease and water. A fine calcareous stone is used, found at its best near Munich, but also in the United States and elsewhere. It must be so porous as to absorb the lithographic ink or crayon (which is made chiefly of pure wax, white Castile soap, and mutton suet, with enough lampblack to make it distinct), yet so close-grained as to prevent the grease from getting much below the surface. The stone is "grained" by rubbing two stones together, if it is to be drawn on with crayon, or polished if for line-drawing or for transfer from paper. If the drawing is made upon paper, with a like greasy ink, it is direct; if upon the stone, it must, of course, be reversed. After the design is put upon the stone, a thin wash of gum

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and acid penetrates between the grains of the parts not drawn upon, etching the surface slightly; and a wash of turpentine, which in turn affects only the drawing, takes out the lampblack, and leaves the colorless grease—to the sad astonishment of the novice in lithography, who sees his careful drawing vanish into naught. When the print is to be made, the stone is first dampened, the drawing repelling the water, and the rest of the stone taking it, and then inked with a roller, when the drawing takes the ink, and the rest of the stone repels it. The paper is now placed on the stone, and both together are run under a scraper, or roller, under severe pressure, whereupon the ink leaves the stone and remains upon the paper. The stone is now ready for another dampening, another inking, another impression; or it may be put away, with a coating of gum, for future printings; or it may be rubbed down to a new surface below the drawing, and used afresh for a new work. Zinc may be used much like the lithographic stone, producing a zincograph.

Chromo-lithography, starting from the so-called lithochromy of Lacroix, in Paris, in 1826, has developed to extraordinary results, twenty or more stones, carrying as many tints, being now used to reproduce, by as many successive printings, the gamut of the artist's palette. The color lithographer produces first an outline or ground impression from a key-stone, giving the general features of his picture. Prints from this stone are transferred in red chalk to other stones, on each of which, with the guidance of the outlines, the artist draws that part of his picture which is to have the color this stone will carry. Two points or cross lines, which appear on every stone, form a guide to give each color its exact "registry" with other parts of the picture in the printing, the sheet of paper being laid on the press by the help of these guides with absolute exactness. The skilled chromo-lithographer, in his choice of colors, seeks to produce the maximum of tones with the smallest possible number of printings, and the results achieved in the rapid work of such papers as *Puck* are often as surprising in their way as the triumphs of the Prang "chromos" in another direction.

The hand lithographic presses are always of the style devised by Senefelder himself, a scraper pressing the paper upon the stone as it rolls by under severe pressure. The steam lithographic press, invented in Paris by M. Eugues, 1850, is on the same principle, the stone moving under a roller to and fro, with attachments for alternately dampening and inking; it can print over a thousand copies an hour. One of the advantages of the lithographic process is that a drawing may be printed simultaneously on any number of presses by a simple process of taking an impression from the first stone in transfer ink, which sets off under pressure upon a clean stone, that can be at once made ready to print.

X.

The printer's trade can show one of the best organized labor unions of the country, or of any country, in the International Typographical Union, with its 159 associated local unions of compositors in as many places in the United States, Canada, and the Sandwich Islands (the Blue Grass, Kentucky; Tombstone, Arizona; Seattle, Washington Territory; and Victoria, British Columbia, being among the more recent), and sixteen pressmen's unions in the chief cities. The number of unions which have lapsed is, however, considerable, and a few "Printers' Protective Unions" of employers and employed oppose "free labor" to "organized labor." The membership, which reached 9800 in 1874, fell in 1878 to 4200; was in the census year 6600, and in 1885 reached 18,000. Each union printer in good standing has a travelling card, which is his passport to union offices, and which he deposits with the local union under whose jurisdiction he is at work. Union men taking work below the union scale become "rats," and a "Black Book" of such is kept. Each union makes its local scale of prices, and these vary extraordinarily, according to the reports of each to the International Union, having been within the past two or three years as high as 38 to 40 cents per thousand ems for day and 46 cents for night work in New York, and 50 cents for either in San Francisco, in both of which places weekly hands are at $18 per week, while in Leadville they reach $26; and as low as 20 cents per thousand ems for day and 25 cents for night work in Lawrence, Kansas, while weekly rates run as low as $9 to $12 in the smaller cities. Prices in non-union towns have "varied as much as fifty per cent. within a radius of fifty miles." Each union also

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decides what proportion of apprentices to journeymen it shall permit. Strikes are deprecated in these General Laws, and can be ordered only by a three-fourth vote of a union; but provision is made for a strike fund, started at twenty-five cents per head, from which an Executive Council of the International Union may appropriate strike benefits of $7 per week per man to support strikes which it deems to be necessary; and rigid discipline is provided against union men who take or keep work in strikes, and in case of "the wilful violation of boycotts." The unions are judges of the qualifications of their own members, but are prohibited from admitting any one who has not served an apprenticeship of five years. They are prohibited from making any distinction on account of sex, and nearly two hundred women are members. Besides this organization, the men in each printing-office are usually organized as a chapel—a name originating, it is said, from the fact that Caxton's printing-office was a chapel in or near Westminster Abbey.

The betterment of wages is strikingly shown in the printing trades. Half a century ago American compositors were paid 25 cents or less per thousand ems on work which during the war reached 55 cents (currency), and is now at 40 cents—an advance of nearly double, considering the prices of the necessaries of life. English compositors in 1785 received but 3½ pence (6½ cents) per thousand ens (a measure one-half our ems), and now receive 6*d.* to 9*d.* (12 to 18 cents) per thousand ems, and 8*d.* to 11*d.* (16 to 22 cents) per hour for corrections. Previous to 1850 American compositors averaged from $1 13 to $1 38; by 1860 they had reached $1 75, and during the height of the war earned $3 (currency) and upward; since 1872 the average has been from $2 25 to $2.

The product of the modern press almost defies estimate. In 1886 4676 books were recorded by the cataloguers as issued in the United States, 5210 in Great Britain, 16,253 in Germany, all of them probably below actual figures, since the Library of Congress acknowledges 8352 deposits scheduled as books. There are 15,000 periodicals in our own country alone. Truly, "of the making of books," and of the writing about them, "there is no end."

The following table shows the development of the printing industry in the United States according to census returns:

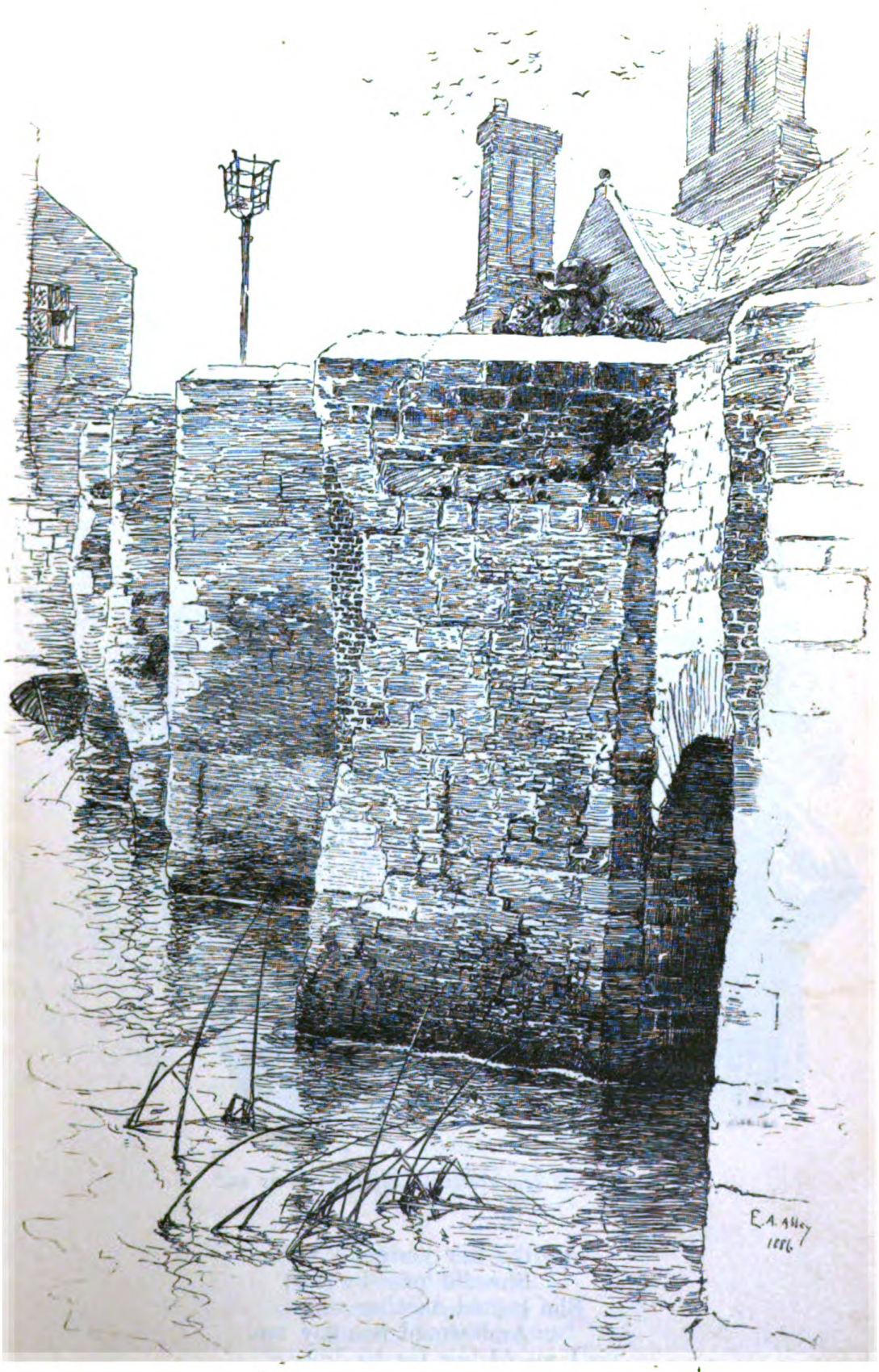
	1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.
Number of establishments	673	1,666	2,159	3,467
Number of hands	8268	20,159	30,743	58,478
Capital	$5,862,715	$19,622,318	$39,924,227	$62,983,704
Value of material	$4,964,225	$12,844,288	$24,600,245	$32,460,395
Wages	$2,737,308	$7,588,096	$18,795,356	$30,531,657
Product	$11,586,549	$31,063,898	$66,469,000	$90,780,341
Wages per person	$331	$376	$611*	$520

* Currency = $489 gold.

PHILLADA.

OH! what a pain is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove;
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay:
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me.

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"OH, WHAT A PAIN IS LOVE!"

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"ALL THE FAIR YESTERDAY SHE DID PASS BY ME."

All the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She looked another way
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Will had her to the wine—
He might intreat her.

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"I AM MY MOTHER'S JOY."

With Daniel she did dance;
On me she looked askance:
Oh! thrice unhappy chance;
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid! be not so coy;
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
Sweet! entertain me!
She'll give me when she dies
All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,

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"'FAITH, IF SHE FLINCH, SHE SHALL NOT WEAR IT."

A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds:
And yet, for all this guedes,
Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity:
But, 'faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

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"DOLL THE DAIRY MAID LAUGHED AT ME LATELY."

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting,
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And ramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin:
Phillada flouts me.

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"T'OTHER PLAYS WITH MY NOSE."

Fair maiden! have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy maid
Laughed at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.

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"I SHALL BE DEAD, I FEAR."

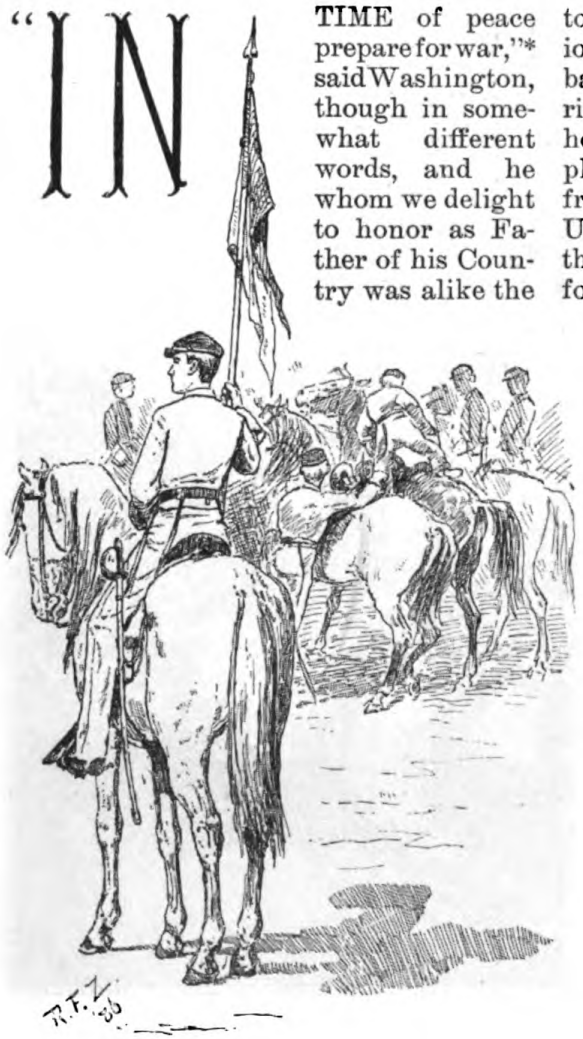
One throws milk on my clothes;
T'other plays with my nose:
What wanting signs are those!
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season,
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

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CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

BY CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

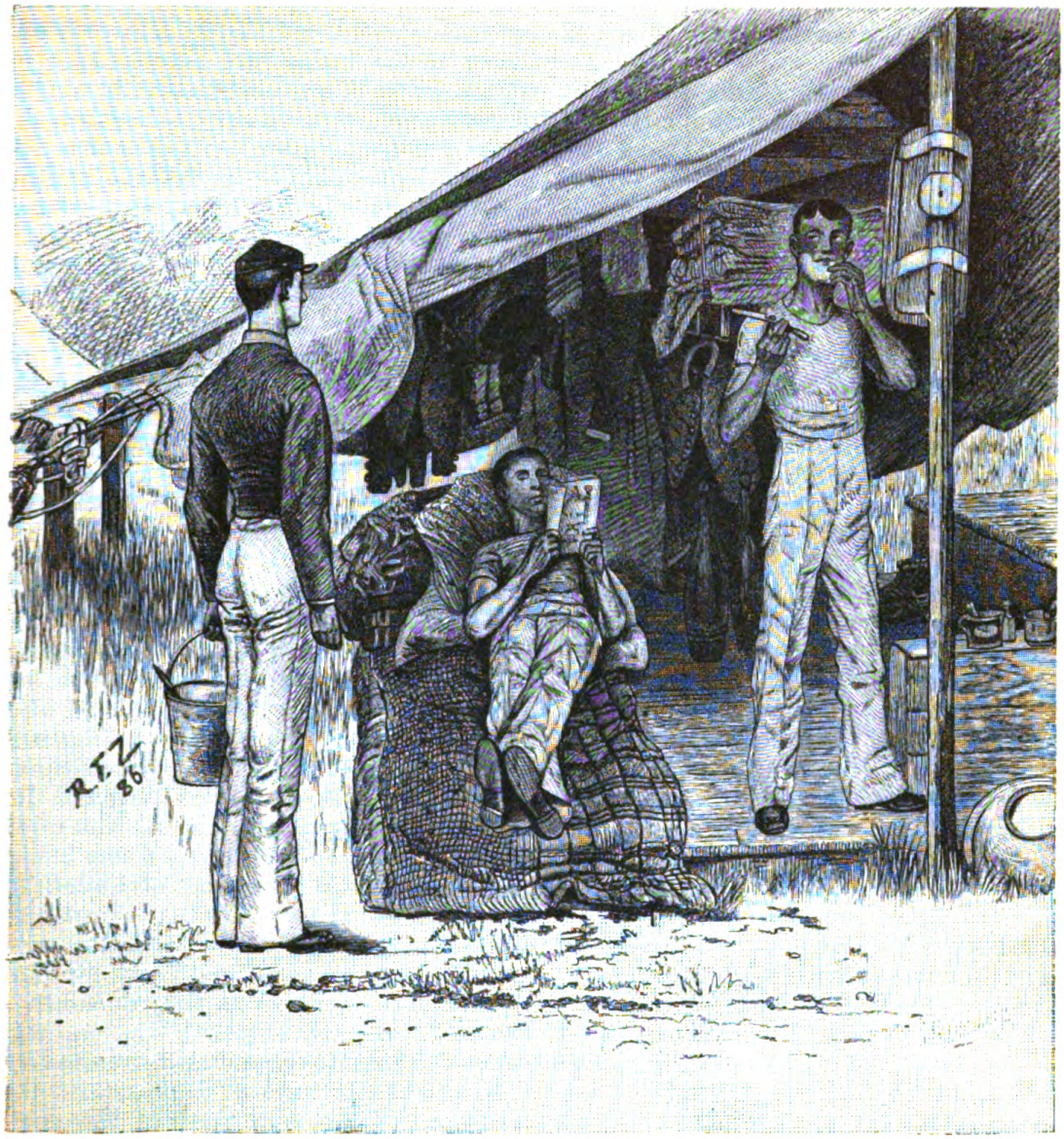


"IN TIME of peace prepare for war,"* said Washington, though in somewhat different words, and he whom we delight to honor as Father of his Country was alike the father, if not the founder, of the nation's Military Academy at West Point. Possibly in those very days when he rested under Arnold's roof-tree in the rock-bound fortress of the Hudson Highlands he noted the strange topography that seemed to fit the spot for the great purpose to which it has been devoted. Certain it is that our traditions tell us George Washington declared it the very place for the soldier school of the United States, and here, early in the century, the Corps of Engineers laid its corner-stone, and became the foster-parents of the infant academy.

Its history and its purpose are known to nearly all. Yale and Harvard, its seniors by another century and more, are barely mentioned in some States and Territories where West Point is as a household word. It is emphatically the people's school, for its pupils are summoned from every Congressional district in the Union. It is democratic to an extent that no other school can hope to attain, for here, as nowhere else, the rank, riches, and prominence of parents avail as nothing, and every man stands on his own merits. Two-thirds of those appointed find no place on the final class list, and the son of a President has been distanced in the race the son of a bricklayer won. It is the people's school because it is open to all, rich or poor, black or white, Romanist, Protestant, or Mormon. The nation demands of its aspirant only that he shall be perfect in physique, of good moral character, and well grounded in the studies of the public schools, that he may be fitted for a training which in rigor and exaction has no parallel in America. Fifty years ago—before we had such public schools—the standard of admission was necessarily low, and three-fourths of those who easily passed the entrance examination proved subsequently unable to grapple with the problems of the four years' course. Thousands of dollars were wasted in feeding, clothing, and turning away scores of incompetents. Wisely the authorities decreed a higher standard of admission as the facilities for meeting it were spread throughout the land. Disappointed parents and offended Congressmen made loud denunciation of the change, and declared the new standard one that Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and soldiers like them could never have passed, forgetful of the fact that times too had utterly changed, and that men of the mettle of those very three, were they boys again and had the opportunities of the boys of to-day, would need no lowering of the bars. The public schools give all the standard calls for, and it was to keep step with the progress of the age that a far-sighted Academic Board decided on the change. West Point would have

* "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace."—*Washington's Address to Congress, January* 8, 1790.

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FIRST CLASS MAGNATES.

fallen hopelessly behind had it maintained the gauge of '46.

Well known as are its name and purposes, West Point to nine-tenths of our people is in its inner life as a sealed book. At other institutions the young man pays some five hundred dollars yearly to be a student; at West Point the institution pays the scholar. Herein lies one secret of its discipline. Not only does the government lay before the fortunate holder of a cadetship an excellent education and a life position in a high and honorable profession, but it pays him for his efforts to win the final prize. The student knows none of the cares or privations, and few of the temptations, of a large proportion of his fellow-toilers at the hundred colleges that adorn our land. He is abundantly clothed, warmed, housed, fed—provided for in every way. He has no expenses that his income does not amply meet; he has little or nothing to distract his mind from his studies; he cannot envy the dress or style of his wealthy classmates, for the son of a Vanderbilt must wear, and has worn, the same garb that warms the back of the hod carrier's boy. Freely supplied with provision against every healthful need, fully taught every manly and graceful accomplishment, finely schooled in science and in soldier lore, carefully

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nursed and cared for in the event of illness or injury, the nation's pupil is indeed a favored boy.

But lavish as is the nation in all the appointments of its famous school, there is no cent thrown away. For every dollar spent on the education of his future officers "Uncle Sam" demands—and has good right to demand—full recompense. In return for all these benefits the young cadet must bind himself to four years of submission to the avuncular will; to four years of hard study, of prescribed exercise, of close seclusion, of prompt and cheerful subordination to rigid discipline; to four years of a life every day and hour of which is planned for him beforehand; and he must willingly yield himself to the preconcerted moulding, or give place to one who can and will.

The casual visitor to the academy sees in cadet life only a vision of military exercises, of gallant, graceful forms, of faultless uniforms and glittering arms, of bewildering "hops" and "germans," of moonlight camps amid the grandest scenery on the continent, of romance and chivalry all athrob with the stirring strains of martial music; but he who knows it well knows it to be four years of rigorous preparation for a profession that is full of demands upon every energy of manhood. In years of association with the dear old Point—as boy visitor, as student youth, as graduate and instructor—the writer can recall hundreds of cases where the cadet bemoaned the fates that sent him into a life so full of monotonous routine and rigid discipline, and yet not one instance of a discharged cadet who did not sincerely regret his failure and banishment.

To succeed at West Point a young man must have good natural ability, and more than the average capacity for application. To be happy there, he must be heart, soul, and enthusiastically a soldier. Without a fervent love for the profession he adopts, there must come days and weeks when he will groan in weariness of spirit—so depressing does the wintry monotony become.

A glimpse at the brighter side is best to be had during the annual encampment, when from mid-June until the end of August the Corps of Cadets deserts the gray stone barracks, and pitches its white tents among the trees along the eastern edge of the broad plateau.

Three classes—Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen they would be termed in college—First, Third, and Fourth they are called at the Point—are here assembled for ten weeks of practical instruction in all manner of matters military. The Junior, or Second Class, after two years of unremitting duty, is away on the one almost delirious break in the four years' course—that one brief visit to home and fireside that is vouchsafed during the third summer of cadet life—the only visit so long as the cadet shall wear the gray.

In camp, as in barracks, the corps is organized as a battalion of four companies, with the full complement of officers and non-commissioned officers selected from their own ranks. It is a proud thing to be head of the class, and prospective possessor of a commission in the engineers, but even this dignity pales in cadet eyes in presence of those luminaries of the First Class—the adjutant and "first captain." Having served one year as a private in the Fourth Class, the cadet becomes eligible for appointment to the grade of corporal, and some twenty out of a hundred young soldiers are decorated with the coveted chevrons of gold-lace. Another year, and the same number become sergeants, the most soldierly and reliable among them being chosen by the Commandant of Cadets to be the first sergeants of the four companies and sergeant-major of the battalion—positions which require "grit" and determination quite as much as they do ability, for the "orderly sergeant," as he was called for a century, and still is called by veterans of the wars of Mexico and the rebellion, is the very soul of the company. One year more, and the Second Class men become First Class, and the most "military" and meritorious of their number step into the proudest offices of the whole course: the young soldiers who wear the plumes and chevrons of the adjutant and captains are probably envied as they will not again be for years. He may not realize it at the time, but a "First Class officer" ranks far higher in the little world at West Point than the same youth graduated and promoted (?) to the grade of junior subaltern at a frontier post.

A day in camp is best observed late in August. By this time all the corps are well shaken down into their positions. The new cadets, or "plebes," are all thoroughly uniformed, drilled, and in their places in the battalion, and everything is moving with the clock-like regularity that

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is so characteristic of the academy. With the "furlough class" away, there are perhaps two hundred and twenty young soldiers tenting there close under the grass-grown parapets of old Fort Clinton, and their surroundings would inspire a heart of stone. The broad glistening Hudson, bursting its way through the gorge of the Appalachians from the north, comes sweeping down that magnificent "reach" from Newburgh, and under the rocky flanks of Breakneck, Bull Hill, and old Cro' Nest, swirls around the jagged point of Constitution Island, and then is shouldered completely out of its course by the bold, jutting promontory that springs out from the mountain and stems the sweeping tide. The river beats in vain upon its adamant, and, flung aside, turns abruptly eastward, feels its way around the stubborn bluff, and thence flows once more southward, "unvexed to the sea."

North and east the Point is hemmed in by the mighty river, west and south by the rock-ribbed Highlands. The plateau, little by little, has been levelled and graded, until to-day it is a broad, beautiful, grass-grown plain, bounded on the west by the cozy homes of the officers and professors, on the south by the stately barracks, the grim, old-fashioned "Academic," the Grecian chapel, and the domed turrets of the Library. Skirting the precipitous river-banks, a broad, graded road encloses the plateau on the north and east, and others, as level and carefully kept, border it on west and south, and nearly bisect it along the meridian. Covered with well-cropped turf, the western half of "the plain" is devoted to infantry drills; the batteries and the crunching hoofs of the horses are limited to the gravel of the eastern half. All around are the rocky heights, trimmed with pine and fir and cedar, with here and there a peep at the stony parapet of some old redoubt or battery thrown up in the days of the Revolution. The square-built hostelry, once and for years known as Roe's, stands perched at the northeast limit of the plain. Statues in bronze or marble gleam here and there amid the foliage, and tell of deeds of heroism and devotion on the part of the sons of the old academy. The tall white staff glistens against the dark background of the Highlands, and throws to the breeze, high over all, the brilliant colors of the Stars and Stripes; and on the easternmost verge of the broad plateau lies the camp ground, the summer home of the Corps of Cadets.

Laid out in mathematical regularity, with well-gravelled pathways, sentry posts, and "color line," and shaded by beautiful trees, the encampment, like everything else at West Point, is so exquisitely trim and neat as to have little resemblance to the "tented field" as seen in actual service on the frontier. The white tents gleam in accurate ranks that look as though they were pitched by aid of the "straight-edge" rule. Farthest to the west are the guard and visitors' tents; then comes an open space between them and the color line, along which the arms are stacked every bright day. It is in this space that the camp ceremonies—guard mounting, dress parade, and the weekly inspections—take place. Immediately behind the color line are the tents of the four companies, two inward-facing rows to each, with a broad alley, known as the "general parade," separating the right and left wings. The company streets run east and west perpendicularly to the color line, and the tents of the cadet officers are pitched looking west along the streets of their respective companies. Behind the rows of company officers' tents, and opposite the right and left of camp, are the larger domiciles of those cadet magnates the adjutant and quartermaster. Back still farther are the double tents of the four army officers who are the immediate commanders and instructors of the four companies; and behind them all, at the rear of camp, is the big "marquee" of the Commandant of Cadets. Dotted about the rear of camp are the little tents occupied by the drum boy "orderlies," the boot-blacks, varnishers, etc.; and around them all, day and night, paces the chain of sentries, which, posted in mid-June, is never removed until the simultaneous fall of every tent on the 28th of August.

One day is the counterpart of another as the end of camp draws nigh, and the visitor who would take a peep at the inner phases of cadet life must have a "friend at court," and be an early riser. Let us suppose that in your desire to have a nearer view of those slender striplings you have invoked the aid of some one of the officers on duty at the Point. He tells you to be prepared to "make a day of it," warns you to be called at 5 A.M., and is waiting for you on the hotel piazza when you appear. Muffled in your overcoats,

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for these late August mornings are sharply cold, you walk briskly down the graded path leading to camp. A faint, drowsy gleam as of a lantern is visible at the guard tents, and the gas jets along the sentry posts have the sickly glare that early morning gives to all. Camp lies still as a grave, dim and ghostly, but all the eastern sky is lighting up with the radiance of coming morn, and the hoary battlements of "Old Fort Put," and the crags of Cro' Nest overhanging the sleeping Point, are alternately wreathed with wisps of cloud and roseate in reflection from the orient. Not a sound is heard as you near the sentry lines, but you may never hope to slip in unobserved. Keeping beyond hail of the guard tents, your conductor purposely leads you down by Fort Clinton's dark parapet, and you are close to the ghostly white village, when there is sudden gleam and rattle among the trees, a flash of steel, as a cadet rifle comes down to "charge bayonet," a stern young voice challenges, "Who comes there?" and before you stands a vigilant sentry, the dew dripping from the visor of his forage cap, the collar of his overcoat well muffled about his ears. "Friends with the countersign," is your conductor's prompt reply. "Halt, friends! advance one with the countersign," orders the sentinel, and at the uncompromising mandate, while you "stand fast," your friend steps up to that levelled bayonet, and over its threatening point whispers some cabalistic word that in the twinkling of an eye changes the whole attitude of the guard from one of fierce suspicion to respectful attention. "Advance, friends," he says, as his heels come together and his rifle to the "carry" with simultaneous click; and there he stands like a gray and white statue as you cross his guarded land, and penetrate without further hinderance the forbidden limits.

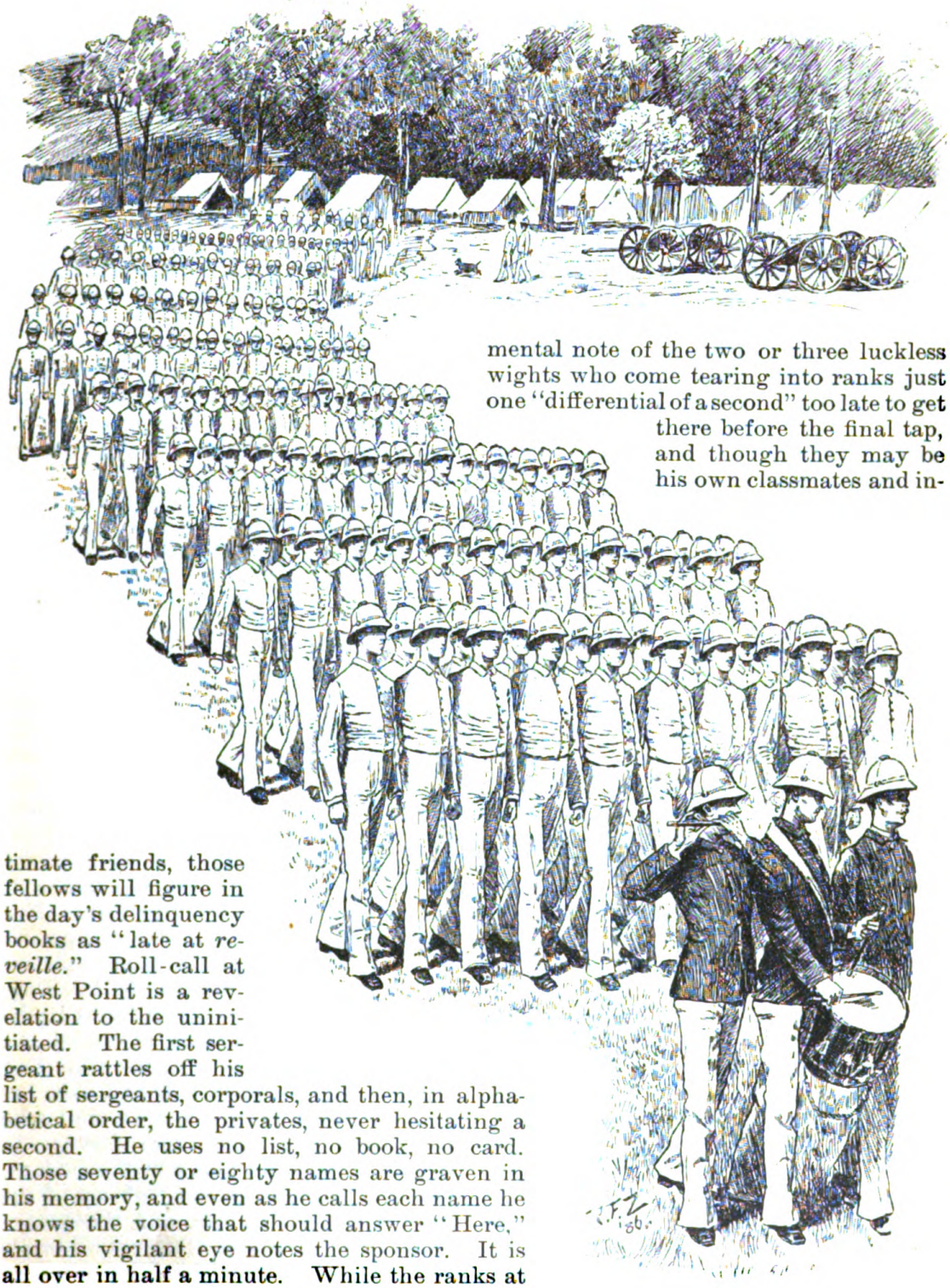
Sound sleepers are the boys, thanks to all their vigorous exercise, undoubted excellence of digestion, and presumable clearness of conscience. In ten minutes, by the inexorable rules of West Point, every mother's son in that camp must be up and doing, but among the tents not a soul as yet is stirring. In the gathering light you can see the sentries at the south and east slowly pacing their posts, and mark that the main guard is astir. A squad of little drummer boys is hastening across the plain toward camp; a corporal marches two silent youths in gray to the dew-dripping field-piece that stands at the northeast angle; the tips of the tents are gaining a rosy tint; the skies across the Hudson are gorgeous in their coloring; the mist is creeping from the stream that goes swirling down the silent reach; you hear a dull thud or two as the gunners ram home their cartridge, and the low-toned chatter of the drum boys as they brace their batter heads and look expectantly at the gilded hands of the big clock in the "Academic" tower across the plain. Suddenly there comes the mellow stroke of the bell, and with it a belching cloud of smoke and flame from the black muzzle of the gun, a thundering roar, and at the same instant the shrill music of the fifes and resonant rattle of the drums as they break into the stirring rolls of the *reveille*. It is enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

One after another tent flaps are raised, and still drowsy heads peer forth, and then by dozens, erect, slender, buttoned to the throat in their snug-fitting "coatees," and looking all legs in their trim white trousers, the young fellows swarm upon the company streets; but as yet all are "plebes"—the oldsters are in no such hurry to leave their warm blankets, and have learned the value of every military minute. The drums are playing their thundering march around camp; dozens of time-saving plebes, bucket-laden, are scurrying off in the direction of the water tanks, and come back ready for their *al fresco* ablutions. If there be any who, like Fitz-James and Roderick,

> "mutter their soldier matins by,"

we see nothing of it. Once more the drums have resumed the roll of the *reveille*, then suddenly cease. There comes a brief interval of silence, during which the company streets fill up with forms in gray and white. Then, sharp, quick, imperative, the "assembly," or "second call," is rattled on the drums. "Fall in!" order the sergeants, and like a flash each company springs into two long columns of files; for there is not an instant to lose. Every man must be in his place at the last tap of the inexorable drum—not twenty seconds from the first—and there it is. "Left face," orders each first sergeant at the instant, while his classmate and senior file-closer, the second sergeant, even as he answers to his own name, makes

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MARCHING TO THE MESS-HALL.

mental note of the two or three luckless wights who come tearing into ranks just one "differential of a second" too late to get there before the final tap, and though they may be his own classmates and intimate friends, those fellows will figure in the day's delinquency books as "late at *reveille*." Roll-call at West Point is a revelation to the uninitiated. The first sergeant rattles off his list of sergeants, corporals, and then, in alphabetical order, the privates, never hesitating a second. He uses no list, no book, no card. Those seventy or eighty names are graven in his memory, and even as he calls each name he knows the voice that should answer "Here," and his vigilant eye notes the sponsor. It is all over in half a minute. While the ranks at his single word scatter like sheep, he makes his brief soldierly report to the grave young captain, who stands near the flank, and the first duty of the day is over. The captains report to the adjutant or the officer of the day, as may be the custom at the time. Absentees, if any, are promptly hunted up. Off come the gray coats as bedding is piled, tent floors are swept, and tent walls raised for ventilation, and in another half-hour the drums are merrily rattling away on the old army tune "Pease upon a Trencher"—

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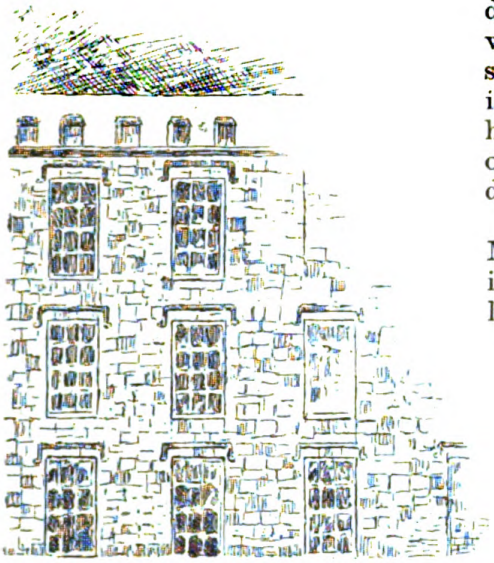
the soldier signal for breakfast. Again the ranks are formed, rolls are called, the sergeants march their companies to the color line, the officers take their stations, the ringing voice of the "first captain" —the senior cadet officer—orders attention, swings the battalion into column of platoons to the left, then "Forward—guide right—march!" and to the stirring, old-fashioned music of the fifes and drums away they go across the broad level of the cavalry plain until they reach the main road; down the shaded lane between the chapel and the massive façade of the ugly old "Academic"; down past the beautiful pile of the new "Head-quarters" and the grassy terrace beyond, and then each platoon wheels in succession to the right, springily mounts the broad stone steps, and is swallowed up in the massive portals of the Mess-hall.

Just so for years, with the same buoyant, elastic tread, in the same solid ranks, have the nation's pupils marched to their daily bread. Faces that grew bronzed and bearded and lined with thought and care were bright and smooth-shaven and full of pluck and hope under the little blue forage caps, and forms that grew massive and stalwart, or feeble and shattered with honorable wounds, were all once clad in the tight-fitting uniform "coatee." Grant, silent, patient, and invincible; Sherman, brilliant, nervous, and quick; Sheridan, fiery, meteoric, burning with fight and energy; Lee, skilful and chivalric; Jackson, daring to the verge of recklessness, prayerful to the verge of fanaticism; Hancock, knightly and superb on every field; Thomas, leonine, steadfast, and indomitable; Meade, loyal, dutiful, and resolute; McPherson, Sedgwick, and Reynolds, magnificent even in death; Stuart, cavalier trooper and bold rider; Longstreet, grim war-dog of the Confederacy; Sidney Johnston and Charles F. Smith, twin types of soldierly grace and grandeur; dark-eyed, dapper Beauregard; saturnine Halleck; priestly Polk; scientific and staff-schooled McClellan; "Joe" Johnston, Sherman's last armed antagonist; Hood and Hardee, Hill, Ewell, Ramseur, Rosser, Armistead, Garnett, Kemper, Pickett, Sumner, Franklin, Porter, Heintzelman, Burnside, Hooker, Buford, Bayard, Howard, Rosecrans, Schofield, Stanley, Warren, Gibbon, Ord, Hunt, Getty, Humphreys—a host of names famous in the annals of the great war and distinguished in the history of the nation—all in their time, to the same old tunes of the fife and drum, marched at the command of the cadet first captain, thrice each day, to take their soldier rations at the Mess-hall.

True, the Mess-hall itself is a far handsomer building, as to exterior and interior, than the original affair to which our greatest soldiers were marched, and even in the last ten years great changes have been made in the domestic economies of the cadet. Time was when both table fare and service were far inferior to what they are to-day, and far shabbier than they should have been at the time; but now the Mess-hall challenges inspection. Vigilant officers have taken it in hand and made it a model. Few institutions can show a better refectory; none can exhibit better appetites.

Cheerful conversation promotes good digestion, say the doctors, and the clatter of tongues as the boys settle to their work exceeds the racket of knife and fork on the responsive crockery. There is a Babel of voices, an odd intermingling of dialects; for every section of our broad Union is there represented, and no cliques are encouraged. South Carolina hobnobs with her old enemy Massachusetts; creole blood from Louisiana is warmed by coffee from the same urn that starts the sluggish veins of the Pennsylvania Dutchman; soft-voiced sons of Georgia and Kentucky elide their "r's" and swap merry *badinage* with a fellow whose backwoods whang proclaims the "Pike" from Missouri; a swarthy Californian rips out some half-Spanish, half-savage expletive in excited controversy with his New England *vis-à-vis*, whose wildest flight in the possibilities of blasphemy is "Gosh all hemlock!" and a youth whose clear blue eyes and the blondest hair and skin imaginable proclaim him a Norseman who hails from a Scandinavian district in Minnesota happens along at the instant, with the red sash of the "officer of the day" over his shoulder, and the gentleman from the Golden Gate puts a bridle on his tongue forthwith. The officer of the day is "on honor" to note in his report every violation of academic regulations, and profanity is one of them. Were the Californian his bosom friend, and dismissal the penalty of his offence, there could be no middle course. The word of honor of the cadet is the *ne plus ultra* of West Point ethics; there is no

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going behind or beyond it. It is the first lesson taught the youngster on joining. It is preached in wordless sermons every day and hour of his four years' course. It is the last thing of his education he is apt to forget. Like other boys, he has his fun, his faults, his vices, and his "scrapes." He may violate every one of the few hundred regulations that have been evolved from year to year; he may "cut" church, "run it" to the Falls or other unhallowed resort; he may even make a predatory incursion upon the orchards or vineyards below the Point; but even to save himself or his best friend from punishment he draws the line at one thing—he won't lie. When a cadet says he has or has not done this or that, you can endorse the statement.

And so, when the cadet lieutenant from Minnesota reports his classmate from California for "using profane language," the latter never thinks of questioning the report or of reproaching the reporter. It is a matter of duty and honor, and that is the end of it. California not only gets a formidable figure on the demerit books, but for many a weary Saturday afternoon he will have to confine himself to his room, or else "walk extra," equipped as a sentinel, up and down the area of barracks.



WALKING AN EXTRA.

But breakfast is over, time is up; the first captain makes quick but searching inspection of each table to see that there has been no wastage; the army "officer in charge," who is required to breakfast, dine, and sup on the identical fare which is laid before the cadets, comes forth from the steward's room and goes on to inspect the kitchen. Each company in succession receives the order to rise, and out

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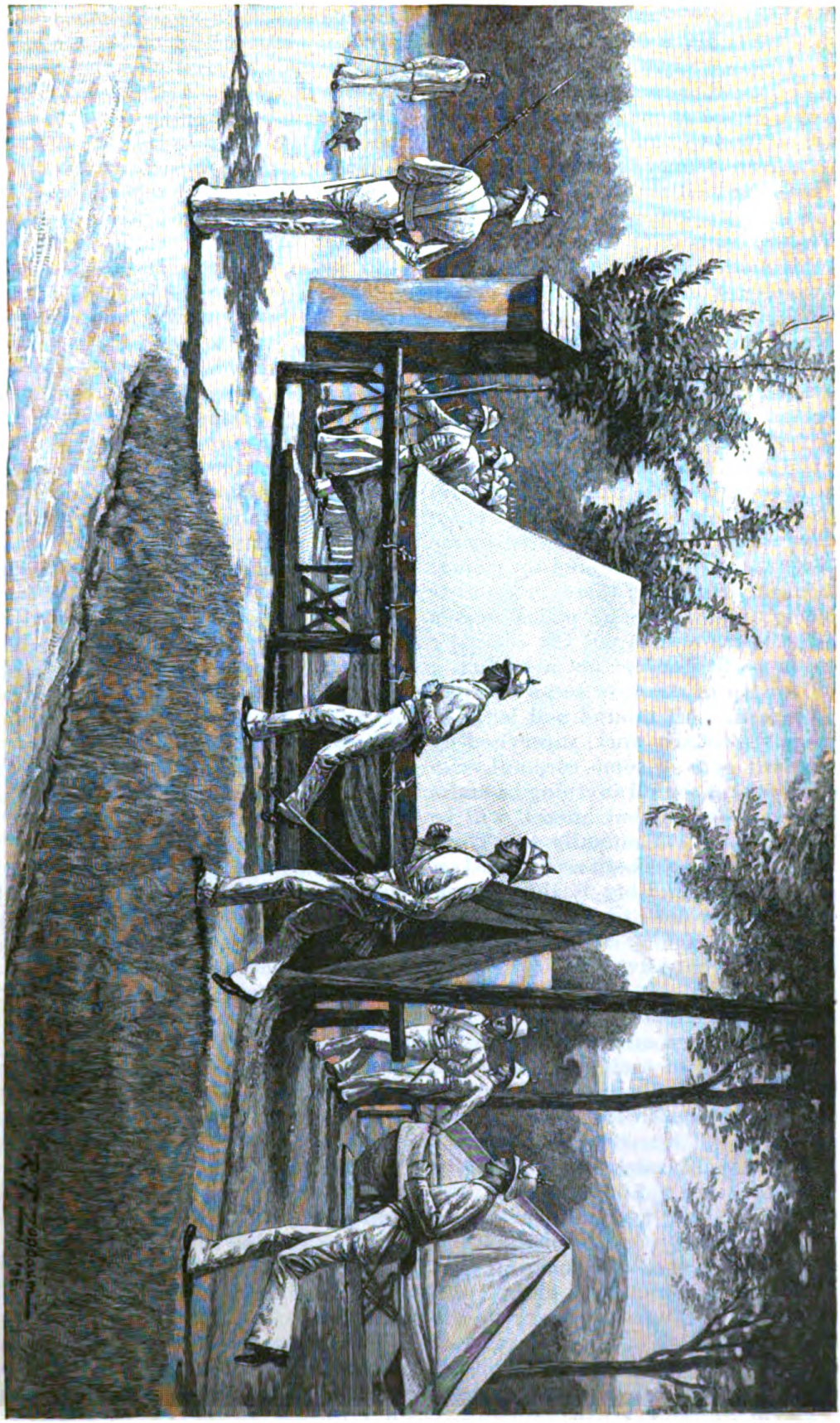


OFFICER OF THE DAY.

into the air and sunshine, leaping down the steps, go the youngsters; quickly they spring into ranks, and suddenly every voice but one is stilled—the omnipotent first captain again—and by his command the platoons wheel northward, and once more to lively music the battalion marches briskly away. The sentry on No. 6 salutes as they cross his post; one instant they stand motionless after wheeling into line, and then, at the command, "Break ranks—march!" scatter like a great covey of quail all over camp.

Next comes morning drill, the most unpopular, because the most monotonous. For nearly an hour the battalion is exercised in the manual of arms, and though this drill is one which is taken up "by battalion" only a fortnight or so each year, it is of trifling interest to spectators, and a purely perfunctory matter with the corps. Years ago, when the veteran Scott was chief of our little army, and its manœuvres were of the ponderous Prussian school, the "manual," under such commandants as Major Worth and Charles F. Smith, was a miracle of precision and beauty, and the old-fashioned smooth-bore cadet muskets, with shining bands and barrels, were brought to the "present," "charge," or "order" with a simultaneous crash that could be heard across the Hudson, and every motion of hand or finger was clock-work. But with the adoption of the light-infantry tactics here came a change that few failed to see. Possibly more of the spirit of the tactics of Hardee and Upton has been adopted by the corps than those eminent authors ever intended; certain it is that when unhindered the battalion of cadets will slap through the manual of arms with an easy grace that is peculiar to itself, and with small attention, after the initiatory "squad drills," to the finer points of the tactics. The general effect is attractive and business-like, it is all so deft and quick, but the old precision of movement can no longer be claimed for it. The "manual" is a matter to which our crack regiments in the National Guard give great prominence and careful teaching; with the Corps of Cadets it is of minor importance, and only when some new Commandant happens in, or a "tactical officer" who is a stickler for points, is there any attempt to hammer

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"TURN OUT THE GUARD."

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the battalion into mechanical accuracy again. There is a brief reaction, some sharp drilling "by the numbers" for a week or two; then the matter is gradually forgotten in the press of something more important, and the corps easily slips back into its own jaunty, *nonchalant* style, and keen-eyed citizen-soldiers who have run up from the armories of the Seventh or Twenty-second, in New York, note how this motion or the other is slighted, and wonder what it means. It simply means that at the Point and in the regular service the old Prussian precision is a thing of the past; officers, cadets, and soldiers have a dozen things of far greater importance to think of and attend to; celerity is the word; and yet—were it hinted to the battalion that the "manual" was to be overhauled this particular day on parade, the whole command would "brace up" and execute the entire programme in a way that would confound the critics.

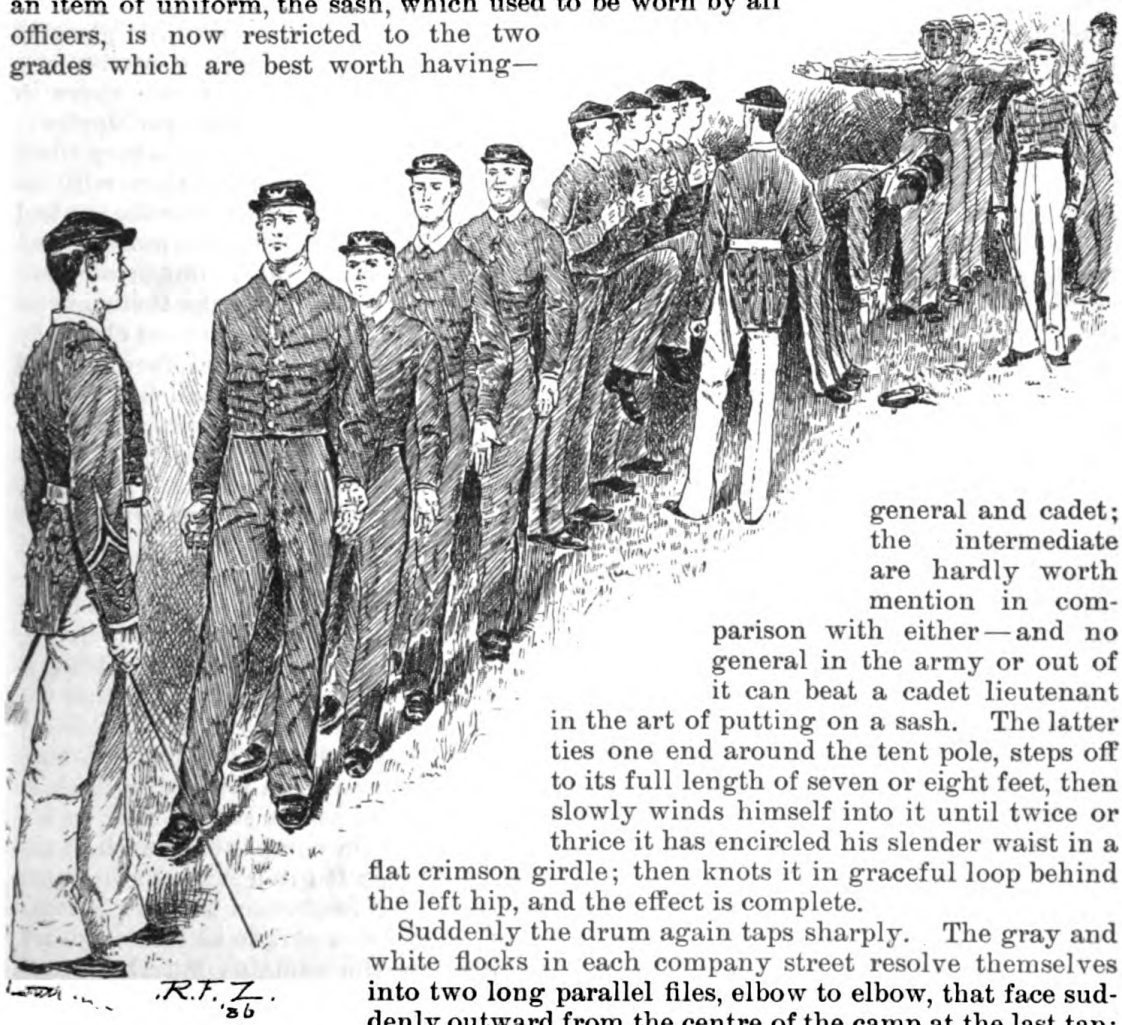
Morning drill over, there is another scattering to tents. Busy "police" details from the lower classes put the company streets in perfect order; not a feather, a match, a wisp of straw, or scrap of paper is to be seen. All around and between the tents the details work, supervised by the vigilant eyes of some corporal, who well knows that should anything be amiss at inspection, no one but himself will be held responsible. Nominally the Third and Fourth classes are both represented on each "police detail," but if the bulk of the work be not done to this day by the "plebes," the system is radically changed from that of twenty-five years ago, when they did all of it.

Busy preparation is going on in each of the tents. Three, sometimes four, cadets are the occupants of each, and one of the inmates is "orderly." His business it is to see that the wooden tent floor is carefully swept, the blankets, pillows, and "comforters" accurately and squarely piled in the easternmost corner of the floor and farthest from the company street; spare shoes neatly polished and aligned at the back of the floor; all candles, candlesticks, cleaning materials, and miscellaneous items stowed away in the tin candle box which stands at the foot of the rear tent pole just behind the butts of the polished rifles; all belts, sabres, bayonet scabbards, and other equipments dusted, and hanging from their pegs on the rear tent pole; the jaunty dress hats perched on their appropriate shelf; all woollen clothing, overcoats, coatees, riding jackets, etc., neatly swung on a rack beneath the ridge-pole; all other clothing, including white trousers, belts, gloves, collars, and the like, stowed in the "locker"—a West Point expression for a long wooden box, about the size and shape of a coffin case, painted a dull green, and utterly innocent of lock or key. It is divided into four compartments, each a hollow cube of about eighteen inches cross section, each with separate lid, inside which are tacked some straps for brushes, shaving implements, etc.; and this locker is the sole stowaway the cadet can have for his summer belongings. Such books as are needed or permitted in camp must be neatly piled at the rear end of the locker, and behind it is stowed the broom. The white stone-ware washbowl rests, bottom outward, against the floor near the front end of the locker; the water bucket stands close beside it; a little wooden-framed mirror is perched on the front tent pole; and every item must be of the prescribed pattern, and purchased at the cadet commissary store, even to the soap that is placed behind the washbowl. Hypercritical visitors have been known to inquire if each piece of soap must be worn to uniform thickness, but the sarcasm has fallen harmless upon the armor of West Point authority. Every article has its prescribed place, and must be nowhere else, or the young gentleman whose name stands topmost on the little "orderly board" that decks the front tent pole will hear of it through the delinquency book within the next twenty-four hours. It would take the uninitiated visitor half a day to put one of these tents in proper order for inspection, but the expert "yearling" will do it in three minutes, and as the first drum taps for morning parade he issues from his domicile, buttoned to the throat in faultlessly fitting uniform, his collar, belts, gloves, cuffs, and trousers of glistening white, his shoes, belt plates, and brasses gleaming with polish, and his rifle in perfect order: a cambric handkerchief could not flick a particle of dust from his attire.

The company grounds are picturesque sights at this hour. Up by the guard tents numbers of gayly dressed spectators are sauntering in to take their accustomed seats in the grove at the west end. The band, headed by its stately drum-major,

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comes marching across the plain from its barracks below the hill. A group of officers approaches from the distant "mess," and the sentry on No. 1 rattles his piece to "arms port," and the heights re-echo to his stentorian shout, "Turn out the guard—Commandant of Cadets!" or his similar announcement of the approach of some equally exalted functionary; the members of the guard scramble for the arm racks, seize their rifles, form ranks, and present arms with a unanimity and precision that would delight any man not accustomed to such displays of adulation. Down in camp, the company streets are alive with cadets in full dress awaiting the "fall in" signal of the second drum, and along the row of company officers' tents a dozen young satraps are winding themselves into their sashes as none but cadets ever think of doing, and only cadets succeed in obtaining so excellent a final effect. As an item of uniform, the sash, which used to be worn by all officers, is now restricted to the two grades which are best worth having—



PLEBE DRILL.

general and cadet; the intermediate are hardly worth mention in comparison with either—and no general in the army or out of it can beat a cadet lieutenant in the art of putting on a sash. The latter ties one end around the tent pole, steps off to its full length of seven or eight feet, then slowly winds himself into it until twice or thrice it has encircled his slender waist in a flat crimson girdle; then knots it in graceful loop behind the left hip, and the effect is complete.

Suddenly the drum again taps sharply. The gray and white flocks in each company street resolve themselves into two long parallel files, elbow to elbow, that face suddenly outward from the centre of the camp at the last tap; the glistening rifles spring up to "support arms," and each first sergeant calls off his roll as though the last thing he were thinking of was the answering "here"; one after another the white-gloved hands snap the pieces down to the "carry" and "order" as each man answers to his name; the sergeant faces his captain with soldierly salute and takes his post; the captain whips out his shining sword; the lieutenants step to their posts—and then begins the sharp inspection. Man after man is passed under the scrutinizing eye of the young officer. A speck of rust about the rifle, a dingy belt plate, a soiled or rumpled collar, a tear in the glove, a spot on the trousers, dust on the shoes, a single button missing or unfastened, any one of these or similar solecisms, be it on part of First Class man or plebe, tent-mate or stranger, friend or foe, will probably be noted on the company delinquency book that day, and published by the adjutant to the whole battalion the next evening. The captain

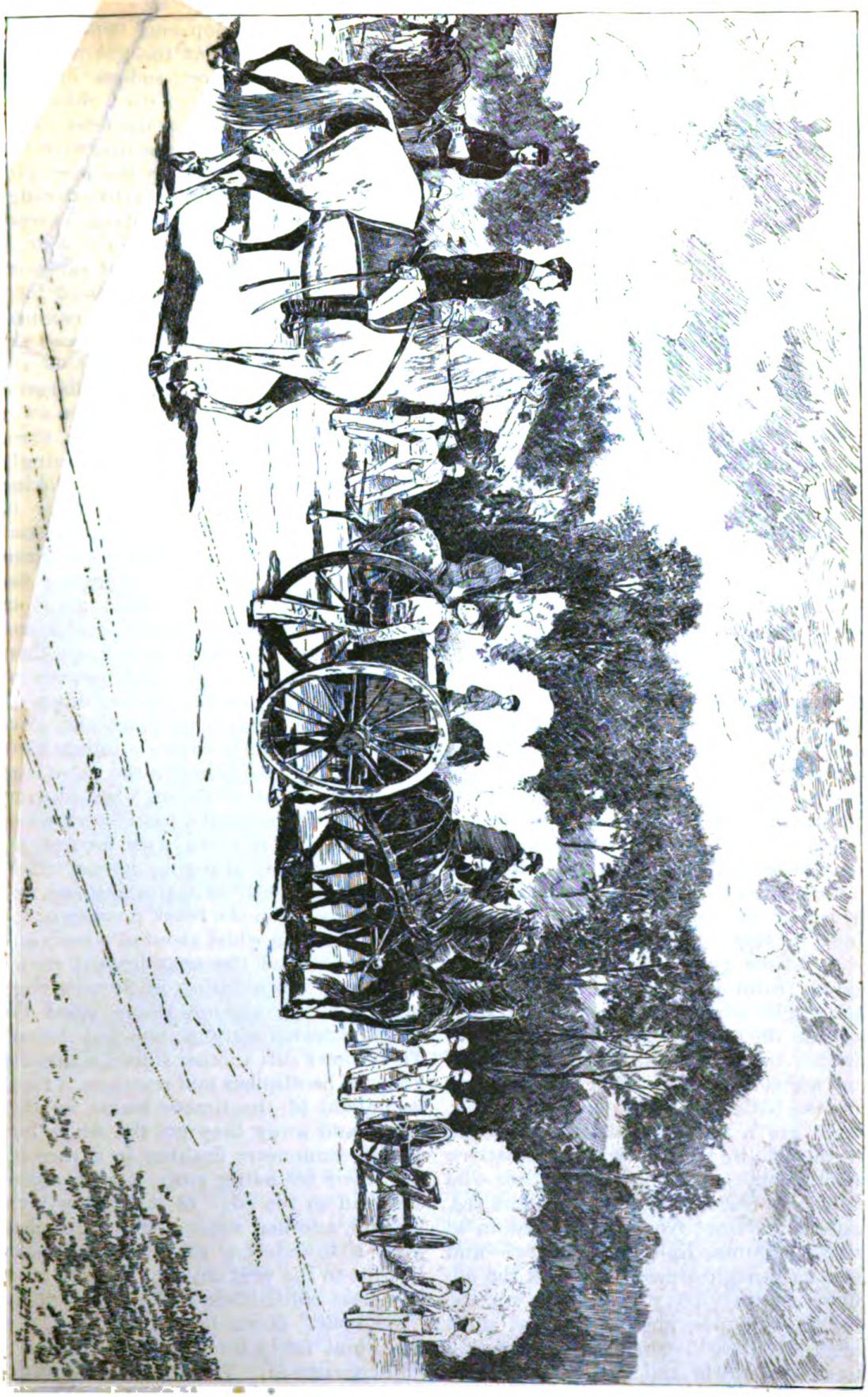
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is a man of few words; to the upper-class man a mere look tells what is amiss; to the plebe he frequently adds a brief admonition or reproof. Poor young bears! they have a host of troubles to encounter, and a thousand things to learn in less than a month. To see them, even when not in ranks or on duty, walking about camp, during their first summer at the Point, with their little fingers pressed to the seams of their trousers, and the palms of their hands flat to the front, so that the shoulders *have* to be square, and their backs flat as an ironing-board, one only wonders that even old age can ever bend or bow them.

Inspection over, there is a moment's breathing spell. Then the adjutant, with his sergeant-major and markers, appears at the head of the general parade, raises his hand in signal to the band, the drum-major whirls his baton, drums and fifes strike up the lively notes of "adjutant's call," the full band crashes into the martial melody of a spirited quickstep, and the four companies come striding forth. There is no moment's delay, but with the ease and grace of long practice the adjutant forms the line, the captains march their perfectly drilled commands to their appointed places, guides spring out to the front, ranks are dressed to the centre, the band abruptly ceases, and the ringing voice of the adjutant orders, "Guides posts!" Each in turn, the four companies are brought to the "carry," "order," and "parade rest," the drum-major whirls his baton again, there is a flourish of trumpets and drums, and then band and field music come "trooping" down in front of that statuesque line of gray and white. It is a sight well worth seeing any bright summer morning, and there are hosts of lookers on—mothers, sisters, and sweethearts by the dozen, each one of whom has in those motionless ranks some especial cadet who is the central object of her thoughts, however general may be the flow of conversation. Back to its post goes the band, after a bewildering countermarch, near the sentry on No. 6; there is another flourish, another abrupt stop to the music, and in its place there rings upon the morning air the clear young voice of the adjutant as he calls the line to attention, opens the ranks, then comes gleaming down to the centre, turns sharply to the right in front of the colors, and with quick, springy steps the most envied youth at the Point stalks out to the front, halts midway to the commanding officer, faces about, and at his next word arms clash to the "present." Once more he faces the dark blue figure standing solitary at the front, lowers his sword in graceful salute, and reports: "Sir, the parade is formed." The officer in command may be a hero of a dozen battles and "brevets," but to lookers on, cadet and civilian, 'tis safe to say he is an object of small consequence as compared with the graceful stripling who takes his place at his side. Possibly it is the consciousness of this fact that makes his own share in the ceremony so brief and perfunctory. He puts the battalion through a very short exercise in the manual, and then, with an air of evident relief, turns over the control of affairs to the adjutant once more. The first sergeants and the plume-crested colossus of a drum-major make their precise reports; then with simultaneous clash the officers return swords, and face toward the centre; the adjutant and his fellow-magnates close in front of the colors, face the commanding officer in a long line of black plumes and red sashes. "Forward, guide centre!" is the adjutant's next command, and at the word "march" the band again strikes up, and with perfect alignment a full score of young captains and subalterns march jauntily to the front, halt short at six yards from the lonely-looking party in sombre blue, together the white-gloved hands are raised in soldierly salute, together they drop, and the statuesque line becomes a scattering flock as the plumes and sashes scurry back to the tents, whither the companies march at the same instant. It often happens in camp that morning inspection follows instead of precedes dress parade as time is short. In this case the captains put their men through the ordeal while a detail from each company, conducted by the first sergeant, is proceeding to another, guard-mounting, the prettiest ceremony of the day.

To all but those "marching on" with the new guard this half-hour is the brightest between the rising and setting of the sun, for the moment inspection is over all cadets not on duty and who have friends among the lady spectators are mingling with them back of the guard tents, and fun and flirtation begin forthwith. It is a short half-hour, for all too soon the warning drum is thundering again, and

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THE LIGHT BATTERY.

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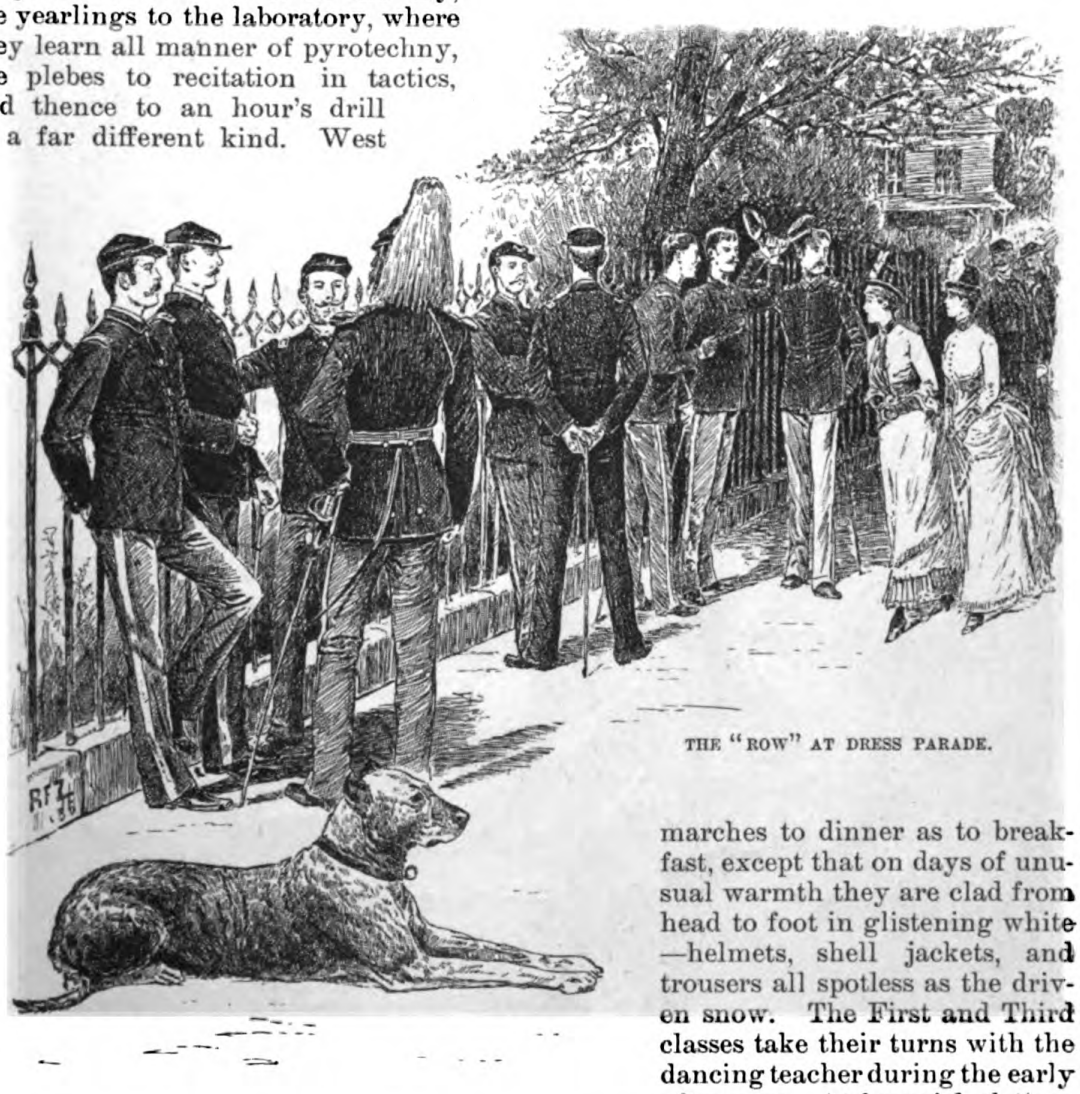
leave-takings are of the briefest description. Sharp at the stroke of nine the classes are again in ranks, and the hour of battery drill has come. The "plebes" march stiffly out to the field guns south of camp; the yearlings, wheeling into column of sections, swing jauntily off under their detail of First Class officers to where the battery horses have already been hitched to the limbers and caissons out on the cavalry plain, and that portion of the senior class not required as chiefs of platoon or section at the field batteries is already springing down the winding path to the "sea-coast" battery at the water's edge, and presently you will hear a thunder of great guns that will stun all Orange County—or would, but for the barriers of the massive hills that shut us in on every side.

The liveliest spectacle, however, is here on the plain, for of all the drills and exercises in which the cadet excels he is at his best in those of the mounted service. Daring horsemen are the youngsters after two years' practice in the riding hall, and light battery drill is a famous place for exhibition. Watch the boys as they go to their stations. The seniors, in their riding dress, gauntlets, and cavalry sabres, swing easily into the saddles of the somewhat vicious-looking steeds that are held in readiness for them, adjust their stirrups, take a preliminary and surreptitious dig with their spurred heels to test the mettle of their nags, then clatter off to their posts to look over the horses and drivers of their detachments. The yearlings in their natty shell jackets stand ready at the guns; the bugle blares the signal "cannoneers mount," and, like so many agile monkeys, they spring to their seats on the ammunition chests, and with another bugle blast, and rumble of hoof and wheel and clink of trunnion, away goes the battery down the gravelly plain. There are a few preliminary moves to warm them up to their work; the battery commander, a young artillery officer who knows his trade, swings them to and fro, faster and faster, from one formation to other—column, line, and battery—and then, as though ordered to check the advance of an enemy swarming up the heights and give him canister at short range, with cracking whips and plunging steeds and rattle and roar of hoof and wheel, and hoarse-throated commands and stirring bugle peals, up the plain they come at tearing gallop until opposite the crowd of spectators at the guard tents, when there is a short, sudden blast, a simultaneous shout from the "chiefs," a vision of rearing horses as the lieutenants and sergeants halt short on line with the brilliant guidon—generally the most picturesque horseman of the warlike throng, and *always* posted on the flank nearest the ladies—a flash of sabres in the air, a sudden "rein in" of the line of caissons, and gradual settle down to a stand, long before which, nimble as cats, the cannoneers have sprung from their seats, and are streaking it across the gap to where the chiefs are seated on their excited chargers. Around sweep the guns with sudden swirl that wellnigh capsizes them—the three youngsters on each limber seemingly hanging on as though seated on sticking plasters—there is a rattle and bang of pintle-hooks, hoarse shouts of "Drive on" to the gun teams; gray and white forms leap and sway in and out among the wheels; sponges and rammers whirl in air; there is a belch of flame, smoke, and thunder-cloud, a bellowing roar; another, another—half a dozen in quick succession; a thick sulphurous haze settles down on the plain and envelops guns and gunners; and suddenly comes another blare of bugle. "Cease firing" is the shout, and the mimic scene of Buena Vista is over. Even before the smoke has cleared away another order is given, with prompt, exciting response; plunging horses, cracking whips, a rush of teams, limbers, and caissons between the black muzzles of the guns; a sudden whirl about of wheels and handspikes, and the next instant smoke and flame are belching in thunder-claps over the very ground where stood the waiting teams only a moment before. Then comes still another signal, a stowing away of handspikes and rammers, a rapid rein-about of the limber teams, another blare, and away they go, the white legs of the cannoneers flashing in a race beside their bounding guns; a rush across the road to the edge of the grassy level beyond, another sudden whirl into battery, a thundering salute to the rocky heights to the west, an echoing roar from the great columbiads and Parrotts at the "sea-coast" down by the Hudson, and the Point fairly trembles with the shock and concussion. There is no hour of the day to match the excitement and *élan* of that of battery drill.

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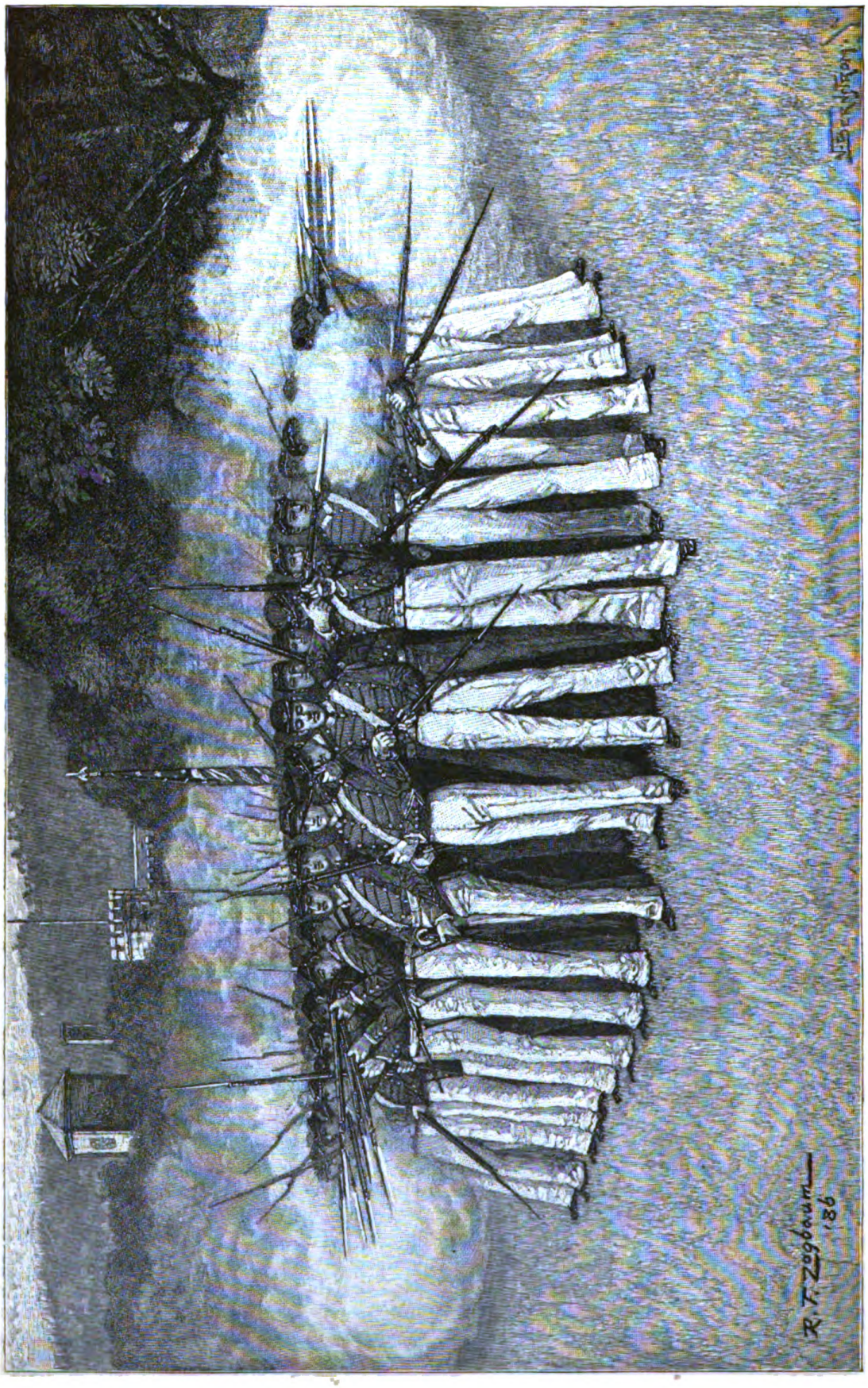
Ten o'clock puts an end to it. Back come all the classes to their tents, the yearlings glowing with exhilaration and life, the plebes big with prospective achievements in the same line, the First Class men dignified and deliberate, as becomes their station. There is but short respite. By 10.30 the drum again summons all to ranks, and away they go, in long, white-legged columns, the seniors to pontoon drill down at the bay, the yearlings to the laboratory, where they learn all manner of pyrotechny, the plebes to recitation in tactics, and thence to an hour's drill of a far different kind. West Point aims to make its graduates gentlemen as well as soldiers, and gentlemen must mingle in society to gain there the polish and ease which should mark the well-bred man. Good dancers have always been found among the cadets, but for years this was an elective accomplishment. Observant officers noted that as a rule only those cadets who danced were apt to seek the society of ladies, and every one knows that in "forming" the manners of a gentleman association with refined and cultured women is simply indispensable. Hence the now inflexible rule that every cadet must learn to dance, as he does to ride, fence, shoot, spar, and swim, and before he begins his long tussle with mathematics and science the embryo soldier is turned over to the daily ministration of a Turveydrop.

At one o'clock the whole battalion marches to dinner as to breakfast, except that on days of unusual warmth they are clad from head to foot in glistening white—helmets, shell jackets, and trousers all spotless as the driven snow. The First and Third classes take their turns with the dancing teacher during the early afternoon. At four o'clock "police call" sounds, and the entire space within the line of sentries is scrupulously "spruced up" by details from the lower classes. The whole battalion forms under arms as the sun goes westering down, and with the long skirmish lines firing in advance or retreat, rallying on the reserves and around the colors, or deploying at the run, volleying at imaginary charges of cavalry, or picking off the distant leaders of a smoke-shrouded adversary, all to the



THE "ROW" AT DRESS PARADE.

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RALLY ON THE COLORS.

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ringing accompaniment of skirmish calls on the key-bugles, the scene is beautiful and inspiring.

The Point begins toward sundown to fill up with carriages and omnibuses (General Scott always insisted on *omnibi*) from the many summer resorts along the river-bank below, and when the drum taps for evening parade the throng of spectators is far greater than at "troop," and the ceremony is still more stately. The bang of the sunset gun and the flutter to earth of the great garrison flag add vivid interest to nervous souls, and sometimes lead to sudden capsizing of camp-stools with their startled occupants, and to a consequently perceptible seismic effect on the usually stolid line. "Laughing in ranks" is one among the million military misdemeanors for which a cadet can acquire demerit, and a broad grin, be it noiseless as a kitten's footfall, is "laughter" in the inexorable military sense.

And so from sunrise to sunset, after which comes the march to supper, the day has been one of ceaseless duty and instruction, but so full of life, variety, and spirited movement that it is not in camp that the cadet finds cause to chafe at the monotony. There have even been blissful morning hours for the two dozen young fellows relieved at half past eight from guard duty, and given until dinner roll-call to recuperate. These may roam at will over the heights and ravines to the west, look down from the battlements of Fort Putnam upon that superb panorama of earth and water, the rock-bound promontory with its tented field, the glistening ribbon of river stretching away northward through the great gorge of the Highlands, the distant spires of Newburgh, the faint, mist-wreathed outlines of the Catskills —oh, what a view to look back upon in after years of isolation on the frontier, in lonely scout amid wastes of desert sage-brush and alkali! If the day be warm, the cadet may visit the bath-houses over near Target Hill, and tempt the swift tides of the Hudson under the wary eye of the German *Schwimm-meister*, who is so proud of the experts he makes in general athletics and with fist and foil and broadsword.



ON "FLIRTATION."

But there are attractions which outrival these, and still more likely, with some sweet-faced enslaver, the cadet may wander through the shades of that ever-beautiful "Chain Battery" walk, that long since resigned its official title in favor of one so infinitely more descriptive — Flirtation — and there barter his buttons for smiles that may serve to sweeten only the idle chat of a summer's hour, or inthrall him in a web of silken memories that will bind him close and closer, a willing victim in her maiden toils. Every decade our statisticians labor over the question of the shifting centre of population of these United States, but no controversy arises as to the actual centre of flirtation: all authorities unite on West Point.

Evening is our young soldier's gala

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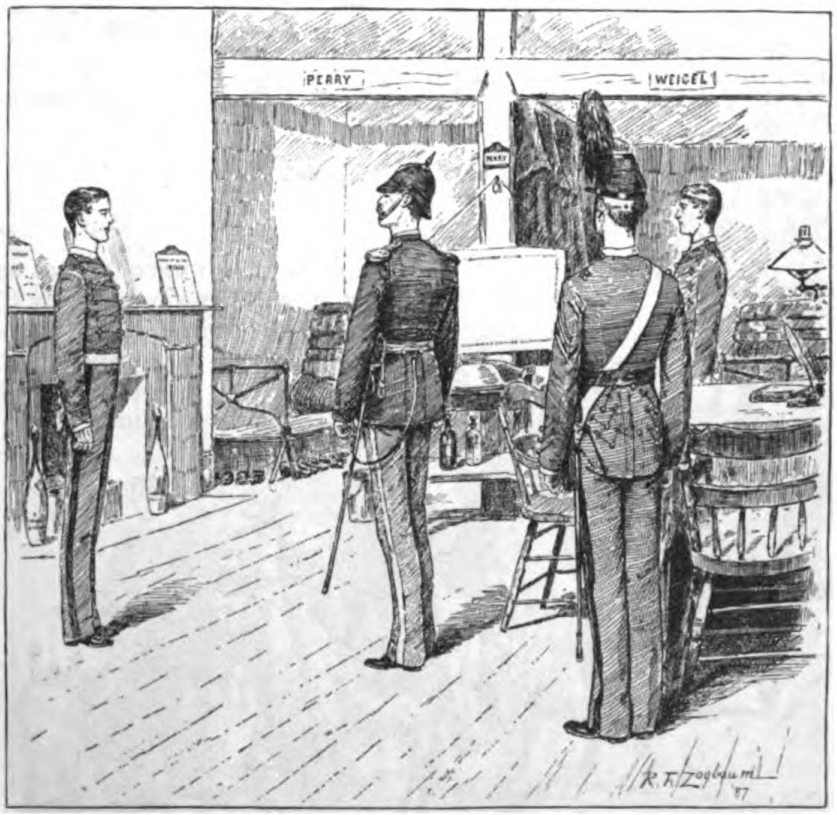
THE GRADUATING HOP.

time. Three nights a week the grim corridors of the old "Academic" are alive with music, laughter, the swish of silken skirts, and animated movement to and fro of dozens of fair girls in dainty evening dress, and of slender cavaliers in gray and white, often brightened with crimson sash and glittering chevrons. Even the "hops" are run on military time. Precisely at the appointed hour the floor-manager signals to his musicians, and the first dance begins. Precisely at the designated moment, be it in the very midst of dreamy waltz or spirited Lancers, the inevitable and inexorable drum crashes through the resounding corridors its imperious summons; the dancers scurry away to the dressing-rooms; the ladies are bundled into the waiting 'buses or led away by faithful chaperons; the gray and white cavaliers exchange hurried yet often most effective good-nights with their fair partners; the drums and fifes strike up their shrill tattoo far over in camp; and away go the future hopes of the nation, scudding to their companies to avoid a "late." For the eighth and last time that day the sergeants call their rolls and report to their captains, the captains to the adjutant or officer of the day, while the "officer in charge," an army lieutenant, stands close at hand to see that all is in regular form. Then follow ten minutes' chat, subdued scuffle and laughter in the company streets while the youngsters are making down their beds for the night (nothing but blankets on the hard tent floors); then comes a sudden single tap on the snare-drum at the guard tents, sharp orders of "Put out those lights!" two more similar taps, and before the last has died away the darkness of Erebus has settled down on camp, and all is silent as the grave.

For a few minutes the cadet officers patrol their company streets to insure order, and then the officers of the guard are left in charge. The sentries pace their silent posts, watchful, wary, for they know not when, nor how, nor how many disturbers may appear, and the faintest lack of efficiency is visited by prompt punishment. "I did not see," or "I did not hear," is an excuse that is never accepted, for sentries must be all eyes, ears, wits, and pluck. Even First Class men when on post are

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subjected to manifold tests of their knowledge of sentry duty, but to the plebe the first few nights on guard are of vivid interest. Time was when, as a means of making these youthful guardsmen experts in their art, the authorities "winked" at what was known as "deviling plebes on post"—a species of horse-play that had infinite zest for all the participants except the plebe. Spectres, spooks, goblins damned, ghosts of André and Arnold, "great hiyankidanks," cavalry on broomsticks, its tents at the tap of the drum, and marches with flying colors to the great gray barracks. Here the young soldiers are housed for the long academic year, and for ten months of unremitting study. So long as the weather will permit, there is one drill each afternoon but Saturday and Sunday, the weekly inspection of the battalion under arms, and the daily guard mount and parade, but now everything is subordinated to the mental training, and a dozen articles the size of this could give but faint de-



SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION.

light batteries of wheelbarrows, cow-boys with lassos—each and all must be seen, challenged, halted, until examined by a corporal of the guard, and as all were apt to come at the same instant, and from every possible direction, the unlucky sentry was often at his wits' end; often, too, whirled off his post and roped into Fort Clinton ditch. But "deviling plebes," as conducted in the rough old days, is one of the lost arts at the Point.

Barrack life is a far different thing. On the 28th of August the "furlough class" returns to duty, the corps strikes

scription of the course of study. Let us look rather to the mode of life as now prescribed.

Four stories high are the barracks, with spacious cellars underneath; dry, well ventilated, heated by steam, and lighted by gas. Ten hallways with iron stairs pierce the massive building from front to rear, each hallway being termed a "division" of barracks. Each division has four rooms on a floor, two on each side of the hall, and all rooms except those in the great towers are of the same size, shape, and finish. The end farthest from the win-

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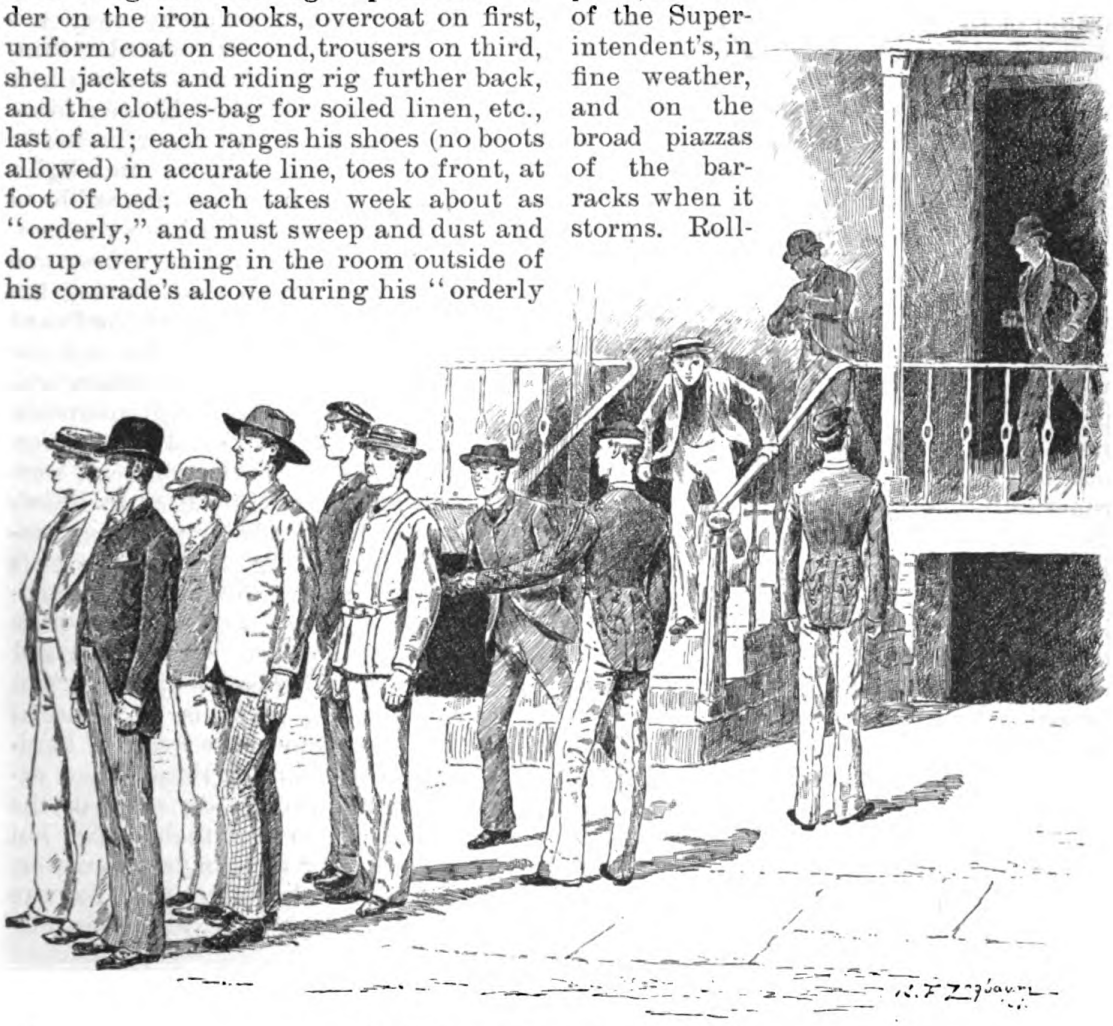
dow is partitioned off into two alcoves, with a cross-piece for curtains. Each alcove contains an iron bedstead against the wall, and a row of iron hooks against the partition. Each room is furnished with a stout table, an iron mantel, a double set of open shelves called a "clothes-press," a little shelf for helmets and dress hats, a wooden arm rack, and wooden pegs for caps and accoutrements. Two cadets, as a rule, occupy each room, each having an alcove to himself and the above-named sumptuous list of furniture to begin house-keeping. Each purchases at the commissary store a single mattress for his bed, and, if he choose, a set of curtains of prescribed pattern and color for his alcove. In common they provide a wooden wash-stand, two buckets, two wash-bowls (we used to get along with one), a broom, a candle box (for anything but candles, which are "contraband" in barracks), and a little wooden-framed mirror. Each stows his white trousers, under-clothing, shirts, belts, collars, cuffs, gloves, shaving tools, brushes, and combs on their appropriate shelves in his half of the clothes-press; each item in a separate pile of its own kind, neatly folded, folded edge to the front, square and vertical and on line with front edge of shelf. All books except those in actual use are squarely stood up, backs to front,



EN RECONNAISSANCE.

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against the wall on top of clothes-press. Each cadet neatly prints his name and puts it over his shelves, his accoutrements, his alcove, and in the slips of the "orderly board"; each folds his bedding, mattress and all, on the head of his bedstead, and not until tattoo can it be taken down; each hangs his clothing in prescribed order on the iron hooks, overcoat on first, uniform coat on second, trousers on third, shell jackets and riding rig further back, and the clothes-bag for soiled linen, etc., last of all; each ranges his shoes (no boots allowed) in accurate line, toes to front, at foot of bed; each takes week about as "orderly," and must sweep and dust and do up everything in the room outside of his comrade's alcove during his "orderly week," and from the first of September until the middle of June he can count on that room's being inspected at least twice each day and sometimes oftener, and on being himself "spotted" on the demerit books if the least thing be found out of place or in disorder.



"CANDIDATES TURN OUT PROMPTLY!"

At daybreak the roar of the *reveille* gun and the thunder of the drums summon him to roll-call, and he goes down those iron stairs four and five at a jump. After that he has half an hour in which to sweep, settle things, make up his bed, wash and dress for the day (*reveille* garb is incomplete as to interior detail), dust his furniture, and prepare for the inspection which must come at the next roll of the drum. Then he has his early breakfast, and time for some study before recitations begin at eight. Guard is mounted with all formality on the infantry plain, in front of the Superintendent's, in fine weather, and on the broad piazzas of the barracks when it storms. Roll-calls are as regular, though not as frequent, as in camp, but from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M. no cadet can enter any room in barracks except his own, or leave his own except to go to recitation. From 2 until 4 P.M. the same rule obtains. At 4.15 in spring and fall are the artillery or infantry drills, and at some seasons the riding lessons of the Third Class. At sunset is the inevitable "retreat" parade; then an hour, perhaps, for exercise and relaxation. Supper in due course, and half an hour afterward the bugle wails the dismal "call to quarters," which summons every cadet to his room.

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In ten minutes the sentries inspect. "All right?" they ask, as they make their hurried visit to the different rooms, and the answer covers a multitude of things, but is conclusive; and so the evening study hours begin. You may pass the brightly lighted front of barracks any wintry evening and hear not a sound but the tramp of the sentries on the lower floor. A cadet who quits his room to visit that of a comrade does it at no little risk. If seen or heard by the sentry, or caught at it by the "tactical officer" or officer of the day, he is booked for certain demerits, and the punishment of "extras," or confinement during the one hebdomadal half-holiday.

One hundred demerits in six months will sever the connection of any cadet with the academy and the military service; and with very small exercise of ingenuity a cadet can pick up the entire number in a single day, and do it without leaving his room either. It was a cadet tradition that the gifted Edgar Allan Poe showed a phenomenal ability in that line.

Rigid as is the discipline and unbending the routine, time fairly flies through those months of barrack life. The cadet marches to his recitations with the same precision and silence that he marches to parade, and is no sooner out of one recitation-room than he must begin preparation for another. As a rule, there are but three recitations a day—two in the morning and one in the afternoon. Mathematics, mechanics, and engineering are disposed of between eight and eleven, each half of each class reciting ninety minutes, and each class being divided into sections of ten to twelve cadets to facilitate instruction. Each section has its own recitation-room, and its own instructor in the person of a young officer who is especially skilled in the science or study being pursued. From eleven until one, chemistry, geology, French, and Spanish are the main topics; and in the drowsy afternoons history, law, and drawing keep the youngsters busy. All this sounds as though the work were sedentary, and that no exercise crept in, but such is far from the case. The plebes have their daily gymnastics under a skilful teacher, and the three upper classes have the liveliest kind of exercise in their lessons in horsemanship. West Point riding deserves a chapter by itself, for it would be a revelation to the city schools. Bareback, with crossed stirrups, with every kind of a horse except an easy one, the boys have to rough it for a year or more before they get a foot-rest. The big, gloomy riding-hall has its agile tenants day after day during the fall and winter months, and few indeed are the boys who are not time and again rolled in the tan-bark or pitched headlong over the hurdles. A cat with its reputed plurality of lives would be dead a dozen times over in taking half the chances those laughing youngsters will eagerly seek in their three years at cavalry and light-artillery drill, but it seems impossible to kill a cadet, and just as hard to scare one. More reckless, daring, graceful riding one need never look to see than among the Seniors when they come before the Board of Visitors in June; and all through the spring, varied by occasional scouts and reconnoissances over the rough mountain roads, the drills of the cavalry battalion on the plain are sights that one can never tire of watching; while after an hour's "running at the heads," or leaping hurdles bareback, picking up handkerchiefs from the ground, or mounting and dismounting at a gallop, the boys come back from the hall covered with glory, and tan-bark, but with famous appetites and few bruises. No, there is no especial lack of exercise even in the weeks of hardest study. Only during those dread examinations in January do some of the youngsters seem to lose their color; but the questions they then have to answer, the two weeks' ordeal they then have to undergo, are enough to scare an encyclopædia.

The winter soon wears away, the springtime comes, and then June, the month of roses—and graduation. Even as the stalwart Seniors are passing their final examinations the Point begins to fill up with several score of young strangers—shy, suspicious youths, in civilian garb of a dozen different fashions, but in singularly unanimous frame of mind. One and all they have heard rumor of the rough usages that formerly surrounded the initiation of the new cadet, and are on the watch for similar demonstrations. No graduate will attempt to deny that there was a time in the history of the academy when there was a vast deal of "hazing," and that it was continued for the entire period of camp; but the "plebes" themselves would seldom make complaint or

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give information of their tormentors; nine out of ten took it all grimly or good-humoredly, and those who whined or protested at all were sure to be the head devils of the next year's work. "Deviling" was ordinarily conducted with rare discrimination; those young men who were "solid," self-respecting, putting on no airs, and minding their own business, managed to get along with very little trouble; whereas the yearlings went wild with ecstasy over a bumptious new-comer with a high opinion of himself. His life was made a burden to him, and no mistake. Still, no bodily harm was ever inflicted except through some unforeseen accident. Hazing as conducted at one time or other in every college in the United States has had far more that was really harmful about it than the system as it prevailed at the Point; but the latter was public property, and far more notice was taken accordingly. At most colleges, too, it was the meek and most friendless of the Freshmen who came in for the liveliest hazing; the rich and influential had means of escape. At West Point the very opposite was the case: the higher in rank or riches was the father, the more presumably had the son to be "taken down," to reach the rabidly democratic standard of the corps.

In course of time, however, public sentiment set in very strongly against the practice. It took hard work to uproot it, for the ingenuity and activity of the corps are something phenomenal; but the thing has been done, and to-day the ancient and objectionable custom is but the shadow of a formerly vigorous substance. The plebes are drilled as sharply and disciplined as thoroughly as ever before, the line of demarcation between theirs and the senior classes is still maintained, but the tricks and pranks, the fagging that rendered life a burden, and the "yanking" that made night hideous, and with them all that had a tendency to the harmful, have been practically abolished.

In three-quarters of a century of usefulness and success the Point has known no era of higher scholarship, of sounder discipline, and of more brilliant promise than that which culminates with the administration of the last five years; and the report of the Board of Visitors of 1886, several of whose number were animated by an unusually searching spirit of investigation, and stimulated possibly by complaints of undue severity and needless restrictions, has stamped its every military feature, drill, discipline, and instruction, with the seal of its unqualified approval.



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A CENTRAL SOUDAN TOWN.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON.

THE general public, gathering its impressions from contemporary literature, has come to look upon the whole of central Africa—or, in other words, that part undiluted by contact or intermixture with foreign or Asiatic races—as a region wholly inhabited by barbarians, chiefly characterized by extraordinary customs, the most degraded forms of fetichism and cannibalism, with, it may be, a decided taste for gin.

That this popular notion is erroneous in a marked degree it will be the object of this article to point out. With this view I propose to describe a town inhabited by purely African races, and situated in the central part of that continental zone called the Soudan—a term now too often popularly restricted to the eastern division, or Egyptian Soudan.

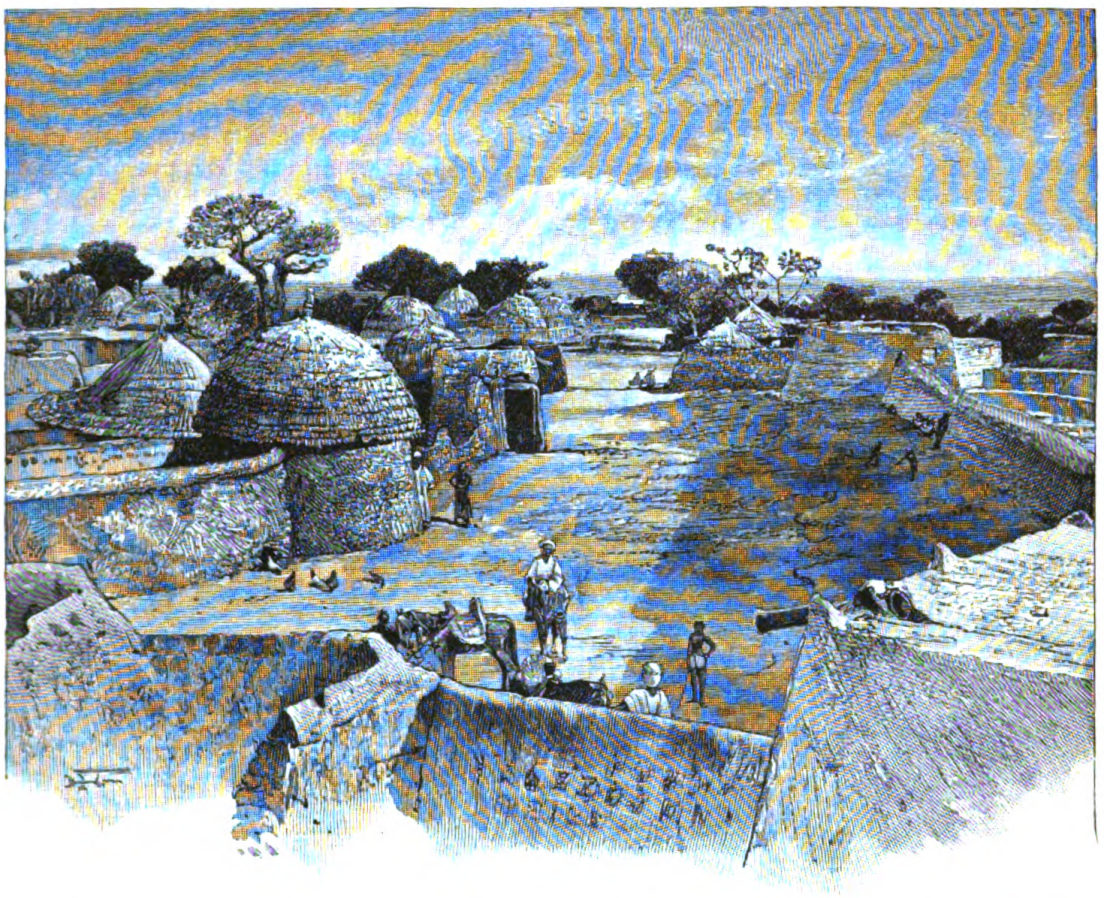
Let us imagine that it is the month of June, near the close of the dry season; that, personally conducted by me, a party, consisting of the readers of this article, have voyaged along the west coast of Africa to the mouth of the river Niger, safely passed the malarious region of the delta and lower reaches of that famous river, and then, by excessively weary overland marches, come from the south to the neighborhood of the central Soudan town which has been the goal of our pilgrimage. As we struggle up a low rocky hill of lava aspect we are reminded by the terrific heat that Herodotus describes the people we are now among as being in his time strangely characterized by the daily custom of cursing and shaking their fists at the sun at mid-day. We have long ceased to wonder at this, for we have enjoyed experiences unknown to the illustrious geographer, and exposed as we are to the sweltering heat of his solar majesty unmitigated by the shadow of a cloud, we are painfully aware of a tendency to revert to the primitive habit.

The worst, however, is over, and the crest of the hill is reached, and as we pause to regain breath and mop our streaming faces, we may, as is the habit of personally conducted parties, improve our mind by a few judicious remarks tending to make clear our whereabouts. We are now at a distance of 1500 miles south of the Mediterranean, about the same west from the Atlantic, though only about 800 miles north from the Gulf of Guinea, so that there is no mistake about our being in the heart of Africa. Immediately to the north of us lie the wild and inhospitable plateau lands of Asben, passing into the barren wastes of the Sahara; to the west rolls the Niger, and beyond lie regions yet unpenetrated by the restless energy of the white man, for its savage tribes and pestiferous forests are more formidable barriers than even waterless and burning deserts; to the south lie the countries which we have just traversed, equally deadly and dangerous, and which, like the district to the west, would have been impenetrable but for the fact that the Niger winds in glistening reaches, cleaving a way through the primeval forests and malarious delta to the ocean, as if for the special advantage of the ubiquitous traveller; eastward extend wildernesses as barren and hazardous as those to the north. It will thus be seen that if our town is tinged with the bright flush of dawning civilization, it owes little to its environment.

The landscape which lies below and in front of us, owing to the unseasonable period of the year, is not by any means an attractive one, though in its apparent desert-like barrenness not without a certain element of impressiveness. The scorching dry season, now drawing near a close, has transformed the whole country into a series of bare rocks, glaring sands, and red fields, which seem incapable of raising anything for either man or beast. The air heated on these furnace-like plains rises in hazy undulations, and comes wafted to us laden with dust in an almost unbreathable condition. The only feature which relieves the unutterable monotony of the scene is the occurrence here and there of grim, rugged, solitary trees, which bid defiance to the scorching sun and arid soil, and the appearance of a serpentine line of green stretching snake-like along the plain, indicating the verdure-clad banks of a dried-up stream winding westward toward the Niger.

If we now turn our attention to the northern aspect of the hill on which we stand, we shall observe extending forward a low broken platform some three

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Drawn by Harry Fenn. A VIEW IN WURNU. Engraved by Grimley.

miles in circumference. Westward this platform grades into the plain, while north and east it drops abruptly in rugged precipitous cliffs. The scene which this platform presents is one of refreshing beauty in contrast with the surrounding landscape. At first we might imagine that a delightfully green and shady grove lies there—nothing, in fact, but a veritable oasis in the desert. We have no difficulty in distinguishing the now familiar abnormally bulky trunk of the baboah, which looks trebly monstrous beside the graceful feathery acacias surrounding it; there are also numerous dūm-palms, strangely branched, as if in Bohemian protest against the prim mast-like stems which otherwise invariably distinguish the family of trees to which it belongs, and which is typically represented in our landscape by the tall and stately fan-palm.

A closer inspection of this seeming grove soon dispels our first impression. Huts and houses in great numbers are observed peeping from amongst the trees, looking cool and cozy or hot and repellent, according as they lie in shade or sunshine, and at last the fact dawns upon us that here exists a town of several thousand inhabitants, and that we have almost unawares reached our goal, for the town is Wurnu, residence of Umuru, King of the Mussulmans of the Soudan, and Sultan of Sokoto.

The whole of the town is protected, as can be easily seen, by a massive wall of sun-dried bricks externally plastered with mud. The western front, being more liable to attack than the hill and cliff defended aspects of the other sides, is further strengthened by a deep dry ditch or fosse running along the outside of the wall. In all Soudan towns the great aim is to prevent a sudden surprise from cavalry, the chief strength of the Soudanese armies, and with such precautions as we have here it has often happened that towns have stood months and even years of regular siege before being reduced.

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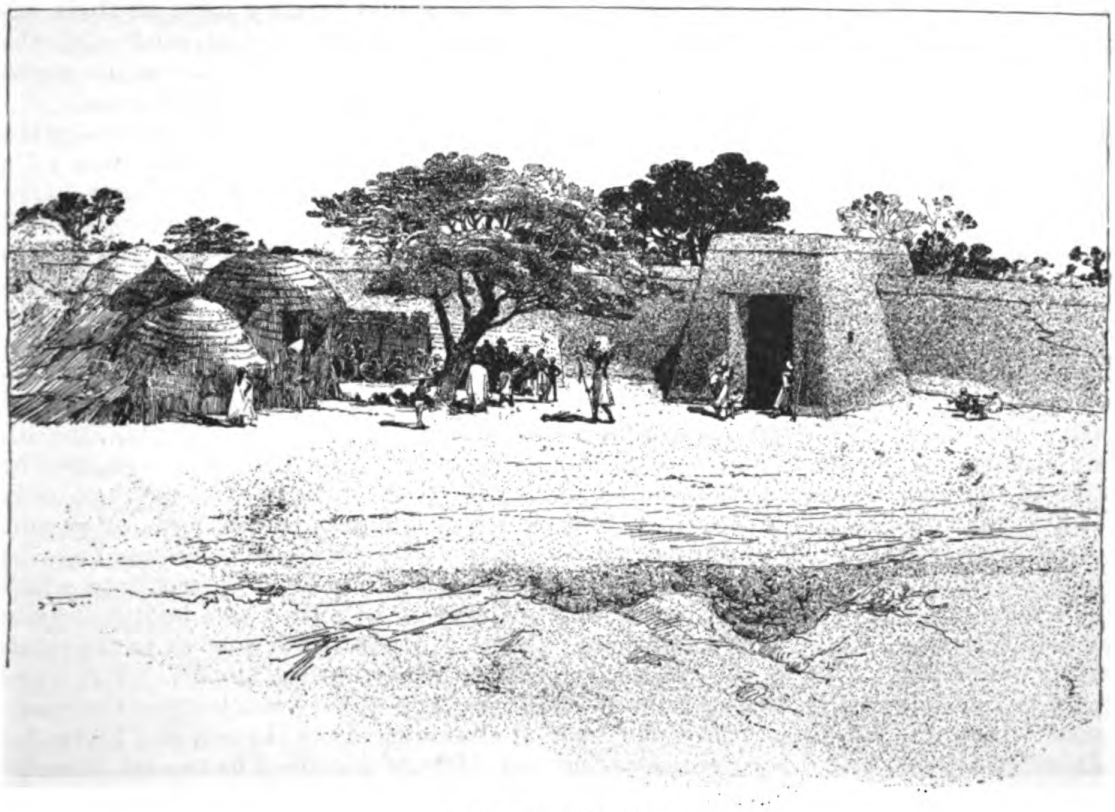
The entrances or gateways to the towns are conspicuous enough by the forts which guard them, not less than by the sight of people passing in and out. One of these, the Kofa-n-Rima, from which starts the road to Kano, the great commercial emporium of those regions, appears prominently right below us. Protected by a massive square-built and flat-roofed tower, and with a door formed of thick roughly cut planks, and covered with iron plates, it can bid defiance to any destructive weapon which an enemy can bring to bear upon it. A leafy, wide-spreading sycamore on the outside forms an admirable lounging ground for the gossips and idlers of the town, who watch the various travellers that enter, and thus constitute an effective news agency to spread a knowledge of distinguished or interesting arrivals, as well as of the affairs and events of the outside world, which they glean from strangers and foreign merchants.



A SOUDANESE MERCHANT.

The only other features to be noticed from our point of vantage are the indications of life which one naturally expects near a town of this size. It is only early in the morning or late in the afternoon, however, that the stir is great, as none but those who of necessity must be out and active venture beyond the shelter of their houses, or from under their shady trees. A government messenger careering off on horseback, a humble trader, foot-sore, ur-

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A GATEWAY OF WURNU.

ging on with voice and hand his heavily loaded and life-burdened ass into the town, a lazy group of cattle under a tree, a herd of camels ruminating by the wayside, a few toilers in the dusty fields, or a woman here and there coming or going to the neighboring wells with large water-jars picturesquely poised on their heads, alone seem to indicate that Wurnu is not quite a Sleepy Hollow, but that some life throbs within its mud walls.

Let us now descend from the hill and seek shelter from the sun. But first let me note the fact that we are the only Europeans who have entered this city since Barth, thirty years ago, visited it on his way to Timbuctoo, while he again was preceded by Clapperton in 1837, who died shortly after at the neighboring town of Sokoto. There is another matter about which it may be as well you should be prepared beforehand. Our reception will be something unique in the experience of most in our company.

As we approach the town, and when least expected, a party of horsemen in fierce Bedouin-like array will spring from behind some cliff or out of an unseen hollow, and with marrow-piercing war-cries and unearthly screams, spears levelled or swords uplifted, bear down upon us like a whirlwind, amid clouds of dust, apparently bent on annihilating or sending to Gehenna such infidels as ourselves. But even though you feel a decided want of backbone, a dozen spears, as it were, already quivering in your bodies, and your heads not worth the purchase, pray do not run away, nor even blench for one moment. Assume an indifferent expression, as if being chopped up or spitted on spears was a daily experience. If you can smile in the emergency, all the better, for just as we seem to feel the hot breath of their horses on our cheeks, and in a bewildered sort of way realize the disagreeable proximity of several spears, another shout will fill the air, the galloping horses as if by magic will stand stock-still, enveloping us in a cloud of dust, and by the cordial shouts of welcome and hearty salams we shall find a most pleasant assurance that all this fiendish display is intended as an honorable welcome to their town. Barely shall we have realized that this is the way they do these things in central Soudan, and that instead of being among foes we are among friends, when the horsemen are

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off again, seemingly bent once more on annihilating an unseen enemy.

Let us wait a minute, and from behind the gateway we shall hear the notes of native music, not such as would delight us at home, but yet harmonizing with our surroundings, and not without a certain wild, weird charm of its own. Some of you may have heard similar shrill melancholy strains in the streets of Cairo in festival processions, or still more appropriately in Arab camps. Presently, however, the music will cease to monopolize your attention, as the musicians themselves advance with their huge trumpets six feet long, their pipes and hour-glass-shaped tomtoms, heralding the approach of a Fillani nobleman. Following at no great distance comes the respected magnate, voluminously clothed, and mounted on a prancing fiery-eyed horse, one mass of rich trappings, which jingle and rustle at its every step. This is the messenger sent to bid us welcome by the Sultan—a task which he will perform with that dignified bearing and inborn grace which seem somehow specially characteristic of Mohammedan races. This ceremony over, the horsemen will once more engage in mimic battle, showing their modes of fighting, and the skill with which they wield their weapons and manage their horses. Thus escorted, we shall be expected to fall into procession, and headed by a court singer, who improvises a chant in our honor, which is accompanied by the pipes and accentuated by the stentorian notes of the trumpets and the unmusical notes of the tomtoms, we shall be conducted through wondering but respectful crowds to the quarters specially provided for us in the town.

Let us imagine that this quaint and interesting ceremony is over, and that we are safely housed, that we have listened to a second messenger from the Sultan, and looked over the abundance of good things sent for our immediate entertainment, and finally have been left alone to refresh ourselves and rest after the excessive fatigues of our journey.

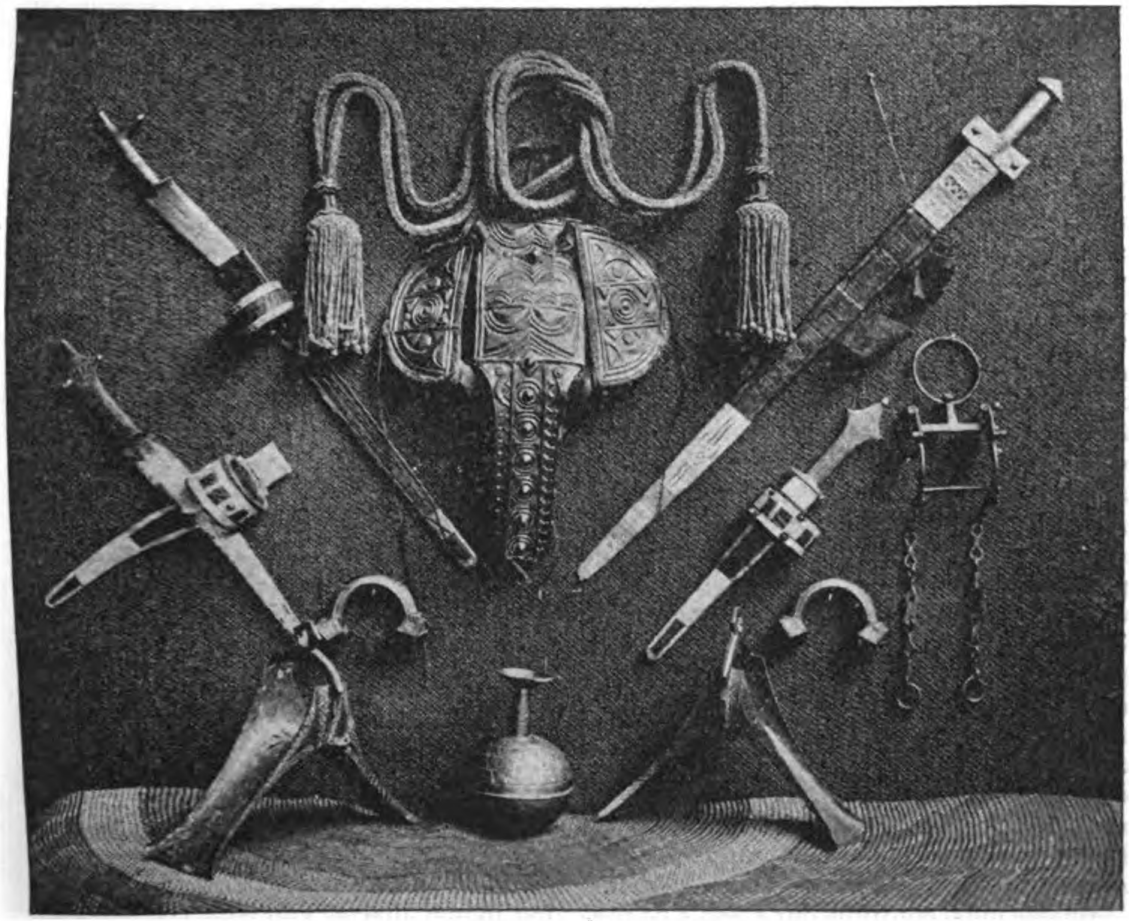
Toward the cool of the evening we can afford to wander forth once more, and seek new sights and scenes to gratify our lively curiosity. We must be prepared to be followed by crowds of the lower classes, more eager to see us than even we can be to see them. But observe how respectful they are, and how little of barbarous vulgarity they have in their examination of us, as compared with the pagan tribes we have hitherto passed through on our journey to Wurnu.

The streets of a town are generally the first thing to attract the attention of a visitor. Not so in Wurnu. Streets, in the ordinary sense of the term, there are none, for the simple reason that the whole area within the walls is divided into a series of compounds or courts, in which are situated the various huts and houses for the use of the inhabitants. As the high boundary walls of these private areas have not been built according to any plan, the different quarters of the town are reached by bewildering lanes, which are not only lines of communication, but not uncommonly, as we can easily see, used also as a convenient kind of *cloaca*, into which all manner of refuse may legitimately be thrown, from a dead donkey to the refuse of the kitchen or the stables. The aspect of these lanes very much belies the general character of the Haussa and Fillani, as no African peoples I have met approach them in the cleanliness and tidiness of their own persons, and of the precincts of their courts and houses.

Leaving for another occasion the examination of the inside of their houses —their *penetralia*—let us wander through the town. Long dead-walls of glaring red clay suggesting prisons are varied by the occurrence here and there of a square tower-like building having an ordinary doorway to the street. From the roofs of these towers project long clay pipes to drain off the water from the flat roofs. Sometimes, instead of a flat-roofed building, a conical-roofed erection takes its place, and in place of the ordinary European-like doorway characteristic of all the square buildings, a horseshoe-shaped entrance performs the same duty. Mats or fences of sorghum stalks replace not infrequently the massive mud walls which enclose the compounds of the wealthy. These are all the architectural features which meet the inquiring gaze of the traveller.

Having thus little to note in the houses, we must turn to other objects for points of interest. And truly there is no lack. In shady nooks sit picturesque groups of natives in all kinds of combinations discussing the news of the day, haggling over a purchase, or busily engaged in embroidery or making up of gowns and

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WEAPONS OF WAR AND CAVALRY ACCOUTREMENTS.

trousers. This trade, we may note, is here entirely in the hands of men, who ply the needle with much skill. Further on we meet a courtier gorgeously dressed, looking in his voluminous garments a very Falstaff in bulk, as he goes ambling past on his still more richly decorated horse, bent on a little exercise in the cool of the evening. Of the personal appearance of this aristocrat I shall not now speak, but we may take notice of the horse. By good luck here happens to be one standing waiting to be mounted, so we can more conveniently examine steed and trappings in detail. The animal before us is a very fair specimen of a Soudanese horse. It is somewhat lanky, with little beauty of line, but it is fiery-eyed, and its tail and mane, being uncut, give it a somewhat wild appearance. Soudanese horses are generally very vicious and difficult to manage, stallions alone being used for riding purposes. They are specially trained for sudden forward charges, to stop within their own length when in full gallop, to turn with equal rapidity, and away like the wind out of harm's way. At other times the favorite mode of progression is by making the horse's left legs simultaneously alternate with those of the right side, a method of travelling which is very pleasant and easy. The riders are fond of making their horses prance and plunge about with fierce and fiery action. There is nothing which the central Soudanese is so proud of as his horse, and nothing to which he devotes more time and attention than its appearance and trappings. The head-gear is almost one mass of brass-plated ornaments, little bells, and a thousand tassels and flaps of leather in yellow, light blue, or dark red. The beautifully plaited reins would almost hold an elephant for strength, while the bits are perfect instruments of torture. The lower jaw passes through a ring of iron, which is attached to a T-shaped bar lying in the mouth, and the whole arrangement is such as to give sufficient leverage to break the lower jaw without much difficulty.

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So powerful is the bit that the slightest touch of the reins is sufficient to cause the poor brute to rear in the air, and not uncommonly fall back.

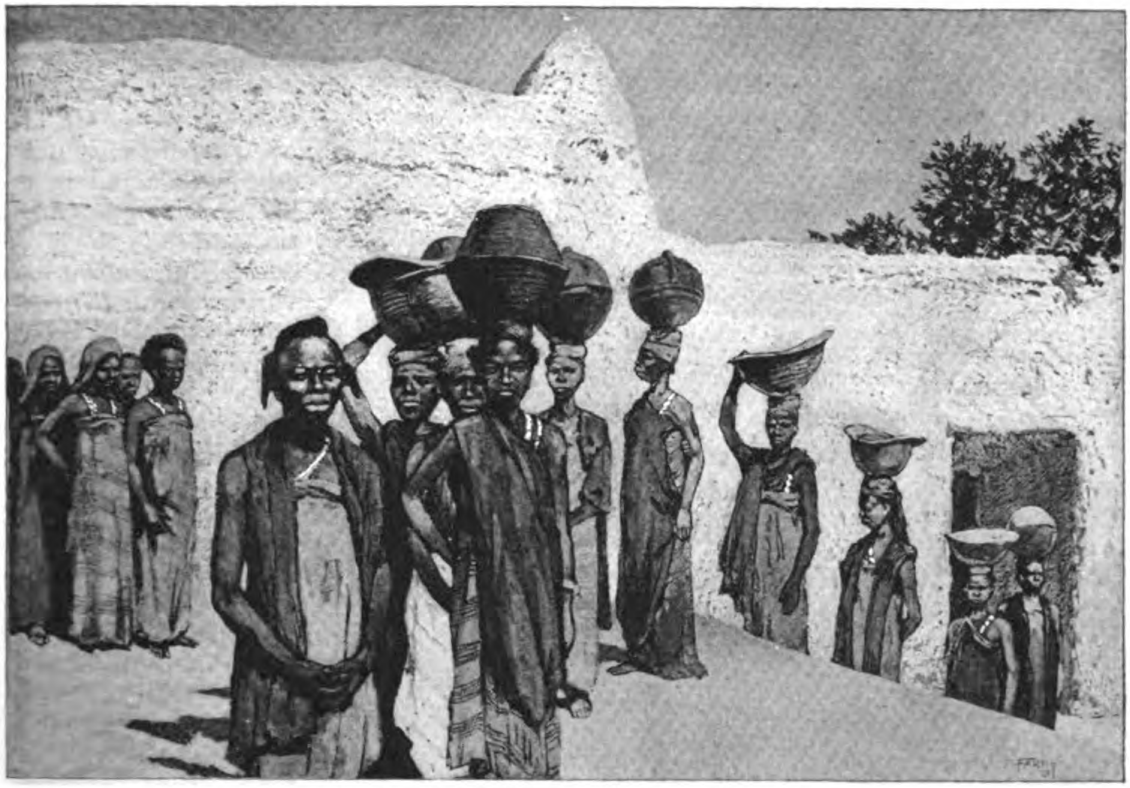
The saddle is of the most ponderous as well as the most gorgeous description. The Soudanese artist revels here in his most intricate patterns and his richest colors, the favorite being crimson, blue, and gold. Gold-lace and fringes, velvets and silks, are alike impressed into use as they are for no other purpose. The rider sits bolstered up before and behind by erections a foot high, which make mounting the saddle almost impossible without assistance. The stirrups are in keeping with the rest of the trappings, of great size, generally triumphs of the brass-worker's art. The riding requirements are complete with the addition of a pair of shoes, to the heel of which are attached some formidable spikes, to do duty as spurs, to put new mettle in the horse by the drawing of some blood. Apart from the bits and the spurs, the native rider is most careful of his horse, and the fact that travellers stopping at a town for a night have always a present of grain sent for their horses before they themselves are served speaks for itself.

But we must continue our ramble before the night sets in. You will observe that as we advance we are leaving the aristocratic west end, or court quarter, and gradually entering more frequented parts, where the life of the town throbs with more force and vigor. To one thing, however, our attention is drawn more forcibly than agreeably: we are reminded only too soon of a characteristic phase of Mohammedan countries. At every point of vantage—near the gateways, at the outskirts of the market-places, or along the more busy thoroughfares—beggars in every degree of emaciation or of loathsome disease appeal to you in the name of the Prophet, and as you hope for a place in paradise, to minister to their wants. In vain, on finding you have empty pockets, you try to evade them. The deformed and the cripples grovel in the dust at your feet with piteous cries; the blind, of whom there are large numbers, guided by children, throng round you with their empty eye-sockets turned on you, more eloquent than words; women with hardly a rag to cover their miserable skeletons hold up their fleshless arms with empty calabashes, shrilly demanding alms in the name of God. To see these miserable creatures dragging out a life of semi-starvation for a few years, one is almost tempted to ask if the methods of more barbarous races were not better.

Invoking the aid of the guides sent us by the Sultan, we are at last relieved of the pitiful presence of the army of beggars, and able to enjoy once more the scene around us. We have now reached the industrial quarter of the town, and we are speedily surprised to observe the length to which the division of labor has proceeded among the Haussa. With a dense population, a soil unproductive except in the rainy season, and an unequal division of property, the Soudanese have learned by hard experience that each man cannot supply all his wants by his own direct labor. Hence has arisen that division of tasks which has made him more dependent on his fellow-men, and raised him in consequence a great step in the ladder of civilization; for he has thus come under a law which by its action and interaction has widened his requirements and developed a taste for something which will minister not merely to the animal cravings of the body, but to the more noble delights of the mind and soul. Wonder not, then, that in one quarter you hear the measured clang of blacksmiths' hammers answered by the clinking taps of the brass-workers or the dull rhythmic beats of cloth-beaters. Peeping into this court or the other, you may see the weaver bending over his primitive though effective apparatus, and with swift action pass the shuttle from hand to hand as he works with well-timed movement of the feet the treadles to produce the necessary alternation of threads at each passage of the weft. The web he manufactures is rarely more than four inches broad, but it is well woven, and he likes it narrow. You observe some men near a number of circular pits, two feet in diameter and eight to ten feet deep; approach nearer and you will observe that these pits are filled with a thick, dark blue fluid, while at the same time your nose is assailed by a very strong odor. This is the Marina, or place for dyeing cloths with indigo—an art for which the Haussa are justly famous, as the colors they produce are most beautiful and very lasting.

If you now look beyond the Marina you will observe a low kiln-like erection, from which much smoke is rising. There pottery is being burnt for domestic pur-

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PALACE SLAVES CARRYING COOKED FOOD.

poses. Within a very small area you may meet leather-workers, or tanners, tailors, saddle-makers, straw-hat weavers, and men engaged in a score of other crafts which need not be further specified.

Having proceeded thus far in our examination of the town, we may now proceed to a more detailed examination of a Fillani household and compound. You have learned already that the natives of Wurnu, following the custom of their co-religionists in other lands, keep their wives as much secluded as possible from contact with the outside world. They have, as you have seen, built large walls of mud, or, in the case of the poorer people, erected mats of the stalks of Kaffir-corn, to produce the required degree of seclusion. For greater privacy, those who are able to afford it subdivide the compound by other walls, forming courts within courts, there being an inner sanctum in which the chief wife is enclosed like the queen-bee in her cell, and which she will seldom leave, except for some very special reason. The family compound is entered through the portals of what may be called the master's day-room, or entrance hall, or audience chamber, according as it may suit your fancy. This hall is usually flat-roofed, covered with rafters and a thick bed of clay, and supported by mud walls and central massive pillars in number according to the size of the house. An outside door gives admission from the lane, and an inner, so situated as not to afford a view of the court, leads into the private quarters. In this cool and airy retreat all business is transacted, and the master of the house, if he is a man who can indulge in idleness, receives his friends and discusses the current gossip, the affairs of the realm, or the progress of the true faith by missionary enterprise or with fire and sword among the Kaffir tribes of the south.

Let us suppose ourselves to have been introduced to a friendly Fillani, who, being somewhat lax in the stern rules of his religion about contact with infidels, and made otherwise accommodating by judicious presents, will give us a glimpse into those precincts which are sacred to the family. Arriving at his door with all the pomp and circumstance at our command—for display is always judicious in uncivilized lands—we dismount and enter the hall of audience. We find our friend

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seated cross-legged on a circular mat at the back of the apartment. He does not think it necessary to rise in greeting us, but contents himself with leaning forward as he takes our hand, with the salutation of "Lafia! lafia!" Meanwhile attendants spread out mats for us to sit on, if we have not brought our camp-stools as more adapted to our habits. As soon as we are seated our host begins the business of making an interminable series of questions about the state of our health and that of every living thing connected with us. These inquiries he plentifully mingles with compliments and Arabic exclamations. Everything he is told is apparently a signal illustration of the greatness of Allah, and calls for renewed expression of devout gratitude.

While our interpreter does the polite on our part we may quietly make a judicious use of our opportunities and take stock of our friend, noting his various points in dress and person. We observe that he is slenderly built, small-boned, and with little muscular development, though he seems wiry and tough. He has the negro's length of arm, but little else except his dark color. His face is good, with well-raised nose, and not too widely expanded nostrils. The lips are slightly thicker than the average European's, but the jaws are not more prominent. Curiously enough, he has a beard, though not luxuriant—a feature which belongs neither to the pure race of nomads from which he springs nor to the negro race with which his ancestors have intermarried, for neither is usually characterized by the possession of this appendage. The hair is shaved from the head. The eyes are his most pleasing feature, and have that liquid softness and clear depth which so much enhance the beauty of many Eastern races, and he has fine teeth.

Such is a typical specimen of the Fillani people—an alien race ruling by force of character over the Haussa, who form the mass of the population.

Turning mentally from the person of our host, whose portrait is given above, we are at once struck with surprise at the weight and astonishing number of yards required to make a nobleman's dress. We have often heard of "baggy Turkish trousers," but the roomiest Turkish trousers

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would be positively tights in comparison with the capacious depths of Soudanese unmentionables, and no wonder the natives of those parts think our European trousers improperly scanty when we observe that a pair of theirs would make half a dozen of ours.

Imagine to yourself an enormous sack twelve feet broad when stretched out flat, and two feet deep, and you have their aspect when off. At the bottom corners of this sack are the two holes for the passage of the feet. Our friend is only required to put his feet through the holes, to draw the string which encircles the twenty-four feet of cloth till he has reduced it to the circumference of his waist, and he finds his legs swathed in a voluminous series of folds, which, if not comfortable, are at least picturesque, especially when the wearer is seated. The appearance of this article of dress is enhanced by tasteful embroidery in intricate Moorish patterns round the ankles and up the legs.

Over the trousers is placed the gown, or *tob*, known generally under the descriptive title of the "elephant shirt," for it is of a size sufficient to cover that bulky quadruped, and is thus in keeping with the trousers. I cannot do better than describe it also as a huge sack, which, when stretched out, is from eight to twelve feet broad and five feet deep. At the top of the gown—or, in other words, the bottom of the sack—there is a slit, as in the Mexican *poncho*, for the passage of the head, while each side of the sack or gown is open for about three feet for the passage of the arms when necessary, the extra yards at the side being hitched on to the shoulder when the arms are wanted free. The front of this is ornamented, as a rule, with the most beautiful and intricate silk embroidery, requiring a considerable development of artistic taste and skill with the needle.

The head-gear next demands our attention, and here we find the character of



FILLANI NOBLEMAN AND WIFE.

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the dressing almost as remarkable, requiring, as it does, quite as many yards of material. The face is enveloped in a white gauze cloth (sometimes exchanged for a dark blue one), known as the *litham*. This article of dress is borrowed from the wild Tuareg tribes of Asben, among whom it may serve the double purpose of evading recognition (and so providing a means of safety in blood feuds), and of keeping out of the nose and mouth the fine dust eternally blowing in suffocating clouds in the parts he inhabits. Only on state occasions do the Fillani and Haussa retain the *litham* on the face; at other times it is dropped to the chin, or even to the breast. Of the turban it need only be said that it is in keeping with the rest of the dress, and therefore large in the extreme. White is the popular color in Fillani dress, but not infrequently some tint of blue is adopted. The cotton of which their clothes are made and the indigo with which they are dyed are both native products, while the weaving and sewing are equally home industries, everything being marked by the absence of shoddy, and by the manipulator's skill.

The Fillani, it may be remarked in passing, are distinguished by their cleanliness, soap and water being largely used not only in the ablution of their persons, but in washing their clothes. The soap is also home-made.

The dress whose peculiarities we have been noting is of course that of a wealthy man, but it remains the same in type, though differing in size, among the poorer classes. It is what they all aim at, and if the poor man may be seen in simple loin-cloth or ragged remnants of what had once been an "elephant shirt," it is his misfortune, not his choice.

Having thus made a mental inventory of our entertainer's person and habiliments, we are ready, on the conclusion of the polite preliminaries of our visit, to accept his guidance into the sacred precincts of the inner compound.

Our unexpected apparition in these preserved grounds is followed by an amount of delightful and piquant confusion, indicated by feminine half screams, half giggles, which show how the susceptible hearts of the ladies have been fluttered by our intrusion. We are only in time to catch glimpses of retreating feet and skirts, and are left to answer as best we may the questioning looks of some goats, which stamp indignantly their feet, and seem to inquire what we want there.

In looking round we note the scrupulous cleanness of everything—the well-swept yard, the well-washed earthen-ware, cooking pots, and other kitchen utensils, the daintily carved calabashes for milk, water, and a variety of purposes. Here stands part of a tree hollowed into a mortar for pounding certain grains, and there a bedded coarse-grained stone, on which the family meal is ground. Everywhere are to be observed evidences of the thrift and industry which distinguish the Soudanese household. Unlike the domestic establishments of most Mohammedan parts, there is no pampered laziness or voluptuous ease. Wife and slave alike are busily engaged in household duties, or work which will bring money to the workers. Here is cotton being teased and cleaned, then with spindle and wheel turned into thread. Food simmers or boils on the fire in the various savory, if oily, dishes for which the Haussa women are famous. We note that no heavy or unwomanly tasks are laid upon the females.

The insides of the various huts, as in the case of the court, are models of cleanliness, the walls being frequently ornamented with colors in various designs. The furniture is of the simplest. A raised bedstead covered with mats, some calabashes, earthen-ware water-pots, one large unburnt-clay receptacle to hold grain and preserve it from rats, another for articles of value to secure them in case of fire, are the chief articles which attract our attention.

The doorways are noticeable as being horseshoe-shaped — a design borrowed probably from the north.

In the store-rooms and master's apartments are to be seen a great variety of objects heaped together or lying about without any attempt at order. Here may be found the owner's weapons of war—many double-edged swords, with scabbards handsomely ornamented with leather and brass, and suspended by elaborate and betasselled silk ropes, daggers intended to be attached to the wrist by a leather band—the cross-shaped handle when thus carried almost lying in the palm of the hand — beautiful long iron spears neatly and prettily inlaid with brass bands, and generally barbed, revolvers and pistols of the most obsolete types, as well as flint-lock guns which look

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HAUSSA FAMILY.

as if they would be as dangerous to the user as they could possibly be to an enemy. Such are the offensive weapons. But there are also to be seen war dresses of enormously thick quilts, intended specially as a protection against poisoned arrows. The warrior when encased in these cumbersome garments looks the most unwieldy and barrel-like of African Falstaffs, as he can neither mount his horse nor dismount without assistance, and if unhorsed he is perfectly helpless. Many of the wealthy chiefs have also very beautiful coats of chain armor, with head-gear to match, which are probably of old Moorish workmanship, and are said by the natives to be as old as David, and are accordingly valued at a great price.

Besides the objects which savor of war, numbers of other things lying about in artistic disorder attract attention. Brass vessels are the most conspicuous, and indicate a manipulative skill and an artistic taste which we would certainly not expect in such a country. The chief types of native work are large circular salvers or trays, globular vessels, others carafe-like in form, urns resembling coffee-pots. They are all elaborately ornamented, either in repoussé or chased in the intricate manner which characterizes Moorish art. Many of the designs are most beautiful, and worked out with patient care. In the brass-worker's art, as in so many other things, the influence of North African ideas is easily traceable, though how they have come to take such fixed root in the Soudan it would be diffi-

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BRASS VESSELS AND NATIVE GOWNS.

cult to say. Our wonder at the quaint and effective work is enhanced on learning that all these vessels are hammered out of brass rods, each two feet long and of the thickness of telegraph wire, in which form it reaches these parts from Europe.

The specimens of pottery which we see lying about exhibit a wonderful skill in that industry, considering that as yet they have not adopted the potter's wheel. The most extraordinary objects, however, which attract our attention are the skin vessels for holding oil. In some way or other they are moulded into the required forms out of raw hide, and so constructed in a single piece as hardly to show the slightest trace of a joint. They are not sewed, but the two edges of the skin are made to adhere most firmly by some means. The outer aspect is ornamented in black, white, and light brown with strips of skin having those colors. The hair is left on except on the neck. They are ingeniously fitted with caps or lids to keep out any foreign matter. Only oil or grain is kept in them, as water softens the untanned skin. In some cases they are clearly intended more for ornament than use, as frequently four smaller vessels of the same pattern are attached to the chief one with the most happy and artistic effect.

One thing which we cannot fail to notice in looking round a Wurnu household of the "upper ten" is that the people have largely acquired æsthetic tastes, and delight to surround themselves with articles which please the eye, as well as with those which are merely useful; and to minister to this taste a score of industries have sprung up.

By the time we have finished our survey and made these mental notes the women of the household have got over their first tremors, and come to the conclusion that we are a good-natured and a harmless looking sort of fellows. At first they peep over the wall or out of neighboring doorways, till, growing bolder, they venture in groups out of their hiding-places to see, and doubtless to be seen. Not to alarm them, we take notes surreptitiously, and observe that they make up quite an ethnological collection of African types. Fillani and Haussa women from the neighborhood, Nupè and Yoruba specimens from the Niger districts, and others from the tribes of Adamawa and the Benuè region. Clearly our friend is a man of catholic tastes in the matter of women. His harem presents all kinds of face and

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figures, from the copper-colored Fillani, with slender, lithe figure, well-shaped face, and positively beautiful eyes, to the shapeless form, black skin, ugly face, and muddy eyes of the lowest negro type. They are all dressed alike, with a lower *turkedi* or cloth round the waist, hanging to the ankles are adorned with enormously heavy anklets of solid brass, the bar being little short of an inch and a half in thickness, the ends ornamented with neatly made polygonal beads. Nothing better finished could be turned out of a European workshop. Round the wrist are



SKIN VESSELS AND NATIVE CLOTHS.

ankles, a second sheet wound round the body under the armpits, and a third worn in the varied modes of a shawl on the head and shoulder. The hair is gathered into a solid ridge of grease and hair, which extends from the brow to the nape of the neck, something after the manner of the crest of a helmet. From each temple hangs a kind of stiff love-lock. The placed several more brass bracelets, not so expansively made, but collectively so heavy that to ease their arms the wearers are frequently to be seen with hands clasped behind the head or hanging down their backs. Their ornaments usually include a string of agate beads made in the country. The women, unlike the men, do not affect white colors, the more fash-

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SWEETMEAT SELLER.

ionable cloths being checks of dark blue, a medium tint of the same, white, and Magenta. Among those who can afford expensive articles, the latter two colors are prevalent.

I have said that strangers are not usually admitted into the family compound, but it must not be supposed that the women are strictly kept inside and never let out. Quite the reverse. In the evenings they are almost invariably left at liberty to wander forth and join in any dance or merry-making there may be afoot, and I would not like to be responsible for the statement that their behavior is always of the best on these occasions. During the day, also, if any of the women have anything to buy or sell at the market, there is no restriction to their going thither. In the more wealthy families, however, there is always one if not two wives who are kept in strict seclusion, and not unfrequently eunuchs are employed to guard the morals of the harem.

Such are the main features of a Wurnu household, and from prince to pauper it is the same in kind, if differing in degree. We have now but to drink a calabash of *fura*, a kind of thin acid gruel largely drank during the heat of the day, and also chew a portion of kola nut, a fruit which largely takes the place not only of the tobacco and snuff of other lands, but also of the spirits and beer, and then we may bid adieu to our host and return to our quarters.

Our trip together through the town must now end, though we have left some of the most noteworthy features of Wurnu life untouched. It would, if circumstances had been favorable, have been no small pleasure to me to act as your guide to court and introduce you to the Sultan. Still more profitable would it have been to study in your company the religious life of the Soudanese, and note how largely they have been influenced by the teaching of the Koran, and how clearly they have grasped the elevating idea of a spiritual Being, and how they mirror in their lives the truths they believe. We might have visited their mosques, and seen them with heads bowed to the dust acknowledging the greatness of a compassionate God. In their schools could we have seen the children learning in noisy chorus at once the tenets of their religion and the elements of their language. These aspects of central African negro life would indeed have been fascinating, but not less attractive would have been the teeming market-place with its bewildering hurry-scurrying thousands and deafening though not discordant din. The types of people, the variety of goods, and the picturesque arrangement of stalls and booths would have presented a thousand objects of attraction.

Delightful also would it have been to have wandered outside the walls in the cool of the evening, to have sat by the well and entered into conversation with the people, and noted the picturesque groups of damsels drawing water, gossiping with their friends, or with free and easy carriage walking away with their water-pots poised elegantly on their heads. Inexorable fate, however, has ordained otherwise, and for the present we must remain content with such peeps and glimpses as circumstances have made possible for us.

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BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

I.—OLD AND NEW.

THE train that rushed out of the wide winding suburbs of Washington down into Virginia, in the dawn of a cold February morning, was filled with Northerners going to New Orleans. They had, oddly enough, the alert, expectant air of explorers into an unknown country. The men looked out on the sleepy streets of Alexandria with as critical eyes as if it had been its namesake in Egypt, and the women buttoned their tight ulsters more closely, and slung their alligator satchels to their sides in readiness for any emergency.

They were intelligent people of the class who have leisure; they were familiar with the upper range of States; many of them ran over to Europe or to California every summer. But this three-cornered segment of their country, which had a climate, history, and character of its own, was foreign to them as Arabia Felix.

"I was in the South thirty years ago," said one fidgety old gentleman. "Visited a college found in eastern Virginia. Queer life! Great scrambling house in a large plantation, crowded with guests; leaky roof, magnificent old family plate, patched

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carpets, negroes swarming everywhere. Saddled horses hitched always by the door in case you wanted to cross a field. Old families, each with its coat of arms and pride of birth. The most generous, unmethodical, kindly people in the world."

The old gentleman in his enthusiasm took off his silk travelling cap, letting the cold wind blow over his bald head with its fringe of gray hair. His wife—a pudgy, prim little woman—replaced it with, "You forget, my dear!"

"Yes, yes. I forget I'm a broken-down old invalid when I think of those days. It makes me a lad again to get into the South," turning to his listening neighbors. "I've been pastor of a church in western New York for forty years, you see. Never took a holiday. Some chronic trouble set in last fall, and the doctors said—Europe. My people raised the money at once. But I said, I'll go South and rest. No Europe for me. Why, gentlemen, in all the drive and struggle of those forty years the remembrance of the leisure and quiet, the laziness if you like, of the South, has come before me like a glimpse of the Isles of the Blest! Life there is not all money-getting. They take it as they go."

His companions listened to the eager talk of the garrulous old fellow with assenting nods and smiles, he being one of those people to whom the world in all of its humors says yes and smiles. But they did not at all agree with him. Having the usual large careless good-humor of the American, they had no lingering grudge or bitterness against the South because of the war. But it was alien to them, as it had always been; they were men whose occupations and thoughts ran in fixed and narrow ruts, and like the great mass of average Northerners they knew the South only through long-ago recollections or hearsay traditions. It was in their minds a vague tropical stretch of sugar and cotton and rice fields, peopled by indolent, arrogant men and haughty, languid women, their feet still firmly set on the necks of the negro race.

The names of the stations, too, began to recall the fact that they were in a once hostile country, and among a people who had been their foe. As the conductor shouted "Fairfax," "Manassas," "Culpepper," they looked out eagerly at the snow-covered fields and the unpainted wooden station-houses which replaced the brick Queen Anne villas affected by Northern railways, expecting to find something novel and foreign. A few lean, nervous-looking white men were at work on the platforms, and a crowd of negroes shouldered each other away from the car windows.

"Fried chicken, sah?"

"Col' boil tongue? Nice snack!"

"Hyah's yoh wine-saps! Albemarle apples!"

Mr. Ely, the old clergyman, bought apples and tongue from half a dozen, looking out laughing from the window as the train rolled on, leaving them squabbling and joking over the money.

A pursy young man from Chicago was superciliously calling attention to the worm-fences, the lean fields, the forlorn houses, as—

"Wretchedly poor, sir! Now there is really no excuse for such poverty. Even grant that the State was laid waste by the war. All that was twenty years ago. Twenty years is enough for any man to get upon his legs again."

"It is all due to lack of energy!" decisively said a close-shaven, trig little iron-master from Pennsylvania. "We all know the South. Some of the best books in American literature are descriptions of these people. Did you ever read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *A Fool's Errand*? They show you that a more indolent, incapable, pig-headed race never breathed. The men spend their time in idling, duelling, and drinking. The women are merely lovely, helpless babies."

Mr. Ely, with an indignant snort, girded himself to make battle; but at that moment the train stopped in the suburbs of Charlotteville. Steep streets ran up into the picturesque town, back of whose peaked roofs rose the snowy hills. A crowd of students from the University filled the platform. An elderly man, after much hand-shaking with them, entered the car.

"Hello!" said Mr. Ely; "surely I know that face, Sarah? Except for the bald head—" He bristled up. "I beg pardon. It is a long time ago. But are you not Wollaston Pogue? I am James Ely. Don't you remember? I visited the Medills in Accomac in '55, and you—"

"Bless my soul! Of course I remember. Why, my dear sir, I *am* glad to see you back in Virginia. And how has the world used you in all these years?"

"Well, well! roughly enough," said

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson. Engraved by J. Tinkey.

A GLIMPSE FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

Ely, with a sigh. He had, in fact, a comfortable home, and until lately sound health, yet, as the two men sat side by side, it was the anxious, lean Northerner who most looked like the victim of a destructive war. The Virginian was a stout, ruddy, overgrown boy. Prosperity apparently oozed out of every pore, from the red fringe of hair about his shining pate to his beaming spectacled eyes, and the gurgling laugh of pure enjoyment that bubbled out every minute.

"Changes?" he said, rubbing his knees meditatively, as Ely plied him with questions. "Oh, great changes! Necessarily. The houses in which you visited have all passed from the old families. Except the Grange. That is a place of summer resort, kept by Mrs. Leigh."

"Not that lovely Anna Page who married Joe Leigh?"

"The very same. Beautiful as a dream, wasn't she? But she is making money fast, keeping boarders. The house was torn out by the Yan—by one of the armies. After the surrender that woman put up partitions, hung doors, glazed windows, papered, painted—with her own hands. She's equal to a whole troop of mechanics."

"And John Medill?"

"Killed at Manassas. His son lost a leg, and was invalided for life. His daughters carry on the plantation. Virginia is in the saddle every morning before dawn. She herself ploughed and dug until she was able to hire hands. She had the banner crop of tobacco in that county last year."

Mr. Ely made a clucking sound of amazement and dismay. "And what became of the Allaires?"

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"They lost everything. The boys as they grew up went to work. Fred in an iron-mill in Richmond, and St. Clair as brakesman on this road. They have both risen steadily."

"No lack of energy there!" said the old clergyman, with a sharp glance toward the scoffing iron man. But he fell into a depressed silence as his friend continued his history. Brakesmen and boarding-house keepers! He had cherished for so many years his picture of the stately Southern homes and their indolent landlords, and now it was crumbling to pieces. If he had found a decayed, mouldering aristocracy, passively wasting away in their ruined homes, it would have been in mournful keeping with his recollection. But this busy, commonplace stir, this sudden plunge of the defeated South into the world's market-place, bewildered and annoyed him.

"I hope the troubles did not injure you, Mr. Pogue?" he said at last.

"Major Pogue," quietly amended the Virginian. "I had that rank in our army. Yes"—nodding good-humoredly—"I was left without a dollar. Fortune of war, eh? But I was young, and could accept the situation. It went harder with the old men. Our Southern women, I will say, were the first to stagger to their feet. In every household it was invariably the woman who first faced the inevitable and tried to make the best of it. The old men never have quite recovered from the blow. Some of them even yet fancy that the old issues are still alive. But it is the men who were children in '65 that have their hands on the lever now; they make no mistake about issues. Where their fathers dreamed of reopening the slave-trade and of conquering Mexico and annexing Cuba, to form a great empire, they talk of new cotton-gins, and Bessemer steel-works, and coal-mines, and a thousand other ways of developing our resources. It is the young men who are the New South. I fancy you Northern people know little about the New South."

"Very little indeed," replied Mr. Ely, smiling uneasily. "In fact, I did not know until five months ago that there was such a nation."

"You will see"—laughing significantly. "But what did you do after the surrender? Start afresh, like your New South?"

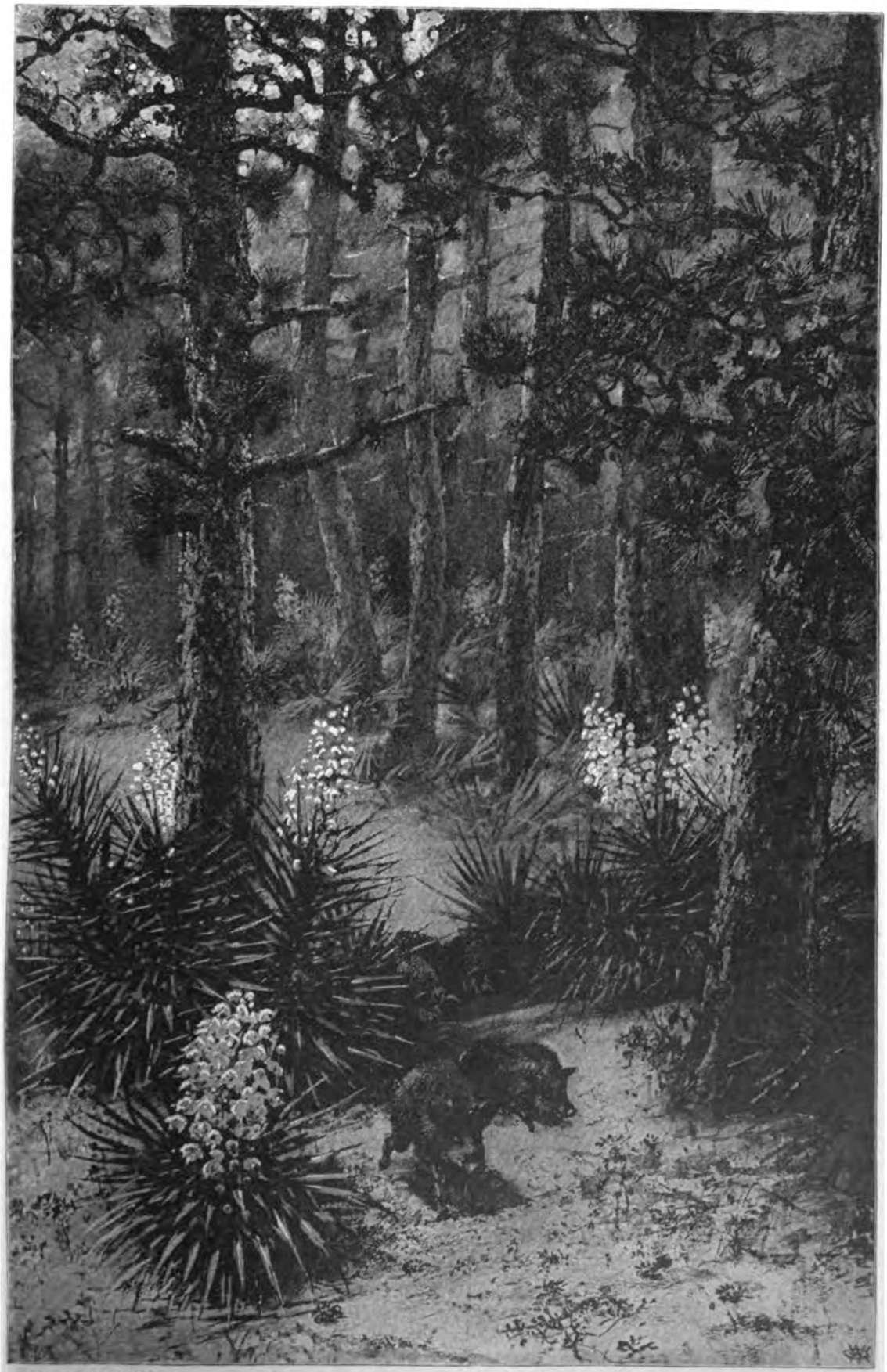
"Precisely. Got a position as clerk in Atlanta. I have an interest in two or three concerns there now, and have my home near the town. I have just been up to see my boy at the University. You'll stop and make us a visit?" he added, anxiously. "Oh, I'll take no denial! Mrs. Ely will plead for me. I intend to take my daughter down to New Orleans to the Exposition, and we can form a pleasant party. Come, now, old friend; it is all arranged."

Mr. Ely fidgeted and protested. He would have fallen again easily into those lax, hospitable ways. But his wife settled the matter in her slightly nasal, decisive tones.

"Of course we shall stop and wait for you and Miss Pogue, Major. But you must allow us to stay at a hotel. We really should prefer it." Mrs. Ely, away from home, usually was only a dumb, smiling adjunct to her enthusiastic husband. But there were times when she felt it necessary to put down the brakes. Yet she was secretly excited at the thought of studying one of the dark-eyed, languid Georgian women in her own home. During the afternoon, as they passed down through the close, shouldering hills and lonely villages of central Virginia, she tried to picture to herself the indolent grace and flower-like beauty of these Southern women, as she had read of them in their songs and novels. For herself, she was quite willing to be taken in the South as a fair specimen of the cultured Northern women, though, after all, the culture amounted only to a nice taste in Kensington art work, and a mania about drainage. But she pleased herself by thinking that she would open new worlds of thought to the Major's daughter, who doubtless knew nothing of society, or literature, or plumbing, or any of those great social questions which Mrs. Ely, like a brown sparrow in big grain fields, had picked at in turn. "The mind of any woman," she said to her husband, "in these lifeless villages must be limited, and their talk *kleinstädtisch* beyond bearing."

They stopped for a day in Lynchburg, which recalled Pittsburgh to Mr. Ely. "It is almost as busy and as black," he said, as they sauntered past the towering factories, "and the business men look as if, like ours, they were challenging life at the point of the bayonet. We wear out brain and body in our haste to be rich, at

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PINE BARRENS.

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the North, and you are following us, I'm afraid."

The Major laughed good-humoredly. "We were forced into the race. The Southerner, when he goes into business, throws the same ardor into it that forty years ago he did into his fun, or courting, or fighting. A steam-engine will pull, you know, Mr. Ely, no matter what kind of load you put behind it." He pointed out the solid blocks of business houses and tasteful dwellings, "built since the war."

The next day, in Charlotte, the same story was told and retold. Instead of descanting, as he would have done ten years ago, on the ancient glories of the old South lost in the struggle, the Major was eager to show every sight of the solid foundation which the New South was laying for an enduring, stable prosperity. Spartanburg, Greenville, and other pretty towns followed, each with its wide shaded streets, its new mills in the suburbs, its "cheap stores," its imposing new hotel, its stir of freshly awakened life.

"But who has done all this?" asked Mr. Ely, half annoyed. "Northern men?"

"At first, yes. They were the first to see that money was to be made here. They usually met a cold welcome, as you know. Our old men wanted to run the South in the old tracks—cotton, politics, fighting. But our own young men, as I told you, are getting the reins now in their own hands. Our leading manufacturers, brokers, newspaper men, and even city officials, everywhere, are as a rule Southerners, and under fifty."

"Atlanta!" shouted the conductor.

"But this is a Northern city!" exclaimed Mr. Ely, as they stepped out into a large station, grimy with bituminous smoke, and walled in by blocks of huge warehouses that opened into crowded streets of conventional banks, hotels, and shops, solidly built, and offering an odd contrast to the irregular, straggling, green-bowered thoroughfares of Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah.

"Atlanta is the capital of our new nation," said the Major, as he handed Mrs. Ely from the car. "It is the head-quarters for shrewd, pushing men from all the Gulf States. Outsiders call us Georgian Yankees."

Two motherly negro women, turbaned and white-aproned, boarded the train instead of porters, took Mrs. Ely's wraps, and led her to the waiting-room. A lady, very little and very young, was standing in the centre of the dingy room, watching the door. The alert, intent figure caught Mrs. Ely's eye.

"A teacher from Boston," she decided, as she scanned the thin, eager features, the vigilant eyes, the mass of yellow hair. "I wonder if she ever takes time to sit down or draw a long breath?"

But the Major hurried to meet the little lady, kissed her, and presented her as "my daughter Lola." In her dismay the clergyman's wife was awkward, and posed self-consciously. But the Major's daughter welcomed her with a quiet simplicity to which Mrs. Ely paid instant homage.

"*She* has never had any doubt of her breeding or social position," she thought. "She would be just as sure of it in rags as in that velvet." The little girl stood waiting for her guests, polite but utterly incurious. "She does not even observe how I am dressed," thought Mrs. Ely. "These Southerners all act as if they 'had that within which passeth show'—of money or clothes."

In many ways their old ideas were demolished that day.

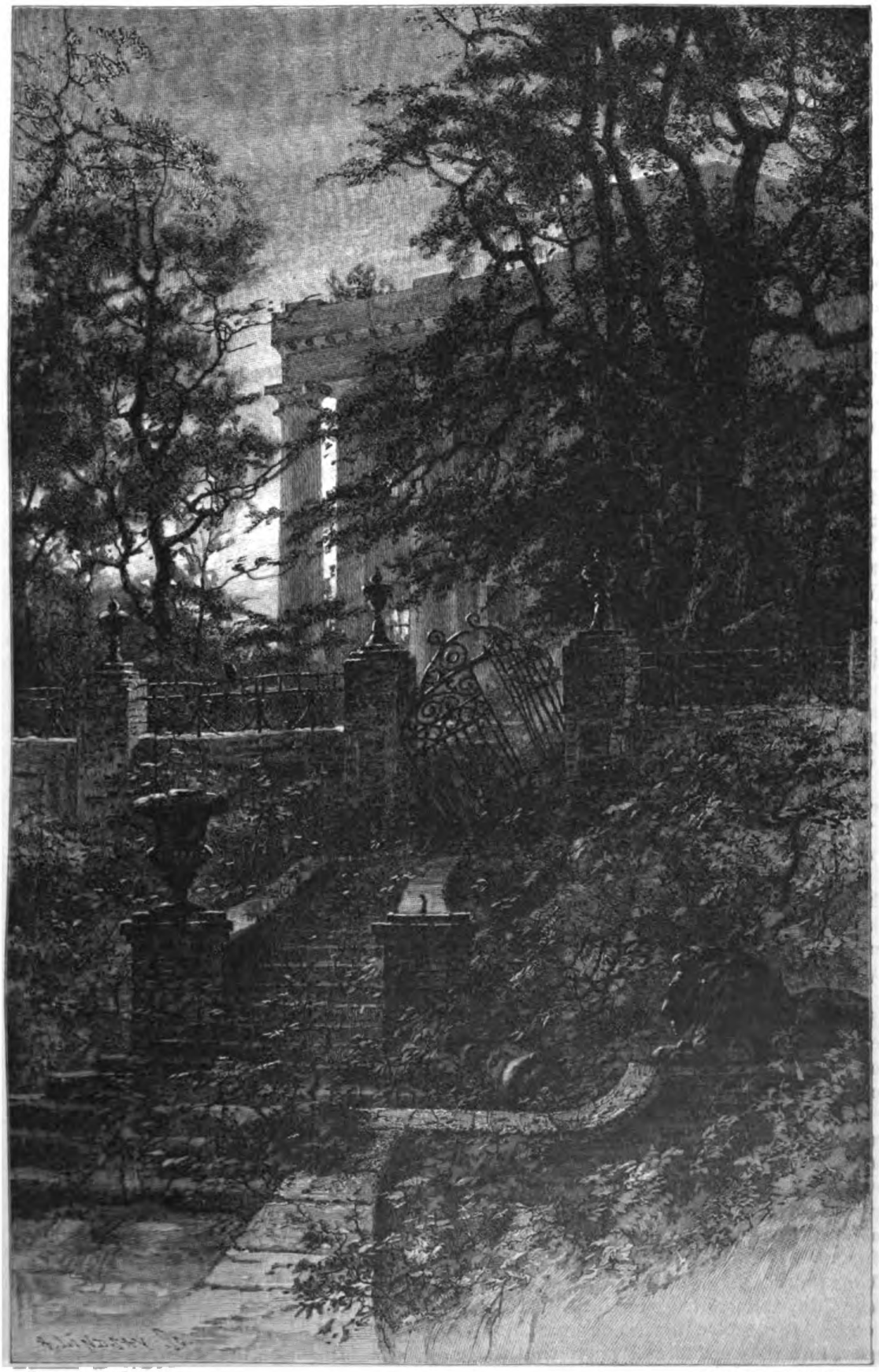
"When I was young," said Mr. Ely to his wife at night, "the South sent North for even its pins. It made nothing for itself. But here in Atlanta, Pogue tells me, they manufacture everything, from a house to a match. All since the war. Take out the money value of the slaves, and Georgia never was so wealthy as she is to-day. The same is true of the Carolinas. Once let these hot-blooded, eager Southerners get a firm footing as manufacturers and producers, and they'll run the North hard in the business world. So Pogue says."

Their acquaintance with the Pogue family brought them countless invitations during their stay in Atlanta. The new stately dwellings and their æsthetic interiors became familiar objects to them.

"Here are the very same etchings, the same bric-à-brac and Daghestan rugs, that I left behind in New York and Philadelphia," Mrs. Ely complained to Miss Pogue as they drove out together one afternoon. "The same hats on the women, the same dishes at dinner, and the same talk too, only that it runs in a more leisurely current."

"You would see more distinctive life in the country," Lola said, turning her

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

A RELIC OF THE DEPARTED SOUTH.

Engraved by A. Lindsay.

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ponies into a broad grass-edged highway.

In an hour they were in the pine woods. At long intervals there were openings in which was a wide, low, many-galleried house, with its appendage of dilapidated negro quarters and neglected farm lands —a gray, hoary wreck of prosperous days. The snow, which still lay in drifts in the woods, had melted here from the saffron stubble fields. The houses usually appeared to be over-full; all of the windows shone redly in the closing dusk; the rooms were alive with children, with gay young people; matrons with delicate, fastidious faces bent over their work; portly, handsomely dressed men loitered in the galleries or rode down the long avenues.

"You would find the old habits of hospitality kept up in these houses," said Lola. "Family connections are large in the South. A Georgian of the higher class has cousins all through the Carolinas and the Gulf States, just as the Virginians and Kentuckians are really all of one blood. From five to ten guests may drop in uninvited for any meal, or come to stay a week. They are always sure of a welcome. The old class of Southerners would rather give up their chance of heaven than the pleasure of keeping open house for their friends on earth."

Mr. Ely's face flushed. "It is a gracious, beautiful custom!" he exclaimed. "We lost much that was worth keeping with the old feudal systems."

"Yes," said Miss Pogue, dryly. "I have known a dinner prepared in our house for four persons, and before it was served twenty guests arrived unexpectedly. So it goes on all the year round."

"That is delightful," hesitated Mrs. Ely. "It takes one quite back to patriarchal life. But it would not suit Northern house-keepers nor Northern cooks and chamber-maids."

"It does not suit here," said Lola, promptly. "Our mothers were used to it when they had plenty of money and of servants. But now that we have not enough of either, the custom keeps many a family poor, and makes life a tread-mill for most women. The generation I belong to, Mrs. Ely," she said, after a pause, her thin, decisive features heating, "have learned to practise small economies in poverty, and they are forced to see that there is a great leakage in their incomes through these old customs which seem to you so beautiful and grand. Yet," she added, with sudden pride, "I doubt if the Southerner will ever give up *that* custom."

Mrs. Ely, talking matters over that night as usual, declared that "the Georgian girl talked and thought precisely like a New-Englander. And, as far as I can see, she is not an uncommon type now in this New South. I have met women, since we came here, capable, shrewd, and alive with energy. They manage plantations and shops; they raise stock, hold offices, publish newspapers. Indeed, while Northern women have been clamoring for their rights, Southern women have found their way into more careers than they. They keep up with all the questions of the day. Miss Lola actually gave me some new hints on drainage. I suppose we Americans have but one blood, after all, and a hard struggle with poverty will produce the same woman in Georgia as in Connecticut."

The next day our travellers, with the Major and Miss Pogue, left Atlanta for Montgomery. They soon left behind the leafless, deciduous woods and the snow, and entered interminable pine forests rising out of the rich red earth, pale green in the spring air. Occasionally the endless phalanx of pines crowded back in disgust to make way for a flat plateau of yellow clay, out of which rose "a clarin," a forlorn huddle of gray, unpainted cabins. Not a tree, nor flower, nor blade of grass, appeared in the wide swamp of mud. Negroes in rags lounged against the worm-fence, too lazy to look up at the train; lean woolly cows, their sides daubed with mud, lazily got out of the way of the cars: leaner hogs wallowed in the lower deeps of mud, looking up to wink sleepily at the puffing engine. The men of the hamlet lounged about the station-house, yellow-skinned and heavy-eyed from long diet of pork and whiskey.

Mr. Ely, catching his wife's look of consternation, hastily explained. "You must remember, my dear, that up to the beginning of this century this part of Alabama was an absolute wilderness, broken only by a few settlements of half-breeds and Spaniards, with neither law nor religion. Pennsylvania and New York were then open to the great tide of immigration. It never has set in here. What progress has been made is due to the people themselves, not to European influence, as is the case with us."

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

"A CLARIN."

"Alabama turns her poorest side to the railways," said Major Pogue. "But we will soon skirt the 'Black Belt,' which is full of rich plantations under scientific cultivation. As good soil as you have in Pennsylvania."

Mr. Ely smiled anxiously. The flat gray sky, and the monotonous pillared pines which held it like a roof, oppressed him; he had not drawn a full breath all day. To live always walled by these changeless trees into solitude and poverty, away from the life and motion of the world—how soon it would make a man narrow and prejudiced and virulent! No wonder these people fight with the obstinacy and courage of tigers!

The train halted that moment at a little lonely station at the foot of a hill. At its top stood a picturesque old mansion, which seemed to him to embody all the tragedy of the departed South. The sunset flamed redly up behind its gray walls and steep roof, the black shingles of which were mossed with age. A thin wisp of smoke drifted from its great outside chimney across the cold sky; the wind swept through the empty galleries, no light shone from its windows. A little apart from it three ancient cedars stood on guard; they flung their distorted arms toward the east, bent by the winds that in winter swept the hill-top.

"They are pleading against the disaster that has fallen on the house," thought the old clergyman, smiling on his own gloomy fancy.

A tall man, dressed in the coarse homespun and wide-rimmed hat of the farm hands, came down the hill, and entering the car, sat down in front of him. Undoubtedly a laborer: face, hands, and neck tanned one saffron hue; the high boots patched and muddy. But Mr. Ely detected a haughty reserve in the high-featured face, better befitting a cavalier than a ploughman.

"The typical Southerner at last!" he thought. "With that face, he might have ruled a thousand slaves, or led a regiment into the jaws of death."

Two passengers, Western men, sitting near, loudly discussed the lean pigs, the bony cattle, the poor buildings on the farm; but the owner's face remained calm as though dogs barked at his heel. Mr. Ely rushed to the rescue. "You forget, gentlemen," he said, "that the South for nearly a century had but one occupation —agriculture. The loss of her slaves

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson. Engraved by J. Hellawell.

THE BLOSSOMING RUIN.

crippled her in that. She is turning now with all the strength she has to other industries. She asks us Northerners in a friendly, brotherly way to come down to see in this New Orleans Exposition what she has done; if we go at all, it should be in the same friendly spirit—not to insult her."

The men laughed, but were silent, and Mr. Ely presently fell into talk with the Alabamian, questioning him on the resources of his State.

"You should go to the northern part of Alabama," he said, in a grave, measured tone, "if you wish to get a clear idea of her enormous undeveloped wealth. Near

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Selma, cotton raising is carried on now with so much skill and certainty that the sons of the great planters in Mexico are sent there as pupils, staying for years. You have been in Birmingham?"

"No. Is it a typical Southern city?"

The planter smiled. "I hope so; but not of the old South. Twelve years ago it was a cotton plantation. Now they are working coal-mines with an output of over 4000 tons a day, and iron-mines that yield metal which they tell me is as good as the best Swedish. With both, they can put pig-iron in the Northern market six dollars a ton cheaper than it is done in Pennsylvania."

"It is a fact," struck in Major Pogue, after greeting the farmer as an old friend. "The enormous mineral wealth of Alabama is but just opened. She has rich virgin soil, and though you may not believe it, Mr. Ely, a law-abiding, God-fearing population, anxious to work. She has good waterways, and one of the best harbors on the whole coast at Mobile. What she wants is capital and skilled labor."

Meanwhile Miss Pogue was talking of the planter with Mrs. Ely at the back of the car.

"It is Dupré Mocquard," she said. "I have heard he was considered the handsomest man in New Orleans before the war. A brave fellow too; he fought half a dozen duels. He belonged to a wealthy creole family; they equipped a regiment for the war, which he commanded."

"And after—"

"After—" with a shrug. "He is overseer now, where he was master, on one of his own plantations. He is as eager, I have heard my father say, about raising cotton as he was in duelling or flirting. His four children must live, you see."

They reached Montgomery that night, and remained there for several days. Colonel Mocquard drove out with them almost every day. He did not lose any of his picturesqueness, at least in Mrs. Ely's eyes, when he had laid aside his working clothes for ordinary dress.

"His old-fashioned, high-shouldered courtesy," she told her husband, "would become a deposed monarch."

The weather on the day after their arrival was cold. High winds drove light purplish clouds over a clear sky. The streets of the first Confederate capital stretched before them wide and muddy, the sidewalks of clay or boards sheltered by fine old trees. Back among trim gardens and groves of green magnolias or leafless China-trees, brown with feathery clusters of last year's flowers, were set quaint, low, many-galleried dwellings, which the Northern visitors admired enthusiastically.

"They are picturesque, and they belong to the climate and scenery," said Mr. Ely. "But I am sorry to see here and there a towered brick house, or one of those pretentious villas with which we in the North abuse the memory of poor Queen Anne."

"Those houses are built, for the most part," said Lola, "by wealthy Hebrews, brokers or dollar-store men. The Jews 'entered in and occupied the land' as soon as the war was over. You will find them in every village and town in the Gulf States, living usually in the best houses, which old Southern families could no longer hold."

"That's all right, my dear," interrupted her father. "They loaned us all, blacks and whites, money when we had none. Fair business transaction."

Lola's delicate features flushed hotly. "At fifty per cent.—yes. The day will come, perhaps, when 'the king shall enjoy his own,'" she replied, sharply. Then, hastily controlling herself and changing her tone: "Montgomery, as you may imagine, Mr. Ely, is a beautiful city in summer. This large building on the hill is the Capitol. The first Confederate Congress met here, you remember."

They alighted and passed through the empty lofty halls, coming out again on to a high flight of steps which commanded a view of the quiet city and its superb rampart of rolling hills and rich plantations.

"Just here, on these steps," said Lola, "Jefferson Davis stood when he was inaugurated President."

Neither she nor the other Southerners betrayed any further remembrance of the great tragedy which had opened on this little grassy hill-top. The story was too familiar to them, and their own stinted lives too much a sequence and part of the tragedy, for them to see it merely as a great historic drama. But the old clergyman's heated fancy instantly peopled the hill with the men whose hours work that day had had such limitless results. A cold sunny day like this, perhaps, and each had come up from his own home,

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sincere, eager, ready to risk his property, life, and sacred honor for the cause he believed to be true. And now—

The old man was loyal to the Union; his brothers had died fighting for it. But for the moment he looked through the eyes of this other unknown brother, believed as he believed, felt the wrench of his defeat. His heart beat thick, and a hot film darkened his eyes.

They drove through the plantations in the suburbs of the city, passing stately old dwellings in disrepair and ruins, their parks overgrown with weeds and brambles. Before one a great stone lion, splendid in its day, lay broken and overthrown.

The next moment they passed through the "new town"—streets of cheerful rose-covered cottages belonging to the colored people. Nowhere in the South have the freedmen made more steady and swift progress to thrift and intelligence than here. Swayne College, their principal school, was just dismissed, and a long procession of colored girls and lads marched down the street in tidy, bright-colored clothes, turning to the strangers clear, watchful faces.

They drove to the hotel through streets of new warehouses and shops, while the Major and Colonel Mocquard discussed eagerly some new mining company just forming among the capitalists of the city.

"I think," said the clergyman, quietly, "you have shown us to-day the significance of both the Old South and the New."

APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXVIII.

THE parting scene with Alice persisted in Mavering's thought far on the way to Ponkwasset Falls. He now succeeded in saying everything to her: how deeply he felt her giving him her photograph to cheer him in his separation from her; how much he appreciated her forethought in providing him with some answer when his mother and sisters should ask him about her looks. He took out the picture, and pretended to the other passengers to be looking very closely at it, and so managed to kiss it. He told her that now he understood what love really was; how powerful; how it did conquer everything; that it had changed him, and made him already a better man. He made her refuse all merit in the work.

When he began to formulate the facts for communication to his family, love did not seem so potent; he found himself ashamed of his passion, or at least unwilling to let it be its own excuse even; he had a wish to give it almost any other appearance. Until he came in sight of the station and the Works, it had not seemed possible for any one to object to Alice. He had been going home as a matter of form to receive the adhesion of his family. But now he was forced to see that she might be considered critically, even reluctantly. This would only be because his family did not understand how perfect Alice was; but they might not understand.

With his father there would be no difficulty. His father had seen Alice and admired her; he would be all right. Dan found himself hoping this rather anxiously, as if from the instinctive need of his father's support with his mother and sisters. He stopped at the Works when he left the train, and found his father in his private office beyond the book-keeper's picket-fence, which he penetrated, with a nod to the accountant.

"Hello, Dan!" said his father, looking up; and "Hello, father!" said Dan. Being alone, the father and son not only shook hands, but kissed each other, as they used to do in meeting after an absence when Dan was younger.

He had closed his father's door with his left hand in giving his right, and now he said at once, "Father, I've come home to tell you that I'm engaged to be married."

Dan had prearranged his father's behavior at this announcement, but he now perceived that he would have to modify the scene if it were to represent the facts. His father did not brighten all over and demand, "Miss Pasmer, of course?" He contrived to hide whatever start the news had given him, and was some time in ask-

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ing, with his soft lisp, "Isn't that rather sudden, Dan?"

"Well, not for me," said Dan, laughing uneasily. "It's—you know her, father—Miss Pasmer."

"Oh yes," said his father, certainly not with displeasure, and yet not with enthusiasm.

"I've had ever since Class Day to think it over, and it—came to a climax yesterday."

"And then you stopped thinking," said his father—to gain time, it appeared to Dan.

"Yes, sir," said Dan. "I haven't thought since."

"Well," said his father, with an amusement which was not unfriendly. He added, after a moment, "But I thought that had been broken off," and Dan's instinct penetrated to the lurking fact that his father must have talked the rupture over with his mother, and not wholly regretted it.

"There was a kind of—hitch at one time," he admitted; "but it's all right now."

"Well, *well*," said his father, "this is great news—great news," and he seemed to be shaping himself to the new posture of affairs, while giving it a conditional recognition. "She's a beautiful creature."

"Isn't she?" cried Dan, with a little break in his voice, for he had found his father's manner rather trying. "And she's good too. I assure you that she is—she is simply perfect every way."

"Well," said the elder Mavering, rising and pulling down the rolling top of his desk, "I'm glad to hear it, for your sake, Dan. Have you been up at the house yet?"

"No; I'm just off the train."

"How is her mother—how is Mrs. Pasmer? All well?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan; "they're all very well. You don't know Mr. Pasmer, I believe, sir, do you?"

"Not since college. What sort of person is he?"

"He's very refined and quiet. Very handsome. Very courteous. Very nice indeed."

"Ah! that's good," said Elbridge Mavering, with the effect of not having been very attentive to his son's answer.

They walked up the long slope of the hill-side on which the house stood, overlooking the valley where the Works were, and fronting the plateau across the river where the village of operatives' houses was scattered. The paling light of what had been a very red sunset flushed them, and brought out the picturesqueness which the architect, who designed them for a particular effect in the view from the owner's mansion, had intended.

A good carriage road followed the easiest line of ascent toward this edifice, and reached a gateway. Within it began to describe a curve bordered with asphalted footways to the broad veranda of the house, and then descended again to the gate. The grounds enclosed were planted with deciduous shrubs, which had now mostly dropped their leaves, and clumps of firs darkening in the evening light, with the gleam of some garden statues shivering about the lawn next the house. The breeze grew colder and stiffer as the father and son mounted toward the mansion, which Dan used to believe was like a château, with its Mansard-roof and dormer-windows and chimneys. It now blocked its space sharply out of the thin pink of the western sky, and its lights sparkled with a wintry keenness which had often thrilled Dan when he climbed the hill from the station in former homecomings. Their brilliancy gave him a strange sinking of the heart for no reason. He and his father had kept up a sort of desultory talk about Alice, and he could not have said that his father had seemed indifferent; he had touched the affair only too acquiescently; it was painfully like everything else. When they came in full sight of the house, Dan left the subject, as he realized presently, from a reasonless fear of being overheard.

"It seems much later here, sir, than it does in Boston," he said, glancing round at the maples, which stood ragged, with half their leaves blown from them.

"Yes; we're in the hills, and we're further north," answered his father. "There's Minnie."

Dan had seen his sister on the veranda, pausing at sight of him, and puzzled to make out who was with her father. He had an impulse to hail her with a shout, but he could not. In his last walk with her he had told her that he should never marry, and they had planned to live together. It was a joke; but now he felt as if he had come to rob her of something, and he walked soberly on with his father.

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"Why, Dan, you good-for-nothing fellow!" she called out when he came near enough to be unmistakable, and ran down the steps to kiss him. "What in the world are you doing here? When did you come? Why didn't you hollo, instead of letting me stand here guessing? You're not sick, are you?"

The father got himself in-doors unnoticed in the excitement of the brother's arrival. This would have been the best moment for Dan to tell his sister of his engagement; he knew it, but he parried her curiosity about his coming; and then his sister Eunice came out, and he could not speak. They all went together into the house, flaming with naphtha gas, and with the steam heat already on, and Dan said he would take his bag to his room, and then come down again. He knew he had left them to think that there was something very mysterious in his coming, and while he washed away the grime of his journey he was planning how to appear perfectly natural when he should get back to his sisters. He recollected that he had not asked either them or his father how his mother was, but it was certainly not because his mind was not full of her. Alice now seemed very remote from him, further even than his gun, or his boyish collection of moths and butterflies, on which his eye fell in roving about his room. For a bitter instant it seemed to him as if they were all alike toys, and in a sudden despair he asked himself what had become of his happiness. It was scarcely half a day since he had parted in transport from Alice.

He made pretexts to keep from returning at once to his sisters, and it was nearly half an hour before he went down to them. By that time his father was with them in the library, and they were waiting tea for him.

XXIX.

A family of rich people in the country, apart from intellectual interests, is apt to gormandize; and the Maverings always sat down to a luxurious table, which was most abundant and tempting at the meal they called tea, when the invention of the Portuguese man-cook was taxed to supply the demands of appetites at once eager and fastidious. They prolonged the meal as much as possible in winter, and Dan used to like to get home just in time for tea when he came up from Harvard; it was always very jolly, and he brought a boy's hunger to its abundance. The dining-room, full of shining light, and heated from the low-down grate, was a pleasant place. But now his spirits failed to rise with the physical cheer; he was almost bashfully silent; he sat cowed in the presence of his sisters, and careworn in the place where he used to be so gay and bold. They were waiting to have him begin about himself, as he always did when he had been away, and were ready to sympathize with his egotism, whatever new turn it took. He mystified them by asking about them and their affairs, and by dealing in futile generalities, instead of launching out with any business that he happened at the time to be full of. But he did not attend to their answers to his questions; he was absent-minded, and only knew that his face was flushed, and that he was obviously ill at ease.

His younger sister turned from him impatiently at last. "Father, what *is* the matter with Dan?"

Her bold recognition of their common constraint broke it down. Dan looked at his father with helpless consent, and his father said, quietly, "He tells me he's engaged."

"What nonsense!" said his sister Eunice.

"Why, Dan!" cried Minnie; and he felt a reproach in her words which the words did not express. A silence followed, in which the father alone went on with his supper. The girls sat staring at Dan with incredulous eyes. He became suddenly angry.

"I don't know what's so very extraordinary about it, or why there should be such a pother," he began; and he knew that he was insolently ignoring abundant reasons for pother, if there had been any pother. "*Yes*, I'm engaged."

He expected now that they would believe him, and ask whom he was engaged to; but apparently they were still unable to realize it. He was obliged to go on. "I'm engaged to Miss Pasmer."

"To Miss *Pasmer!*" repeated Eunice.

"But I thought—" Minnie began, and then stopped.

Dan commanded his temper by a strong effort, and condescended to explain. "There *was* a misunderstanding, but it's all right now; I only met her yesterday, and—it's all right." He had to

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keep on ignoring what had passed between him and his sisters during the month he spent at home after his return from Campobello. He did not wish to do so; he would have been glad to laugh over that epoch of ill-concealed heart-break with them; but the way they had taken the fact of his engagement made it impossible. He was forced to keep them at a distance; they forced him. "I'm glad," he added, bitterly, "that the news seems to be so agreeable to my family. Thank you for your cordial congratulations." He swallowed a large cup of tea, and kept looking down.

"How silly!" said Eunice, who was much the oldest of the three. "Did you expect us to fall upon your neck before we could believe it wasn't a hoax of father's?"

"A hoax!" Dan burst out.

"I suppose," said Minnie, with mock meekness, "that if we're to be devoured, it's no use saying we didn't roil the brook. I'm sure *I* congratulate you, Dan, with all my heart," she added, with a trembling voice.

"*I* congratulate Miss Pasmer," said Eunice, "on securing such a very reasonable husband."

When Eunice first became a young lady she was so much older than Dan that in his mother's absence she sometimes authorized herself to box his ears, till she was finally overthrown in battle by the growing boy. She still felt herself so much his tutelary genius that she could not let the idea of his engagement awe her, or keep her from giving him a needed lesson. Dan jumped to his feet, and passionately threw his napkin on his chair.

"There, that will do, Eunice!" interposed the father. "Sit down, Dan, and don't be an ass, if you *are* engaged. Do you expect to come up here with a bombshell in your pocket and explode it among us without causing any commotion? We all desire your happiness, and we are glad if you think you've found it, but we want to have time to realize it. We had only adjusted our minds to the apparent fact that you *hadn't* found it when you were here before." His father began very severely, but when he ended with this recognition of what they had all blinked till then, they laughed together.

"My pillow isn't dry yet, with the tears I shed for you, Dan," said Minnie, demurely.

"*I* shall have to countermand my mourning," said Eunice, "and wear louder colors than ever. Unless," she added, "Miss Pasmer changes her mind again."

This divination of the past gave them all a chance for another laugh, and Dan's sisters began to reconcile themselves to the fact of his engagement, if not to Miss Pasmer. In what was abstractly so disagreeable there was the comfort that they could joke about his happiness; they had not felt free to make light of his misery when he was at home before. They began to ask all the questions they could think of as to how and when, and they assimilated the fact more and more in acquiring these particulars and making a mock of them and him.

"Of course you haven't got her photograph," suggested Eunice. "You know we've never had the pleasure of meeting the young lady yet."

"Yes," Dan owned, blushing, "I have. She thought I might like to show it to mother. But it isn't—"

"A very good one—they never are," said Minnie.

"And it was taken several years ago—they always are," said Eunice.

"And she doesn't photograph well, anyway."

"And this one was just after a long fit of sickness."

Dan drew it out of his pocket, after some fumbling for it, while he tolerated their gibes.

Eunice put her nose to it. "I hope it's *your* cigarettes it smells of," she said.

"Yes; she doesn't use the weed," answered Dan.

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*, exactly," returned his sister, holding the picture off at arm's-length, and viewing it critically with contracted eyes.

Dan could not help laughing. "I don't think it's been near any other cigar case," he answered, tranquilly.

Minnie looked at it very near to, covering all but the face with her hand. "Dan, she's *lovely!*" she cried, and Dan's heart leaped into his throat as he gratefully met his sister's eyes.

"You'll *like* her, Min."

Eunice took the photograph from her for a second scrutiny. "She's certainly very stylish. Rather a beak of a nose, and a little too bird-like on the whole. But she isn't so bad. Is it like her?" she asked, with a glance at her father.

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"I might say—after looking," he replied.

"True! I didn't know but Dan had shown it to you as soon as you met. He seemed to be in such a hurry to let us all know."

The father said, "I don't think it flatters her," and he looked at it more carefully. "Not much of her mother there?" he suggested to Dan.

"No, sir; she's more like her father."

"Well, after all this excitement, I believe I'll have another cup of tea, and take something to eat, if Miss Pasmer's photograph doesn't object," said Eunice, and she replenished her cup and plate.

"What colored hair and eyes has she, Dan?" asked Minnie.

He had to think so as to be exact. "Well, you might say they were black, her eyebrows are so dark. But I believe they're a sort of grayish-blue."

"Not an uncommon color for eyes," said Eunice, "but rather peculiar for hair."

They got to making fun of the picture, and Dan told them about Alice and her family; the father left them at the table, and then came back with word from Dan's mother that she was ready to see him.

XXX.

By eight o'clock in the evening the pain with which every day began for Mrs. Mavering was lulled, and her jarred nerves were stayed by the opiates till she fell asleep about midnight. In this interval the family gathered into her room, and brought her their news and the cheer of their health. The girls chattered on one side of her bed, and their father sat with his newspaper on the other, and read aloud the passages which he thought would interest her, while she lay propped among her pillows, brilliantly eager for the world opening this glimpse of itself to her shining eyes. That was on her good nights when the drugs did their work, but there were times when they failed, and the day's agony prolonged itself through the evening, and the sleep won at last was a heavy stupor. Then the sufferer's temper gave way under the stress; she became the torment she suffered, and tore the hearts she loved. Most of all she afflicted the man who had been so faithful to her misery, and maddened him to reprisals, of which he afterward abjectly repented. Her tongue was sharpened by pain, and pitilessly skilled to inculpate and to punish; it pierced and burned like fire; but when a good day came again she made it up to the victims by the angelic sweetness and sanity which they felt was her real self; the cruelty was only the mask of her suffering.

When she was better they brought to her room anybody who was staying with them, and she liked them to be jolly in the spacious chamber. The pleasantest things of the house were assembled, and all its comforts concentrated, in the place which she and they knew she should quit but once. It was made gay with flowers and pictures; it was the *salon* for those fortunate hours when she became the lightest and blithest of the company in it, and made the youngest guest forget that there was sickness or pain in the world by the spirit with which she ignored her own. Her laugh became young again; she joked; she entered into what they were doing and reading and thinking, and sent them away full of the sympathy which in this mood of hers she had for every mood in others. Girls sighed out their wonder and envy to her daughters when they left her; the young men whom she captivated with her divination of their passions or ambitions went away celebrating her supernatural knowledge of human nature. The next evening after some night of rare and happy excitement, the family saw her nurse carrying the pictures and flowers and vases out of her room, in sign of her renunciation of them all, and assembled silently, shrinkingly, in her chamber, to take each their portion of her anguish, of the blame and the penalty. The household adjusted itself to her humors, for she was supreme in it.

When Dan used to come home from Harvard she put on a pretty cap for him, and distinguished him as company by certain laces hiding her wasted frame, and giving their pathetic coquetry to her transparent wrists. He was her favorite, and the girls acknowledged him so, and made their fun of her for spoiling him. He found out as he grew up that her broken health dated from his birth, and at first this deeply affected him; but his young life soon lost the keenness of the impression, and he loved his mother because she loved him, and not because she had been dying for him so many years.

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As he now came into her room, and the waiting-woman went out of it with her usual "Well, Mr. Dan!" the tenderness which filled him at sight of his mother was mixed with that sense of guilt which had tormented him at times ever since he met his sisters. He was going to take himself from her; he realized that.

"Well, Dan!" she called, so gayly that he said to himself, "No, father hasn't told her anything about it," and was instantly able to answer her as cheerfully, "Well, mother!"

He bent over her to kiss her, and the odor of the clean linen mingling with that of the opium, and the cologne with which she had tried to banish its scent, opened to him one of those vast reaches of associations which perfumes can unlock, and he saw her lying there through those years of pain, as many as half his life, and suddenly the tears gushed into his eyes, and he fell on his knees, and hid his face in the bedclothes and sobbed.

She kept smoothing his head, which shook under her thin hand, and saying, "Poor Dan! poor Dan!" but did not question him. He knew that she knew what he had come to tell her, and that his tears, which had not been meant for that, had made interest with her for him and his cause, and that she was already on his side.

He tried boyishly to dignify the situation when he lifted his face, and he said, "I didn't mean to come boohooing to you in this way, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"I know, Dan; but you've been wrought up, and I don't wonder. You mustn't mind your father and your sisters. Of course they're rather surprised, and they don't like your taking yourself from them —we none of us do."

At these honest words Dan tried to become honest too. At least he dropped his pretence of dignity, and became as a little child in his simple greed for sympathy. "But it isn't necessarily that; is it, mother?"

"Yes, it's all that, Dan; and it's all right, because it's that. We don't like it, but our not liking it has nothing to do with its being right or wrong."

"I supposed that father would have been pleased, anyway, for he has seen her, and—and— . Of course the girls haven't, but I think they might have trusted my judgment a little. I'm not quite a fool."

His mother smiled. "Oh, it isn't a question of the wisdom of your choice; it's the unexpectedness. We all saw that you were very unhappy when you were here before, and we supposed it had gone wrong."

"It had, mother," said Dan. "She refused me at Campobello. But it was a misunderstanding, and as soon as we met—"

"I knew you had met again, and what you had come home for, and I told your father so, when he came to say you were here."

"Did you, mother?" he asked, charmed at her having guessed that.

"Yes. She must be a good girl to send you straight home to tell us."

"You knew I wouldn't have thought of that myself," said Dan, joyously. "*I* wanted to *write;* I thought that would do just as well. I hated to leave her, but she made me come. She is the best, and the wisest, and the most unselfish— Oh, mother, I can't tell you about her! You must see her. You can't realize her till you see her, mother. You'll like each other, I'm sure of that. You're just alike." It seemed to Dan that they were exactly alike.

"Then perhaps we sha'n't," suggested his mother. "Let me see her picture."

"How did you know I had it? If it hadn't been for her, I shouldn't have brought any. She put it into my pocket just as I was leaving. She said you would all want to see what she looked like."

He had taken it out of his pocket, and he held it, smiling fondly upon it. Alice seemed to smile back at him. He had lost her in the reluctance of his father and sisters; and now his mother—it was his mother who had given her to him again. He thought how tenderly he loved his mother.

When he could yield her the photograph she looked long and silently at it. "She has a great deal of character, Dan."

"There you've hit it, mother! I'd rather you would have said that than anything else. But don't you think she's beautiful? She's the gentlest creature, when you come to know her! I was awfully afraid of her at first. I thought she was very haughty. But she isn't at all. She's really very self-depreciatory; she thinks she isn't good enough for me. You ought to hear her talk, mother, as I have. She's full of the noblest ideals—of being of some use in the world, of being self-de-

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voted, and—all that kind of thing. And you can see that she's capable of it. Her aunt's in a Protestant sisterhood," he said, with a solemnity which did not seem to communicate itself to his mother, for Mrs. Mavering smiled. Dan smiled too, and said: "But I can't tell you about Alice, mother. She's perfect." His heart overflowed with proud delight in her, and he was fool enough to add, "She's so *affectionate*."

His mother kept herself from laughing. "I dare say she is, Dan—with *you*." Then she hid all but her eyes with the photograph and gave way.

"What a donkey!" said Dan, meaning himself. "If I go on, I shall disgust you with her. What I mean is that she isn't at all proud, as I used to think she was."

"No girl *is*, under the circumstances. She has all she can do to be proud of you."

"Do you *think* so, mother?" he said, enraptured with the notion. "I've done my best—or my worst—not to give her any reason to be so."

"She doesn't want any—the less the better. You silly boy! Don't you suppose she wants to make you out of the whole cloth, just as you do with her? She doesn't want any facts to start with; they'd be in the way. Well, now, I can make out, with your help, what the young lady is; but what are the father and mother? They're rather important in these cases."

"Oh, they're the nicest kind of people," said Dan, in optimistic generalization. "You'd like *Mrs.* Pasmer. She's awfully nice."

"Do you say that because you think I wouldn't?" asked his mother. "Isn't she rather sly and humbugging?"

"Well, yes, she is, to a certain extent," Dan admitted, with a laugh. "But she doesn't mean any harm by it. She's extremely kind-hearted."

"To *you*? I dare say. And Mr. Pasmer is rather under her thumb?"

"Well, yes, you might say thumb," Dan consented, feeling it useless to defend the Pasmers against this analysis.

"We *won't* say *heel*," returned his mother; "we're too polite. And your father says he had the reputation in college of being one of the most selfish fellows in the world. He's never done anything since but lose most of his money. He's been absolutely idle and useless all his days." She turned her vivid blue eyes suddenly upon her son's.

Dan winced. "You know how hard father is upon people who haven't done anything. It's a mania of his. Of course Mr. Pasmer doesn't show to advantage where there's no—no leisure class."

"Poor man!"

Dan was going to say, "He's very amiable, though," but he was afraid of his mother's retorting, "To *you*?" and he held his peace, looking chapfallen.

Whether his mother took pity on him or not, her next sally was consoling. "But your Alice may not take after either of them. Her father is the worst of his breed, it seems; the rest are useful people, from what your father knows, and there's a great deal to be hoped for collaterally. She had an uncle in college at the same time who was everything that her father was not."

"One of her aunts is in one of those Protestant religious houses in England," repeated Dan.

"Oh!" said his mother, shortly, "I don't know that I like *that* particularly. But probably she isn't useless there. Is Alice very religious?"

"Well, I suppose," said Dan, with a smile for the devotions that came into his thought, "she's what would be called 'Piscopal pious."

Mrs. Mavering referred to the photograph, which she still held in her hand. "Well, she's pure and good, at any rate. I suppose you look forward to a long engagement?"

Dan was somewhat taken aback at a supposition so very contrary to what was in his mind. "Well, I don't know. Why?"

"It might be said that you are very young. How old is Agnes—Alice, I mean?"

"Twenty-one. But now, look here, mother! It's no use considering such a thing in the abstract, is it?"

"No," said his mother, with a smile for what might be coming.

"This is the way I've been viewing it; I may say it's the way Alice has been viewing it—or Mrs. Pasmer, rather."

"Decidedly Mrs. Pasmer, rather. Better be honest, Dan."

"I'll do my best. I was thinking, hoping, that is, that as I'm going right into the business—have gone into it already, in fact—and could begin life at once, that

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perhaps there wouldn't be much sense in waiting a great while."

"Yes?"

"That's all. That is, if you and father are agreed." He reflected upon this provision, and added, with a laugh of confusion and pleasure: "It seems to be so very much more of a family affair than I used to think it was."

"You thought it concerned just you and her?" said his mother, with arch sympathy.

"Well, yes."

"Poor fellow! *She* knew better than that, you may be sure. At any rate, her mother did."

"What Mrs. Pasmer doesn't know isn't probably worth knowing," said Dan, with an amused sense of her omniscience.

"I thought so," sighed his mother, smiling too. "And now you begin to find out that it concerns the families in all their branches on both sides."

"Oh, if it stopped at the families and their ramifications! But it seems to take in society and the general public."

"So it does—more than you can realize. You can't get married to yourself alone, as young people think; and if you don't marry happily, you sin against the peace and comfort of the whole community."

"Yes, that's what I'm chiefly looking out for now. I don't want any of those people in Central Africa to suffer. That's the reason I want to marry Alice at the earliest opportunity. But I suppose there'll have to be a Mavering embassy to the high contracting powers of the other part now?"

"Your father and one of the girls had better go down."

"Yes?"

"And invite Mr. and Mrs. Pasmer and their daughter to come up here."

"All on probation?"

"Oh no. If *you're* pleased, Dan—"

"I am, mother—measurably." They both laughed at his mild way of putting it.

"—Why, then it's to be supposed that we're all pleased. You needn't bring the whole Pasmer family home to live with you, if you *do* marry them all."

"No," said Dan, and suddenly he became very distraught. It flashed through him that his mother was expecting him to come home with Alice to live, and that she would not be at all pleased with his scheme of a European sojourn, which Mrs. Pasmer had so cordially adopted. He was amazed that he had not thought of that, but he refused to see any difficulty which his happiness could not cope with.

"No, there's that view of it," he said, jollily; and he buried his momentary anxiety out of sight, and, as it were, danced upon its grave. Nevertheless, he had a desire to get quickly away from the spot. "I hope the Mavering embassy won't be a great while getting ready to go," he said. "Of course it's all right; but I shouldn't want an appearance of reluctance exactly, you know, mother; and if there should be much of an interval between my getting back and their coming on, don't you know, why, the cat might let herself out of the bag."

"What cat?" asked his mother, demurely.

"Well, you know, you *haven't* received my engagement with unmingled enthusiasm, and—and I suppose they would find it out from me—from my manner; and—and I *wish* they'd come along pretty soon, mother."

"Poor boy! I'm afraid the cat got out of the bag when Mrs. Pasmer came to the years of discretion. But you sha'n't be left a prey to her. They shall go back with you. Ring the bell, and let's talk it over with them now."

Dan joyfully obeyed. He could see that his mother was all on fire with interest in his affair, and that the idea of somehow circumventing Mrs. Pasmer by prompt action was fascinating her.

His sisters came up at once, and his father followed a moment later. They all took their cue from the mother's gayety, and began talking and laughing, except the father, who sat looking on with a smile at their lively spirits and the jokes of which Dan became the victim. Each family has its own fantastic medium, in which it gets affairs to relieve them of their concrete seriousness, and the Maverings now did this with Dan's engagement, and played with it as an airy abstraction. They debated the character of the embassy which was to be sent down to Boston on their behalf, and it was decided that Eunice had better go with her father, as representing more fully the age and respectability of the family: at first glance the Pasmers would take her for Dan's mother, and this would be a tremendous advantage.

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"And if I like the ridiculous little chit," said Eunice, "I think I shall let Dan marry her at once. I see no reason why he shouldn't, and I couldn't stand a long engagement; I should break it off."

"I guess there are others who will have something to say about that," retorted the younger sister. "I've always wanted a long engagement in this family, and as there seems to be no chance for it with the ladies, I wish to make the most of Dan's. I always like it where the hero gets sick and the heroine nurses him. I want Dan to get sick, and have Alice come here and take care of him."

"No; this marriage must take place at once. What do you say, father?" asked Eunice.

Her father sat, enjoying the talk, at the foot of the bed, with a tendency to doze. "You might ask Dan," he said, with a lazy cast of his eye toward his son.

"Dan has nothing to do with it."

"Dan shall not be consulted."

The two girls stormed upon their father with their different reasons.

"Now I will tell you— Girls, be still!" their mother broke in. "Listen to me: I have an idea."

"Listen to her: she has an idea!" echoed Eunice, in recitative.

"Will you be quiet?" demanded the mother.

"We will be du-u-mb!"

When they became so, at the verge of their mother's patience, of which they knew the limits, she went on: "I think Dan had better get married at once."

"There, Minnie!"

"But what does Dan say?"

"I will—make the sacrifice," said Dan, meekly.

"Noble boy! That's exactly what Washington said to *his* mother when *she* asked him not to go to sea," said Minnie.

"And then he went into the militia, and made it all right with himself that way," said Eunice. "Dan can't play his filial piety on *this* family. Go on, mother."

"I want him to bring his wife home, and live with us," continued his mother.

"In the L part!" cried Minnie, clasping her hands in rapture. "I've always said what a perfect little apartment it was by itself."

"Well, don't say it again, then," returned her sister. "Always is often enough. Well, in the L part— Go on, mother! Don't ask where you were, when it's so exciting."

"I don't care whether it's in the L part or not. There's plenty of room in the great barn of a place everywhere."

"But what about his taking care of the business in Boston?" suggested Eunice, looking at her father.

"There's no hurry about that."

"And about the excursion to æsthetic centres abroad?" Minnie added.

"That could be managed," said her father, with the same ironical smile.

The mother and the girls went on wildly planning Dan's future for him. It was all in a strain of extravagant burlesque. But he could not take his part in it with his usual zest. He laughed and joked too, but at the bottom of his heart was an uneasy remembrance of the different future he had talked over with Mrs. Pasmer so confidently. But he said to himself buoyantly at last that it would come out all right. His mother would give in, or else Alice could reconcile her mother to whatever seemed really best.

He parted from his mother with fond gayety. His sisters came out of the room with him.

"I'm perfectly sore with laughing," said Minnie. "It seems like old times— doesn't it, Dan?—such a gale with mother."

XXXI.

An engagement must always be a little incredible at first to the families of the betrothed, and especially to the family of the young man; in the girl's, the mother, at least, will have a more realizing sense of the situation. If there are elder sisters who have been accustomed to regard their brother as very young, he will seem all the younger because in such a matter he has treated himself as if he were a man; and Eunice Mavering said, after seeing the Pasmers, "Well, Dan, it's all well enough, I suppose, but it seems too ridiculous."

"What's ridiculous about it, I should like to know?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. Who'll look after you when you're married? Oh, I forgot Ma'am Pasmer!"

"I guess we shall be able to look after ourselves," said Dan, a little sulkily.

"Yes, if you'll be allowed to," insinuated his sister.

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They spoke at the end of a talk, in which he had fretted at the reticence of both his sister and his father concerning the Pasmers, whom they had just been to see. He was vexed with his father, because he felt that he had been influenced by Eunice, and had somehow gone back on him. He was vexed and he was grieved because his father had left them at the door of the hotel without saying anything in praise of Alice, beyond the generalities that would not carry favor with Eunice; and he was depressed with a certain sense of Alice's father and mother, which seemed to have imparted itself to him from the others, and to be the Mavering opinion of them. He could no longer see Mrs. Pasmer harmless if trivial, and good-hearted if inveterately scheming; he could not see the dignity and refinement which he had believed in Mr. Pasmer; they had both suffered a sort of shrinkage or collapse, from which he could not rehabilitate them. But this would have been nothing if his sister's and his father's eyes, through which he seemed to have been looking, had not shown him Alice in a light in which she appeared strange and queer almost to eccentricity. He was hurt at this effect from their want of sympathy, his pride was touched, and he said to himself that he should not fish for Eunice's praise; but he found himself saying, without surprise, "I suppose you will do what you can to prejudice mother and Min."

"Isn't that a little previous?" asked Eunice. "Have I said anything against Miss Pasmer?"

"You *haven't* because you *couldn't*," said Dan, with foolish bitterness.

"Oh, I don't know about that. She's a human being, I suppose—at least that was the impression I got from her parentage."

"What have you got to say against her parents?" demanded Dan, savagely.

"Oh, nothing. I didn't come down to Boston to denounce the Pasmer family."

"I suppose you didn't like their being in a flat; you'd have liked to find them in a house on Commonwealth Avenue or Beacon Street."

"I'll own I'm a snob," said Eunice, with maddening meekness. "So's father."

"They are connected with the best families in the city, and they are in the best society. They do what they please, and they live where they like. They have been so long in Europe that they don't care for those silly distinctions. But what you say doesn't harm them. It's simply disgraceful to you; that's all," said Dan, furiously.

"I'm glad it's no worse, Dan," said his sister, with a tranquil smile. "And if you'll stop prancing up and down the room, and take a seat, and behave yourself in a Christian manner, I'll talk with you; and if you don't, I won't. Do you suppose I'm going to be bullied into liking them?"

"You can like them or not, as you please," said Dan, sullenly; but he sat down, and waited decently for his sister to speak. "But you can't abuse them—at least in my presence."

"I didn't know men lost their heads as well as their hearts," said Eunice. "Perhaps it's only an exchange, though, and it's Miss Pasmer's head." Dan started, but did not say anything, and Eunice smoothly continued: "No, I don't believe it is. She looked like a sensible girl, and she talked sensibly. I should think she had a very *good* head. She has good manners, and she's extremely pretty, and very graceful. I'm surprised she should be in love with such a simpleton."

"Oh, go on! Abuse *me* as much as you like," said Dan. He was at once soothed by her praise of Alice.

"No, it isn't necessary to go on; the case is a little too obvious. But I think she will do very well. I hope you're not marrying the whole family, though. I suppose that it's always a question of which shall be scooped up. They will want to scoop you up, and we shall want to scoop her up. I dare say Ma'am Pasmer has her little plan; what is it?"

Dan started at this touch on the quick, but he controlled himself, and said, with dignity, "I have my own plans."

"Well, you know what mother's are," returned Eunice, easily. "You seem so cheerful that I suppose yours are quite the same, and you're just keeping them for a surprise." She laughed provokingly, and Dan burst forth again:

"You seem to live to give people pain. You take a fiendish delight in torturing others. But if you think you can influence me in the slightest degree, you're very much mistaken."

"Well, well, *there!* It *sha'n't* be teased any more, so it sha'n't! It *shall* have its

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own way, it shall, and nobody shall say a *word* against its little girly's mother." Eunice rose from her chair, and patted Dan on the head as she passed to the adjoining room. He caught her hand and flung it violently away; she shrieked with delight in his childish resentment, and left him sulking. She was gone two or three minutes, and when she came back it was in quite a different mood, as often happens with women in a little lapse of time.

"Dan, I think Miss Pasmer is a beautiful girl, and I know we shall all like her, if you don't set us against her by your arrogance. Of course we don't know anything about her yet, and *you* don't, really; but she seems a very lovable little thing, and if she's rather silent and undemonstrative, why, she'll be all the better for you: you've got demonstration enough for twenty. And I think the family are well enough. Mrs. Pasmer is thoroughly harmless; and Mr. Pasmer is a most dignified personage; his eyebrows alone are worth the price of admission." Dan could not help smiling. "All that there is about it is, you mustn't expect to drive people into raptures about them, and expect them to go grovelling round on their knees because you do."

"Oh, I know I'm an infernal idiot," said Dan, yielding to the mingled sarcasm and flattery. "It's because I'm so anxious, and you all seem so confoundedly provisional about it. Eunice, what do you suppose father really thinks?"

Eunice seemed tempted to a relapse into her teasing, but she did not yield. "Oh, *father's* all right—from your point of view. He's been ridiculous from the first; perhaps that's the reason he doesn't feel obliged to expatiate and expand a great deal at present."

"Do you think so?" cried Dan, instantly adopting her as an ally.

"Well, if I *say* so, oughtn't it to be enough?"

"It depends upon what else you say. Look here, now, Eunice!" Dan said, with a laughing mixture of fun and earnest, "what are you going to say to mother? It's no use being disagreeable, is it? Of course I don't contend for ideal perfection anywhere, and I don't expect it. But there isn't anything experimental about this thing, and don't you think we had better all make the best of it?"

"That sounds very impartial."

"It *is* impartial. I'm a purely disinterested spectator."

"Oh, quite."

"And don't you suppose I understand Mr. and Mrs. Pasmer quite as well as you do? All I say is that Alice is simply the noblest girl that ever breathed, and—"

"Now you're talking *sense*, Dan!"

"Well, what are you going to say when you get home, Eunice? Come!"

"That we had better make the best of it."

"And what else?"

"That you're hopelessly infatuated; and that she will twist you round her finger."

"Well?"

"But that you've had your own way so much, it will do you good to have somebody else's awhile."

"I guess you're pretty solid," said Dan, after thinking it over for a moment. "I don't believe you're going to make it hard for me, and I know you can make it just what you please. But I want you to be frank with mother. Of course I wish you felt about the whole affair just as I do, but if you're right on the main question, I don't care for the rest. I'd rather mother would know just how you feel about it," said Dan, with a sigh for the honesty which he felt to be not immediately attainable in his own case.

"Well, I'll see what can be done," Eunice finally assented.

Whatever her feelings were in regard to the matter, she must have satisfied herself that the situation was not to be changed by her disliking it, and she began to talk so sympathetically with Dan that she soon had the whole story of his love out of him. They laughed a good deal together at it, but it convinced her that he had not been hoodwinked into the engagement. It is always the belief of a young man's family, especially his mother and sisters, that unfair means have been used to win him, if the family of his betrothed are unknown to them; and it was a relief, if not exactly a comfort, for Eunice Mavering to find that Alice was as great a simpleton as Dan, and perhaps a sincerer simpleton.

XXXII.

A week later, in fulfilment of the arrangement made by Mrs. Pasmer and Eunice Mavering, Alice and her mother returned the formal visit of Dan's people.

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While Alice stood before the mirror in one of the sumptuously furnished rooms assigned them, arranging a ribbon for the effect upon Dan's mother after dinner, and regarding its relation to her serious beauty, Mrs. Pasmer came in out of her chamber adjoining, and began to inspect the formal splendor of the place.

"What a perfect *man's* house!" she said, peering about. "You can see that everything has been done to order. They have their own taste; they're artistic enough for that—or the father is—and they've given orders to have things done so and so, and the New York upholsterer has come up and taken the measure of the rooms and done it. But it isn't like New York, and it isn't individual. The whole house is just like those girls' tailor-made costumes in character. They were made in New York, but they don't wear them with the New York style; there's no more atmosphere about them than if they were young men dressed up. There isn't a thing lacking in the house here; there's an awful completeness; but even the ornaments seem laid on, like the hot and cold water. I never saw a handsomer, more uninviting room than that drawing-room. I suppose the etchings will come some time after supper. What do you think of it all, Alice?"

"Oh, I don't know. They must be very rich," said the girl, indifferently.

"You can't tell. Country people of a certain kind are apt to put everything on their backs and their walls and floors. Of course such a house here doesn't mean what it would in town." She examined the texture of the carpet more critically, and the curtains; she had no shame about a curiosity that made her daughter shrink.

"Don't, mamma!" pleaded the girl. "What if they should come?"

"They won't come," said Mrs. Pasmer; and her notice being called to Alice, she made her take off the ribbon. "You're better without it."

"I'm so nervous I don't know what I'm doing," said Alice, removing it, with a whimper.

"Well, I can't have you breaking down!" cried her mother, warningly: she really wished to shake her, as a culmination of her own conflicting emotions. "Alice, stop this instant! Stop it, I say!"

"But if I don't like her?" whimpered Alice.

"You're not going to marry *her*. Now stop! Here, bathe your eyes; they're all red. Though I don't know that it matters. Yes, they'll expect you to have been crying," said Mrs. Pasmer, seeing the situation more and more clearly. "It's perfectly natural." But she took some cologne on a handkerchief, and recomposed Alice's countenance for her. "There, the color becomes you, and I never saw your eyes look so bright."

There was a pathos in their brilliancy which of course betrayed her to the Mavering girls. It softened Eunice, and encouraged Minnie, who had been a little afraid of the Pasmers. They both kissed Alice with sisterly affection. Their father merely saw how handsome she looked, and Dan's heart seemed to melt in his breast with tenderness.

In recognition of the different habits of their guests, they had dinner instead of tea. The Portuguese cook had outdone himself, and course followed course in triumphal succession. Mrs. Pasmer praised it all with a sincerity that took away a little of the zest she felt in making flattering speeches.

Everything about the table was perfect, but in a man's fashion, like the rest of the house. It lacked the atmospheric charm, the otherwise indefinable grace, which a woman's taste gives. It was in fact Elbridge Mavering's taste which had characterized the whole; the daughters simply accepted and approved.

"Yes," said Eunice, "we haven't much else to do; so we eat. And Joe does his best to spoil us."

"Joe?"

"Joe's the cook. All Portuguese cooks are Joe."

"How very amusing!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "You *must* let me speak of your grapes. I never saw anything so—well! —*except* your roses."

"There you touch father in *two* tender spots. He cultivates both."

"Really? Alice, *did* you ever see anything like these roses?"

Alice looked away from Dan a moment, and blushed to find that she had been looking so long at him.

"Ah, *I* have," said Mr. Mavering, gallantly.

"Does he often do it?" asked Mrs. Pasmer, in an obvious aside to Eunice.

Dan answered for him. "He never had such a chance before."

Between coffee, which they drank at

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table, and tea, which they were to take in Mrs. Mavering's room, they acted upon a suggestion from Eunice that her father should show Mrs. Pasmer his rose-house. At one end of the dining-room was a little apse of glass full of flowering plants growing out of the ground, and with a delicate fountain tinkling in their midst. Dan ran before the rest, and opened two glass doors in the further side of this half-bubble, and at the same time with a touch flashed up a succession of brilliant lights in some space beyond, from which there gushed in a wave of hot-house fragrance, warm, heavy, humid. It was a pretty little effect for guests new to the house, and was part of Elbridge Mavering's pleasure in this feature of his place. Mrs. Pasmer responded with generous sympathy, for if she really liked anything with her whole heart, it was an effect, and she traversed the half-bubble by its pebbled path, showering praises right and left with a fulness and accuracy that missed no detail, while Alice followed silently, her hand in Minnie Mavering's, and cold with suppressed excitement. The rose-house was divided by a wall, pierced with frequent doorways, over which the trees were trained and the roses hung; and on either side were ranks of rare and costly kinds, weighed down with bud and bloom. The air was thick with their breath and the pungent odors of the rich soil from which they grew, and the glass roof was misted with the mingled exhalations.

Mr. Mavering walked beside Alice, modestly explaining the difficulties of rose culture, and his method of dealing with the red spider. He had a stout knife in his hand, and he cropped long, heavy-laden stems of roses from the walls and the beds, casually giving her their different names, and laying them along his arm in a massive sheaf.

Mrs. Pasmer and Eunice had gone forward with Dan, and were waiting for them at the thither end of the rose-house.

"Alice! just imagine: the grapery is beyond this," cried the girl's mother.

"It's a cold grapery," said Mr. Mavering. "I hope you'll see it to-morrow."

"Oh, why not to-night?" shouted Dan.

"Because it's a *cold* grapery," said Eunice; "and after this rose-house, it's an arctic grapery. You're crazy, Dan."

"Well, I want Alice to see it, anyway," he persisted, wilfully. "There's nothing like a cold grapery by starlight. I'll get some wraps." They all knew that he wished to be alone with her a moment, and the three women, consenting with their hearts, protested with their tongues, following him in his flight with their chorus, and greeting his return. He muffled her to the chin in a fur-lined overcoat, which he had laid hands on the first thing, and her mother, still protesting, helped to tie a scarf over her hair so as not to disarrange it. "Here," he pointed, "we can run through it, and it's worth seeing. Better come," he said to the others as he opened the door, and hurried Alice down the path under the keen sparkle of the crystal roof, blotched with the leaves and bunches of the vines. Coming out of the dense, sensuous, vaporous air of the rose-house into this clear, thin atmosphere, delicately penetrated with the fragrance, pure and cold, of the fruit, it was as if they had entered another world. His arm crept round her in the odorous obscurity. "Look up! See the stars through the vines!" But when she lifted her face he bent his upon it for a wild kiss.

"Don't! don't!" she murmured. "I want to think; I don't know what I'm doing."

"Neither do I. I feel as if I were a blessed ghost."

Perhaps it is only in these ecstasies of the senses that the soul ever reaches self-consciousness on earth; and it seems to be only the man-soul which finds itself even in this abandon. The woman-soul has always something else to think of.

"What shall we do," said the girl, "if we— Oh, I dread to meet your mother! Is she like either of your sisters?"

"No," he cried, joyously; "she's like *me*. If you're not afraid of me, and you don't seem to be—"

"You're all I have—you're all I have in the world. Do you think she'll like me? Oh, *do* you love me, Dan?"

"You darling! you divine—" The rest was a mad embrace. "If you're not afraid of me, you won't mind mother. I wanted you here alone for just a last word, to tell you you needn't be afraid; to tell you to— But I needn't tell you how to act. You mustn't treat her as an invalid, you must treat her like any one else; that's what she likes. But you'll know what's best, Alice. Be yourself, and she'll like you well enough. I'm not afraid."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SOCIAL STUDIES.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

Second Series.

III.—THE FUTURE OF CORPORATIONS.

THE importance of a proper regulation of corporations by the State, which is the only possible power capable of such regulation, must be apparent to every one who has read the two previous articles in this series. The manner in which one-fourth part of the national resources is managed is a matter of most vital concern to every inhabitant of the United States. The solidarity of interests is such that all must be affected thereby. A humane, discreet, and honest administration of this enormous property will contribute very perceptibly to the prosperity of our country, while a dishonest, wasteful, and soulless management of corporate interests must exercise a baleful influence upon our entire economic life, and upon those other higher spheres of national life to which it should minister. But we have not as yet said enough. It is not merely the fact that one-fourth of the resources of the country now belongs to corporations which should excite serious thought; it is the drift of things which is of the most importance. The corporate principle is daily extending. What is to be the outcome of this?

The best thinkers on economic topics seem to be more nearly unanimous than ever before in the opinion that co-operation is to be the ultimate solution of the industrial problems of our day. This view was held, it is well known, by the Christian socialists of England thirty-five years ago, and at that time they had mapped out pretty clearly the form of co-operation which they thought future society would adopt. Among them were some of the most gifted Englishmen of this century, who have demonstrated long ago that they were not mere visionaries, but that, on the contrary, they far excelled in practical wisdom their detractors. Many of these early Christian socialists, now old men, after a life rich in experience, still maintain their former opinion about co-operation. Mr. Thomas Hughes, for example, writes: "I still look to this movement as the best hope for England and other lands."

John Stuart Mill frequently gave expression to somewhat similar views, although he doubtless held that public authority would play a more important rôle in future industrial society than did the Christian socialists. He sympathized—at any rate in his later days—to greater extent with the state socialists of the Continent. Perhaps the result of recent studies in economics is best given by Professor Henry C. Adams in these words: "The co-operative principle is the one to which the wages system must give way; but what particular form industrial organization will take, no one can say."

The world has ever been restless under any social system which tolerated a separation of labor and capital; for although the things for which these words stand may, as the trite saying has it, be allies, not enemies, the same has not always been true of those who furnish capital and labor; nor can any honest man say that their interests are precisely identical. The point of divergence of interests is so sharp, and the ultimate separation so wide, as to give a good deal of support to the doctrine that their enmity lies in the nature of things. They have not always been so separated as they are to-day. In the Middle Ages production was carried on under the guidance of men who owned their tools, and employed them with their own hands. Capital was not an important separate factor, for it was, as a rule, united with labor in ownership. Still earlier, and also still later, we have slavery, which united labor and capital in the same hands, namely, the hands of the master, who owned labor precisely as he owned capital. Both were chattels. The arguments urged for this union by the ablest advocates of slavery were powerful. Again and again they pointed out the impossibility of permanently harmonious social relations should labor and capital be supplied by two distinct industrial classes. They were never satisfactorily answered on this point. But their conclusion was nevertheless unwarranted. The first stage in the evolution of industrial society finds labor and capital united, and the stage of evolution to which we must come will

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also witness their union, but there will be this radical difference: in the one period of evolution they are united in the hands of the capitalists; in the other, they will be found in the hands of the laborers.

As John Stuart Mill says, this must be brought about by a development of the partnership principle. No one, as already stated, can tell exactly what form this will take, but some things seem already clear. Corporations will play an important part in this development, as they gradually become more democratic in their tendencies. Corporations and co-operative enterprises will become more and more nearly assimilated until they can scarcely be distinguished. President Francis A. Walker, in his Treatise on Political Economy, dwells on the importance of industrial leadership, and believes that co-operative enterprises have not a great future because the captains of industry are not in their employ. Every word which he says about the importance of the services rendered by leaders in the economic world is true, but there are two things which he overlooks. First, the power of perfect organization, which is daily becoming more apparent in every domain of life, and which is now achieving triumphs remarkable beyond precedent. The second is the fact that the captains of industry will yet be found at the head of co-operative enterprises. As already pointed out in the first paper, it was that kind of co-operation which we find in corporations which first gave them their present position—which, it may almost be said, first called them into existence. When corporations become more truly co-operative with respect to the labor element, the captains of industry will not disappear.

Personal superiority is compatible with the most perfect democracy. There is no more democratic air than that which students breathe in the higher institutions of learning, but nowhere else is personal superiority so valued as in colleges and universities, and that precisely in proportion as they approach the democratic ideal.

There are, then, three reasons why this subject of the proper development of corporations should engage the most serious attention of the economist and the statesman. These are, first, their present importance as an industrial factor; second, their growing power; third, the part they must play in the ultimate solution of social problems. Upon the character of their future more than upon anything else depends the nature of the conclusion of the industrial revolution. "Is it peace or war?" The development of corporations must, it seems to me, give the answer.*

Some have advocated a total suppression of corporations; but, even were this possible, it is plain that it would be a retrograde movement. There is fortunately a conservative middle ground between the radicalism which would sweep away these useful industrial forms and the equally dangerous obstinacy which rejects all suggestions of change. The arguments advanced by the enemies of corporations must convince any fair-minded man that there are evils inseparably connected with corporations as they exist today in the United States, but an analysis of these arguments reveals the fact that they do not apply equally to all classes of corporations.

What are the corporations of which one thinks when people talk about the abuses of corporate powers? Some of them have already been mentioned. First and foremost are the railways. Then follow express companies, telegraph companies, street-car companies, gas-light companies, water-supply companies, and others. But there is something common about all these productive agencies which are conspicuous for the abuse of corporate power. They are beyond the regular, normal action of competition. They are natural monopolies.† Now the evil in cases of this character is not merely the corporation. The corporate principle is the only one adequate to the supply of the services rendered by many of the corporations in control of these natural monopolies, unless they are handed over to public authority. Even

* It may be remarked in passing that the history of banking corporations in the United States is peculiarly instructive to the student of this problem. No other class of corporations in our country has an equally suggestive past, and no other class has been, on the whole, so highly and so satisfactorily developed. The national bank act is still our best model of a law for corporations.

† Mr. T. H. Farrer, in his work *The State in its Relation to Trade*, in the "English Citizen Series," gives the following enumeration of undertakings which are total or partial monopolies: "Harbors and natural navigations, canals, docks, light-houses, roads, bridges and ferries, railways, tramways (street-car lines), gas-works, water-works, and telegraphs." In none of these, he says, has competition proved to be completely successful.

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were individual private capitalists both able and willing to do those things for us which corporations at present perform, there is too much reason to fear greater oppression of the public than we now know anything about. Administration of railways owned by a single capitalist would be more efficient, doubtless, but such concentration of power would be more dangerous than existing corporations owned by thousands, who for the most part desire the welfare of the country, and are themselves dependent upon its prosperity. The evil is the application of the principles of private business concerns to what are in their nature essentially public undertakings. It is not true that private corporations are a bad form of industrial organization; it is true that their sphere has been unduly extended.

Industrial monopolies, defined by Professor Henry C. Adams as branches of business "superior to the regulating control of competition," should not be intrusted to private corporations. The chief evils of corporations which cannot be cured by satisfactory legislation concerning the fundamental principles of associations of capital, and by the creation of institutions for the enforcement of this legislation, pertain to those corporations which are in possession of natural monopolies. These are well enough known in the concrete, but it is somewhat difficult to lay down a general rule which shall embrace them all.

It is a characteristic of a business which is a natural monopoly that it supplies universal economic wants which individuals cannot satisfy. It is a further characteristic of most of these natural monopolies that they embrace agencies which furnish commodities or services which cannot be transported and sold away from the ground they occupy or from their plant. Some of them extend over an entire country, or a large part of it, or possibly even several countries, while others are local. Means of transportation belong to the first class; gas-works to the second.

Mr. Farrer in his work *The State in its Relation to Trade* gives the following as the characteristics of undertakings which tend to become monopolies:

"1. What they supply is a necessary.

"2. They occupy peculiarly favored spots or lines of land.

"3. The article or convenience they supply is used at the place where, and in connection with the plant or machinery by which, it is supplied.

"4. This article or convenience can in general be largely, if not indefinitely, increased without proportionate increase in plant and capital.

"5. Certainty and harmonious arrangement, which can only be attained by unity, are paramount considerations."

Professor Adams, in the work to which reference has already been made, lays down a more scientific classification of industries. He divides them into three classes, as follows:

1. Industries of constant returns.
2. Industries of diminishing returns.
3. Industries of increasing returns.

The principle of competition is sufficient for the regulation of industries of the first two classes, and there is no call for government management. The personal element is prominent in all forms of business which fall within these two classes, and success is dependent on attention to details and capacity for rendering great services to the public. If the returns of industry are constant, increasing only in proportion to labor and capital invested, or if, after a certain point is reached, there is a relative diminution in returns with new investments of capital and labor, a monopoly is out of the question.

The business of a manufacturer or a merchant falls within the first class. If capital 3 a produces a return of 3 x, capital 4 a will produce a return of 4 x. Up to a certain point, very soon reached, additional investments do not produce more than proportionate returns. How soon this point is reached depends chiefly upon the personal element. If a man has great ability he can establish an enormous business, but never a monopoly. Competition is present as a regular, constant force, and he soon reaches his limit. His success is due to the fact that he renders superior services to the public, and with him—and he is taken merely as a representative of a class—we have no quarrel.

Agriculture belongs to the second class. After we reach a certain point, returns diminish in proportion to labor and capital. Ask a farmer why he does not hoe his corn ten times, and he will tell you that it will not pay for the work required. It will yield more than if hoed twice, but not proportionably more. When we consider this principle, and also the fact that

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agricultural competition is world-wide, it becomes manifest that a monopoly of agricultural commodities is, for the present at least, an impossibility.

Gas supply belongs to the third class. The larger the amount furnished within a given area, the cheaper it may be manufactured, because no proportional increase of capital or labor is required. To increase this supply it is far cheaper to extend the facilities of an existing company than to establish a new one. Hence competition is never present as a permanent force. A species of competition exists at times in the shape of a "war," as it is properly called in popular language, but real competition is a constant pressure, and not a war. A new gas company enters the field of an old one to bleed it, to sell out to it, to enter into a combination with it, or to divide territory. The war decides the division of spoils. No one can instance a case in any country where competition in gas supply has been a permanent force. The same may be said of railways, which likewise have wars of rates, leading to fluctuations almost as disastrous to the public as to the investor. When the railway system of a country is in process of development, wars are frequent, because no permanent arrangement in the division of spoils can be reached. When peace seems assured, a new railway or a new combination again plunges the railway world into war. But this is, nevertheless, only a passing phase of the development of railways. It is already a matter of the past in England—indeed, generally in Europe; and a careful observer can see that its days are numbered in the United States.

Whenever the principle of increasing returns works with any high degree of intensity, competition can never regulate private business satisfactorily. It is then the private business principle, and not the corporate principle, which is at fault.

The sphere of economic life covered by the principle of increasing returns must be surrendered by corporations to the Federal government, to the individual State, or to combinations of States, and to the various subdivisions of the State, especially the municipalities.

In this restriction of the sphere of corporations is indicated one line of industrial evolution. It will not be completed to-morrow or next day, but there can be little doubt that it will find its consummation in the future. The forces pushing in that direction are too strong to be resisted, and in this solution alone can peace be found.

If we study history we shall observe that the evolution of industrial society in the past has, on the whole, been in the direction of the performance of public functions by public authority. Mention has been made of the private societies in Rome which farmed the taxes, and we can imagine if taxes were now sold to private corporations, and collected by their agents, what a howl in certain quarters would greet the proposal to transfer the function to public authorities. There would be computations about the number of officials in all parts of the country dependent on government, opportunities for fraud, etc., etc. No doubt to do this was a more serious step than it is now proposed to take; yet all see that it is far better that taxation should be intrusted to public officials. In certain backward lands like Turkey even such functions as providing a dangerous coast with lighthouses are handed over to a private corporation, but we recognize in it an indication of their backwardness.

All public measures relating to corporations should have in view the ultimate acquisition of natural monopolies by the people in their organic capacity, and the management of these monopolies on the principle of public finance, which has been so successfully applied in the Post-office. Plain, simple tariffs are wanted, and prices which will cover expenses. The benefits of what would be unearned increments in value under private management are thus diffused among the people.

Here we are treading entirely safe ground, for we have abundant experience on which to base conclusions.

All charters for performing the functions of a natural monopoly should be limited to a brief period, with the reversion of the entire property to municipality, state, or federal government, either without compensation or with compensation at an appraised valuation for actual outlays.

Both principles have been applied, the former especially in France and Germany, the latter in England. Before 1950 all French railways, with all that belongs to them, like rolling stock and stations, become the property of the French

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nation, and that without compensation. The charters were granted and accepted on that condition.

The same principle might have been applied in the United States, and it would ultimately have enriched the people by ten or fifteen thousand millions of dollars. We would have had fewer overgrown fortunes, injurious to their possessors as well as to others, but a more general diffusion of comfort.

Berlin affords another example. The street-car lines pay a portion of their revenue to the city, keep the streets through which they run well paved from curb to curb, and in 1911 they become the property of the city without compensation. Had New York city—a municipality of about the same size—followed this example, taxation could in a no distant future be reduced very considerably, and fares lowered from five to three or even two cents. This same city, Berlin, defrays nearly ten per centum of its municipal expenses from the profits on its gas-works, although gas is sold for less than one dollar a thousand cubic feet.*

The second principle is now very generally applied in such English municipalities as do not own and manage natural monopolies like gas-works, water-works, and street-car lines.

An act of Parliament allows no municipality to grant a charter to a street-car company or an electric light company for more than twenty-one years, and it must always be granted with a reserved right of purchase before the expiration of the charter, and at expiration, with compensation for land, buildings, and plant, but none whatever for good-will, expectation of future profits, or for compulsory purchase.

Baltimore, in some respects the best governed of the great cities of the United States, and certainly that one in which old American traditions of the best type are most alive, has recognized to a certain extent the duty of public authorities to see that the benefits of monopolies, as distinguished from profits on capital, should accrue to the public. The street-car lines of that city pay twelve per centum of gross revenues into the city treasury for the maintenance of public parks. Charters are limited to fifteen years, and that of the most profitable corporation, the Baltimore City Passenger Railway Company, will soon expire. Unfortunately no precise terms have been fixed for the acquisition of the property by the city, but it would seem clear that a street-car line without a charter is worth only the value of its ground, buildings, plant, horses, cars, and other property, to be purchased at an appraised valuation. This would then leave the city free to put up the charter for fifteen years at public auction, or to work the line itself.

It may be well at this point to add a few general remarks on the proposed extension of the function of government to what I have already said on that subject in my article on the "Reform of Railway Abuses" in this Magazine for September, 1886.

The objection is likely to be raised by the thoughtless that this is socialism. It is nothing of the kind. It includes only the direct performance by the state and its various subdivisions of their proper functions. Far more is left to individuals and to voluntary combinations of individuals than it is proposed to place under the management of public authority. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures are not affected by this proposal. On the contrary, it may reasonably be expected that these measures would be a most effective antidote to socialism. When the truth in that theory of industrial society is recognized and separated from its error, it must become harmless. What better way to spike the guns of socialism?

Another phase of the subject may best be introduced by a quotation from Professor Adams: "The policy of restricting public powers within the narrowest possible limits tends to render government weak and inefficient, and a weak government placed in the midst of a society controlled by the commercial spirit will quickly become a corrupt government. This in turn reacts upon commercial society by encouraging private corporations to adopt bold measures for gaining control of government machinery. Thus the doctrine of *laissez-faire* overreaches itself, for the application of the rule which it lays down will surely destroy that harmony between public and private duties essential to the best results in either domain of action."

* Per capita taxation, federal, state, and municipal, is $10 82 in Berlin, and $25 42 in New York. Several cities in Virginia, it may be added, also manufacture gas, and that, so far as is known, very successfully. Richmond defrays about seven per centum of its expenses from the revenues of the gas-works.

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There can be little doubt that such an extension of the duties of government as is proposed would improve our public service. The chief public evils now come from corporations, and these will last until corporations outside of their own sphere are abolished. Endless legislation is the result of attempts, often fruitless, to control private corporations in the performance of public duties. Legislatures are not and cannot be equal to the task. Both they and the corporations are corrupted. Corporations attempt to defeat the wise plans of legislatures by an unscrupulous use of money; legislatures at times threaten corporations with disastrous measures simply to be bought. Thus all barriers are broken down, and disgraceful public corruption goes on on every hand.* When the public authority is intrusted with public functions, the opportunity for corruption and unwise legislation is greatly lessened. The general features of management are determined by the legislature, and then the rest is left to the administration.

The reforms proposed would give men a career in the service of the public, and we should then draw to that service some of our ablest men. It would become honorable, and men would take pride in doing their work well. We could thus guard against two dangers: the absorption of the best talent by private business, as in the United States, and, on the other hand, against that absorption of the highest talent by the state which Mill feared, and which is also unfortunate. Second, the increased strength of government would improve it. Men to-day who despise the laws of Maine on the subject of liquor dealing have the greatest respect for the Federal government, and would not venture to try to evade the internal revenue license tax. That is because the Federal government is strong. But even that is not adequate to cope with great corporations.

A man of practical experience, and one opposed to any needless extension of government duties, Mr. Farrer—from whose work quotations have already been made—sees clearly the force of what has been urged in favor of strong government and the desirability of restricting the sphere of corporations. He uses these words: "There is nothing like plenty of work and full publicity for preventing jobbery and keeping administration sound and pure. On the other hand, also, there is a serious political evil to be apprehended from the growing influence of the great joint-stock company interest in Parliament and in local governing boards."

One cry which is likely to be heard in this connection is "centralization." Of this there is no apparent danger, the function of the smaller political units all increasing more rapidly than those of the larger bodies, and this movement is likely to continue in the future. It is scarcely too much to say that for years the political movement the world over has been in the direction of relative decentralization.

The difficulties of the move proposed are doubtless great, but the difficulties of not making the move are still greater. It requires intelligence and morality for any highly developed social organism to survive, and if it is not equal to its tasks it perishes, and ought to perish, for it is not fit for survival. For one, I have faith in our republic that it is able to perform its functions. The obstacles which seem insuperable to a superficial observer dwindle very considerably upon closer examination. It is quite possible for us to intrust to our various governments all the duties required of them by the principles laid down in this article, and at the same time establish such a system of administration that the amount of patronage would be decidedly less than it is now. When one speaks of nationalization of railways one is apt to think of four hundred thousand new offices to be distributed at Washington. This is quite needless. It is simply necessary that earnest attention should be given to the subject to perceive the errors of such popular views.

The incompetence of the vast corporations in control of natural monopolies to manage the element of labor in production is daily becoming more apparent. It lies to large extent in the nature of things. Public interests are involved, but it is nothing less than childish for a public which

* The pronounced hostility of ring politicians to the acquisition of monopolies by the people is thus explained. The United States, almost alone of civilized nations, has no postal telegraph; but Congress, even with the large surplus in the Treasury, would rather pass a bill to pauperize the nation by an indiscriminate grant of pensions than one for the purchase of existing telegraph lines. Philadelphia exhibits the curious spectacle of political "bosses" in league with corporations for the sale of the municipal gas-works.

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does nothing for labor to appeal to labor not to hurt it in its attempt to obtain what it considers its rights. The natural thing is for labor to organize and combine its powers as capital does, so that all the labor engaged in an enterprise should through its chosen leader treat with the representative of all the capital. In small concerns this can be effected, and in the long-run it produces good results in a normal condition of things. This idea is expressed in the form of a law by Professor J. B. Clark, in his *Philosophy of Wealth*, in these words: "A maximum of justice in distribution is attained where the brute forces are evenly matched, and where moral influences are efficient." But this matching of brute forces is extremely difficult and dangerous in the case of labor and capital in the vast corporations under consideration. If it can ever be brought about it must be at the expense of great suffering and loss to all concerned—capitalists, laborers, and the general public. The only way the public can give those guarantees to labor which will warrant it in enforcing peace is by the employment of labor in its own service.

When the evolution recently promoted by the Inter-State Commerce Law is carried so far that railways are essentially public undertakings, we will hear as little of strikes of railway employés as we now do of post-office employés.

There still remain to be considered those larger classes of corporations not in possession of natural monopolies. Experience shows that it would not be a difficult matter to solve the problems which they present to us were the public in complete control of natural monopolies. But, as it is, much can be done. The general aim of legislation concerning corporations should be to protect people against fraudulent and dishonest practices on the part of corporations, and to treat corporate thieves as other thieves are treated, recovering from them stolen property and sending them to the penitentiary.

There are three classes whose life and property are to be protected in legislation on corporations, namely, actual investors or shareholders; second, the general public; third, those who supply labor to corporations. But against whom are the investors, the laborers, and the public at large to be protected? Manifestly against dishonest promoters and directors. Some people talk as if any shareholder in a corporation were a "bloated bondholder" or a millionaire. As we have already seen, the shareholder is frequently a widow, an orphan, or a hard-working man who has saved a few dollars from the fruits of his hard toil. No one is oftener wronged or more needs protection than the ordinary shareholder.

The first step in reform is, then, to increase the responsibility both as regards the criminal and civil law of promoters and directors.

First, men who wish to form a corporation should be compelled to issue a prospectus, signed with their names, giving a full and complete statement about the business to be pursued, the capital to be invested, any existing property to be taken in lieu of money, any property to be acquired of promoters, with its history for the preceding two or three years. This prospectus should be made a matter of public record, and any dishonest statement should be regarded as fraud. It is further recommended that any one in any way concerned with the promotion of a corporation be subject to the principle of unlimited liability for a term of years.

The English and German laws wisely allow a minority of the shareholders, representing a twentieth or a tenth of the property, the right to demand a judicial investigation of the affairs of a corporation when they have reason to suspect fraud or mismanagement. A minority can also call a meeting of shareholders.

There is no reason why the liabilities of the ordinary shareholder should be increased. Practically he has little voice in the control of the corporation. He has already risked enough when he has bought his shares. The case is different with directors, and there is precedent in the banking legislation of the country for making them responsible at all times for double their investments. This is very simple, but how many railway bankruptcies would we have had if this liability had existed in the past?

There is perfect unanimity among those who have studied the subject about publicity. That should be full and complete, as now in the case of national banks. Publicity is one of the main grounds for the justification of the existence of corporations. No one is safe without it. It is a measure for the protection of property.

To supply the place of the moral senti-

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ment in the treatment of labor we should have compulsory arbitration for corporations—not for individual employers or private firms—and compulsory performance of duties, so far as they may be of a public nature, until it could be shown that arbitration had been tried, that its terms had been accepted by the corporation, and refused by labor. The history of labor is a guarantee that this would rarely happen. The incorporation of trades-unions and other labor organizations would increase their responsibility, and would help matters.

Finally, in each State there might be an officer to enforce the laws respecting corporations, such officer having visitorial powers, and occupying a position similar to that of the Comptroller of the Currency with respect to national banks. There might be created a Department of Corporations, with a head to be known as the Comptroller of Corporations.

All that has been said in this paper is designed simply to protect life and property and to promote the public welfare. No confiscation is proposed. The aim of all reforms should be to guard rights, not to invade them, and to create new rights. Not only do rights of capital invested in corporations, and seeking investment in them, need more adequate protection, but the rights of working-men in their only property—their labor power—need a development which they have as yet never received.

BAYOU L'OMBRE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY GRACE KING.

OF course they knew all about war—soldiers, flags, music, generals on horseback brandishing swords, knights in armor escalading walls, cannons booming through clouds of smoke. They were familiarized with it pictorially and by narrative long before the alphabet made its appearance in the nursery with rudimentary accounts of the world they were born into, the simple juvenile world of primary sensations and colors. Their great men, and great women too, were all fighters; the great events of their histories, battles; the great places of their geography, where they were fought (and generally the more bloody the battle, the more glorious the place); while their little chronology—the pink-covered one—stepped briskly over the centuries solely on the names of kings and sanguinary saliencies. Sunday added the sabbatical supplement to week-day lessons, symbolizing religion, concreting sin, incorporating evil, for their better comprehension, putting Jehovah himself in armor, to please their childish faculties—the omnipotent Intervener of the Old Testament, for whom they waved banners, sang hymns, and by the brevet title "little *soldiers* of the cross" felt committed as by baptism to an attitude of expectant hostility. Mademoiselle Couper, their governess, eased the cross-stitching in their samplers during the evenings, after supper, with traditions of "le grand Napoleon," in whose army her grandfather was a terrible and distinguished officer, le Capitaine Césaire Paul Picquet de Montignac; and although Mademoiselle Couper was most unlovable and exacting at times, and very homely, such were their powers of sympathetic enthusiasm even then that they often went to bed envious of the possessor of so glorious an ancestor, and dreamed fairy tales of him whose gray hair, enshrined in a brooch, reposed comfortably under the folds of mademoiselle's fat chin—the hair that Napoleon had looked upon!

When a war broke out in their own country they could hardly credit their good fortune; that is, Christine and Régina, for Lolotte was still a baby. A wonderful panorama was suddenly unfolded before them. It was their first intimation of the identity of the world they lived in with the world they learned about, their first perception of the existence of an entirely novel sentiment in their hearts—patriotism, the "*amour sacré de la patrie*," over which they had seen mademoiselle shed tears as copiously as her grandfather had blood. It made them and all their little companions feel very proud, this war; but it gave them a heavy sense of responsibility, turning their youthful precocity incontinently away from books,

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slates, and pianos toward the martial considerations that befitted the hour. State rights, Federal limits, monitors and fortresses, proclamations, Presidents, recognitions, and declarations, they acquired them all with facility, taxing, as in other lessons, their tongue to repeat the unintelligible on trust for future intelligence. As their father fired his huge after-dinner bombs, so they shot their diminutive ammunition; as he lighted brands in the great conflagration, they lighted tapers; and the two contending Presidents themselves did not get on their knees with more fervor before their colossal sphinxes than these little girls did before their doll-baby presentment of "Country." It was very hard to realize at times that histories and story-books and poetry would indeed be written about them; that little flags would mark battles all over the map of their country—the country Mademoiselle Couper despised as so hopelessly, warlessly insignificant; that men would do great things and women say them, teachers and copy-books reiterate them, and children learn them, just as they did of the Greeks and Romans, the English and French. The great advantage was having God on their side, as the children of Israel had; the next best thing was having the finest country, the most noble men, and the bravest soldiers. The only fear was that the enemy would be beaten too easily, and the war cease too soon to be glorious; for, characteristic of their sex, they demanded nothing less than that their war should be the longest, bloodiest, and most glorious of all wars ever heard of, in comparison with which even "le grand Napoleon" and his Capitaine Picquet would be effaced from memory. For this were exercised their first attempts at extempore prayer. God, the dispenser of inexhaustible supplies of munitions of war, became quite a different power, a nearer and dearer personality, than "Our Father," the giver of simple daily bread, and He did not lack reminding of the existence of the young Confederacy, nor of the hearsay exigencies they gathered from the dinner-table talk.

Titine was about thirteen, Gina twelve, and Lolotte barely eight years old, when this, to them, happy break in their lives occurred. It was easily comprehensible to them that their city should be captured, and that to escape that grim ultimatum of Mademoiselle Couper, "*passées au fil de l'épée*," they should be bundled up very hurriedly one night, carried out of their home, and journey in troublesome roundabout ways to the plantation on Bayou l'Ombre.

That was all four years ago. School and play and city life, dolls and fêtes and Santa Claus, had become the property of memory. Peace hovered in the obscurity which once enveloped war, while "'61," "'62," "'63," "'64," filled immeasurable spaces in their short past. Four times had Christine and Régina changed the date in their diaries—the last token of remembrance from Mademoiselle Couper—altering the numerals with naïve solemnity, as if under the direction of the Almighty himself, closing with conventional ceremony the record of the lived-out twelve months, opening with appropriate aspirations the year to come. The laboriously careful chronicle that followed was not, however, of the growth of their bodies advancing by inches, nor the expansion of their minds, nor of the vague forms that began to people the shadow-land of their sixteen and seventeen year old hearts. Their own budding and leafing and growing was as unnoted as that of the trees and weeds about them. The progress of the war, the growth of their hatred of the enemy, the expansion of the "*amour sacré*" germ—these were the confidences that filled the neatly stitched foolscap volumes. If on comparison one sister was found to have been happier in the rendition of the common sentiment, the coveted fervor and eloquence were plagiarized or imitated the next day, a generous emulation thus keeping the original flame not only alight, but burning; while from assimilating each other's sentiments the two girls grew with identity of purpose into identity of mind, and effaced the slight difference of age between them.

Little Lolotte responded as well as she could to the enthusiastic exactions of her sisters. She gave her rag dolls patriotic names, obediently hated and loved as they required, and learned to recite all the war songs procurable, even to the teeming quantities of the stirring "Men of the South, our foes are up!" But as long as the squirrels gambolled on the fences, the blackbirds flocked in the fields, and the ditches filled with fish; as long as the seasons imported such constant variety of attractions—persimmons, dewberries, blackberries, acorns, wild plums, grapes, and muscadines; as long as the cows had

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calves, the dogs puppies, the hogs pigs, and the quarters new babies to be named; as long as the exasperating negro children needed daily subjugation, regulation, and discipline—the day's measure was too well filled and the night's slumber too short to admit of her carrying on a very vigorous warfare for a country so far away from Bayou l'Ombre—a country whose grievances she could not understand.

But—there were no soldiers, flags, music, parades, battles, or sieges. This war was altogether distinct from the wars contained in books or in Mademoiselle Couper's memory. There was an absence of the simplest requirements of war. They kept awaiting the familiar events for which they had been prepared; but after four years the only shots fired on Bayou l'Ombre were at game in the forest, the only blood shed was from the tottering herds of Texas beeves driven across the swamps to them, barely escaping by timely butchery the starvation they came to relieve, and the only heroism they had been called upon to display was still going to bed in the dark. Indeed, were it not that they knew there was a war they might have supposed that some malignant fairy had transported them from a state of wealth and luxury to the condition of those miserable Hathorns, the pariahs of their childhood, who lived just around the corner from them in the city, with whom they had never been allowed to associate. If they had not so industriously fostered the proper feelings in their hearts, they might almost have forgotten it, or, like Lolotte, been diverted by the generous overtures of nature all around them. But they kept on reminding each other that it was not the degrading want of money, as in the Hathorns' case, that forced them to live on salt meat, corn-bread, and sassafras tea, to dress like the negro women in the quarters, that deprived them of education and society, and imprisoned them in a swamp-encircled plantation, the prey of chills and fever; but it was for love of country, and being little women now, they loved her more, the more they suffered for her. Disillusion might have supervened to disappointment and bitterness have quenched hope, experience might at last have sharpened their vision, but for the imagination, that ethereal parasite which fattens on the stagnant forces of youth and garnishes with tropical luxuriance the abnormal source of its nourishment. Soaring aloft, above the prosaic actualities of the present, beyond the rebutting evidence of earth, was a fanciful stage where the drama of war such as they craved was unfolded; where neither homespun, starvation, overflows, nor illness were allowed to enter; where the heroes and heroines they loved acted rôles in all the conventional glitter of costume and conduct, amid the dazzling pomps and circumstances immortalized in history and romance. Their hearts would bound and leap after the phantasms, like babes in nurses' arms after the moon, and would almost burst with longing, their ripe little hearts, Pandora-boxes packed with passions and pleasures for a lifetime, ready to spring open at a touch! On moonlit nights in summer, or under the low gray clouds of winter days, the yearning in their breasts was like that of hunting dogs howling for the unseen game. Sometimes a rumor of a battle "out in the Confederacy" would find its way across the swamps to them, and months afterward a newspaper would be thrown from a passing skiff to them; some old, useless, tattered, disreputable, journalistic tramp, garrulous with mendacities; but it was all true to them, if to no one else in the world—the factitious triumphs, the lurid glories, the pyrotechnical promises, prophecies, calculations, and Victory with the laurel wreath always in the future, never out of sight for an instant. They would con the fraudulent evangel, entranced; their eyes would sparkle, the blood color their cheeks, their voices vibrate, and a strange strength excite and nerve their bodies. Then would follow wakeful nights and restless days; Black Margarets, Jeanne d'Arcs, Maids of Saragossa, Katherine Douglases, Charlotte Cordays, would haunt them like the goblins of a delirium; then their prayers would become imperious demands upon Heaven, their diaries would almost break into spontaneous combustion from the incendiary material enmagazined in their pages, and the South would have conquered the world then and there could their hands but have pointed the guns and their hearts but have recruited the armies. They would with mingled pride and envy read all the names, barely decipherable in the travel-stained record, from the President and Generals in big print to the diminishing insignificance of smallest-type

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privates; and they would shed tears, when the reaction would come a few days later, at the thought that in the whole area of typography, from the officers gaining immortality to the privates losing lives, there was not one name belonging to them; and they would ask why, of all the families in the South, precisely their father and mother should have no relations, why, of all the women in the South, they should be brotherless.

There was Beau, a too notorious guerilla captain;—but what glory was to be won by raiding towns, wrecking trains, plundering transports, capturing couriers, disobeying orders, defying regulations? He was almost as obnoxious to his own as to the enemy's flag.

Besides, Beau at most was only a kind of a cousin, the son of a deceased step-sister of their father's; the most they could expect from him was to keep his undisciplined crew of "'Cadians," Indians, and swampers away from Bayou l'Ombre.

"Ah, if we were only men!" But no! They who could grip daggers and shed blood, they who teemed with all the possibilities of romance or poetry, they were selected for a passive paltry contest against their own necessities, the endurance that would have laughed a siege to scorn ebbing away in a never-ceasing wrangle with fever and ague—willow-bark tea at odds with a malarious swamp!

It was now early summer; the foliage of spring was lusty and strong, fast outgrowing tenderness and delicacy of shade, with hints of maturity already swelling the shape. The day was cloudless and warm, the dinner hour was long past, and supper still far off. There were no appetizing varieties of *menu* to make meals objects of pleasant anticipation; on the contrary, they had become mournful effigies of a convivial institution of which they served at most to recall the hours, monotonously measuring off the recurring days like unlettered mile-posts in a desert, with no information to give except of transition. To-day the meal-times were so far apart as to make one believe that the sun had given up all forward motion, and intended prolonging the present into eternity. The plantation was quiet and still; not the dewy hush of early dawn trembling before the rising sun, nor the mysterious muteness of midnight, nor yet the lethargic dulness of summer when the vertical sun-rays pin sense and motion to the earth. It was the motionless, voiceless state of unnatural quietude, the oppressive consciousness of abstracted activity, which characterized those days when the whole force of Bayou l'Ombre went off into the swamps to cut timber. Days that began shortly after one midnight and lasted to the other; rare days, when neither horn nor bell was heard for summons; when not a skiff, flat-boat, nor pirogue was left at the "gunnels";* when old Uncle John alone remained to represent both master and men in the cares and responsibilities devolving upon his sex. The bayou lived and moved as usual, and carried its deceptive depths of brackish water unceasingly onward through the shadow and sunshine, rippling over the opposite low, soft banks, which seemed slowly sinking out of sight under the weight of the huge cypress-trees growing upon it. The long stretch of untilled fields back of the house, feebly kept in symmetrical proportion by crumbling fences, bared their rigid, seedless furrows in despairing barrenness to the sun, except in corner spots where a rank growth of weeds had inaugurated a reclamation in favor of barbarism. The sugar-house, superannuated and decrepit from unwholesome idleness, tottered against its own massive, smokeless chimney; the surrounding sheds, stables, and smithy looked forsaken and neglected; the old blind mule peacefully slept in the shade of his once flagellated course under the corn-mill. Afar off against the woods the huge wheel of the draining-machine rose from the underbrush in the big ditch. The patient buzzards, roosting on the branches of the gaunt, blasted gum-tree by the bayou, raised their heads from time to time to question the loitering sun, or, slowly flapping their heavy wings, circled up into the blue sky, to fall again in lazy spirals to their watch-tower, or they took short flights by twos and threes over the moribund plantation to see if dissolution had not yet set in, and then all settled themselves again to brood and sleep and dream, and wait in tranquil certainty the striking of their banqueting hour.

The three girls were in the open hallway of the plantation house, Christine reading, Régina knitting, both listlessly occupied. Like everything else, they were passively quiet, and, like everything

* "Gunnels," floating wharf.

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else, their appearance advertised an unwholesome lack of vitality, an insidious anamorphosis from an unexplained dearth or constraint. Their meagre maturity and scant development clashed abnormally with the surrounding prodigality of insensible nature. Though tall, they were thin; they were fair, but sallow; their gentle deep eyes were reproachful and deprived-looking. If their secluded hearts ventured even in thought toward the plumings natural to their age, their coarse, homely, ill-fitting garments anathematized any coquettish effort or naïve expression of a desire to find favor. Like the fields, they seemed hesitating on the backward path from cultivation. Lolotte stood before the cherry-wood armoire that held the hunting and fishing tackle, the wholesome receptacle of useful odds and ends. Not old enough to have come into the war with preconceptions, Lolotte had no reconciliations or compromises to effect between the ideal and the real, no compensations to solicit from an obliging imagination, which so far never rose beyond the possibilities of perch, blackbirds, and turtle eggs. The first of these occupied her thoughts at the present moment. She had made a tryst with the negro children at the draining-machine this afternoon. If she could, unperceived, abstract enough tackle from the armoire for the crowd, and if they could slip away from the quarters, and she evade the surveillance of Uncle John, there would be a diminished number of "brim" and "goggle-eye" in the ditch out yonder, and such a notable addition to the plantation supper to-night as would crown the exploit a success, and establish for herself a reputation above all annoying recollections of recent mishaps and failures. As she tied the hooks on to the lines she saw herself surrounded by the acclaiming infantile populace, pulling the struggling perch up one after the other; she saw them strung on palmetto thongs, long strings of them; she walked home at the head of her procession; heard Peggy's exclamations of surprise, smelt them frying, and finally was sitting at the table, a plate of bones before her, the radiant hostess of an imperial feast.

"Listen!" Like wood-ducks from under the water, the three heads rose simultaneously above their abstractions. "Rowlock! Rowlock!" The eyes might become dull, the tongue inert, and the heart languid on Bayou l'Ombre, but the ears were ever assiduous, ever on duty. Quivering and nervous, they listened even through sleep for that one blessed echo, the signal from another and a distant world. Faint, shadowy, delusive, the whispering forerunner of on-coming news, it overrode the rippling of the current, the hooting of the owls, the barking of dogs, the splash of the gar-fish, the grunting of the alligator, the croaking of frogs, penetrating all turmoil, silencing all other sounds. "Rowlock! Rowlock!" Slow, deliberate, hard, and strenuous, coming up-stream; easy, soft, and musical, gliding down. "Rowlock! Rowlock!" Every stroke a very universe of hope, every oar frothing a sea of expectation! Was it the bayou or the secret stream of their longing that suggested the sound to-day? "Rowlock! Rowlock!" The smouldering glances brightened in their eyes, they hollowed their hands behind their ears and held their breath for greater surety. "Rowlock! Rowlock!" In clear, distinct reiteration. It resolved the moment of doubt.

"Can it be papa coming back?"

"No; it's against stream."

"It must be swampers."

"Or hunters, perhaps."

"Or Indians from the mound."

"Indians in a skiff?"

"Well, they sometimes come in a skiff."

The contingencies were soon exhausted, a cut-off leading travellers far around Bayou l'Ombre, whose snaggy, rafted, convoluted course was by universal avoidance relegated to an isolation almost insulting. The girls quit their places and advanced to the edge of the gallery, then out under the trees, then to the levee, then to the "gunnels," where they stretched their long, thin, white necks out of their blue and brown check gowns, and shaded their eyes and gazed down-stream for the first glimpse of the skiff, their patience which had lasted months fretting now over the delay of a few moments.

"At last we shall get some news again."

"If they only leave a newspaper!"

"Or a letter," said Lolotte.

"A letter! From whom?"

"Ah, that's it!"

"What a pity papa isn't here!"

"Lolotte, don't shake the gunnels so; you are wetting our feet."

"How long is it since the last one passed?"

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"I can tell you," said Lolotte—"I can tell you exactly: it was the day Lou Ann fell in the bayou and nearly got drowned."

"You mean when you both fell in."

"I didn't fall in at all; I held on to the pirogue."

The weeping-willow on the point below veiled the view; stretching straight out from the bank, it dropped its shock of long green pliant branches into the water, titillating and dimpling the surface. The rising bayou bore a freight of logs and drift from the swamps above; rudely pushing their way through the willow boughs, they tore and bruised the fragile tendrils that clung to the rough bark, scattering the tiny leaves to follow hopelessly in their wake or dance up and down in the hollow eddies. Each time the willow screen moved, the gunnels swayed under the forward motion of the eager bodies.

"At last!"

They turned their eyes to the shaft of sunlight that fell through the plantation clearing, bridging the stream. The skiff touched, entered, and passed through it with a marvellous revelation of form and color, the oars silvering and dripping diamonds, arrows and lances of light scintillating from polished steel, golden stars rising like dust from tassels, cordons, buttons, and epaulets, while the blue clouds themselves seemed to have fallen from their empyrean heights to uniform the rowers with their own celestial hue—blue, not gray!

"Rowlock! Rowlock!" What loud, frightful, threatening reverberations! And the bayou flowed on the same, and the cypress-trees gazed stolidly and steadfastly up to the heavens, and the heavens were serenely blue and white! But the earth was sympathetic, the ground shook and swayed under their feet; or was it the rush of thoughts that made their heads so giddy? They tried to arrest one and hold it for guidance, but on they sped, leaving only wild confusion of conjecture behind.

"Rowlock! Rowlock!" The rudder headed the bow for the gunnels.

"Titine! Gina! Will they kill us all?" whispered Lolotte, with anxious horror.

The agile Lou Ann, Lolotte's most efficient coadjutor and Uncle John's most successful tormentor, dropped her bundle of fishing poles (which he had carefully spread on his roof to dry), and while they rolled and rattled over the dry shingles she scrambled with inconceivable haste to her corner of descent. Holding to the eaves while her excited black feet searched and found the top of the window, she dropped into the ash-hopper. Without pausing, as usual, to efface betraying evidences of her enterprise from her person, or to cover her tracks in the wet ashes, she jumped to the ground, and ignoring all secreting offers of bush, fence, or ditch, contrary to her custom, she ran with all the speed of her thin legs down the shortest road to the quarters. They were, as she knew, deserted. The doors of the cabins were all shut, with logs of wood or chairs propped against them. The chickens and dogs were making free of the galleries, and the hogs wallowed in peaceful immunity underneath. A waking baby from a lonely imprisoned cradle sent cries for relief through an open window. Lou Ann, looking neither to the right nor the left, slackened not her steps, but passed straight on through the little avenue to the great white-oak which stood just outside the levee on the bank of the bayou.

Under the wide-spreading, moss-hung branches, on the broad flat slope, a grand general washing of the clothes of the small community was in busy progress, a proper feminine consecration of this purely feminine day. The daily irksome routine was broken, the men were all away, the sun was bright and warm, the air soft and sweet, the vague recesses of the opposite forest were dim and silent, the bayou played under the gunnels in caressing modulations; all permitted the hearkening and the yielding to a debonair mood, and harmonized the disregard of concealment, the license of pose, the freedom of limb, the hilarity, the conviviality, the confidences, indiscretions, and audacities of tongue, the joyous indulgence in freak and impulse, the relaxation of unfriendliness, the banishment of thought, the return for one brief moment to the wild, sweet ways of nature, to the festal days of the golden age (a short return for them), as if the body still had claims, and the mind concessions, and the heart owed no allegiance, as if god and satyr eyes still peeped and glistened from leafy covert on their midsummer gambols. Their skirts were girt high around their broad full hips, their dark arms and necks came

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naked out of their low, sleeveless, white chemise bodies, and glistened with perspiration in the sun as if frosted with silver. Little clouds of steam rose from the kettles standing over heaps of burning chips. The splay-legged battling-boards fastened themselves firmer and firmer into the earth under the blows of the bats, pounding and thumping, squirting the warm suds in all directions, up into the laughing faces, down into the panting bosoms, against the shortened, clinging skirts, over the bare legs, trickling in frothy runnels over the soft red clay corrugated with innumerable toe-prints, and standing in pools everywhere. Out upon the gunnels the water swished and foamed under the vigorous movements of the rinsers, endlessly bending and raising their flexible muscular bodies, burying their arms to the shoulders in the cool green depths, piling higher and higher their heaps of tightly wrung clothes. The evenly filled pails sat with the ease of coronets on the heads of the water-carriers passing up and down the narrow, slippery plankway. The children, under compulsion of continuous threats and occasional chastisement, fed the fire with chips from distant wood-piles, squabbling for the possession of the one cane-knife to split kindlers, imitating the noise and echoing with absurd fidelity the full-throated laughter that interrupted from time to time the work around the wash-kettles. High above the slop and tumult sat old Aunt Mary, the official sick-nurse of the plantation, commonly credited with conjuring powers. She held a corn-cob pipe between her yellow protruding teeth, and her little restless eyes travelled inquisitively from person to person as if in quest of professional information, twinkling with amusement at notable efforts of wit, and with malice at the general discomfiture expressed under their gaze. Heelen sat near, nursing her baby. She had taken off her kerchief, and leaned her uncovered head back against the trunk of the tree; the long wisps of wool, tightly wrapped in white knitting cotton, rose from irregular sections all over her elongated narrow skull, and encircled her wrinkled, nervous, toothless face like some ghastly serpentine chevelure.

"De Yankees! de Yankees! I seed 'em—at de big house! Little mistus she come for Uncle John. He fotch his gun—for to shoot 'em."

Lou Ann struggled to make her exhausted breath carry all her tidings. After each item she closed her mouth and swallowed violently, working her muscles until her little horns of hair rose and moved with the contortions of her face.

"An' dey locked a passel o' men up in de smoke-house—Cornfedrits."

The bats paused in the air, the women on the gunnels lifted their arms out of the water, those on the gang-plank stopped where they were; only the kettles simmered on audibly.

Lou Ann recommenced, this time finishing in one breath, with the added emphasis of raising her arm and pointing in the direction from whence she came, her voice getting shriller and shriller to the end:

"I seed 'em. Dey was Yankees. Little mistus she come for Uncle John; he fotched his gun for to shoot 'em; and dey locked a passel o' men up in de smoke-house—Cornfedrits."

The Yankees! What did it mean to them? How much from the world outside had penetrated the unlettered fastnesses of their ignorance? What did the war mean to them? Had Bayou l'Ombre indeed isolated both mind and body? Had the subtle time-spirit itself been diverted from them by the cut-off? Could their rude minds draw no inferences from the gradual loosening of authority and relaxing of discipline? Did they neither guess nor divine their share in the shock of battle out there? Could their ghost-seeing eyes not discern the martyr-spirits rising from two opposing armies, pointing at, beckoning to them? If, indeed, the watershed of their destiny was forming without their knowledge as without their assistance, could not maternal instinct spell it out of the heart-throbs pulsing into life under their bosoms, or read from the dumb faces of the children at their breast the triumphant secret of superiority over others born and nourished before them?

Had they, indeed, no gratifications beyond the physical, no yearnings, no secret burden of a secret prayer to God, these bonded wives and mothers? Was this careless, happy, indolent existence genuine, or only a fool's motley to disguise a tragedy of suffering? What to them was the difference between themselves and their mistresses?—their skin, that opaque black skin which hid so well the secrets of life, which could feel but not own the blush of shame, the pallor of weakness?

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If their husbands had brought only rum from their stealthy midnight excursions to distant towns, how could the child repeat it so glibly—"Yankees—Cornfedrits"? They stood still and silent, but their eyes began to creep around furtively, as if seeking degrees of complicity in a common guilt, each waiting for the other to confess comprehension, to assume the responsibility of knowledge.

The clear-headed children, profiting by the distraction of attention from them, stole away for their fishing engagement, leaving cane-knife and chips scattered on the ground behind them. The bayou seemed to rise in murmuring louder and louder; the cries of the forsaken baby, clamorous and hoarse, fell distinctly on the air.

"My Gord A'mighty!"

The exclamation was uncompromising; it relieved the tension and encouraged rejoinder.

"My Lord!—humph!"

One bat slowly and deliberately began to beat again—Black Maria's. Her tall, straight back was to them, but, as if they saw it, they knew that her face was settling into that cold, stern rigidity, the keen eyes beginning to glisten, the long, thin nostrils nervously to twitch, the lips to open over her fine white teeth—the expression they hated and feared.

"O-h! o-h! o-h!"

A long, thin, tremulous vibration, a weird, haunting note: what inspiration suggested it?

"Glo-o-ry!"

Old Aunt Mary nodded her knowing head affirmatively, as if at the fulfilment of a silent prophecy. She quietly shook the ashes out of her pipe, hunted her pocket, put it in, and rising stiffly from the root, hobbled away on her stick in the direction of her cabin.

"Glo-o-ry!"

Dead-arm Harriet stood before them, with her back to the bayou, her right arm hanging heavy at her side, her left extended, the finger pointing to the sky. A shapely arm and tapering finger; a comely, sleek, half-nude body; the moist lips, with burning red linings, barely parting to emit the sound they must have culled in uncanny practices. The heavy lids drooped over the large sleepy eyes, looking with languid passion from behind the thick black lashes.

"Glo-o-ry!" Stripping their very nerves and baring secret places of sensation! The "happy" cry of revival meetings, as if midnight were coming on, salvation and the mourners' bench before them, Judgment-day and fiery flames behind them, and "Sister Harriet" raising her voice to call them on, on, through hand-clapping, foot-stamping, shouting, groaning, screaming, out of their sins, out of their senses, to rave in religious inebriation, and fall in religious catalepsy across the floor at the preacher's feet. With a wild rush, their hesitating emotions sought the opportune outlet, their hungry blood bounding and leaping for the mid-day orgy. Obediently their bodies began the imperceptible motion right and left, and the veins in their throat swelled and stood out under their skins, while the short, fierce, intense responsive exclamations fell to relieve their own and increase the exaltation of the others.

"Sweet Christ! sweet Christ!"

"Take me, Saviour!"

"Oh, de Lamb! de Lamb!"

"I'm a-coming! I'm a-coming!"

"Hold back, Satan! we's a-catching on!"

"De blood's a-dripping! de blood's a-dripping!"

"Let me kiss dat cross! let me kiss it!"

"Sweet Master!"

"Glo-o-ry! Fre-e-dom!" It was a whisper, but it came like a crash, and transfixed them; their mouths stood open with the last words, their bodies remained bent to one side or the other, the febrile light in their eyes burning as if from their blood on fire. They could all remember the day when Dead-arm Harriet, the worst worker and most violent tongue of the gang, stood in the clearing, and raising that dead right arm over her head, cursed the overseer riding away in the distance. The wind had been blowing all day; there was a loud crack above them, and a limb from a deadened tree broke, sailed, poised, and fell crashing on her shoulder, and deadened her arm forever. They looked instinctively with a start to the oak above them, to the sky; only moss and leaves and blue and white clouds. And still the words fell, now faster, louder, bolder, more determined, whipping them out of their awe, driving them on again down the incline of their own passions.

"Glory! Freedom! Freedom! Glory!"

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"I'm bound to see 'em! Come along!"

Heelen's wild scream rang shrill and hysterical. She jerked her breast from the sucking lips, and dropped her baby with a thud on the ground. They all followed her up the levee, pressing one after the other, slipping in the wet clay, struggling each one not to be left behind. Emmeline, the wife of little Ben, the only yellow woman on the place, was the last. Her skirt was held in a grip of iron; blinded, obtuse, she pulled forward, reaching her arms out after the others.

"You stay here!"

She turned and met the determined black face of her mother-in-law.

"You let me go!" she cried, half sobbing, half angry.

"You stay here, I tell you!" The words were muttered through clinched teeth.

"You let me go, I tell you!"

"Glory! Freedom!"

The others had already left the quarters, and were on the road. They two were alone on the bank now, except Heelen's baby, whimpering under the tree; their blazing eyes glared at each other. The singing voices grew fainter and fainter. Suddenly the yellow face grew dark with the surge of blood underneath, the brows wrinkled, and the lips protruded in a grimace of animal rage. Grasping her wet bat tightly with both hands, she turned with a furious bound, and raised it with all the force of her short muscular arms. The black woman darted to the ground; the cane-knife flashed in the air and came down pitilessly toward the soft fleshy shoulder. A wild, terrified scream burst from Emmeline's lips; the bat dropped; seizing her skirt with both hands, she pulled forward, straining her back out of reach of the knife; the homespun tore, and she fled up the bank, her yellow limbs gleaming through the rent left by the fragment in the hand of the black woman.

They were so young, so handsome, so heroic, the very incarnation of the holy spirit of patriotism in their pathetic uniform of brimless caps, ragged jackets, toeless shoes, and shrunken trousers—a veteran equipment of wretchedness out of keeping with their fresh young faces. How proud and unsubdued they walked through the hall between the file of bayonets! With what haughty, defiant eyes they returned the gaze of their insultingly resplendent conquerors! Oh, if souls had been merchantable at that moment! Their hands tied behind their backs like runaway slaves! Locked up in the smoke-house! that dark, rancid, gloomy, mouldy depot of empty hogsheads, barrels, boxes, and fetid exhalations.

They were the first soldiers in gray the girls had ever seen; their own chivalrous knights, the champions of their radiant country. What was the story of their calamity? Treacherously entrapped? Overpowered by numbers? Where were their companions?—staring with mute, cold, upturned faces from pools of blood? And were these to be led helplessly tethered into captivity, imprisoned, with ball and chain to gangrene and disgrace their strong young limbs, or solitary confinement to starve their hearts and craze their minds, with death in a thousand loathsome, creeping shapes ever threatening them?

The smoke-house looked sinister and inimical after its sudden promotion from keeper of food to keeper of men. The great square whitewashed logs seemed to settle more ponderously on the ground around them, the pointed roof to press down as if the air of heaven were an emissary to be dreaded; the hinges and locks were so ostentatiously massive and incorruptible. What artful, what vindictive security to exclude thieves or immure patriots!

They stood against the open armoire, the two eldest girls with their chill fingers interlaced. Beyond the wrinkled back of Uncle John's copperas-dyed coat lay the region of brass buttons and blue cloth and hostility; but they would not look at them; they turned their heads away; the lids of their eyes refused to lift and reveal the repugnant vision to them. If their ears had only been equally sensitive!

"And so you are the uncle of the young ladies? Brother of the father or mother?" The clear, incisive, nasal tones: thank Heaven for the difference in the voice at least!

The captain's left arm was in a sling, but his hand could steadily hold the note-book in which he carefully pencilled Uncle John's answers to his minute cross-examination—a dainty, fragrant, Russia-leather note-book, with monogram and letters and numbers emblazoned on the outside in national colors. It had photographs inside, also, which he would pause and admire from time to time, reading

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the tender dedications aloud to his companions.

"And the lady in the kitchen called mammy? She is the mother, I guess."

"P-p-p-peggy's a nigger, and my mistresses is white," stuttered Uncle John.

"Ah, indeed! Gentlemen in my uniform find it difficult to remember these trifling distinctions of color."

What tawdry pleasantry! What hypocritical courtesy! What exquisite ceremony and dainty manual for murderous dandies!

"Ef-ef-ef-ef I hadn't done gone and forgot dem caps!"

Uncle John stood before his young mistresses erect and determined, his old double-barrel shot-gun firmly clasped in his tremulous hands, his blear, bloodshot eyes fearlessly measuring the foe. If it were to be five hundred lashes on his bare back under the trees out there (terms on which he would gladly have compromised), or, his secret fear, a running noose over one of the branches, or the extravagance of powder and shot, he had made up his mind, despite every penalty, to fulfil his duty and stand by his word to Marse John. Ever since the time the little crawling white boy used to follow the great awkward black boy around like a shadow, John had made a cult of Marse John. He had taught him as a child to fish, hunt, trap birds, to dress skins, knit gloves, and play cards on the sly, to fight cocks on Sunday, to stutter, to cut the "pigeon-wing" equal to any negro in the State, and other personal accomplishment besides. He had stood by him through all his scrapes as a youth, was valet to all his frolics as a young man, and now in his old age he gardened for him, and looked after the young ladies for him, stretching or contracting his elastic moral code as occasion required; but he had never deceived him nor falsified his word to him. He knew all about the war: Marse John had told him. He knew what Marse John meant when he left the children to him, and Marse John knew what to expect from John. He would treat them civilly as long as they were civil, but his gun was loaded, both barrels with bullets, and—

"Ef-ef-ef-ef I hadn't done gone and forgot dem caps!"

There was his powder-horn under one arm, there was his shot-flask filled with the last batch of slugs under the other; but the caps were not in his right-hand coat pocket, they were in his cupboard, hidden for safety under a pile of garden "truck." The busy martins twittered in and out of their little lodge under the eaves of the smoke-house.

Could *they* hear it inside? Could *they* see the sun travelling westward, chink by chink, in the roof? Could they feel it sinking, and with it sinking all their hopes of deliverance? Or did they hope still?

Maidens had mounted donjon towers at midnight, had eluded Argus-eyed sentinels, had drugged savage blood-hounds, had crossed lightning-scarred seas, had traversed robber-infested forests; whatever maidens had done they could do, for could ever men more piteously implore release from castle keep than these gray-clad youths from the smoke-house? Did ever maiden hearts beat more valiantly than theirs? (and did ever maiden limbs tremble more cowardly?) Many a tedious day had been lightened by the rehearsal of just such a drama as this; there had been rôles prepared for every imaginable sanguinary cell, but prevision had overlooked the unexpected. The erstwhile feasible conduct, the erstwhile feasible weapons, of a Jeanne d'Arc or Charlotte Corday, the defiant speeches, the ringing retorts—they were all inappropriate, inadequate, here and now. If God would only help them! but, like the bayou, the cypresses, and the blue sky, He seemed to-day eternally above their insignificant human necessities.

Without the aid of introspection or the fear of capital punishment, Lolotte found it very difficult to maintain the prolonged state of rigidity into which her sisters had frozen themselves. All the alleviations devised during a wearisome experience of compulsory attendance on plantation funerals were exhausted in the course of this protracted, hymnless, prayerless solemnity. She stood wedged in between them and the armoire which displayed all its shelves of allurements to her. There were her bird-traps just within reach; there was the fascinating bag of nux-vomica root—crow poison; there was the little old work-box filled with ammunition, which she was forbidden to touch, and all the big gar-fish lines and harpoons and decoy-ducks. There were her own perch lines, the levy she had raised in favor of her companions; they were neatly rolled, ready to tie on the rods, only needing

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sinkers; and there was the old Indian basket filled with odds and ends, an unfailing treasure of resource and surprise. She was just about searching in it for sinkers when this interruption occurred.

The sky was so bright over the fields! Just the evening to go fishing, whether they caught anything or not. If they would only hurry and go, there might still be time; they would leave, they said, as soon as mammy cooked them something to eat. She had seen mammy chasing a chicken through the yard; she wondered how the nice, fat little round "doodles" were getting on in their tin can under the house; she never had had such a fine box of bait; she wondered if the negro children would go all the same without her; she wondered if she could see them creeping down the road. How easy she could have got away from Uncle John! Anything almost would do for sinkers—bits of iron, nails; they had to do since her father and Uncle John made their last moulding of bullets. She thought they might have left her just one real sinker simply as a matter of distinction between herself and the little darkies. Her eyes kept returning to the Indian basket, and if she stopped twisting her fingers but a moment they would take their way to rummaging among the rusty contents.

"Glory! Freedom!"

In they came, Bacchantes drunk with the fumes of their own hot blood, Dead-arm Harriet leading them like a triumphant sorceress, waving and gesticulating with her one "live" arm, repeating over and over again the potent magical words, oblivious of everything but their own ecstasy—the curious looks of the men, their own exposure, the presence of their mistresses.

"Freedom! Master! Freedom!"

What was the matter with them? What did they mean? What was it all about?

Christine and Régina raised their heads and looked perplexed at the furious women in the yard, and the men gazing down to them.

"Freedom! Freedom!"

The light broke upon them; their fingers tightened in each other's clasp, and their cheeks flushed crimson.

"How dared they? What insolence! What—"

The opposite door stood open; they rushed across the hall and closed it between them and the humiliating scene. This, this they had not thought of, this they had never read about, this their imagination in wildest flights had not ventured upon. This was not a superficial conflict to sweep the earth with cannons and mow it with sabres; this was an earthquake which had rent it asunder, exposing the quivering organs of hidden life. What a chasm was yawning before them! There was no need to listen one to the other; the circumstances could wring from the hearts of millions but one sentiment, the tongue was left no choice of words.

"Let them go! let them be driven out! never, never to see them again!"

The anger of outraged affection, betrayed confidence, abandoned trust, traitorous denial, raged within them.

These were their servants, their possessions! From generation to generation their lives had been woven together by the shuttle of destiny. How flimsy and transparent the fabric! how grotesque and absurd the tapestry, with its vaunted traditions of mutual loyalty and devotion! What a farce, what a lying, disgusting farce it had all been! Well, it was over now; that was a comfort—all over, all ended. If the hearts had intergrown, they were torn apart now. After this there was no return, no reconciliation possible! Through the storm of their emotions a thought drifted, then another; little detached scenes flitted into memory; familiar gestures, speeches, words, one drawing another. Thicker and thicker came little episodes of their pastoral existence together; the counter interchanges of tokens, homely presents, kind offices, loving remembrances; the mutual assistance and consolation in all the accidents of life traversed together, the sicknesses, the births, the deaths; trivial incidents of long, long ago. Memory had not lost one; down to the fresh eggs and the popcorn of that very morning, they were all there, falling on their bruised hearts. In the hearts of the women out there were there only shackles and scourges? The long Sundays of Bible-reading and catechism, the long evenings of woodland tales; the confidences; the half-hours around the open fireplaces when supper was cooking, the potatoes under their hillocks of ashes, the thin-legged ovens of corn-bread with their lids of glowing coals, the savory skillets of fried meat—was it indeed all of the past, never again to be present or future? And those hum-

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ble, truthful, loving eyes, looking at them from every moment of their lives: did they look with greater trust up to God Himself? It was all over, yes, all over! The color had faded from their faces, the scornful resolution left their lips; they laid their faces in their hands and sobbed.

"Do you hear, Titine!" Lolotte burst into the room. "They are all going to leave, every one of them; a transport is coming to-night to take them off. They are going to bundle up their things and wait at the steam-boat landing. And they are not going to take a child, and not a single husband. The captain says the government at Washington will give them the nicest white husbands in the land; that they ought to be glad to marry them. They carried on as if they were drunk. Do you believe it, Titine? Oh, I do wish Jeff Davis would hurry up and win!"

The door opened again; it was Black Maria, still holding the cane-knife in her hand. She crossed the room with her noiseless barefooted tread, and placed herself behind them. They did not expect her to say anything; Black Maria never talked much; but they understood her as they always did.

Her skirts were still tied up, and they saw for the first time that the wool protruding from her disordered head-kerchief was snow-white.

Who was Black Maria? Where did she come from, with her white features and white nature under her ebon skin? What was the mystery that enveloped her? Why did the brain torture itself in surmises about her? Why did she not talk as the others did, and just for a moment uncover that coffin heart of hers? Why was she, alone of all the negroes, still an alien, a foreigner, an exile among them? Was she brooding on disgrace, outrage, revenge? Was she looking at some mirage behind her—a distant equatorial country, a princely rank, barbaric state, some inherited memory transmitted by that other Black Maria, her mother? Who was the secret black father whom no one had discovered? Was it, as the negroes said, the Prince of Darkness? And her own secret consort, the father of Ben? What religion had she to warrant the scornful repudiation of Christianity? What code that enabled her to walk as free through slavery, to assume slavery now when others hailed freedom?

"Look!" Lolotte held up a rusty irregular piece of iron. "I found this in the old Indian basket where I was looking for sinkers. Don't you see what it is? It is the old key of the smoke-house, and I am going to let those Confederates out." She spoke quietly and decidedly. There was something else in the other hand, concealed in the folds of her dress. She produced it reluctantly. It was the gun-wrench that filled so prominent a part in her active life—always coveting it, getting possession of it, being deprived of it, and accused unfailingly for its every absence and misplacement. "You see, it is so convenient; it screws so nicely on to everything," she continued, apologetically, as she demonstrated the useful qualification. "There! it is as good as a handle. All they've got to do is to slip away in the skiff while the others are eating. And I would like to know how they can ever be caught, without another boat on the place! But oh, girls"—her black eyes twinkled maliciously—"what fools the Yankees are!"

If the Federals, as they announced, were only going to remain long enough for the lady in the kitchen to prepare them something to eat, the length of their stay clearly rested in Peggy the cook's hands. She walked around her kitchen with a briskness rarely permitted by her corpulent proportions, and with an intuitive faith in the common nature of man regardless of political opinion, she exerted her culinary skill to the utmost. She knew nothing of the wholesale quarrelling and fighting of a great war, but during her numerous marital experiments, not counting intermittent conjugalities for twenty-five years with Uncle John, she had seen mercy and propitiation flow more than once after a good meal; and a healthy digestion aiding, she never despaired of even the most revengeful. The enemy, in her opinion, were simply to be treated like irate husbands, and were to be offered the best *menu* possible under the trying circumstances; she worked under the inspiration of all the wife-lore of past ages, the infiltrated wisdom of a world of empirical connubiality, that traditionary compendium to women's lives by which they still endeavor to make companionship with men harmonious and the earth a pleasant abiding-place. With minute particularity she set the table and placed the dishes. The sun was sinking, and sending almost horizontal rays over

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the roof of the smoke-house, whose ugly square frame completely blocked the view of the little window. Peggy carefully drew the red calico curtain across it, and after a moment's rehearsal to bring her features to the conventional womanly expression of cheerful obtuseness to existing displeasure, she opened the dining-room door.

Gina and Lolotte stood close against the house under the window, looking at the locked door before them, listening to the sounds falling from the dining-room above. Once in the skiff, they were safe; but the little red curtain fluttering flimsily in the breeze coquetted with their hopes and the lives of three men. If the corners would but stay down a second! Titine and Black Maria were in front, about the skiff. Peggy's success appeared to be complimentary to her judgment. Food alone, however, does not suffice in the critical moments of life; men are half managed when only fed. There was another *menu*, the ingredients of which were not limited or stinted by blockade of war. She had prepared that also; and in addition to the sounds of plates, knives, forks, and glasses came the tones of her rich voice dropping from a quick tongue the *entremets* of her piquant imagination.

"Now! now!" whispered Gina. "We must risk something."

Woman-like, they paused midway and looked back; a hand stretched from the table was carelessly drawing the curtain aside, and the window stared unhindered at the jail.

Why had they waited? Why had they not rushed forward immediately? By this time their soldiers might have been free! They could hear Peggy moving around the table; they could see her bulky form push again and again across the window.

"Mammy! Mammy!"

Could she hear them? They clasped their hands and held their faces up in imploring appeal. The sun was setting fast, almost running down the west to the woods. The dinner, if good, was not long. The transport might even then be churning up the bayou. It all depended upon Peggy now.

"Mammy! Mammy!" They raised their little voices, then lowered them in agony of apprehension. "Mammy, do something! Help us!"

But still she passed on and about, around the table, across the window, blind to the smoke-house, deaf to them, while her easy, familiar voice recited the comical gyrations of "old Frizzly," the half-witted hen, who had first set her heart against being killed and stewed, and ran and hid, and screamed and cackled, and ducked and flew, and then, after her silly head was twisted off, "just danced, as if she were at a ''Cadian' ball, all over the yard."

It would soon be too late. It was too late now.

Black Maria had got the skiff away from the gunnels, but they might just as well give it up.

"Mammy!" A supreme effort of voice and look. The unctuous black face, the red bead ear-rings, the bandanna headkerchief, came out of the window with "old Frizzly's" last dying cackle. There was one flashing wink of the left eye.

They recognized then her "pièce de résistance oratoire"—a side-splitting prank once played upon her by her nursling, her pet, her idol, the plague of her life—Beau.

Who could have heard grating lock or squeaking hinges through the boisterous mirth that followed? Who could have seen the desperate bound of the three imprisoned soldiers for liberty through that screen of sumptuous flesh—the magnificent back that filled to overlapping the insignificant little window?

They did not wait to hear the captain's rapturous toast to Peggy in sassafras tea, nor his voluble protestations of love to her, nor could they see him forget his wounded arm to bring both clinched fists to the table, and then faint dead away.

"I knew it!"

"Just like him!"

"Take him in the air, quick!"

"No, sir! You take him in there, and put him on the best bed in the house." Peggy did not move from the window, but her prompt command turned them from the door in the hall, and her finger directed them to the closed bedchamber.

Without noticing Christine standing by the open window, they dropped their doughty burden, boots, spurs, sword, epaulets, and all, on the fresh white little bed, the feather mattress fluffing up all around as if to submerge him.

"Oh, don't bother about that; cut the sleeve off!"

"Who has a knife?"

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"There."

"That's all right now."

"He's coming round."

"There's one nice coat spoiled."

"Uncle Sam has plenty more."

"Don't let it drip on the bed."

"Save it to send to Washington—trophy—wet with rebel blood."

The captain was evidently recovering.

"You stay here while I keep 'em eating," whispered Peggy, authoritatively, to Christine.

"How could they help seeing the tall form of Black Maria standing in the prow of the boat out in the very middle of the bayou? Suppose she had not been there to close the window quick as thought? Suppose instead of passing through her room she had run through the basement, as she intended, after pushing off the skiff?" Titine trembled as if she had an ague.

Rollicking, careless, noisy, the soldiers went back to their interrupted meal.

"How far was Black Maria now?" She opened the window a tiny crack. "Heavens! how slowly she paddled! lifting the oar deliberately from side to side, looking straight ahead. How clear and distinct she was in the soft evening light! Why did she not hurry? why did she not row? She could have muffled the oars. But no, she never thought of that; that was always the way—always something overlooked and forgotten. They could finish a dozen dinners before she got out of sight at this rate. Without the skiff they might just as well be locked still in the smoke-house. Did he suspect something, seeing her look out this way?" She closed the window tight.

"How dark the room was! She could hardly see him. How quiet he was! Was he sleeping, or had he fainted again? In her bed! her enemy lying in her bed! his head on her pillow, her own little pillow, the feverish confidant of so many sleepless nights! How far were they now? She must peep out again. Why, Maria had not moved! not moved an inch! Oh, if she could only scream to her! if she were only in the skiff!

"How ghastly pale he was! his face as white as the coverlet, his hair and beard so black; how changed without his bravado and impertinence! And he was not old; not older than the boys in gray. She had fancied that age and ugliness alone could go with violence and wrong. How much gold! how much glitter! Why, the sun did not rise with more splendor of equipment. Costumed as if for the conquest of worlds. If they dressed their captains this way, what was the livery of their generals? How curious the sleeveless arm looked! What a horrible mark the gash made right across the soft white skin! What a scar it would leave! What a disfigurement! And this, this is what men call love of country!"

On Saturday nights sometimes, in the quarters, when rum had been smuggled in, the negroes would get to fighting and beating their wives, and her father would be sent for in a hurry to come with his gun and separate them. Hatchets, axes, cane-knives—anything they would seize, and cut and slash each other, husbands, wives, mothers, sons, sisters, brothers; but they were ignorant, uneducated, barbarous, excited; they could not help it; they could not be expected to resist all at once the momentum of centuries of ancestral ferocity. But for white men, gentlemen, thus furiously to mar and disfigure their own mother-given bodies! All the latent maternal instinct in her was roused, all the woman in her revolted against the sacrilegious violence of mutilation. "Love of country to make her childless, or only the mother of invalids! This was one. How many thousands and hundreds of thousands had been slaughtered or crippled? Are men indeed so inexhaustible? Are the pangs of maternity so cheap? Are women's hearts of no account in the settlement of disputes? Oh God! cannot the world get along without war? Even if men want it, even if God permits it, how can the women allow it? If he were a negro, she could do something for his arm. Many a time, early Sunday mornings, they had come to her secretly, and she had washed off the thick gummy blood, and bandaged up their cuts and bruises; they did not show so on black skin.... This man had a mother somewhere among the people she called 'enemies'; a mother sitting counting day by day the continued possession of a live son, growing gray and old before that terrible next minute ever threatening to take her boy and give her a corpse. Or perhaps, like her own, his mother might be dead. They might be friends in that kingdom which the points of the compass neither unite nor divide; together they might be looking down on this quarrelling, fighting

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world; mothers, even though angels, looking, looking through smoke and powder and blood and hatred after their children. Their eyes might be fixed on this lonely little spot, on this room. . . ."

The blood was oozing up through the strips of plaster. She stanched and bathed and soothed the wound as she well knew how with her tender, agile fingers. Maria had disappeared now; she could open the window with impunity. The trackless water was flowing innocently along, the cooling air was rising in mist, the cypress-trees checked the brilliant sky with the filigree and net-work of their bristly foliage. The birds twittered, the chickens loitered and dallied on their way to roost. The expectant dogs were lying on the levee waiting for the swampers, who, they ought to know, could not possibly return before midnight. And Molly was actually on time this evening, lowing for mammy to come and milk her; what was the war to her? How happy and peaceful it all was! What a jarring contrast to swords and bayonets! Thank God that Nature was impartial, and could not be drilled into partisanship! If humanity were like Nature! If—if there had been no war! She paused, shocked at her first doubt; it was like saying, "If there had been no God!"

As she stood at the window and thought, all the brilliant coloring of her romantic fantasies, the stories of childhood, the perversions of education, the self-delusions, all seemed to fade with the waning light, and with the beautiful day sink slowly and quietly into the irrevocable past. "Thank God, above all, that it is a human device to uniform people into friends and enemies; the heart (her own felt so soft and loving)—the heart repudiates the attempt; it still clings to Nature, and belongs only to God." She thought the wound must need tending again, and returned to the bed.

"Was that really he on this foamy bed? What a blotch his camp-battered body made down the centre of it! It was good to be on a bed once more, to look up into a mosquito-bar instead of the boughs of trees, to feel his head on a pillow. But why did they put him there? Why did they not lay him somewhere on the floor, outside on the ground, instead of soiling and crumpling this lily-white surface?"

He could observe her through his half-closed lids, which fell as she approached the bed, and closed tight as she bent above him. When she stood at the window he could look full at her. "How innocent and unsuspecting she looked!" The strained rigidity had passed away from her face. Her transparent, child-like eyes were looking with all their life of expression in the direction of the bed, and then at something passing in her own mind. "Thank heaven, the fright had all gone out of them! How horrible for a gentleman to read fear in the eyes of a woman! Her mind must be as pure and white, yes, and as impressionable too, as her bed. Did his presence lie like a blot upon it also? How she must hate him! how she must loathe him! Would it have been different if he had come in the other uniform—if he had worn the gray? would she then have cared for him, have administered to him? How slight and frail she was! What a wan, wistful little face between him and the gloomy old bayou? He could see her more plainly now since she had opened the window and let in the cool, fragrant air. There was no joyous development of the body in her to proclaim womanhood, none of the seductive, confident beauty that follows coronation of youth; to her had only come the care and anxiety of maturity. "This—this," he exclaimed to himself, "is the way women fight a war." Was she coming this way? Yes. To the bed? Hardly. Now she was pressing against it, now bending over him, now dropping a cooling dew from heaven on his burning arm, and now—oh, why so soon?—she was going away to stand and look out of the window again.

The homely little room was filled with feminine subterfuges for ornament, feminine substitutes for comfort. How simple women are! how little they require, after all! only peace and love and quiet, only the impossible in a masculine world. What was she thinking of? If he could only have seen the expression of her eyes as she bent over him! Suppose he should open his and look straight up at her? but no, he had not the courage to frighten her again. He transplanted her in his mind to other surroundings, her proper surroundings by birthright, gave her in abundance all of which this war had deprived her, presented to her assiduous courtiers, not reckless soldiers like himself, but men whom peace had guided in the lofty sphere of intellectual pursuits. He held before her the sweet invitations

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of youth, the consummations of life. He made her smile, laugh.

"Ah!"—he turned his face against the pillow—"had that sad face ever laughed? Could any woman laugh during a war? Could any triumph, however glorious, atone for battles that gave men death, but left the women to live? This was only one; how many, wan and silent as she, were looking at this sunset—the sunset not of a day, but a life? When it was all over, who was to make restitution to them? Was any cost too great to repurchase for them simply the privilege of hoping again? What an endless chain of accusing thoughts! What a miserable conviction tearing his heart! If he could get on his knees to her, if he could kiss her feet, if he could beg pardon in the dust—he, a man for all men, of her, a woman for all women. If he could make her his country, not to fight, but to work for, it...."

Impulsive, thoughtless, hot-headed, he forgot again the wounded arm. With both hands he stayed her frightened start; he saw the expression of her eyes bending over him.

"Can you forgive me? It is a heartless, cowardly trick! I am not a Yankee; I am Beau, your cousin, the guerilla."

The escaped soldiers ran like deer between the furrows of Uncle John's vegetable garden, where the waving corn leaves could screen them; then out to the bank of the bayou—not on the levee, but close against the fence—snagging their clothes and scratching their faces and hands on the cuckle-burrs; Lolotte in front, with a stick in her hand, beating the bushes for snakes, calling, directing, animating, in whisper; Régina in the rear, urging, pressing, sustaining the soldier lagging behind, but painfully striving with stiffened limbs to keep up with the pace of his older, more vigorous companions. Ahead of them Black Maria was steadily keeping the skiff out in the current. The bayou narrowed and grew dark as it entered between the banks of serried cypress-trees, where night had already fallen.

Régina looked hurriedly over her shoulder. "Had they found out yet? How slowly they ran! How long it took to get to the woods! Oh, they would have time over and over again to finish their dinner and catch them. Perhaps at this very moment, as she was thinking of it, a forgotten article in the skiff was betraying them! Perhaps a gun might even now be pointing down their path! Well, then, now! the bullet could start and the report come too late to warn them." From the little cottage under the trees the curtains fluttered, but no smooth-bore nor sharpened bayonet was visible.

She met his face, looking back also, but not for guns—for her. "If it had been different! If he had been a visitor, come to stay; days and evenings to be passed together!" The thought lifting the sulphurous war-clouds from her heart, primitive idyls burst into instantaneous fragrant bloom in it like spring violets. He was not only the first soldier in gray she had ever seen, but the first young man; or it seemed so to her.

"How near they were still to the house! how plainly they could yet be seen! He would be shot straight through the back, the gray jacket getting one stain, one bullet-hole, more, the country one soldier less. Would they shoot through a woman at him? Would they be able to separate them if she ran close behind him, moving this way and that way, exactly as he did? If she saw them in time she could warn him; he could lie flat down in the grass; then it would be impossible to hit him."

Increasing and narrowing the space between them at the behest of each succeeding contradictory thought, turning her head again and again to the house behind her, she lost speed. Lolotte and the two men had already entered the forest before she reached it. Coming from the fields, the swamps seemed midnight dark. They groped their way along, hand in hand, tripped by the slimy cypress knees that rose like evil gnomes to beset and entangle their feet, slipping over rolling logs, sinking in stagnant mire, noosed by the coils of heavy vines that dropped from unseen branches overhead. Invisible wings of startled birds flapped above them, the croaking of frogs ebbed and flowed around them, owls shrieked and screamed from side to side of the bayou. Lolotte had ceased her beating; swamp serpents are too sluggish to be frightened away. Their eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, could discern Black Maria turning the skiff to a half-submerged log, from which they could hear a turtle drop as if ballasted with lead. A giant cypress-tree arrested them; the smooth, fluted trunk, ringed higher and higher with

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whitish water-marks, recorded floods far over their heads; where they were scrambling once swam fish and serpents. He turned and faced her, the deliverer, whose manœuvres had not escaped him.

She had saved him from imprisonment, insult, perhaps death—the only heir of a heroic father, the only son of a widowed mother; she had restored him to a precious heritage of love and honor, replaced him in the interrupted ambitious career of patriotic duty; she had exposed her life for him—she was beautiful. She stood before him, panting, tremulous, ardent, with dumb, open red lips, and voluble, passionate eyes, and with a long scratch in her white cheek from which the blood trickled. She had much to say to him; but how in one moment express four years—four long years—and the last long minutes. The words were all there, had been rushing to her lips all day; her lips were parted; but the eager, overcrowded throng were jammed on the threshold; and her heart beat so in her ears! He could not talk either; he could not explain. His companions were already in the boat, his enemies still in gunshot. He bent his face to hers in the dim light to learn by heart the features he must never forget—closer, closer, learning, knowing more and more, with the eager precocity of youth.

Bellona might have flown disgusted away with the wings of an owl, Columbia might have nodded as knowingly as old Aunt Mary, when the hearts, learning and knowing, brought the faces closer and closer together, until the lips touched.

"I shall come again; I shall come again. Wait for me. Surely I shall come again."

"Yes! Yes!"

Black Maria pushed the skiff off. "Rowlock! Rowlock!" They were safe and away.

Uncle John, with the daring of desperation, advanced, unarmed as he was, to the vociferous group standing around the empty gunnels.

"I-I-I-I don't keer ef you is de-de-de President o' de United States hisself, I ain't gwine to allow no such cussin' and swearin' in de hearin' o' de-de-de young ladies. Marse John he-he-he don't allow it, and when Marse John ain't here I-I-I don't allow it."

His remonstrance and heroic attitude had very little effect, for the loud talk went on, and chiefly by ejaculation, imprecation, and self-accusation published the whole statement of the case; understanding which, Uncle John added his voice also:

"Good Gord A'mighty! Wh-wh-what's dat you say? Dey—dey—dey Yankees, an' you Cornfedrits? Well, sir, an' are you Marse Beau—you wid your arm hurted? Go 'long! You can't fool me; Marse Beau done had more sense en dat. My Gord! an' dey wuz Yankees? You better cuss—cussin's about all you kin do now. Course de boat's gone. You'll never ketch up wid 'em in Gord's world now. Don't come along arter me about it? 'Tain't my fault. How wuz I to know? You wuz Yankees enough for me. I declar', Marse Beau, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself! You wanted to l'arn dem a lesson! I reckon dey l'arnt you one! You didn't mean 'em no harm! Humph! dey've cut dey eye-teeth, dey have! Lord! Marse Beau, I thought you done knowed us better. Did you really think we wuz a-gwine to let a passel o' Yankees take us away off our own plantation? You must done forgot us. We jes cleaned out de house for 'em, we did—clo'es, food, tobacco, rum. De young ladies 'ain't lef' a mossel for Marse John. An'—an'—an' 'fore de good Gord, my gun! Done tuck my gun away wid 'em! Wh-wh-wh-what you mean by such doin's? L-l-look here, Marse Beau, I don't like dat, nohow! Wh-wh-what! you tuck my gun and gin it to de Yankees? Dat's my gun! I done had dat gun twenty-five year an' more! Dog-gone! Yes, sir, I'll cuss—I'll cuss ef I wants to! I 'ain't got no use for gorillas, nohow! Lem me 'lone, I tell you! lem me 'lone! Marse John he'll get de law o' dat! Who's 'sponsible? Dat's all I want to know—who's 'sponsible? Ef-ef-ef-ef— No, sir; dar ain't nary boat on de place, nor hereabouts. Yes, sir; you kin cross de swamp ef you kin find de way. No, sir—no, sir; dar ain't no one to show you. I ain't gwine to leave de young ladies twell Marse John he comes back. Yes, I reckon you kin git to de cut-off by to-morrow mornin', ef you ain't shot on de way for Yankees, an' ef your company is fool enough to wait for you. No, sir, I don't know nothin' 'bout nothin'; you better wait an' arsk Marse John.... My Gord! I'm obleeged to laugh; I can't help it. Dem fool nigger wimen a-sittin' on de brink o' de byer, dey clo'es tied up in de bedquilts, an' de shotes an' de pullits all kilt, a-waitin' for freedom!

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I lay dey'll git freedom enough to-night when de boys come home. Dey git white gentlemen to marry 'em! Dey'll git five hundred apiece. Marse Beau, Gord 'll punish you for dis—He surely will. I done tole Marse John long time ago he oughter sell dat brazen nigger Dead-arm Harriet, an' git shet o' her. Lord! Lord! Lord! Now you done gone to cussin' an' swearin' agin. Don't go tearin' off your jackets an' flingin' 'em at me. We don't want 'em; we buys our clo'es—what we don't make. Yes, Marse John 'll be comin' along pretty soon now. What's your hurry, Marse Beau? Well, so long, ef you won't stay. He ain't got much use for gorillas neither, Marse John hain't."

The young officer wrote a few hasty words on a leaf torn from the pretty Russia-leather note-book, and handed it to the old darky. "For your Marse John."

"For Marse John—yes, sir; I'll gin hit to him soon's he comes in."

They had dejectedly commenced their weary tramp up the bayou; he called him back, and lowered his voice confidentially: "Marse Beau, when you captured dat transport and stole all dem fixin's an' finery, you didn't see no good chawin' tobacco layin' round loose, did you? Thanky! thanky, child! Now I looks good at you, you ain't so much changed sence de times Marse John used to wallop you for your tricks. Well, good-by, Marse Beau."

On the leaf were scrawled the words:

"All's up! Lee has surrendered.—BEAU."

MEXICAN NOTES.

IV.—MORELIA AND PATZCUARO.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A BRANCH of the Mexican National Railway (which is all narrow gauge) runs west from the city over the mountains to Toluca, thence turns northwest to Acambaro; at this station a branch runs southwest to Morelia and Patzcuaro; the main line continues northward, crosses the Mexican Central at Celaya, and goes on to San Miguel de Allende. From this point it is expected to continue through San Luis Potosi to Saltillo, completing the connection with the north. When this gap of 350 miles is spanned, there will be an all-rail route from San Antonio to the city of Mexico, and the railway distance between the two cities will be shortened by some 800 miles.

The road out of the Mexican basin followed the winding narrow valley of a pretty stream, offering at first pleasing and then grand views, until at the station of Salazar it reaches the summit and an altitude of 10,027 feet. At this station it is always cool, there is a frost every night in the year, and the passengers who got out for a glass of pulque or a cup of coffee and a tortilla were cheered by the warmth of a stove in the agent's shanty. This was the former diligence route, and this mountain region was the scene only three or four years ago of numerous robberies and murders. The diligence was certain to be attacked if it carried passengers who were suspected of having valuables. The robbers in all cases were the Mexican citizens of the neighboring villages, and never the Indians. These Mexicans, who seem to have been sustained by public opinion, simply varied the monotony of their ordinary occupations by highway robbery. If there were any political disturbance, throwing the administration into confusion, these good people would undoubtedly take to the road again. Here, as elsewhere in the republic, the more trustworthy part of the population are Indians and not the hybrids.

From the summit the descent was rapid. Twilights are brief in this latitude, and it was dusk at a little after seven (we had left Mexico at five), when we came to the station in the plain of Toluca, and took the tram-cars for the city, distant a mile and a half. Toluca, one of the most beautifully situated and pleasing cities in Mexico, is seated on gentle hills rising out of an extensive and fertile plain, and is about 8500 feet above the sea.

We were set down at the hotel Lion de Oro, as the decorated sign which the French proprietor has brought with him testified. This hotel, which is of two stories, built about a court, with spacious rooms, prepossessed us in favor of the

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city, for it is neat and comfortable, and by far the best and cleanest hotel we found in the republic.

The following morning was splendid, the air elastic, inspiring. I do not know which most to admire, the view of the town from a neighboring hill, or the view of the lovely valley and its guardian mountains from the terrace. The snow mountain of Toluca, whence the runners in the old Spanish days and the runners now bring the snow for cooling drinks, is a beautiful object in this clear atmosphere. The city is well paved and substantially built, has some fine old churches and towers, and is not only the cleanest city in Mexico, but is cleaner than any city in the United States. One of the small features of the place that attracted attention was queer frames, skeleton structures, like the electric light stands, with small tanks on top. One of these stood in the Governor's garden next door to the hotel. The frame was sixty or seventy feet high and gayly painted; on top was a platform with a gay railing supporting the tank, and this was surmounted by a pagoda canopy, also brilliantly painted, and ornamented with images of large gilded butterflies on each corner. These things are the fashion here, and there is a strife between the wealthy citizens to have the highest and gaudiest. Water is pumped into the tanks, and we were told that they are used as shower-baths.

The town has a small plaza prettily planted, with two fountains and an abundance of flowers; at this season it was carpeted with violets and daisies. One of the most interesting pieces of architecture is a chapel attached to one of the ancient churches, which has a dome covered with colored mosaics very Oriental in character. The market hall is a large, long building, with the roof supported on heavy Egyptian columns, painted in high colors—another of the many Oriental suggestions in Mexico. In the arcades about the market square are many little eating and drinking shops. The place on Sunday morning was crowded with traffickers, and the objects for sale were spread all about—fruits, meats, vegetables, all sorts of merchandise, coarse and brilliantly painted pottery, rope like the Manila, made from the maguey, and pretty basket-work and mats. Large numbers of Indians had come in from the mountain villages. They were usually short, thick-chested, and heavy-limbed, and with black coarse hair and broad faces and high cheek-bones—very Indian in appearance. The women were clad in two pieces of blue cloth, wrapped about the body so as to leave the arms and legs free and the breasts convenient to the calls of their offspring. Every woman was nursing a baby, and even the little girls commonly had charge of a more helpless specimen of their race. I suppose that these aborigines are substantially what they were when Cortez conquered the country, with the same native vigor and inferior semi-barbarous aspect, with their habits perhaps a little modified by a pseudo-Christianity.

In the afternoon, an unusual thing for the season, there was a brief thunder-shower with hail, with loose high-sailing clouds and fine effects of shadows on the plain. We saw the sun set from a sharp hill overlooking the town, where there are the earthworks of what may have been a fort. The prospect was superb, one of the rare views of the world, over the flat-roofed town out upon the vast green plain, the mountains lovely in the slant light, and the peak of Toluca rosy. The notable and surprising thing, however, was the high and careful culture. The plain was like a garden, the only lines of demarcation being rows of the maguey plant. We had not expected such careful agriculture in Mexico. The great squares of brown earth, ready for the seed or newly sown, were tilled as finely as garden mould, and alternated pleasingly with the vast patches of green wheat and barley. We were told that the weeds in the wheat fields are pulled up by hand, and the whole country gave evidence of this minute personal cultivation. The effect of this high culture was to give a very refined landscape. The view was very extensive, and grew more and more attractive with the light on the church towers and the round hills in the valley; and when at last a rainbow spanned the plain, over which thin mists were trailing, the prospect was nothing less than enchanting. This is one of the richest valleys in the republic. It produces a winter crop by irrigation, and a summer crop in the rainy season.

The patience of the traveller is tried in two ways on the railway to Morelia—by the uncomfortable cars with small windows, from which it is difficult to see any-

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thing, and the time consumed. We were twelve and a half hours in going about two hundred miles. After emerging from the fertile plain of Toluca we ascended into a broken country, the road rising and falling among the hills with many a long loop and curve. Many of these curves were unnecessary feats of engineering, laid out when the builders expected the promised bonus of ten thousand dollars a mile; the curves are now being reduced, and the road shortened proportionally. The view was interesting, and often wide and glorious, the mountains fine in form, and the valleys irrigated, green, and lovely. Even the uncultivated spaces were covered with wild growth, among them a very sweet-scented acacia-bush with bright yellow flowers. We breakfasted at Flor de Maria, a neat station with a good table, and took coffee at four o'clock at Acambaro in a station-shanty kept by Mexican Jim, who has the reputation among foreigners of being probably the most honest Mexican now living. He was for many years the trusted body-servant of General McClellan during his Northwestern explorations. Toward evening we ran along the shore of Lake Cuitzco, a large body of water, containing many islands, and surrounded by noble mountains graceful in form. It seemed to me more beautiful than Lake George or Lake Winnipiseogee; but perhaps the luminous warm atmosphere enhanced its beauty, for Mexico certainly has this advantage over our Northern landscapes in an atmosphere full of color, which drapes hills and valleys like a delicate garment, as in southern Italy and Sicily. We came to the Morelia station after dark, and took the horse-railway to the town and the hotel Michoacan.

Morelia, the present capital of the state of Michoacan, is a city of, I should think, fifty thousand to sixty thousand inhabitants, bright, cheerful, well built, surrounded by a lovely hilly country, and at an elevation of about fifty-five hundred feet. I am conscious that I am open to the charge of enthusiasm in general expressions of admiration for this charming and interesting city, and I have hardly space in this paper for details to make good my partiality. It is unnecessary to go elsewhere for a more delicious climate than we found there in the month of March. The charm of the air is indescribable, so fresh, so balmy, so full of life, days of strong, genial sun, nights of mild serenity, so dry and temperate that we sat in the public square at midnight without need of a wrap.

The night of our arrival the town seemed to be *en fête*. The large Zocolo, or principal plaza, prettily laid out in flower beds and winding walks and fine trees, seats and music stands, with several fountains, was gayly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and thronged with promenaders. In the streets and open spaces were erected hundreds of stands for the sale of sweets and native edibles, lighted by flaming torches, which threw a fantastic light upon the strange groups about them. These street venders are always to be seen at night cooking their indescribable "messes" in the open air, and many of the inhabitants seem to take their suppers regularly at these cheap stands. In the pagoda a fine military band was playing the music of Beethoven and Wagner. It was the famous band of the Eighth Regiment, the nucleus of that great orchestra which made such a musical sensation at the New Orleans Exposition. The air was sweet with the odor of the night-blooming jasmine. In respect of its music, its gardens, cultivation of flowers, and its simple architecture, Morelia shows a high degree of civilization.

I shall speak of some of the peculiar features of the place without any attempt at exhaustive or systematic description. The hotel accommodation is inadequate, and the restaurant frequented by strangers is third class. The new hotel, slowly rising room by room, on the plaza, promises to change all this. The cathedral has massive towers and great domes, and although of the Spanish composite order of architecture, is a noble building, the finest in Mexico. In full moonlight, or in the rosy light of sunset, it is wonderfully beautiful. In the large tower hangs the monster bell, which is rarely sounded, but there are many others of moderate size which are continually chiming. All these bells, and indeed nearly all the bells in the republic, are remarkable for sweetness and softness of tone. It is very rarely that one hears a harsh bell. They are exceedingly melodious and pleasing. It is sometimes explained that this is due to the mixture of silver in the bell-metal, and that the new bells are cast from old metal. I believe that the chief reason why the Mexican

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bells are so much more musical than ours is that the Mexican bells are artistically made, shaped with reference to tone, thin at the edge, each one a work of art intelligently manipulated, not mechanically cast without reference to the sound it shall produce. The great bells are struck with a clapper, and not swung. There would be much less objection to the use of church bells in the United States—the harsh and barbarous jangle which shocks the Sunday stillness—if our bells had any of the musical quality of the Mexican. The houses of Morelia are generally plain and mostly of one story, but in the principal streets and about the plaza are many buildings of fine proportions and simple, noble façades, with elegant carvings in low relief. Even the new buildings in light cream-colored stone preserve the old elegance, the architects being as yet untouched by the modern craze for monstrous roofs, oddity, and over-ornamentation.

This is not the best season for fruits and flowers, but the spacious market was well supplied with tropical fruits, great variety of bananas and plantains, oranges, mangos, the several sorts of the zapote family, the chirimoya, the granadilla, and so forth; and the abundance of flowers of the common sort—roses, carnations, and sweet-peas—testify to the popular love of them.

At the end of the main street begins the Calzada — literally, the "shade-place." Here, on and near an open square, are the bath-houses—cheap swimming tanks for the populace—and the decorated courts and apartments for the more wealthy. Not far off is a most humane institution—a horse-bath—a large deep reservoir, entered by an inclined plane, where the horses are taken and enjoy a refreshing swim. The Calzada is half a mile of large ash-trees arched over a wide paved trottoir, with a continuous row of high-backed stone benches on each side. It is a famous place for promenading in the late afternoon. The drive runs on each side, fronted by a row of low, plain residences with pretty courts and flower-gardens. Upon some of the walls we saw the gorgeous camelina (or Bourganvilla) vine, the terminal leaf like a flower, some red and others purple.

The stroller, who is detained by the pleasantness of this shaded Calzada, is surprised to find at the end of it new wonders —an open, tree-planted space; in front of him a picturesque old convent-church with quaint towers, and to the right the great arches of aqueducts and entrancing vistas of forest and mountains. As he advances step by step and the view opens, his wonder increases. The place is unique, bewildering. The charm of the party-colored church is increased by rows of ancient cedars in front, which all lean slanting across its façade, as if swept by a strong wind. Some say that an earthquake gave these venerable trees this cant. To the right, paths lead under the arches of the aqueduct to the Alameda. The aqueduct, reminding one of the noble structures that stride across the Roman Campagna, comes in from the mountains, and skirts the Alameda, while a branch at a sharp angle runs toward the town. Thus a series of noble interlacing arches is presented to the eye as one approaches from the Calzada, and the view through these is so novel and beautiful that the spectator is literally spell-bound with delight. The glimpse of forests and purple hills through the arches is lovely, and the perspective of the giant aqueduct across the plain to the mountains is noble.

Passing under the arches, we enter the Alameda, which is unlike any other in the world. It is at once a forest and a tangled garden, once trim and well kept, now more beautiful than ever in its neglected luxuriance and reminiscence of former order. It has the charm of some old garden of a once magnificent estate. The grounds are a couple of miles in circumference, circled by a charming drive. The original plan seems to have been paths like the spokes of a wheel from a "round" in the centre, but outside this round there are other centres and intersecting walks, offering in every direction the most charming vistas, through arching trees and vines and *allées* of flowers and tropical foliage. Although this park is public ground, individuals have obtained the privilege of living here and cultivating vegetable gardens and flowers, and here and there the wanderer comes across a half-ruined cottage hidden in the rampant vegetation, surrounded by hedges of roses, acres of sweet-peas, acres of carnations, a wilderness of scent and bloom. Crumbling monuments, circular seats of stone about the ruins of a fountain, pretty arbors, grass-grown paths—all formality lost in the neglect of man and the kindly luxuriance of nature. Such glorious

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foliage, such an inspiring, sparkling air, such a tender blue in the sky! I thought at the time that I had seen nothing of the kind lovelier in the world. And the whole scene is touched with the pathos of neglect and decay.

On the afternoon of Shrove-Tuesday all the city was out *en fête*. A band was playing in the Calzada; its benches were filled; its pavement was thronged. It was a fête of the common people, only now and then members of the better class mingling with the throng or passing in carriages. All the women of this class were invariably overdressed in exceedingly bad taste, in flamboyant colors of blue and green. Some very young girls appeared, mincing along in ridiculous costume—silk gowns made in the waist exactly like those of grown women, but with short pleated skirts, long silk stockings, and white satin shoes. There were a few maskers and mummers rushing through the crowd in fantastic costumes, but the mass of the people were of the peasant class. And what a kaleidoscopic scene it was of shifting oddity and color—every complexion invented by man, from black to cream—black hybrids, yellow hybrids, Spanish types, Indian types—all a jumble of miscegenation, in bright serapes, graceful ribosas, big hats, wonderfully decorated tresses; and most notable of all, the dandies of the city, slender-legged, effeminate young milksops, the fag-end of a decayed civilization, without virility or purpose. I noticed that every woman, every child, and some of the men of the lower class were marked on the forehead with the sign of the cross in lamp-black, and following the throng into the chapel, I saw the priests affixing this mark of consecration to the brows of the devout. It was altogether an orderly, polite, pleasing crowd, amusing itself simply and heartily in the sunshine. Nearly everybody was nibbling a head of lettuce. The Morelia lettuce is trained to grow in long blanched heads, and is the tenderest and sweetest in the world. It is delicious eaten without any condiment. All about the place piles of it were for sale, and each head was decorated with a scarlet poppy. These people have an artistic eye for color and effect. In the Alameda the scene was fully as picturesque, if less animated. In all the *allées* were seen pretty family groups, gay companies picnicking under the trees, and making merry with the simplest fare. That night, with music and moonlight in the balmy air, the plaza was as gay as a theatre; the common people were cooking and eating a sort of Shrove-Tuesday cake, tortillas fried and sprinkled with sugar and grated nutmeg and cinnamon; innumerable little fires of soft wood in elevated iron braziers cast a fantastic light upon the motley groups. These people have the secret of enjoyment at small expense.

Morelia has a thriving state college in the nature of a general school for boys of all grades and ages, having a well-ordered library, mostly ecclesiastical, but with a fair collection of Greek and Latin classics, and some interesting old Spanish books. No attempt is made to keep up with modern literature.

Morelia is apparently well ordered, and the state of Michoacan is at present peaceful. But I could not find that the people, though there is nominally general suffrage, have anything to do with the government, or take any interest in politics. Officers are retained or elected as dictated by the central personal government. It was the observation of American and English residents that the elections are a farce. Whatever votes are registered on election day, the result is predetermined. I was told of the case of a foreigner who was employing a couple of hundred men in a mining operation which would be seriously interrupted if the men took a day or two off to vote. He stated his case to a government official, and was told that he might cast the votes of the men himself; and this he did. If the most of the officials, including the judges, are not venal, they are much belied by common report. Foreigners engaged in business reckon as part of their ordinary and necessary expenses money paid to judges and other officials to secure simple justice. In mentioning this I only repeat common talk. The Mexicans themselves rarely have confidence in each other.

A great complaint throughout the republic is the rapacity of the customs and other officials. There is little uniformity as to duties exacted. There are, as before said, not only the national duties, but duties on the border of each state and the entrance to each city. The laws seem to be arbitrarily changed by the central authority, and the regulations are exceedingly vexatious to business men, who never know what to depend on.

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The republic sequestrated the monasteries and nunneries, and confiscated most of the church property. It also forbade all public religious processions, and the wearing in public of clerical garments. The priests are therefore not generally distinguishable by their dress. In Morelia, however, owing to the intense ecclesiasticism of its population, this rule was never severely enforced, and the priests retained a clerical garb. I think lately that there is visible in the country at large a little relaxation of severity against ecclesiasticism. If common report is accepted, the lives of most of the priests are not morally reputable. It would be unjust to take street gossip as final evidence of the morality of a people; but some facts are indisputable. As a rule the Indians are not formally married, but they are said to be generally faithful in their domestic relations. For the ordinary Mexicans marriage is difficult, because of its expense and the many vexatious requirements. Informal relations are therefore common. In the higher classes it is said that the state of morals is little better than in the lower, but intercourse between the sexes is hedged about by the old Spanish customs. Women are watched and secluded. Chances of acquaintance are rare. The theory is that couples who are to marry never see each other alone till after the marriage ceremony. But human nature is human nature as well in Mexico as elsewhere, and opportunities are found or made. Idle young men and equally idle young women, who neither read nor work, will exercise their ingenuity.

Courting is an elaborate science, and has a literature and code of its own. I saw one afternoon a slender young gentleman, in the modified Mexican costume of the dandy of to-day, leaning against a column of an arcade on the plaza, and ogling and making signs toward a window in the second story of a house diagonally across from where he stood. My companion, who knew the young gentleman, offered to engage him in conversation, while I sauntered along and looked up to the balcony, at the open window of which sat the young lady who was replying to the signals of her lover. The young man was "playing the bear." Everybody who passed knew it, and accepted as a thing of course this semi-public furtive courtship. The lovers were using the sign-manual of the deaf-mutes. Their courtship had been going on for a year. It might continue for two or three years longer, and then, if the parents consented, it might end in marriage. In theory the young people would never have an opportunity of meeting until such time as the parents arrange the betrothal, when the young man would be admitted to the house, and see his sweetheart in the presence of her relatives. In point of fact, he would come at night, especially if the night were dark, and stand under her window, and talk with her, bring her flowers and fruit, exchange notes, and perhaps climb up and kiss her hand. Generally the lover bribes the servants to carry messages, and secretly to admit the lover to the apartment of his mistress. The young ladies are very devout in attendance on church services, for to church the lovers go also, and while the demure maid is kneeling beside her duefia or her mother, the young gentleman is leaning against a pillar near by, and the two are talking with their fingers. When the apartments of the family of the beloved are on the ground-floor, courtship is carried on more satisfactorily at night through the window-bars. This policy of repression and seclusion, of distrust of the honor and virtue of women, has its natural result. Courtship becomes intrigue, and clandestine meetings are always more dangerous than open intercourse. Lovers are proverbially ingenious. There is on sale everywhere and in universal use a cheaply printed little pamphlet entitled *El Secretario de los Amantes*. It is the guide and hand-book of lovers. It contains the language of flowers, the significance of the varied wearing and handling of the sombrero, the language of the fan, the language of fruits, the meaning of the varied use of the handkerchief, emblems for designating the hours of day and night in making appointments, the use of the numerals in cipher writing, several short chapters on the conduct of a love affair, and the deaf-mute alphabet for one hand. This literary gem seems to be more studied than any other in the republic.

On the 12th of March we took the train for Lagonilla (a distance of some twenty miles, or two hours in time), then the end of the rail. The road is now finished to Lake Patzcuaro. The morning, as usual, was lovely, the air light, warm, superb. We had a fair view of Morelia as we left it and ascended; its domes and towers

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and situation in the plain gave it an Oriental appearance, and suggested, without much resembling it, Damascus. The country was irrigated in spots, and the vivid green patches with the hills and trees made a charming landscape.

At Lagonilla our party of seven had chartered the four-wheeled diligence, a Concord coach, at a cost of twelve dollars, for the drive of fifteen miles, in three hours, over the wretched road to Patzcuaro. A high wind was blowing, and the way was exceedingly dusty. In all this region in the month of March a wind from the southwest arises about ten o'clock, and increases in violence all day till sunset, when it dies away. The country was rolling, much broken, cultivated in irrigated patches, the fine mountains in the distance. We passed through two or three paved, picturesque, and dirty villages. As we ascended, the weather grew cooler, the wind increased in force. The road was very bad, full of stones, bowlders, and pitch-holes, in places almost impassable. The line of the railway was most of the time in sight, and at intervals we encountered gangs of workmen throwing up slight embankments. The mode of working was peculiar. No wheelbarrows were used. Each workman had a small piece of matting or cloth about as big as a large dinner napkin. This he filled with dirt in the trenches, took up by the corners, and carried up and emptied on the embankment. Occasionally he would take up a chunk of earth in his hands. The pay of laborers was twenty-five cents a day. The effort to make them use wheelbarrows in grading had failed (many of the laborers carried the barrows on their heads after they had filled them), and the engineers insisted that the men accomplished more work in a day than a like gang would with barrows. The reason was that time is lost in filling the barrows and wheeling them up the roundabout plank inclined planes; the laborers run up and down the embankment quickly, and move more dirt in a day than by the method in use with us.

Two miles outside of Patzcuaro we struck a wide road paved with small bowlders which nearly shook the coach to pieces. No sort of riding could be greater torture. The village lies in a hollow, a league from the lake, parts of which only are visible from certain elevations in the town. If it lay in sight of the lake, it would have one of the most beautiful situations possible. The town is *sui generis*, primitive and solid, and as yet very little affected by intercourse with the outside world. The new railway station is on the shore of the lake, two or three hundred feet lower than the town, and a couple of miles distant from the hollow in which it nestles. It has a large plaza, shaded by splendid ash-trees, and surrounded by arcades and colonnades, in which are very inferior shops. Friday is market-day, but there was no great display, the chief sellers being Indians from the neighboring villages, who brought in pottery, tortillas, and wilted vegetables. On a second plaza of good size, which has trees and large water-tanks like the larger one, stands the hotel Concordia, a cheerful house with an inner court, and flowers and shrubs in red pots, and a wretched restaurant. The roofs of the town are tiled, and most of the houses, being of one story, have projecting cornices of wood with supporting beams. Judging by the number of old churches and suppressed monasteries, the place had once considerable ecclesiastical importance. Some of the churches have the beauty that is given by towers and archaic statuary and the mellow colors of faded reds and yellows. One of the suppressed convents, with a church attached, has a pretty Italian sort of court, sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms—a meditative place of cloistered seclusion. In its demesne I saw two La Marque rose-trees, fully twelve feet high, with stems five inches in diameter, perfect little trees, the umbrella-shaped tops covered with roses. The town is irregular and hilly, but all paved very roughly. On its highest elevation is a third open place, planted with noble trees, and fronted by the grim walls and gaunt church of an extinct monastery. On a hill to the westward is a ruined church, which is approached by a broad avenue of superb old ash-trees—a tree which attains great dignity in this region—and lined with prayer stations. Everywhere are the signs of a former haughty ecclesiastical domination, which perhaps reached its acme of cost and splendor in the days of Philip II.

Patzcuaro gave few evidences of enterprise or business life, but it has many well-to-do citizens of cultivated manners and kindly hospitality. To some of these gentlemen we were indebted for many favors;

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they procured for us horses and mules; they planned excursions, and accompanied us on them; they brought us sweetmeats; they entertained us with the tinkle of guitars, and they were very solicitous about undue exertion or exposure, and the violation of their sanitary rules. One of the rules was never to bathe after a ride on horseback, not even to wash the face or the hands. It was considered very dangerous. These people knew nothing of the world, very little of the republic of Mexico, were to the last degree provincial, but had all the elaborate courtesy of manner that is called Spanish.

The inhabitants I suppose are generally poor, and live closely, but in a week's sojourn there we saw little abject poverty, or what was considered so there. The traders are sharp and not much to be depended on, the mechanics are dilatory, the temper of the whole people is that of procrastination. We saw very little drunkenness. The people drink to some extent pulque and a mild beer, and perhaps some strong liquors, but usually coffee, water, and drinks mildly flavored with limes and oranges.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to say that Mexico, in my observation, notwithstanding its facilities for making intoxicating beverages from the cane and the maguey, and the absence of all restricting legislation, is generally a temperate country. In some regions much pulque is drank, and often much aguardiente (a fiery sort of high wine), and in the purlieus of the city of Mexico I saw many drunken men and women; but I believe the great body of the people, like the Spaniards in Spain, are essentially temperate.

One of our first walks out of the town was three-quarters of a mile to the top of a hill, where there is a long stone bench and a view of the lake. It is a favorite resort of the towns-people. Here on one occasion we encountered a party of revellers making too free with the bottle; but this was exceptional. From this elevation we went on a mile further to the top of a mountain (which had ten years ago an unfavorable reputation as the lookout of brigands), overlooking the town, the lake, long ranges of mountains, and a great stretch of country. The lake is irregular in shape, perhaps twenty miles in its widest diameter, full of islands, and surrounded by shapely and noble mountains. On two of the islands are churches and fishing villages. The fields on the border are highly tilled. I counted as many as sixteen villages in sight. The view was inexpressibly lovely. The lake can be compared with any of our finest in beauty of outline, and it surpasses most of them in mountain surroundings. In its contour, steep hills, signs of an ancient and decayed civilization in villages and church towers, it has more likeness to the Italian lakes than to any in the United States, and the enveloping atmosphere has a color and warmth which ours usually want. On our walk we picked as many as thirty varieties of wild flowers.

At Patzcuaro is sold a great quantity of Indian pottery, made at Tzintzuntzan and other villages, mostly in the shape of water jars and coolers. These utensils, even the most rude in finish and the cheapest, are almost invariably beautiful, one might say classic forms, and made of red clay, well baked, they have a color rivalling Pompeiian ware. Some of the jars are of enormous size, as big as those described in the story of the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights*, and each one capable of containing and concealing a man. The vase is often ornamented with geometric designs in faint dark color, suggesting the Greek taste and skill. I found in Mexico a great variety of excellent common pottery, exceedingly cheap, usually ornamented, sometimes with barbaric tints in colors, but always effective. The most barbaric ornamentation has an instinct for effect in it which is truly artistic; in the crudest ware with the most splashy decoration there is something pleasing, varied, artistic, a native grace which is wanting in what we call civilized work. At Teluca we purchased plates of a lovely cream-color, with quaint designs entirely Persian in style. At Patzcuaro we found by chance, for it was not displayed for sale, something that interested us more than anything else made in Mexico. This was a true iridescent ware. The specimens we obtained were small round and rectangular plates. The lustre is the true Saracenic, Alhambra, or Gubbio lustre, the real iridescence, shimmering, shifting colors in changing lights, ruby, green, blue. Would it not be singular if this lost art were preserved in Mexico? The ware is rude. The makers of it have not the certainty of producing a particular color in a picture which distinguishes the

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Gubbio work, and it lacks the elegance and the glaze, the solidity and fineness, of the Alhambra tiles. But it is genuine iridescence. The plates are exceedingly thin and brittle. The lustre seems to be metallic, of copper, and the effect to be produced by subjecting the ware to an exceedingly high temperature, a firing so fierce that the clay is apparently disintegrated, and has lost its ringing quality.

It was impossible during our stay to obtain definite information as to the place of its manufacture. It might be made, some one thought, in the city of Puebla, but pueblo is the general name for an Indian village, and the seller, when questioned, was doubtful. Several Mexican gentlemen of intelligence assured me that it came from Santa Fe, a small Indian village on the north shore of Lake Patzcuaro, and that it was only brought in on Palm-Sunday. Our efforts, however, to procure more of it through these gentlemen have not been successful.

NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NARKA was in a glow of heat when she left Sibyl's warm rooms, and met the bitter wind that blew hard from the north. It was a long walk and a bleak one by the river, but she faced it with a kind of reckless desperation. She reached home very tired, and was scarcely indoors when she was seized with a shivering fit.

"Mademoiselle has taken a chill," said Eudoxie. "I must make her a tisane."

But the tisane did not prove as potent as Eudoxie expected. Narka spent a restless night, and in the morning her throat was swollen, and her head ached and burned.

"Mademoiselle has fever. I had better go to the chemist and ask him for something to cut it," said Eudoxie.

But Narka took a pencil and wrote a line to Marguerite, and desired the maid to take it at once to La Villette.

As Eudoxie was at the door she met Ivan Gorff, and she told him on what errand she was bound.

"Mademoiselle Narka must see a doctor at once," he said. "I will go and fetch one while you take that message to La Villette."

Eudoxie gave him the key of the apartment, and hurried off to the omnibus.

Ivan called a cab and drove straight to Schenk's lodgings, and was back with him before Eudoxie had returned.

Schenk knocked at the bedroom door; there was no answer, so he opened it and looked in. Narka was alarmed and amazed on seeing so unexpected a visitor walk into her room, but he calmed her at once, by his manner as much as by his words, and explained how he came there, felt her pulse, and without troubling her with useless questions, withdrew. The visit did not last three minutes. Nothing could have been more discreet and professional than his manner.

When he went back to the salon, Marguerite was talking to Ivan Gorff. She was horrified to find that the vivisector had been called in, but she kept this to herself; he had the reputation of being a skilful doctor, and there was comfort in that.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, when Schenk had closed the door of the bedroom.

"Inflammation of the lungs; it has advanced very rapidly; she is in high fever."

"Is she delirious?"

"She will be in a few hours, I expect."

Marguerite uttered an exclamation of distress, and went into the bedroom. Narka signed to her to stoop down. "Go to the trunk behind the door," she whispered; "you will find an ivory casket; the key is in the drawer of the writing-table. Take it away and keep it safe for me—or for Basil."

"It is safe enough where it is, darling," said Marguerite; "I will see that nobody touches it."

"But if anything happens to me—"

"You mean if you died? You have not the smallest intention of doing anything so sensible," said Marguerite, in her

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bright way. "You have caught a bad cold, and I am going to look after you till you get well. Our sisters here in the parish will come and see you every day. I'm going to tell them. So between us you have small chance of escaping to heaven."

Narka made an effort to say something, but her throat seemed to close, she could only form the word with her lips, "Sibyl?"

"I will let her know you are not well." Marguerite smoothed the pillow and the counterpane, and kissed Narka on the forehead, and then drew the curtain so as to darken the room, and went back to the salon.

During her absence Schenk and Ivan settled it between them that no one who understood Russian should be allowed near Narka, lest in her delirium she should betray secrets that might work mischief to herself and others. When Marguerite reappeared, Schenk said: "I think it right to tell you, *ma sœur*, that I see symptoms that threaten diphtheria; the disease has not taken that character so far, but it may develop it before to-morrow morning; in that case it will be necessary to find a nurse who is not afraid of the contagion. I have one whom I can trust."

"Our sisters will take care of her," Marguerite replied. "I was going to write to Madame de Beaucrillon," she said to Ivan; "but if there be any fear of diphtheria she must not come."

"It would be a great imprudence to expose her to the risk, especially as there is no necessity for it," Ivan replied.

Marguerite determined to keep Sibyl away.

It proved a wise precaution as regarded Narka. She was soon delirious, and raved incessantly about Basil, about Kronstadt, about Ivan and his revolutionary work; she talked chiefly in Russian, but now and then she spoke in French, and Marguerite, who very quickly detected the fiction that kept Sibyl away, understood enough of Narka's wanderings to make her grateful to Schenk for inventing it.

Sibyl was unremitting in her inquiries, and sent every day to know if there was nothing she could do to help. Meantime the illness ran its course without complications. It was inflammation of the lungs, and never assumed any other form; the danger remained throughout potential, not going beyond the peril which must attend every serious attack of the kind. M. de Beaucrillon would not hear of his wife's going near the house until Narka should have been pronounced convalescent, and until the atmosphere should have been purified of every lingering possibility of contagion. It was arranged that as soon as the doctor approved of it, Narka should come to the Rue St. Dominique, and remain there until she went down to Beaucrillon with the family. The day was named for her removal, and everything was going on well, when the baby fell ill with croup, and after a week of mortal terror and suspense to the parents, the child recovered, but was ordered off to waters in Germany. Narka consequently received a note from Sibyl filled with despair at the double disappointment, and entreating that she would go down to Beaucrillon as soon as she felt equal to the move, and wait there until they rejoined her in five weeks or so. It would have been a great surprise to Sibyl if she could have heard Narka exclaim, on reading this note, "What a relief!" Gaston's suggestion about her transfer to the Rue St. Dominique and thence to the country had been arranged between Sibyl and Marguerite without consulting her, and though Narka had felt compelled to acquiesce in it, she had been looking forward with dread to the long term of close companionship with Sibyl. Weak as she was now, her one desire was to be left quiet. It would have taxed both her moral and physical strength too severely to be shut in with Sibyl, and obliged to undergo her effusive tenderness and respond to it, and to hear her outpourings of anger and despair about Basil. Once again the blessed baby had come like a messenger of mercy to her rescue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NARKA, white as an alabaster statue, and all eyes, was sitting up in her pretty salon, looking out at the old garden, and listening to the birds singing, when Marguerite came in, bringing, as usual, fresh air from heaven with her.

"I was just thinking of you," said Narka.

"That was a very good and wholesome thought," said Marguerite.

"Yes; and I was wishing I were a dog."

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"That thought was not so good."

"I was thinking that I must leave this apartment in a week, and I don't know under the broad face of heaven where to find another. Now if I were a dog, I might lodge under the stars, which would be pleasant enough, as the warm weather is at hand; but as I am a human being, the police would take me up. Then it occurred to me that I might find a lodging at La Villette cheaper than in this part of the city. Do you think I could get anything clean and cheap near you?"

Marguerite considered a moment. "Madame Blaquette has rooms to let at the corner of the Place; they are cheap and bright, and they take in a good bit of sky, and they are not five minutes from us."

"Then Madame Blaquette's rooms are just the thing for me."

A week after this conversation she was installed at Madame Blaquette's.

Madame Blaquette was a character in her way. She had been servant in a gentleman's family till she was forty, and now lived by letting these rooms that took in a good bit of sky. She posed for the decayed gentlewoman. She had had a bachelor uncle, a grocer, whose money she had always expected to inherit, and being blessed with a lively imagination, she had enjoyed the inheritance almost as much in prospect as if she already possessed it. She felt, therefore, deeply wronged when, at the age of sixty, this bachelor uncle took to himself a wife, and, dying at the end of a year, left all he had to her and her baby. Madame Blaquette always alluded to the event as "the loss of my fortune," and would heave a sigh when speaking of "the days before my reverses."

"She is a sentimental old goose," said Marguerite, "but honest as the sun, and her lodgers are always respectable; they are generally friends of mine."

Narka had not yet discovered that to be a friend of Marguerite's was a title to respectability open to discussion. She soon found, however, that Marguerite was on intimate terms with all the waifs and strays and drunkards of the district. Narka was curious to make acquaintance with the neighborhood, and having as yet no work to do, she went about occasionally with Marguerite on her rounds. In this way she came soon to see the influence Marguerite exercised, and the position she held, in spite of her youth—perhaps, indeed, because of it—both with her sisters and with the population of La Villette. It was very amusing to see how she queened it over them all, tripping along in her heavy shoes, carrying a bundle or a basket like any little peasant woman. The children left their play to pull at her gown and get a pat on the head; women at their wash-tubs stopped soaping or scrubbing to exchange a word with her, or call out some piece of domestic news; shopkeepers in the act of selling turned to nod and say, "*Bonjour, ma sœur*"; gamins and roughs suspended their wrangling, and waited till she had passed to finish their oaths. It took Narka's breath away to see the refined, delicate girl walk up to a group of quarrelling men or boys and order them to the right about as if they had been children in her school. The horny-handed ouvrier who had spent his week's earnings at the cabaret would take the pipe out of his mouth and listen meekly while she gave him a good scolding. There was something of the mother in the genial cruelty with which she looked them in the face and said the hard thing to them, and told them they made her ashamed, or angry, or sorry. Her anger would be very hot, but it never took the form of cold displeasure. She abhorred cold, cruel cold that hatches hate, the least touch of whose icy breath is more fatal to love than the hottest blast of anger. Marguerite's sympathy was an open fountain, always flowing. The poor went to her with a grievance, and she waxed so indignant with them that they felt themselves avenged; they took her a sorrow, and she pitied them so tenderly that they left the sting of it behind them.

One day, after a long morning of hard work in the dispensary and the school, Narka, who was going out with her on a round of sick visits, said, "What a tiring life it is that you lead, Marguerite! Do you never weary of it?"

"Never for a minute!" was the unhesitating reply. "That is the happiness in God's service: it may tire one's body, but it keeps one's heart merry."

"I wish I could think the poor were grateful to you," said Narka.

"Who says they are not grateful?" demanded Marguerite, quickly.

"It seems to me everybody says it; it is the constant complaint of all the good people who do for the poor that they get no return."

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"What nonsense! I wonder what sort of return they expect? If they gave love, the poor would give them love back; but they only give alms, and I don't suppose they expect the poor to give them back alms. It is so silly of people to look for gratitude, and then go about complaining that they don't get it. The disappointment sours themselves, and the complaining sours other people, for nine people out of ten are ungrateful, and the complaining hits home and hurts their self-love."

Narka was amused at this touchiness concerning the poor which Marguerite displayed on the slightest provocation. They were passing by a public-house at the moment. A sound of voices raised high in altercation came through the closed door.

"I do believe that is Antoine Drex that I hear," said Marguerite. She stood to listen, and at the same moment the door opened, sending out a villanous whiff of alcohol and tobacco, and there stood Antoine Drex, with bumper aloft, apostrophizing the company.

"Ah! this is how you keep your promise, Antoine Drex!" Marguerite called out from the street.

The big black-bearded man stared open-mouthed, as if the small figure in the doorway had been the ghost of his dead wife risen to upbraid him. A loud laugh from the spectators showed their sense of the comical side of the tableau.

"They look drunk; come away," said Narka, under her breath.

But Marguerite held her ground intrepidly. "Come away, and go home to your poor old mother," she called out to the culprit, who stood sheepishly holding his full bumper on the counter; "she is very suffering this morning, and you ought to be helping her instead of drinking here."

To Narka's amazement, the stalwart man, who might have crunched up Marguerite with a finger and thumb, came out of the cabaret like a docile dog, and walked on before her. He looked dangerous enough, Narka thought, for he had been drinking copiously. This was clear from his red eyeballs and swaggering gait as with clinched hanging hands he tramped up the street before them, growling confidentially to the paving-stones.

"Is that the man you wanted them to guillotine?" Narka asked, when Antoine was beyond hearing.

"Yes. How I wish they had! He would have been safe in purgatory now, instead of getting drunk at the Chat Botté. Those ten months they kept him in prison before the trial put a heart of rage into him that will get him into trouble some day. It always does. And it is hard, for the rage is only suffering in disguise. It nearly always is with the poor. Antoine would not hurt anybody. He is so good to his mother! Even when he is drunk he never touches her. And he often shares his crust with a neighbor poorer than himself. If I only could keep him out of the wine-shop!"

"The wine-shop is the bane of the poor everywhere," said Narka.

"It is their resource, God help them! They drink to drown misery. I do believe he is trying to give me the slip, and steal into some other cabaret." She quickened her step until Antoine turned the right corner and was out of sight. "Ah, he is gone home," she said, in a tone of relief. "There is not another wine-shop between this and his lodging."

Life at La Villette was altogether a strange experience to Narka. At first the aspect of the place, its sordid ugliness, was so offensive to her taste as to be a positive suffering; but she soon discovered that this suffering had its compensations; the laborious courage of the population, the kindness that springs from a sense of common privation and mutual need, made a wholesome and genial atmosphere; the open acceptance of a hard lot, and the spectacle of general poverty unredeemed by any prospect of escape, made her own lot seem less cruel. She felt, too, more independent and secure at La Villette than she had ever done at Chaillot or in the Faubourg St. Germain. Here she came and went unmolested; there was nothing shocking to public opinion in a young girl's walking out alone. The utter unworldliness of the place, the absence of any necessity for keeping up appearances, was in itself a rest. In the early morning she went out on her little household errands, and carried home her bread and her can of milk, or her little basketful of marketing, and the workmen's wives and daughters, bent on similar errands, wished her good-morning.

As she walked through the slums, where she was like no other inhabitant of the place, the people, struck by her stately bearing, her beautiful pale face, with the

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great eyes and the shining hair, used at first to watch her out of sight as if she had been some strange bird of gaudy plumage flitting through their dark region and brightening it for a moment. But in a little while they ceased even to do this. "L'amie de ma sœur Marguerite" soon established her right of citizenship, and the title was a passport to everybody's goodwill.

Narka had pledged her word to Dr. Schenk that she would not attempt to sing for a month from the date of her recovery. Singing lessons were therefore out of the question. In the mean time some of her former pupils were taking German lessons. These gave her a crust of bread, and, what was almost as necessary, they kept her occupied. For she was terribly lonely—more lonely than she had ever been amidst the snow-fields of Yrakow. There she had her mother, but she was quite alone now. It was a good thing that the struggle for bare life left her little time to brood. For body and soul must be kept together, the fire must be lighted, the bit of food must be cooked, the room must be swept, her shabby clothes must be kept mended, whether Basil was faithful or not, whether Father Christopher was being beaten or not, whether the Prince was cruel or relenting. And in the interval of home toil there were the lessons. These German lessons were no pleasure to her, as the singing lessons had been. They were a mere drudgery, and she was longing for the end of the month to set her free to sing, not alone for the sake of the lessons, but because the exercise of her glorious powers was in itself an enjoyment. There was only one more week now to wait. Then the period of dumbness would have expired.

Signor Zampa had gone away in despair on hearing of the illness which had so suddenly fallen like a blight on his brilliant scheme. He had, however, assured Sibyl that the engagement should hold good for next season, and that as soon as Narka was well enough to enter on her preparatory studies he should expect her to set out for Florence.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARGUERITE was in the dispensary, measuring and mixing herbs from two green canisters, when Narka came hurriedly in, and going up to her, laid a hand on her arm; she seemed too agitated to speak.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" Marguerite asked, dropping her little shovelful of herbs back into the canister.

"I have lost it—it is gone, clear gone," Narka gasped.

"The ivory box? Basil's papers? Oh!"

"No; my voice. I have lost it! I can't sing a note." She sat down, almost let herself fall into a straw chair.

Marguerite clasped her hands.

"When did you discover that it was gone?"

"Just now; not half an hour ago. I had promised not to sing a note until the month was out. Yesterday was the last day, and this morning I went to the piano. Not a note would come. Oh, it is too dreadful! too dreadful!"

Marguerite, with an answering despair in her face, stood silent, her hands still clasped.

Narka looked up, and saw the sweet brown eyes filling with tears; she bent forward, and let her head drop against Marguerite's arm. "Oh," she said, "what a weary burden life is! If one might but escape from it!"

Marguerite put her arms round her, and held her clasped, making a little swaying movement, as if she were rocking a child.

"It is, darling," she said, softly, after a moment's silence; "it *is* very weary; but we are not carrying it alone. There is One under the burden with us whose help can never fail."

Narka felt the loving breast heave under her head, and then two hot tears fall upon her cheek. If Marguerite was so full of pity, why was Marguerite's God so cruel?

"Perhaps it is not so bad as you think," said Marguerite, presently, her sunny hopefulness and practical sense coming quickly to the relief. "After all, it may be only a temporary loss of voice. I knew a case like that in a young chorister whom we had to nurse after a typhoid fever; his voice went for some months, and he was in despair; but it came back. You must see a specialist. There is Dr. X——, who comes to the infirmary here on Tuesday; he is a great authority on the lungs and the throat. I will speak to Sœur Jeanne and ask her to arrange for you to see him here after his visit to the infirmary."

This practical suggestion was just the

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touch that Narka wanted to lift her up from the torpor of despair into which the shock had thrown her. She talked it over with Marguerite, asked questions about the chorister's case; and if Marguerite strained the facts a trifle to sustain the hope they pointed to, the sin was certainly not written down against her by the recording angel. Narka went away wonderfully comforted.

The community were at once interested in her trouble. The children were all set praying for Sœur Marguerite's friend, and every one in the house awaited with anxious curiosity to hear what Dr. X—— would say. This was Saturday. On Tuesday morning the consultation took place, and the result confirmed Marguerite's sanguine view. Dr. X—— was of opinion that the loss of the voice was likely to be only temporary. The organs were weakened by the severe inflammation they had suffered, and rest and care would in time restore their powers. If Narka had had change to the country and proper care during the period of convalescence, the accident would most likely have been avoided. She was now to think as little about it as possible, to take any amusement within her reach, and to follow his treatment carefully, and he promised that before long her voice would be as fine as ever.

This verdict was received with joy by the whole community, to whom it was at once communicated by the Sister Superior. Marguerite was almost as thankful as Narka, and much more demonstrative in her satisfaction, for she already believed, while Narka still only dared to hope.

"I wish you could have some recreation, something to take your mind off trouble and worry sometimes," she said, as she and Narka sat together in the parlor after the consultation. "What a pity Sibyl is away! And she won't stop in Paris on her way from Biarritz to Carlsbad, it seems; that is, she will only just rest for the night."

"I am very thankful to her for keeping out of the way," said Narka; "it was irksome as well as odious to me to have to play the hypocrite with her. And what else can I do now?" There was no denying this.

"I almost wish it were the winter that was at hand, and not the summer," Marguerite said; "then your old pupils would be coming round you, and you would have your pleasant little gatherings, as you used to have at Chaillot."

Narka laughed. "I told you before that I knew my value. I am not so silly as to expect anything of that sort up here."

"Up here? What do you mean? The people who were fond of you in one place would be fond of you in another?"

"Yes, if they ever had been fond of me. But you don't suppose the people who came after me at Chaillot and made a fuss over me were fond of me?"

"Then why did they come after you and make a fuss over you?"

Narka laughed again. "You heavenly little dunce! You are ignorant of the A B C of the gospel of this world. Its catechism is Greek to you. You don't know that contempt of poverty is the negative side of purse-pride, and that to patronize poverty is one of the amusements of the rich. You are a dunce about these things; you know nothing about the vulgarities of well-bred people and the cruelties of pious people. Fond of me! Poor dears! they were fond enough of me to turn in and spend a pleasant half-hour on their way to the Bois; but they would not drive up to this shabby place to see me. I'm not worth it."

"Then you have no loss in such butterfly friends," said Marguerite; "there are better ones in store for you, please God. One must always reckon on the generous chances of life."

"The generous chances of life!" Narka repeated, with a light laugh that was very acid. "The generous chances of life never come to those who want them. I have found that out before this."

"I will not have you turning sour, and looking only at the bad side of life and human beings," said Marguerite.

"It is my poverty that hides the other side from me. But if it shuts the light out on one side, it lets it in on the other, and shows the flaws in human beings as a magnifying-glass shows the animalcula in a drop of water. When you are poor, you see the world as it really is, with its meannesses and its vulgarities and its cruelties; people don't take the trouble to wear a mask before you; you are not worth it; it does not matter if you see the seamy side of their character; but they must take pains to make it show fair to society. My rich pupils and their mothers fancied the

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lessons were all on one side. They were mistaken; they taught me quite as much of their arts as I them of mine."

"All this may be very clever and sarcastic," said Marguerite, "but it strikes me it is morbid, and not very charitable. It is of no use to discover our neighbors' faults unless it helps us to correct our own. There is the bell! I must go to the children's singing class."

"I wish you would take me in hand, Marguerite, and correct me and make me good," said Narka. "I should like to be one of your orphans, and sit on a bench and have you teach me to sing canticles, and scold me when I was naughty."

"I'm afraid I should be scolding you from morning till night," said Marguerite, tossing her head; "you would never obey me without wanting to know the why and the wherefore of everything." She put the canisters in their place, and hurried off to the singing class.

Narka watched her crossing the court, her step so brisk, her whole air breathing the content of a life brimful of glad activities. "Why could not I have a vocation," Narka thought, "and join these brave women, and make my life a service of love for humanity?" She sighed; but she went home with a lightened heart, as she generally did from Marguerite's companionship.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On reaching home Narka saw a man standing in the dark entry with the bell-rope of her door in his hand. At the first glance she did not recognize him. It was Ivan Gorff.

She uttered an exclamation of welcoming surprise, and they went in together.

"Where have you come from?" she asked, excitedly, when she had closed the door.

"From everywhere."

"Not from St. Petersburg?"

"St. Petersburg is somewhere, is it not?" Ivan said, and his face, that looked very haggard, was momentarily brightened by one of his old frank smiles.

Narka saw there was no bad news, so she inquired after his health. He shrugged his shoulders as if the question were not worth either asking or answering.

"I saw Basil a fortnight ago," he said, taking compassion on her. "He is well, and he is growing in wisdom, and I might almost say in grace, for he has taken the line of trying to circumvent the Prince by playing a waiting game, begging for time, and laying aside the defiant tone he had been fool enough to adopt a few months ago. So there is an end to Kronstadt."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Narka; "but when is there going to be an end of —the rest, I wonder? When will he be free? Will he ever be free?"

Ivan smiled, rubbed his palms together, and bent closer to her.

"I will tell you a secret," he said, dropping his voice to a confidential undertone. "There is a talk of the Emperor coming to pay a visit to his good brother of Berlin, and Prince Zorokoff is to accompany him, leaving Basil behind, well watched, of course; but we may outbid him, or we may outwit the police. I have a plan—" He chuckled, and squeezed his flattened hands between his knees as if he would have crushed them.

Narka held her breath; she could hardly trust herself to clutch at this splendid hope.

"Yes," Ivan continued, enjoying the effect he was producing; "we must smuggle him out across the Austrian frontier; then he will be safe, and let them catch him if they can! It has been a good thing, this time he has spent at St. Petersburg. It has opened his eyes, and fitted him for the work that is to be done. When he was called back and put into a court dress he was in despair. He said: 'I had rather they sent me to Siberia to work naked at the gold picking. If one must be a slave, it is better to be naked than to be in livery; one is nearer to being a man when he is naked.' But it was a good thing they put him in livery; it made him feel how the livery galls and pinches and degrades a man; it has made him believe what he heard. He now knows what a devil's workshop a court is. He has seen what an open door into hell it is. He now sees that the only thing to do is to burn it down, and scatter the dust of it to the winds of heaven. He has carried the war into the enemy's country; he has done wonders for the cause. His brain is a forge where the iron is made hot, and his pen a hammer that beats it and sends the sparks flying about in every direction. His hand has grown strong and his nerves tough, and his arm knows where to reach."

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Ivan clinched his own hand and straightened out his massive arm threateningly. He had grown excited as he went on; his voice was hoarse; murderous hate was visible in every line of his haggard face; he was horrible to look at.

Narka knew not what to make of it. The sudden outbreaking of fierce passions was the more startling from its contrast with his habitual quiet *bonhomie;* she had never dreamed of such fires smouldering beneath the surface of his gentle nature; she admired the strength that it revealed, but she was conscious of a recoil from Ivan; a kind of chill horror crept over her, as if she were being forced into tacit complicity with some criminal conspiracy or deed of blood.

He, concentrated in his own passion, had not noticed its effect upon her; but her long silence, after he had done speaking, recalled him to himself. "Tell me about you," he said, turning to her, and his countenance changing suddenly, as if he had thrown off a mask. "Why did you come to this out-of-the-way place? What are you doing up here?"

She answered his inquiries by giving him the history of all that had happened since they met: he had left Paris just as she was pronounced out of danger, and he had heard of her full recovery from Schenk; but beyond that he knew nothing.

"You are with us at heart," he said, when she had finished; "why not be with us in action? You said you were ready for any work that your hands or head could do."

"What work can they do?" Narka asked, in vague alarm.

"You could translate for us. Instead of starving on a few lessons, you might earn an easy livelihood by translating our circulars and pamphlets from Russian and German into French. We can pay well for good service, and I could keep you supplied with work." He plunged his hand into a capacious breast pocket, pulled out a roll of manuscript, unfolded it, and deliberately flattened it out on his knee.

Narka suddenly changed color. "That is Basil's writing!" she cried, putting out her hand to seize the paper.

"It is his writing, and it is his composition. I risked my head travelling with it. If it had been found, it would have been as good as a charge of dynamite under my chair." He handed her the paper.

Narka devoured the well-known writing with hungry eyes; it was almost like seeing Basil himself, like touching his hand.

Ivan's face, as he watched her, reflected transparently the battle of courage against pain that was being fought out within him; his brow contracted with pain, while a smile of infantine hilarity made his eyes shine. After watching her for a moment he looked away, as if he could bear it no longer.

"There is to be a meeting on the 15th," he said, fumbling in his pockets, "and I want to have that ready to distribute at it; so set to work and translate it at once. By-the-way, why should not you come to this meeting? You would hear something of what is being done; you would hear what Basil is doing, and see the position he holds among us."

"I should like greatly to go," Narka said, looking up from the manuscript with a certain hesitation. Her will was, in truth, pulled by opposite forces of terror and desire; she longed to be useful in the cause for which Basil was risking his life and liberty, but she shrank before the mystery that hung like a black curtain between her and the means and agencies it employed. Who were these people she was going to associate herself with? Desperadoes, probably, who shrank from nothing. Still, if they were Basil's fellow-workers—

"I will come and fetch you," said Ivan, his quick eye detecting the conflict in her mind; "we can go in together, and you can come away whenever you feel inclined. We won't be more than a few score."

And so it was settled that she would go.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE meeting was to be held in the Quartier Latin, close to the Russian Library. On the appointed evening Ivan called for Narka, and they drove there in a cab. It drew up before an old-fashioned gateway. Ivan led the way up a dark, slippery stair to an entresol, and they entered a low-ceiled room lighted with gas. The artificial glare, after the golden light of the summer evening, had a sinister effect, and lent an additional air of mystery to the place and the opportunity, which impressed Narka's excited imagination.

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There were about a dozen persons already present, some of them women. Every eye was turned on her, and the women looked eager to claim acquaintance; but Ivan Gorff, after exchanging greetings with the men he knew, sat down beside her, placing his chair so as to barricade her against approach, and engaged her in confidential talk. The room filled quickly, and the company were all talking with animation. Still they seemed to be waiting for some one who had not yet arrived. Presently the door opened, and Dr. Schenk appeared. It was not a pleasant surprise to Narka; but it was not as disagreeable as it might have been under other circumstances. She did not like Schenk, though she was grateful to him, with limitations, for the care he had taken of her in her illness; but she was glad to see him make his way round and take a seat beside her. His presence seemed a protection. Never had she found herself amidst such an assembly of vulgar, vicious, desperate-looking human beings as those who composed this meeting. The first impression of mistrust was gradually giving way to one of horror and amazement. They were all talking at the top of their voices, gesticulating in an excited manner; they seemed to be discussing every subject under the sun, if incoherent remarks and wild rant could be called discussion; it was difficult to believe such an assembly could have any serious purpose in view, or that the members were capable of wise and concerted action. When it was ascertained that the meeting was full, the door was locked, and some one stamped on the floor and then knocked on the table, and clamored for silence in order that the speaking might begin.

The first speaker was an elderly Russian, a tall, massively built man, with a quantity of black beard growing all over his face, and through which his sharp, rat-like eyes and exceedingly red nose peered like live things through a jungle. He read some reports from distant members, scarcely intelligible to Narka, but evidently of interest to the company. The speaker alluded proudly to his having been fifteen years at the hulks—a fact which evidently gave him a standing, as one entitled by experience to hold a heavy brief against the tyrants. The time had come, he said, for overturning that great collective tyrant called Society, and the work demanded stout hearts and steady hands. The stamping and applause which emphasized this remark left no doubt as to the assent of the hearts and hands of the company.

"Those," continued the speaker, when quiet was restored, "who possess what by right belongs to humanity call our work crime — hunt us down. But if we are guilty, who are the true criminals? If our deeds are bloody, on whose head will be the blood we shed? They goad us to madness, and when we strike in self-defence they call us robbers and assassins; they murder us in the name of justice!"

The old convict went ranting on in the same style, his voice growing louder as he proceeded, until it reached a shout; his gestures, at first heavy and emphatic, grew rapid and vehement, till his Herculean arms leaped and lashed about like the wings of a mill blown this way and that by contrary winds.

Ivan Gorff joined in the general applause, laughing and clapping hands as if the whole thing had been a clever farce. Schenk sat with his hands crossed, impassive and silent.

The next speaker was a very different type. He also was Russian, but young (about thirty), with a battered, consumptive countenance, and faded blond coloring; he was nobly born, had ruined himself by gambling, and been driven from sheer want into the business of patriotism; but he attributed his misfortune to the evil influences of the court—he had once succeeded in getting an invitation to a state ball at the Winter Palace—and felt that his destiny was to denounce the foul corruption of courts and the vices of kings, and to serve the noble cause of revolution by holding himself up as an awful example. He was interrupted by fits of coughing, and the intervals were filled with frantic applause from the meeting.

"It is some consolation to know," he continued, "that others are carrying on the war in the very heart of the citadel, and fighting in the foul atmosphere of courts against those infernal agencies. One of our countrymen is giving a glorious example of self-sacrifice and courage in propagating the gospel of hate under the roof of the tyrant, and mining the ground under his feet. My friend and heroic brother in arms, Basil Zorokoff—"

A faint, inarticulate cry from a corner of the room was instantly drowned in a

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loud and prolonged burst of applause from Ivan Gorff, and this was the signal for a general storm of enthusiasm, before which the consumptive speaker, already exhausted, collapsed.

The hubbub might have lasted indefinitely if Schenk had not risen, and, with one hand in his breast, and the other uplifted to command silence, made evident his intention to speak. The effect was immediate. The clamorous tongues were hushed, and silence reigned in the room. Schenk spoke with a quiet power that was impressive; his accent was slightly German; his voice clear and distinct; his speech simple and direct, like that of a man who is too sure of the strength of his subject to borrow any aid from rhetoric or gesticulation.

"We are a company of martyrs," he said, "self-elected victims in the great cause of humanity. Let every man keep this grand ideal well before him. Our duty is to annihilate self in the service of the general good. The claims of the universal brotherhood must swallow up every other claim. Every creed and code and prejudice must succumb at their bidding. In the interests of our noble cause we must be ready, at mid-day or at midnight, to sacrifice self. We must be ready to do and to suffer whatever things are hard and vile and hideous. The men and women who join us must hold their lives in their hands, and be ready to fling them away at an hour's notice. They must be prepared to suffer hunger and thirst, to endure heat and cold, to give their flesh to the iron and the scourge, and their good name to the dogs; to be accursed by their kindred; to be accounted infamous by the good and virtuous; to be alone in life and in death. All this they who cast in their lot with us must be ready to accept. If there be any among us whose spirit quails before the prospect, let him go no farther, but leave us before it be too late. Let no man or woman who cannot face with unflinching nerve the issues that await them run the risk of betraying the cause, and incurring the traitor's death."

Schenk paused, as if waiting for an answer. It came in a loud shout of assent from every side. With a quiet gesture he imposed silence, and went on:

"If we are all sure of ourselves, we need fear nothing. No man can hurt us. They can do no more than kill us, and we are willing to be killed. However black in the eyes of men, we are white and clean before Heaven and our own conscience. And we stand all equal as servants in the grand cause. The lowest among us, who runs the same risks, deserves the same honor as the Prince who is working in the high places. The only standard we recognize is patriotism; the value of each man is measured by the service he renders to the general cause."

Schenk then proceeded to read letters and reports; but Narka did not hear them. She was reeling from the shock that his speech had dealt her; she felt like a person who had been led blindfold into a quagmire, and who, when the bandage was removed, saw no way out of it. What could Ivan's motive have been in leading her into such a place? He had, indeed, prepared her vaguely by mysterious hints; but she never dreamed of anything so reckless of morality as this policy expounded by Schenk. And it looked as if Schenk had seized with avidity the opportunity of lighting up the depths of the abyss on the brink of which she stood, and showing her what kind of solidarity she incurred and what risks she ran in throwing in her lot with him and his associates. And these men were Basil's friends! It was impossible! Yet there was his pamphlet. True, it did not contain anything like Schenk's cold-blooded gospel of crime; it was only an eloquent appeal to his countrymen to rise and assert their dignity as men, and their freedom as citizens; it dealt with abstract ideas and principles.

Narka in her bewilderment could not, perhaps would not, see that Schenk's concrete code was only the logical outcome of Basil's abstract principles. Suddenly the thought of Larchoff flashed through her mind. She felt sick with doubt and terror.

Schenk sat down, and then Olga Borzidoff rose to speak. This woman was a friend of Schenk's, and had kept her eyes on Narka from the first with a glance which, if Narka had noticed it, would have frightened her more than anything she had seen or heard at the meeting. Olga Borzidoff, after draining the cup of pleasure to the dregs, had taken to the game of patriotism in search of a new sensation; but she played badly, got caught, and only escaped with her life, owing to a timely warning from one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp. Her fortune was confiscated, but the sale of her

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jewels gave her an income which enabled her to play the *grande dame* amongst the bankrupt pariahs into whose society she had fallen. She had once been handsome, but now at forty she was a bold, hard-featured, painted coquette.

She opened her speech by an attack on men, denouncing the despotism they exercised over women, and declaring that the emancipation of her sex must be a prelude to the emancipation of her country and mankind, and that her efforts and those of her sisters should tend in that direction—a violent, ranting rigmarole.

After this shrieking sister, a pale-faced, blue-eyed German stood up. She acknowledged that she was a woman, timid and cowardly, and therefore had no right to put herself forward; still, trusting to the chivalrous indulgence of the stronger sex, she dared to lift up her voice and adjure them to make haste in their grand mission of social reform; their action had hitherto been circumscribed by scruples of compassion which were in reality the promptings of cowardice. They shrank from sacrificing harmless men and women, forgetting that the death of one tyrant was such a gain to humanity as to be cheaply bought by the sacrifice of a thousand lives; it would benefit millions yet unborn. Let this thought nerve their arm for the slaughter that must be accomplished if the world was to be cleansed of the race of tyrants and aristocrats, etc., etc., etc.

The blue-eyed woman's voice had a lachrymose tremble in it that was full of pathos. It reminded Narka of the serpent beseeching Eve to eat to the death of the human race.

Several other speakers followed; chiefly French, all young men, evidently of the *déclassé* type. One after another they stood up and raved and ranted; they were full of their own importance, ready for any enterprise, absolutely reckless of consequences; light-headed fools, seemingly more hungry and discontented than wicked—a wonderful company to undertake the redemption of their respective nations.

Ivan Gorff had not spoken, except that short parley improvised to screen Narka when she had nearly betrayed herself. He rose now, and said he had something to read before they separated. There was a general assent, and he proceeded to read out, in his deep, metallic voice, Basil's pamphlet translated. The effect was electric. The language had seemed inspiring to Narka when she read it alone; but declaimed by Ivan to this excited and responsive audience, its eloquence was like fire and dancing flames. The reading was all along punctuated by "bravos" and suppressed cheers; the meeting could hardly restrain its enthusiasm within bounds, and the moment Ivan had done, the applause burst out like a torrent let loose. The pamphlets were seized upon as if they had been loaves of bread thrown to starving men; the company embraced one another; they kissed the pamphlet; they made every demonstration of wild delight.

Under cover of the general hubbub Ivan said to Narka, "Let us slip away."

Schenk, who was before her, moved on at once. Olga Borzidoff, whose eyes had never left the group, pushed quickly toward the door and met them.

"Present us to one another," she said to Schenk, putting her hand on his arm; but Schenk moved on as if he had not heard. "Let us introduce ourselves," said Olga. "I am Olga Borzidoff. What is our new sister's name?"

"Narka Larik," replied the new sister, coldly.

Ivan pushed her gently on, remarking that it was later than he thought. It was pitch-dark on the stairs. Schenk struck a match, and nursed the little flame, that Narka might see where to step; but the light, after a moment, went out.

"Take my arm," said Schenk. "I know the way. I will guide you."

They were groping before them, Ivan following, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a woman's voice said, "I want a word with you."

Narka got safe down, thanks to Schenk's steady guidance. When they emerged into the court below the moon was high, and the clear blue heaven was full of stars.

"Here we are, *a riveder le stelle!*" he said, drawing a deep breath.

In spite of the horror with which his speech had so lately inspired her, Narka for a moment felt in sympathy with him; the beautiful quotation seemed to strike a *sursum corda* that lifted her spirit out of the dense atmosphere in which she had been morally and physically stifling.

They stood and looked back, expecting Ivan to follow; but he did not appear, and the others were hurrying down.

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"We had better not wait here," said Schenk. "Come on, and I will put you into a cab."

They went out, and he hailed one. As he was closing the door upon Narka, he said, "It is very late for you to go such a long drive alone; you had better let me see you home." Without waiting for her answer, he jumped in beside her.

Neither of them broke silence until they alighted at Narka's door. Then Schenk wished her good-night, and walked back alone in the starlight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE meeting in the Quartier Latin had one good effect on Narka: it forced her thoughts into a new channel, and made it easier for her to obey the doctor's injunction of thinking as little as possible about her lost voice. That extraordinary scene, and the sudden and dangerous current it had introduced into her life, absorbed her so completely that all other thoughts were for the moment crowded out of sight. But she felt more alone since her solitude had become peopled by this multitude of unbidden presences. A new sense of loneliness, of isolation, came to her with the longing to discount these too vivid emotions, to silence these haunting revelations and shadowy presentments by sharing them with some one whom she could trust, and who would understand, whose sympathy or whose contradiction, whose indignant denunciation even, might help her to adjust the balance of things, and bring them to their true proportion. It is so much harder to battle through these spectral crowds alone.

Narka tried to escape from her beleaguered solitude by occupying herself, and being as much as possible out-of-doors. One of the few helpful recreations within her reach was a visit to the Louvre. She took the omnibus one morning and drove there. The serene atmosphere of the galleries soothed her, the brooding presence of the dead masters, who were still so living, exorcised the evil spirits and scared them away. Narka had never held a brush, but her delight in the art was genuine. She loved some of the pictures as if they were living persons who felt her enthusiasm, and might be touched by it. The Murillos were her chief delight; sometimes it almost seemed to her that she might awake or trouble the sleep of the dead painter in being so deeply moved by his inspired renderings. She lingered long before them to-day, and though tired physically from standing about so many hours, she felt refreshed and rested in spirit when she left the place.

She was turning into the Tuileries gardens, when a gentleman, hurrying out, met her. It was Dr. Schenk. Narka had not seen either him or Ivan Gorff since the meeting.

"I am so glad to meet you!" he said, cordially; "shall we sit down and chat for a moment?"

There was a bench close by, under the broad shade of a chestnut-tree. Narka was not sorry to sit down and rest a little.

"I need not ask what you thought of the company the other evening," Schenk said, entering at once on the subject.

Narka's level brows went up expressively. "It was not so much the company, even, as the doctrines, that took me by surprise," she answered.

"You were not prepared to find them so advanced? Ivan ought to have been more outspoken and explicit with you. You were hardly strong enough to bear the shock of being brought in contact with the reality so suddenly. I took for granted that you had come there with your eyes open, and I was surprised to see you, I confess. However, as you have been taken behind the curtain, you must just accept the fact that there is an ugly side to patriotism when it has to work in secret. But though the patriotism that goes forth to the roll of drums and the braying of trumpets looks a more respectable thing, it is far less worthy in reality than ours, that gets no reward but scorn and stripes; we at least despise the conventional fallacy that goes by the name of honor; we trample that cant and the rest of the world's jugglery and caricaturing under our feet, and we bring on ourselves the odium of the result for a purely impersonal gain. I perceive you have a great deal to learn as to our principle of action," he added, reading, with his habitual intuition, on Narka's features the conflict between utter revulsion and reluctant admiration that he was exciting in her; "you have taken a perilous step in joining us, but you will trust me and let me be your friend—"

"I hope our new sister will trust us all

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as friends," said a woman's voice behind them.

Before turning round to see who it was, Narka had recognized Olga Borzidoff. She started and colored.

Schenk stood up. "What brings you here?" he said, in a low tone that had something dangerously fierce in it.

"Precisely what brings you here," she replied, in a high, insolent key: "the desire to converse with Mademoiselle Larik."

"I had business to discuss with mademoiselle."

"So have I. Perhaps you won't mind our discussing it together?"

"Good-morning, monsieur," said Narka, and quivering with anger and wounded pride, she walked away.

That bold, bad woman's stare was like the touch of an unclean thing. She could not forgive Ivan Gorff for subjecting her to the humiliation of such a contact. Why had he entrapped her so treacherously into this secret congregation of disreputable men and women? What sort of good were such people capable of effecting for their country? And Basil was working in common with them!

All the way to La Villette, as the omnibus rolled along, Narka vehemently protested against this unworthy comradeship, and upbraided Ivan Gorff. But on reaching home she found that Ivan had called and left a sealed parcel for her. She opened it and saw Basil's handwriting. In an instant all her anger vanished, and she could feel nothing but gratitude toward the man who had brought this joy into her life.

She sat down and devoured the manuscript. It was just what she wanted to restore her crushed self-respect and reconcile her to the irreconcilable. The article was a powerful and impassioned piece of writing; but it remained, like the preceding one, in the abstract, dealing with principles, and enlarging on the degrading effect of tyranny upon the moral nature of a people. Here was the wisdom, the sagacity, the courage, the dominant mind of the true patriot. This was the gold in the dross. Narka set to work at once on the translation, happy in the consciousness that she was putting her hand to the plough with Basil, and driving the share through the smoking soil, while he cast the seed into the furrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUNT RANDY.

AN ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCH.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

WE were on the Landaff Valley road, only a mile or two out from Franconia village. Nathan was driving, while Pirate and Corsair (Nathan would always call the latter Horsehair), in defiance of their reckless names, lounged lazily along the road. It was June, and the season was a little late, but along the margins of the streams the early buttercups were shining all golden in the sun, the tiarella sent up feathery spikes of white, and in the woods the painted trilliums—the "Benjamins" of the country folk—were unfolding their delicate pink and white flowers. The bunchberry made mounds of creamy bloom at the roots of ancient trees; starflower, gold-thread, and anemones starred the woods; and in the swamps toothwort, marsh-marigold, and purple avens were growing.

Again and again were the horses—always obliging in this matter—made to stop by the peculiar sound, something between hiss, roll, and cluck, which to the Franconia steed means "Whoa!" and I jumped out to secure some tall stalk of baneberry flowers, a branch of hobble-bush, or red-berried elder, to gather a fragrant bunch of smilacina or a few white violets.

Just as I had returned to the carriage after one of these raids, and the horses had started up in a sudden spurt of speed, "too bright to last," I saw an odd sight. In the small garden back of a house past which we were flying was a woman who conducted herself in the strangest manner. Though apparently rather elderly, she was dashing frantically about, her wide cap border flapping around her face, her limp calico gown twisted about her ankles by the breeze, and her long arms waving in the air. In one hand she held what looked to me, as I was hurried by,

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like a banner of dingy white on a long pole, and with this she performed the wildest antics. Now it was waved aloft, while its bearer stood on tiptoe, and even sprang into the air, head bent backward and face upturned; then it sank to the ground, or was trailed over the vegetable beds. Standing up in the carriage and looking back eagerly, I could see this wild dance continue, until suddenly the flag was quickly lowered or dashed to the ground, and the strange standard-bearer threw herself down beside it in a crouching attitude, and seemed to clasp its folds in her skinny hands.

"Nathan! Nathan!" I cried, breathless. "What is it? Oh, who is she?"

"Aunt Randy."

"But what is the matter with her? Is she crazy?"

Nathan stooped to pick up a branch of fly-honeysuckle which had fallen from the seat, as he answered, impassively, "Guess not; no more'n most women."

"But what is she doing?"

"Ketchin' butterflies."

"Oh!" cried I, drawing a long breath, expressive of both disappointment and relief. "I see that was a net she was holding, and she is a collector."

I am a woman of hobbies myself, and had lately taken up entomology with some ardor, so I felt at once interested in this congenial being, and questioned Nathan with new zeal. I soon knew all he had to tell, which was but little. The woman had come to Franconia a few years before from North Woodstock. She was dressed in black, looked pale and wretched, and seemed to be alone in the world. She lived by herself in the little white house where we saw her, and "didn't seem to take no notice of no one." She avoided the neighbors, shut herself up in dark rooms, never went to "meetin'" or "sewin' s'ciety" or any such gathering, and refused to admit the minister or other friendly visitors. But there was a sudden change. One summer day she was seen in a field near her house "chasin' a yeller butterfly," and after that she was a different being.

"She took to all kinds o' live flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creeters," the story went on. "She'd spend a hull day runnin' after butterflies and millers, and huntin' for bugs an' caterpillers an' spiders an' hoppergasses. An' nights she'd be scootin' round with a lantern to ketch them big hairy things like bats that flop into lights. An' she'd keep her winder open every evenin', and start up an' kite around the room with that kinder fish net, an' ketch every blamed thing that come in. An' she began to take notice o' people—children fust; an' she'd ask the boys an' girls to come in an' see her live things, an' she'd talk real nice to 'em—good's a book. An' somehow she's different every way, pleasanter-spoken an' contented like. Some folks thinks she's crazy, an' she does act dreffle queer sometimes. But there's crazier people outside the 'sylums than Aunt Randy."

"Is she married? Has she a family?"

"Well, folks say she's a widder, an' her husband was a bad lot. She never says nothin' about him, an' she don't think no great of men-folks. Her name's Mis' Gates, an' Randy's short for Mirandy; but I tell folks she's so independent an' sot on not belongin' to no man, she won't let any one call her My anything, so she's left it off o' Randy."

It was not long before I made the acquaintance of the odd entomologist. I think she recognized in me a kindred spirit, saw that I too liked "flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creeters," and so met my advances more readily. The boys were devoted anglers that summer, and there were trout to be found in Landaff River. So we would all drive down the valley road, stop in some pleasant shady spot, and leaving the horses under Nathan's faithful though sometimes drowsy care, amuse ourselves in our various ways. The boys were happy for hours together with their rods and lines. I wandered about after butterflies and moths, and invariably ended by stopping before Aunt Randy's door.

Strange as it may appear, Aunt Randy had not only never seen a book about insects, but she had never even known, until she met me, that such books existed. She had never met an entomologist or any one interested in the study of her favorites, and all her information was derived from her own experience. So her talk was fresh and delightful, and quite free from polysyllabic terms and the ever-changing nomenclature of the study as we find it in books. I remember that the first thing I ever carried to her for identification was a butterfly. It was the large dark chocolate one with pale yellow borders, known as the Antiopa. Now I con-

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fess I knew its name and something of its habits, but I wished to test Aunt Randy's knowledge. As she saw it her rugged face lighted up with a smile of recognition, and taking it gently from my hands, as though she were touching a baby, she said:

"Ah, you peart little feller! Held out to this time, did ye? If you ain't hardy an' full o' pluck, I don't know who is. Ye see"—looking up at me—"this kind stands the winter right through."

"Yes," I answered, perhaps a trifle patronizingly, "it hibernates, I know."

She looked a little puzzled, but went on: "I don't know about that, but he jest gets along somehow through our cold Francony winters. Sometimes I find 'em stickin' to the rafters, or snuggled two or three together in a hole between the stones o' the old wall there, or inside the shed, or in the wood-pile, lookin' 's if they was dead as door-nails. But come to bring 'em in by the fire, or hold 'em a spell in my hands, they come to life agin. An' warm sunny days they'll go crawlin' round, an' in the spring, when the frost goes out o' the ground, an' the weather gets settled, they come out for good. But they're pretty hard-lookin' then, an' they don't live long arter layin' their eggs, an' the second crop don't come round till along the fust o' August or thereabouts."

"What is its name?" I asked.

"Waal, I don't know this one by his fust name; he's a stranger to me—come from further down the road, I guess. The fam'ly name I give 'em is Tough, 'cause they stan' the cold so well, but I don't know all their given names. Lizy an' Mary Ann spent the winter under the stone out there by the wall, an' Caleb staid in the shed, but I've lost sight of 'em now, though" (looking around toward the garden) "I thought I see Wilbur jest now out by the fence."

Shades of Linnæus and Hubner forgive her! *Vanessa antiopa* vulgarized into Mary Ann Tough!

And so she lived on, surrounded by her insect friends, loving them, understanding them, calling each one by his Christian name, and quite happy in their society. There was a big dragon-fly with spotted wings whom she addressed as Horace, and who, she declared, had followed her weeks ago all the way from Streeter's Pond as she drove home with her old mare and the buck board. And as she dwelt upon the salient points of his character, his sense of humor and comical disposition, while he whizzed about her head, I declare he did look to me quite unlike other dragon-flies. I seemed to see a humorous twinkle in his big eyes, and for the moment firmly believed in Horace's sense of the ludicrous. Aunt Randy and I soon became warm friends, and it was not long before she told me her story. I need not dwell upon the early part of it. Her married life was a hard one, her husband a shiftless, idle vagabond. She did not apply these epithets, but the facts spoke for themselves. She worked hard, and he spent her earnings at the tavern. They had one child, a boy, and to him the mother's heart clung as to nothing else in earth or heaven. For his sake she struggled on, bore her husband's neglect and ill treatment, worked for all three, and kept some little remnant of faith and hope in her heart. At last one winter's day her husband went away and never returned. Some weeks later she heard of his death, and was free. Just then a distant relative, of whom she had lost sight for many years, died and left her a little money. So new hope sprang up in her chilled heart. She would take the child, she thought, buy a little place in some quiet village, and leave her wretched past far behind her. Alas for human hopes! Just as the little house in Franconia was secured, and she was about to remove there with her child, the boy sickened and died.

If I should write pages I could not convey to you, as the few abrupt words of this patient, undemonstrative New England woman conveyed to me, all the tragic meaning of that loss to her. As a child she had lived in a Christian home, and had some religious training, and amidst all her trials hitherto she had tried in her poor blind way to believe and trust and think that somehow things were for the best. But now, with this terrible blow, all faith in God and man was killed. She buried the boy with no more thought or hope of a future reunion than has the veriest heathen, left his grave and their old home—a grave, too, now in which all hope and faith were entombed—and came to Franconia, where she lived for months the solitary life of which Nathan had told me, a misanthropic, hopeless soul. Let me try now to tell you in Aunt Randy's own words, as near as may be, how the change came.

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"I used to shet myself up here all day an' think I couldn't have no posy gard'n or anything like that, now the little feller wa'n't here to play in it. An' I couldn't bear to hear the birds singin', 'cause he used to like 'em so, an' I'd jest shet up my eyes as I went along so's not to see the vi'lets an' dand'lions an' butter-'n'-eggs, an' them posies he used to pick an' fetch in to me in his little fat hands. But one day I had to go down the road a piece, of an errand, an' before I could help it I ketcht sight of a big clump o' fire-weed shinin' all pink in the sun. Now fire-weed was my boy's fav'rite posy; it growed all round our house in North Woodstock, an' he used to pick it an' fetch in big bunches on it, an' set 'em in the old blue pitcher. He was dreffle fond o' that plant, an' when I see it—well, it all come over me so, I jest bust out cryin' right in the road, an' I was 'fraid somebody 'd see me, so I had to stop an' purtend I was lookin' at the posies. An' as I was stoopin' down a-lookin' an' tryin' to get my handk'chief out, I see a big worm on the fire-weed. 'Twa'n't crawlin' or eatin', but jest settin' up on its hind-legs in the humanest way, with its head up an' its hands out, an'—You'll think I'm an old fool, but what with the water in my eyes and the sun a-dazzlin' me, an' my heart just breakin' for that boy, why, I kinder thought that worm favored the young one, an' I felt the queerest drawin' to it. I reached out my finger to poke it, an' it put down its head an' drawed its chin in for all the world like that boy when he was scaret an' bashful. I tell ye, from that minnit I 'dopted that creeter an' took him right inter my heart. I hadn't cared for a livin' thing afore sence that little coffin went out my front gate, an' I tell ye 'twas good to feel that drawin' toward suthin'. I picked the plant he was on an' I carried him home jest 's careful, an' then I fixed a box o' dirt an' stuck the plant in, an' jest let it alone till he'd got kind of acquainted like. But, dear me! he made friends to once; he never tried to get away; he never was off his vittles from the minnit he come. The fust time I see him eat, my heart come right up in my mouth, he et so like my boy, jest bitin' little bites right reg'lar round an' round a loaf till he'd made a place the shape o' half a cent, like the boy'd do with his cooky. I named him Jacob after the other, an'— Oh, I can't tell ye what a comfort he was to me! I hadn't had no pervidin' to do for so long, but now I had to go down the road every single mornin' an' get fresh fire-weed for Jacob to eat. I put a cup o' water for him too, but I never see him drink. I guess he licked the water off the leaves, for I used to wet 'em to make 'em tasty an' temptin'. Another thing that made him look like the boy was his color. He was kind o' blacky-green, with round pink spots on his sides, for all the world like my other Jacob in his little tight jacket with the glass buttons I made for him outer my old invisible green dress. And he had a little pink face, an' he used to look up at me so peart an' knowin' when I'd talk to him. 'Twas a new thing to me, after all them lonesome months, to have some one at home waitin' for me when I was out, an' I used to hurry back 's quick 's I could jest 's if the boy was watchin' at the winder with his pretty little nose all flat agin the glass.

"I had a stick stan'in' up in his box, an' a big piece o' mosquiter nettin' over it like a tent, but I only kep' it shet down when I was out an' nights, for I didn't want him to think he was locked up, an' every night at bedtime I'd go an' draw down that nettin' snug an' tie a string round the bottom, an' look in last thing to see if he was all right. You'd scarcely b'lieve how that tuckin' in helped me after I'd been without it such a spell.

"'Twas gettin' late in the season—'twas the fust day o' September I took him—an' I begun to think about the winter, an' how I should make Jacob comfortable. I thought I'd move inter the front bedroom, where there was a stove, an' take him right in there to sleep. An' as for food, why, I'd dig up a lot o' fire-weed an' set it out in pots, an' keep him in vittles till spring. I'd found by this time that he wouldn't eat nothin' else: he was real set in his ways. I tried him on the nicest things—rose leaves, an' buttercups, an' lavender, an' diffant yarbs; but he'd jest smell at 'em an' turn away, an' look for his fire-weed. That was so like the boy! If he wanted gingerbread, he wanted it, an' doughnuts, nor jumbles, nor sour-milk cake, nor not even meat-pie would do—he must have gingerbread or nothin'.

"Well, I might's well come to the wust sooner 's later. One day I see Jacob didn't seem like hisself; he stopped eatin', an' went crawlin' round 's if he wanted suth-

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in' he hadn't got. I give him water an' fresh fire-weed; I set him by the north winder where the wind blew in, for 'twas a hot day; but nothin' did any good. All day he went crawlin' round, restless an' fev'rish like, never eatin' nothin', nor takin' any notice o' anything. I set up by him all night long, my heart's heavy as lead, for I was goin' over again them dreffle days when my boy took sick. Just at daylight he crawled down onto the ground an' lay there a spell, an' then I heerd him a-rustlin' about, an' when I looked he was kinder diggin' in the ground, pickin' up little bits o' dirt an' throwin' 'em about. 'It's like pickin' at the bedclothes,' I says, my heart a-sinkin' 'way down. So he went on for hours diggin', diggin'. I put him up on the leaves lots o' times, but he'd crawl right down agin, so I let him alone 't last. Bimeby I see he'd made quite a little hole, an' all on a suddent it come into my head he was makin' a grave.

"An' he was. Slow an' sure he dug, an' crawled in 's he dug, an' I sat watchin' hour after hour, an' cryin' my poor old heart out over him. An' late in the afternoon he'd finished his work, an' buried hisself, jest leavin' a little hole at his head; an' he put up his little pink face an' looked at me so human-like, an' then he reached out an' took a little lump o' dirt an' pulled it over the hole, an' he was gone, an' I hadn't anything left in all the world but my two graves."

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes before she could go on, and I assure you that I forgot the hero of her story was nothing but a caterpillar, and found my own eyes wet.

"Well," she at last proceeded, "I didn't disturb him. Seemed 's if God had some way o' tellin' dumb creeters when they was to die, an' so I tied the nettin' down over his box an' left him there.

"I better not say much about that time. 'Twas a bad spell. My heart, that had got kind o' soft an' warm with somethin' to love an' take care on, got hard an' frozen agin, an' oh, the hard thoughts I had o' God for takin' my last comfort away, an' lettin' both my little Jacobs go away to lay for ever 'n' ever in the dark an' cold! The spring-time came, an' I hated it, an' oh, I dreaded the time when the fire-weed would come out all pink an' bright, with him not there no more to eat it, nor my curly-headed boy to pick it. One summer day—I sha'n't never forget it 's long 's I live—I was standin' by Jacob's little grave (I'd always kep' his box in my room jest 's it was), when I see the dirt had got shook off the top, an' the poor little body, all dried up an' brown now, was kinder oncovered. I was jest a-goin' to cover it up agin softly, when I see a little crack come on it, an'—oh, I can't tell it all out in this slow, quiet way! I wish 't could come on you as it did on me that blessed day! Jacob was comin' to life agin! He was—he was! I watched him, never touchin' or speakin' to him—though I jest ached to help—till the end come, an' he was big an' beautiful, brown an' buff an' pink, an' with wings! Oh, Mis' Burton, I can't put it inter words how I felt when I see Jacob come out o' his very grave an' spread his wings an' fly round my room; nor how I cried right out loud as I see it: 'Why not my boy, too? O Lord, you can do that jest 's easy 's this!'"

I left Franconia at the end of summer, and during the winter months heard nothing from the little snow-bound village. But when June came again I sought, as for twenty years I have sought, the grand old mountains—old but ever new. One of my earliest visits was to the little white house of Aunt Randy. I spied my old friend in the garden, and felt sure she was having a friendly gossip with some winged friends. I passed through the gate to join her, and as I did so saw a man sitting on the door-steps. He was unmistakably of the genus tramp, had a mean, sly face, with light shifting eyes, and looked a thorough vagabond. I wondered at his presence there, but forgot it instantly in the pleasure of meeting again my old comrade. She knew me at once, and her rugged face, thinner and more worn than when I last saw her, brightened as she met me. After a few words of greeting she asked me to come into the house, and we were soon seated in the familiar room, the scene of Jacob's death and apotheosis.

"Did you see him?" she suddenly asked, with a jerk of her head in the direction of the front door.

"I saw a man outside," I replied.

"It's him," she went on, quietly—"my husband, ye know—Mr. Gates. He wa'n't dead; 'twas a mistake, somehow; an' he come home las' winter."

For a minute I was speechless, and be-

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fore I could decide what to say, whether to congratulate or condole with my friend, she spoke again:

"I can speak plain to you, for I got to feel so to home with you las' summer, an' ye'll understan' me. When I see him comin' in one day, ragged, an' dirty, an' —well, smellin' o' liquor some—I *wa'n't* glad to see him. There was things I couldn't disremember, somehow; an' I'd thought he was dead an' gone, an' got used to it; an'—I didn't seem to want him. Then—'twas kinder mean of me, but I thought he'd heard o' the little property I'd come into, an' mebbe he was arter that, an' I kinder hardened my heart. But when I see how sickly an' peaked he looked, an' what a holler cough he had, an' how poor an' mis'rable he was, I began to feel a little more Christian-like. So I took him in an' done for him. I nussed him, got him new clo'es, fed him up, kep' him warm an' comfort'ble, an'"—with one of her quaint sudden smiles, which always reminded me of one of those quick darting bits of sunlight which come at times, you know not how, over old Lafayette's rocky brow—"an' I finished up by gettin' kinder fond o' him. Now, Mis' Burton," she said, more gravely, "he's never had no 'dvantages. He never took no notice o' worms or sech creeters, an' had no idee what caterpillars turned inter or outer; an' as for dead things, be they worms or folks, they was dead, to his thinkin', for goodenall. So I considered all that, an' made 'lowances, an' I begun to learn him religion, little at a time. I didn't use no Bible; he wouldn't ha' stood that—none o' his fam'ly ever would; they ain't Scripter folks, the Gateses ain't. But I told him all about the crawlin' an' flyin' creeters an' their ways, an' held 'em up as Christian 'xamples to humans; how they went about their bizness so stiddy an' reg'lar, an' pervided for their fam'lies, an' built their own houses, an' was always to home, an' how forehanded they was, lookin' ahead an' layin' up vittles for their child'en who's to come arter 'em, an' all them things, ye know. An' las' of all, I told him 'bout Jacob. Ye see he liked that boy of ourn better'n he ever liked anything else, an' I never let on to the boy that there was anything out o' the way with his pa; so the little feller reely set by Mr. Gates. An' when the frost got outer the groun' this spring I wanted to take up the boy an' bring him over from North Woodstock, an' keep him in the graveyard here, nigher by. An' I took Mr. Gates along; an' as we was bringin' the little coffin home I jest told him that story about the other body and the mir'cle I see with my own eyes."

"And was he impressed by it?" I asked, as she paused for breath.

"Well, I don' know. He's got sorter wat'ry eyes nat'rally—all the Gateses have—but I kinder thought they was wetter'n common when I got through; but 'twas a blowy day, an' he was real car'ful about liftin' the coffin, an' when the men was helpin' fill up the grave he stood close by, an' I heerd him ask 'em not to put so much dirt on top, nor stomp it down hard, an' I s'mised he was thinkin' o' the risin', an' plannin' how the little feller'd come out."

The hard, work-worn hands brushed something from the thin cheek as she spoke, and I thought that even the "Gateses" by marriage seemed sometimes to have "watery eyes."

"But his cough grows hollerer an' hackier, Mis' Burton, an' Dr. Sankey tells me he ain't long for this world; an' oh! I'm so dreffle pleased he come home when he did, an' didn't die without any preparin', or hearin' 'the gospil's joyful soun',' as my old mother useter sing. A queer gospil, ye may say, but I never heard a better sermon preached by Elder Garrick or Father Howe than that blessed caterpillar o' the church preached to me when he broke outer the grave that res'rection day last July. An' I tell ye when I'm talkin' caterpillars and bugs an' such, I throw in, without scarin' him, a good deal o' Scripter religion too, an' he knows mighty well—or 'tain't my fault—who's behind it all, an' respons'ble for their goin's on an' all the good in 'em. An'"—with her queer quick smile again—"I do a heap o' prayin' for him he never has the faintest idee on. It's mean, I hold, to pray *at* a man, but s'long as he don't know what I'm doin' it can't hurt him, an' it's a dreffle relief to me.

"An' he's improvin' on it, an' I've got hopes on him, Mis' Burton. I've seen wuss caterpillars 'n him turn inter real sightly flyin' things, not the best nor han'somest, mebbe, not big green an' buff angels like Jacob, but suthin' with wings, 'tennerate, an' that's a good deal. There was a fat, logy, whitish worm I knew once, with a blue streak down his back,

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that lived on a white birch across the road. His name was Ad'niram Judson Birch, an' I had big hopes o' him, thought he was goin' to be a big stripid butterfly—he et enough to make one a foot across—but he hadn't any ambition or fac'lty, somehow—jest et an' stuffed, an' never got on—an' he only come out a kind of a sawfly, without any bright colors on him, or feathers, or anything. But he had wings. I tell ye there's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em. An' when Mr. Gates gits off his caterpillar skin, an' comes up an' shakes the dirt all off, I ain't goin' to be one mite ashamed on him, s' long as he's got wings."

I was called away unexpectedly from the mountains a few days after this interview, and did not return that year. Nathan, a rare and reticent correspondent, wrote me a few weeks after my departure as follows:

"Old Gates, Aunt Randy's wuthless husband, pegged out last week. Good riddunse! Don't need a Yanky to guess where he's gone."

But I try to forget the one glimpse I had of the mean, sly face and cringing figure, and remember only dear old Aunt Randy's faith and prayers, and her simple creed: "There's wings in us all 'f we could see 'em."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE new building of the Equitable Assurance Company in New York is an object lesson of great significance. The entrance hall or arcade of polished marble, with its symbolic mosaic, its arched roof of exquisitely colored glass, and its stately staircase of onyx and bronze decorations, is such a hall as even the princely Augsburg banker, Fugger, who burned in a fire of sandal-wood the emperor's bond, or the Florentine Peruzzi, who dealt in royal loans to the crown of England, might have thought of a costliness and splendor beyond his reach. It is an illustration, and one of the finest, of what modern art can do in building for modern purposes. The massive palace is not the stately seat of a court which symbolizes the power and the wealth of a great state; it is a hive of private industry, and its ranges of rooms are the offices of that private enterprise and skill and sagacity which have so marvellously developed and moulded the country. But it is not for splendor that it is especially an object lesson. The morals suggested by such a building are many, but there is one which it is the object of our present meditation to mention.

Twenty years ago there was a Constitutional Convention in New York, sitting at Albany, which, as one of the members said, was undoubtedly the ablest body that ever assembled in the State, because every member agreed in that opinion. The Convention sat in the old Capitol, in which, a few years before, Mr. Seward had made one of his most important and impressive speeches, describing with great felicity its historic associations: "Old familiar echoes greet my ear from beneath these embowered roofs. The voices of the Spencers, of Kent and Van Rensselaer and Van Vechten, of the genial Tompkins, of Clinton the great and the elder Clinton, of King and Hamilton, of Jay, the pure and benevolent, and Schuyler, the gallant and inflexible. The very air that lingers around these arches breathes inspirations of moral, social, of physical enterprise, and of unconquerable freedom." A building so hallowed was full of charm, and a certain natural sentiment gave great interest to the question of replacing it with another which by its magnificence should symbolize the State imperial in population, in extent, in prosperity, and in the character of its domain.

But when it was proposed that the cost of its erection should not exceed four millions of dollars, the Convention paused, as it were, with a shudder, and "the boldest held his breath for a time." Twenty years ago four millions of dollars was a large sum of money, and to propose a tax of that amount for a public building was a suggestion which required reflection. It was decided, however, that a new Capitol should be built. Due provision was made, and the work was begun. It was twenty years ago. The building is still unfinished. It has cost already more than four times four millions of dollars. It is denounced as dark, damp, and inconvenient, a vast waste of space and unmeaning splendor, and as this meditation proceeds, the stones and plaster are falling from the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber, and there are strange rumors of an uncertain foundation. Much of the ill fame may be due to the ardent temperament of the reporter, naturally inclined to magnify his vocation, and to treat every topic in the grand style, so that a scrap of plaster may figure as a rock. But why should even a scrap of plaster fall?

It is not, however, the imagination of an excited or large-handed reporter which records that it is nearly twenty years ago that the Capitol was begun, and that its cost is already approaching twenty millions of dollars, while still much remains to do. These are indisputable facts. It is equally indisputable that the work of transforming the Equitable Build-

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ing began one year ago, and that all the additions have been made and the rich and exquisite and massive decorations have been completed between two May-days. If it had been a public work it would be still dawdling along at the third or fourth story. But it is a private building, erected for private purposes and by private interest, and it is accomplished with a precision and promptitude which the builders of the Pyramids might have envied.

"Why should the vest on him allure
Which I could not on me endure?"

Why should a work which by private enterprise is promptly and satisfactorily completed, for a public purpose become so prolonged, so wastefully costly, and so unsatisfactory? The State could have required a contract specifying the cost and the time, upon penalty of absolute loss. An adequate Capitol, even for the Empire State, could have been finished ten years ago at a third of the cost of the present unfinished structure. Why was it not done?

The ultimate reason is that for public works legislatures and committees and commissions and agents do not personally pay, but depend upon the general tax levy. In such enterprises delay and extravagance and unfitness and waste are burdens that fall upon the public, not upon individuals, and the public is nobody in particular. It is for this reason that whatever the State does in this kind is done poorly and at vast cost. This is one of the morals which preaches itself in the marble arcade of the Equitable. It should chasten the ardor of those who are eager that the State should do everything, or who at least favor State rather than individual enterprise. Those who urge that railroads and telegraphs should be managed by the government should show how they mean to provide that so enormous an extension of the patronage of the government would not perilously increase the power of the party of administration, and tend directly not only to an immense increase of taxation, but to the overthrow of government by the people.

The way of wisdom is the golden mean. There are limits, of course, to the good policy of trusting private rather than the public agency. Private enterprise would doubtless carry letters as promptly and securely as the public post, and more economically; but it would carry them only where it was profitable, while the public post carries letters and merchandise to the extreme frontier, usually at a great annual loss to the public treasury. But this loss is more than made up by the encouragement and the inexpressible convenience of settlers. Paternalism in certain great enterprises, like the schools and the post-office, although costly, is wise. These are better controlled by the government than by private interest and enterprise. But paternalism is an anti-American tendency in government, and the true American rule is that of Bacon, "an inclination to the more benign extreme."

It would be a singular benefit if the new and beautiful corridor of the Equitable should serve as a portico where the pedestrian might step in from the street and learn a lesson in the principles of good government. Certainly the loiterer in the vast and dark spaces of the new Capitol is surrounded with such lessons; and legislators who are bent upon winning the most sweet voices of a labor party, not by pandering to ignorance and prejudice, but by appealing to reason and common-sense, might well draw from the Capitol in which they speak the most forcible argument and illustration of the wisdom of restricting the functions of government.

In his late address on the study of literature, John Morley said that he had strayed from literature into politics, and that he was not sure that such a journey conduces to the soundness of judgments on literary subjects, or adds force to arguments on behalf of literary study. "Politics," he said, "are a field where action is one long second-best, and where the choice lies constantly between two blunders. Nothing can be more unlike in aims, in ideals, in method, and in matter than are literature and politics."

No man in recent times, however, has more signally illustrated the value of literary training to a statesman than Mr. Morley himself. He is one of the most accomplished of the literary class in England, and his books show his intellectual acuteness and his moral courage. They show also the tendency of his mind toward the consideration of fundamental public questions, and as the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and of the *Pall Mall Gazette* he had the training in current public affairs and the application of principles to politics which is the advantage of every faithful and capable editor. He entered public life only with Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry, but by his general ability and his skill as a speaker he is already in the near, if not the immediate, succession to the headship of the Gladstone Liberalists. This is a remarkable career, and Mr. Morley is a striking illustration of the scholar in politics.

Scholarship, indeed, does not make a man successful in politics, but to the man of political tastes and capacities it is an invaluable aid. Addison and Prior and Steele were literary men who were in political place as a reward for literary service and as a retainer for service; but they were not party leaders or constructive statesmen. Guizot and Thiers were scholars with a natural political capacity; they held the highest places with great ability. Lamartine was no less a literary man; but he had no true political ability, and his public service consisted in his brief oratorical direction of French opinion and official expression. But he had no power to control the forces which the revolution of '48, in which he was the most picturesque figure, had unloosed. Several famous English min-

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isters have been scholars in politics, and in recent times especially Canning, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone; and Mr. Morley says that in the present government, from the Prime-Minister downward, there are at least three men who are perfectly capable of earning their bread as men of letters, and that in Mr. Gladstone's government there were, besides the chief, three other men of letters. He adds that he never heard they were greater simpletons than their neighbors, and that some of the best men of business in the country have the best equipment of the collegian, and are the most accomplished bookmen.

The great advantage of the scholar in politics is the illumination of his mind by the experience of the world. In politics, as in law, precedent is invaluable, and the scholar is the master of precedent. The great principles involved in a great debate are presented with majestic power by the orator who marshals an array of states and statesmen who have acted or forborne to act in accordance with them. A richly stored mind is the deep from which the magician summons powerful spirits, and the spirits come.

In this country undoubtedly there is a certain distrust or dislike of "the scholar in politics." There is a suspicion that he is not practical, that he is a theorist and a speculator, or, as Guizot was called, a doctrinaire. Mr. Douglas used to sneer at Mr. Sumner as committing his speeches to memory and practising them before a mirror, and there was an audible echo of the sneer beyond the Senate. But in every great debate Mr. Sumner's battery of facts was overwhelming. His speech on the *Trent* case was resistless and conclusive. Yet it was merely a citation from history. The scholar showed those in politics who were not scholars that they were wrong upon a vital question. When Mr. Reverdy Johnson wished to speak upon the Emancipation Amendment he prepared himself by the accumulation of information in the speeches of Mr. Sumner. It is true that the scholar may have the information and not know how to apply it. He may be overweighted by his own armor, or trip in the intricate folds of his flowered robe. He may want the strength to wield his own weapon, or thrust so clumsily as to wound himself. In a word, he may want tact.

> "This clinches the bargain,
> Sails out of the bay,
> Gets the vote in the Senate
> Spite of Webster and Clay."

But when it is Wallace who swings the claymore! when it is Roland who winds the horn!

Want of tact is not the distinction of the scholar in politics or anywhere else, nor will it be usually found that the most generally accomplished man is the least practical or efficient in politics. His defects may be many, and different from those of the politicians who ridicule or envy him, but theirs are as many, and more fatal. There is nothing in the cultivation of a familiarity with what wise men and great statesmen in other times and countries have thought and done which tends to blunt the perceptions or impair the judgment in dealing with contemporaneous events. Nor is there anything in the taste for such studies which argues weakness of judgment or want of practical faculty. Undoubtedly many a statesman has been a great master of public action and a wise pilot of the commonwealth who was not a scholar, or deeply versed in the record of human thought or action. But a wise man would hardly insist that he was a better statesman for that reason, while such men themselves, of whom Lincoln was one, instinctively aim to acquire the broader accomplishment.

In this country we justly respect the self-made man. But John Quincy Adams, the most scholarly of our Presidents, was as much self-made as Andrew Jackson. The self-made man is he who makes the best use of his opportunities, and he is no better or more sagacious a man because his opportunities have been few. The scholar in politics, like the gentleman in politics, is a phrase which imports in the one case wide information, in the other, urbanity, courtesy, and good feeling. These qualities combined certainly do not constitute political or any other form of genius, but they invest that genius with grace and power. On the other hand, the want of them implies no political genius or tact or capacity. The dislike of such qualities is neither intelligent nor generous, nor is it found that the politician who sneers at the scholar in politics is either more patriotic or practical, or in any manner a better citizen.

"The boys in the trenches" compose the mass of the army, and as they are brave and tenacious and prompt, or the reverse, the battle will be lost or won. But all the valor and dash of the boys in the trenches would be unavailing without the sagacity, the comprehension, the authority, of superior intelligence, the trained eye and mind of the commander-in-chief.

A GERMAN newspaper recently published an amusing article upon the willingness of its readers to conduct its business. The article consisted of contrasted passages from letters to the editor.

Thus A writes: "You would oblige your readers by publishing a few more details about the laying out of the Hofgarten."

By the same mail B says: "When are you going to stop this eternal subject of the Hofgarten?"

C darkly threatens: "Your paper is so soft it is impossible to wrap anything up in it. If you cannot," etc.

D wheedles: "My wife uses old newspapers for cleaning windows. Could you not arrange to have it rather softer?"

E also intimates plainly: "I am not inter-

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ested in your politics. If you cannot give more room to local matters, and keep your politics in decent bounds, I shall be obliged," etc.

F will not always forbear: "Why don't you leave this local gossip alone, which nobody cares to know, and increase the number of your foreign correspondents? If these changes are not made," etc.

G is of a rural turn: "I like your paper, but if you cannot, before long, arrange to give agricultural news, I shall be obliged," etc.

H is peremptory: "Why have you no weather forecasts? I know they are not very reliable, but I am interested in them, and if you cannot," etc.

This is delightfully like a passage from the *Buchholz Family*. It shows with what innocent complacency the reader scrutinizes his newspaper, as if it were prepared especially for him, under penalty of being called summarily to account for anything which he does not approve. You can see in imagination the excellent reader, a retired merchant, a young lawyer, a sturdy mechanic, Major Pendennis at the club, or Paterfamilias in his slippers, pishing and sputtering and snorting, and at last writing indignantly to the editor: "Sir, you had better take great care. I am not satisfied with your paper this morning. I give you fair warning, and I beg leave to say that I advise you not to try my patience too far. Expecting to see a very much better paper to-morrow, I am, as you merit," etc.

Nature kindly provides such amusements. There is no more entertaining figure than the man who writes indignantly to urge the editor to mind his own business. The jest is that the correspondent himself illustrates the absurdity of not minding one's business. In writing his note he is zealously minding the business of somebody else. It is the editor's business to prepare the paper. If the Major does not like it he can "stop it." But does the Major suppose that his individual distaste will outweigh the approval of the great diocese of the paper? It is like the comedy of a few discontented constituents demanding the resignation of a Representative as not faithfully expressing the views of his district. Are the three trim little tailors of Tooley Street the people of England? Do the thousands of voters who compose a constituency speak in the personal dissatisfaction of a handful of them? The German newspaper reveals to Major Pendennis and his friends a situation which they do not suspect, but which is still the actual situation. At the very instant that the Major is dashing off his epistle of wrath at the failure of the paper to give the least information in regard to the new patent calves for the reduced legs of elderly men about town, the irascible Colonel in the club opposite is writing ferociously to the same paper that by —— if it doesn't stop its —— —— puffs of Nutbrown's *ne plus ultra* wigs and all similar —— haberdashery, he will call at the office and ram the —— —— paper down the —— —— throat of the —— —— editor.

The Major's wrath is balanced *per contra* by the Colonel's, and each speaks only for himself. And even were it not so, human nature must be considered, and counsel of this kind addressed to fallible man, although an editor, is very apt to lead to an equally profane determination that the thing complained of shall now justify more complaint than ever. If these belligerent and truculent gentlemen should undertake to direct the business of everybody else as they attempt the direction of the newspaper they read, and their course should be generally followed, the result would be ludicrous. A photographer asked a gentleman to sit for his likeness, and the gentleman assented upon condition that he should pose himself as he chose. The photographer agreed, provided that he might pose the sitter for another likeness. The sitter adjusted himself in a position which seemed to him natural and comfortable, and the negative was taken. Then the photographer adjusted the sitter, and presently showed the result of the two attempts. "That is ridiculous," said the sitter, putting one aside, "but this is very good." "Yes," said the photographer; "the first is your pose, the last is mine." The sitter smiled good-naturedly, as if struck by a thought. "Perhaps," said the photographer, gently, "a man may be assumed to understand his own business." "It is just what I was thinking," replied the sitter, urbanely; and upon reaching home he threw into the fire a letter advising an editor to leave out a good many things in his paper, and to insert others as per enclosed memorandum.

The conduct of a great journal is determined by many considerations, and among them undoubtedly is the general sentiment of its constituency. But that is not ascertained by the expression of individual whims, and such letters of advice as we have cited are generally of that kind. Except in extreme and very important instances the paper is sure of the general sympathy of its constituency by more important and significant signs than the letters of Major Pendennis and Company. The Major may learn much from the letters of the German journal, and among the lessons perhaps will be the perception that to buy the paper is not to buy a share in its control. A sensible paper, like a sensible man, is not above advice. But advice to a newspaper, accompanied by an alternative of punishment in the form of stopping the paper, is the most ancient test known of the situation which the letters of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H disclose.

THE project of a statue to President Arthur is suggestive of many reflections, but among them none is more salient than the fact that Americans do not take kindly to memorial statues the erection of which depends upon private and individual subscriptions. Large

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organized bodies of citizens, like the army corps which has just raised the statue of President Garfield in Washington, find less difficulty. But the general appeal to public respect and affection for aid in commemorating an event or a person is not very effective, although its failure must not be attributed to want of the highest appreciation of the importance of the event or the character and just fame of the individual.

The Easy Chair has heretofore recalled the extreme difficulty with which the means were collected to build the Bunker Hill Monument. There was no doubt of the great significance of the historical incident, nor of the national pride in the heroic devotion of the patriots who made the day and the place forever sacred in American memory. The corner-stone was laid upon the jubilee of the battle, in the presence of Lafayette, and with the grave eloquence of Webster in his prime. Nothing could appeal more strongly to the patriotism and pride of the young Union, then at peace not only with mankind, but in itself, than the project of a monument upon Bunker Hill. Such appeals, moreover, were then infrequent, and this was made in the presence of venerable men who had come down to us from a former generation, who had seen the smoke of burning Charlestown, and the scarlet British lines moving in deadly array up the slope; who had waited until they saw the whites of the enemy's eyes before they fired, and who had seen "him, ah! him," as he fell, happy to die for his country. It was an event, a day, a situation, unparalleled in happy circumstance, and if anything could be predicted with confidence it was the swift and satisfactory completion of the proud national memorial of patriotism. But it was on June 17, 1825, that Webster delivered the oration at the laying of the corner-stone, and it was on June 17, 1843, that he spoke at its completion. In the mean time, during all these long and weary eighteen years, there had been efforts of every kind—public appeal, private solicitation, the great fair in Quincy Hall, and finally, by one of the humorous felicities of fate, a wandering bayadère from the banks of the Danube, greeted like a goddess by gilded Young America, took pity, as it were, upon the ineffective patriotic generosity of the sons of the Puritans, and pointing her foot in a magical pirouette, raised the cap-stone of the monument, and the work was done.

Americans certainly cannot be accused of want of patriotism, or of public spirit, or of most lavish liberality, and all that can be fairly said is that this kind of commemoration is foreign to their genius. More recently the statue of Liberty offered to us in sign of French fraternity—a memorial of the ancient alliance—was in great danger of wanting what Archimedes wanted, and, so far as appears the pedestal, would not have been supplied if the *World* newspaper had not come to the rescue, and by daily appeals for gifts of any amount, however small, succeeded in raising the necessary means to enable the statue to be erected. Another illustration of this characteristic is the project of the Grant Memorial. It may be too early to say decisively that the sum proposed will never be collected, but the eighteen years of waiting for the Bunker Hill Monument must be at least doubled before the fund will be complete. Of another kind, and appealing to a different feeling, is the proposed memorial to Longfellow, the most beloved of poets and of men. There is no question of the affectionate hold of his genius upon the grateful admiration of his countrymen—grateful for the cheer of hope and faith and charity that his song conveys. But even the moderate sum desired to complete a fitting memorial lingers, and the work is not yet begun.

The diocese of the Easy Chair must not murmur if again, in speaking of this subject, it recalls the fact that as yet the city of New York has built no statue to its two most illustrious children, John Jay and Washington Irving. Surely it is not because they are not honored. The kindly patriarch of our literature and the first Chief-Justice of the United States are upon all lips the symbol, one of the most urbane genius in letters, the other of the most incorruptible integrity in judgment. While they are uncommemorated it is not surprising that other famous citizens still want a statue. But the absence of their figures must not be interpreted to the discredit of Americans. We build statues, indeed, but it is not our characteristic way. Even in the Central Park, a sylvan Walhalla, it is very possible that the larger number of memorial busts and statues are of foreigners and not of Americans. As you will not find Jay and Irving there, neither will you see Bryant or Hamilton or Jefferson.

The erection of a statue, indeed, is a very serious work. But how readily it can be perverted, and the purpose so caricatured that it ceases to be an honor! Tweed was to have had a statue, and had it been erected, the statues of Washington and of Lincoln in Union Square should have fallen, to mark the moral fall of the city in which they stand. It is a grave enterprise to raise a statue, because a republican community is justly judged by those whom it selects as worthy of its highest honors and of eternal renown. No statue should stand in a public place to which the community cannot point its children as the portrait of a man worthy by his virtue, his genius, or his achievement to be remembered and honored among men. When this requirement is abandoned, the significance and service of memorial statues are lost, and the public gallery of what should be figures of heroes and sages and poets and benefactors and leaders of men becomes a Tussaud Museum—a record of momentary interest or personal affection.

A SINGULAR question of honorable obligation was recently raised by the publication in the London *Times* of an alleged letter of Mr.

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Parnell, which was followed by a direct imputation of falsehood against Mr. Dillon, an Irish member of Parliament. Mr. Parnell, in his place in the House of Commons, declared in the most solemn manner that he had neither known nor signed such a letter, and that it was a complete forgery. This denial made, what should the next honorable step in the affair have been?

The *Times* is not an anonymous and mysterious power. It is Mr. Buckle, the editor. He does not write all the articles, but he is responsible for every position taken, for every opinion expressed, and for every accusation made. There was no concealment or pretence of it. All London knew that Mr. Buckle had deliberately and with the utmost possible publicity declared that Mr. Parnell had signed a letter, a fac-simile of which Mr. Buckle published, practically approving the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. If the letter were authentic, Mr. Parnell must at once fall out of public life, forever disgraced, and the cause which he represented must suffer the most serious injury; and both of these results would be most agreeable to Mr. Buckle, who was the relentless opponent of Mr. Parnell and his cause.

What, then, was the next honorable step? Can there be the least doubt? If one gentleman makes the gravest possible charge against another in the most public manner, and it is promptly, unequivocally, and totally denied, the accuser at once produces his proof, or confesses the falsity of the charge, with such explanation of his conduct as may be practicable. What did Mr. Buckle? He said that Mr. Parnell might sue him for libel. This would have involved a complete exposure upon cross-examination of all of Mr. Parnell's secrets as a political leader, an enormous delay, probably of months, before a verdict could be rendered, an immense expense, and the submission of the question to a presumably bitterly prejudiced jury. Meanwhile there would have been no legal disproof, and in Parliament, in the press, and in public opinion Mr. Parnell would be exposed to the most damaging assumptions, suspicions, and insinuations.

Is this a course which is held to be honorable among English gentlemen? If the reply should be that Mr. Buckle was not bound to treat an ally of assassins as a gentleman, the crushing rejoinder is that if he knew him to be such an ally he could offer at once to the public the proof which by inviting a suit for libel he proposed to submit to a jury. Until that proof should be submitted, however, he would be merely an accuser; and is the public bound to suppose every man an assassin whom the editor of a newspaper chooses to call an assassin? The argument that a great journal would not bring so grave a charge without evidence which it regarded as satisfactory is pointless. The charge is solemnly denied. Let the great journal—that is to say, in this case, Mr. Buckle—produce the evidence which it regards as satisfactory, and if it be so, its charge is at once justified, and its foe is overwhelmed. Is it regarded in England as honorable to brand a political opponent as an assassin, and upon his denial to retort that if he is not an assassin it is open to him to prove that he is innocent? If it be so, they manage these matters in England very differently from the United States.

The letter attributed to Mr. Parnell upon the eve of a very important vote in Parliament recalls the incident of the Morey letter in this country a few years since. On the eve of the Presidential election in 1880 a fac-simile was published of an alleged letter of General Garfield, one of the candidates, which was intended to alienate from him the vote of California. He promptly denied it. But it did not occur to any American that it was his duty to do more. When he had denied it, the burden lay upon the accuser to prove his charge or to be branded as a rascal. We are speaking of honorable action. An editor may choose, of course, to bring a charge for the purpose of obtaining in a suit important political knowledge, or to inflict great expense upon a political opponent, or to expose him for months in a prejudiced and hostile community to the injury of a slander not yet formally and legally condemned. This may be partisan strategy. But it is hard to believe that English gentlemen would approve the course as honorable.

So when the *Times* charged Mr. Dillon with falsehood, the House refused to consider it a breach of privilege or to appoint a committee of inquiry, but the leader of the House proposed a collusive suit against the *Times*, to be conducted by the law officers of the government. Mr. Dillon and his friends replied frankly that under the circumstances they naturally preferred the judgment of their colleagues in Parliament, and renouncing any Irish representative upon the committee, offered to submit every question involving their personal character to a committee of English gentlemen. No proposal could be fairer. It was refused; but even the strongest opponents of the Irish members concede the great mistake of the refusal, and the moral victory remained with the accused.

The incident will have the good effect of impressing upon the public mind the fact that a newspaper is practically only a person. Its vast circulation, the influence which comes from a simultaneous expression of the same opinion to hundreds of thousands of people, the mystery of anonymity, the traditional power of the press, as if it were a mighty incorporeal force—all this consciousness and circumstance tends to veil the simple fact that "the Thunderer," or "the Avalanche," or "the Earthquake," or "Public Opinion," or "the People," or "the Universe," is merely an individual, very possibly not of commanding mental or moral endowment, and often of questionable character. There's no divinity doth hedge an editor. His judgment is not

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necessarily sounder than his neighbor's who is not an editor, nor his allegation more trustworthy, nor his counsel more sagacious, merely because he roars it through a trumpet of endless reverberations. Still less is he absolved from the obligations of honor that rest upon every gentleman, because the greater his power and opportunity of doing mischief, the stronger is the obligation not to abuse them, and to offer the amplest reparation when he has abused them. At least that is the view of gentlemen in America.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE have been reading, with a pleasure which we should not quite know how to justify to the fastidious company usually assembled in this Study, Mr. Lee Meriwether's *Tramp Trip*, and Captain S. Samuels's account of his life *From the Forecastle to the Cabin*. Mr. Meriwether seems really to have walked over the greater part of Europe, and with some discomforts and humiliations to himself (which he never blinks), to have come much nearer its life, at a cost of fifty cents a day, than others do who travel through it in first-class railway carriages and stop at the best hotels. His book is apparently a mixture of observation and invention; apparently, if the thing that happens is not all that he or the reader could wish, he makes something more happen, and so there is a rounded incident in the end. It is not so good as if it were all true, or seemed true, but we are bound to say that most of the incidents do not have this effect of being "composed"; and there are some extremely interesting statistics with regard to the cost of living and the rate of wages among European artisans, which give a serious value to the book. Otherwise it is full of a youthful zest, and of a Western humor and audacity; and most modernly American as it is, it has a flavor one tastes in travels of former times, when the world was much newer than it is at present. Perhaps this is its charm; and perhaps this is the charm of Captain Samuels's memoirs, which are written with a more constant appeal to one's credence. Captain Samuels ran away to sea when he was a boy of eleven, and he rose, before he was of age, to be master of a ship; his manner is necessarily a mixture of the didactic and the romantic; he presents himself as at once an example and a warning; his adventures involve often some grave moral precept. But he is always interesting, and his experiences, too, have the flavor of an older time; they are as good reading in their way as those of Captain John Smith.

II.

In fact, next to autobiography, there is no better kind of reading than books of adventure, which are indeed passages of autobiography. They depict character, and deepen our knowledge of human nature in certain directions as no other books can do, if the narrator is himself the adventurer. It is of course character in exceptional action, and human nature under peculiar stress; and the knowledge gained is narrow in the ratio of its depth. Adventure, therefore, has not the usefulness, or to the more thoughtful mind the delightfulness, of autobiography, which presents life in its ordinary course, moved from within rather than from without, and swayed by normal interests and desires; yet it involves the dramatic moment, and is full of precious testimony to the existence of high qualities in all kinds of men: courage to do and to bear, self-sacrifice for wise and good ends, indomitable hope, persistent faith, gentleness, inexhaustible endeavor. It teaches, also, the essential parity of experience, and the sort of every-day simplicity with which the supreme exigencies present themselves. It shows that these come without heroic blazon of any sort, and without the theatrical effect of being different from other events. In the midst of them people are seen sorely tried, indeed, but still behaving like the people one knows, and not like people on the stage or in novels of adventure. But for the fact that they are adrift in an open boat, or attacked by savages in Central Africa, or lost on the plains, or afloat on an ice-floe, or aboard a foundering or burning ship, or besieged in a block-house by Indians, or wandering in the heart of Australia, or cast away on an uninhabited island, they would not affect us differently from any of the men or women whom we meet on the pavement or at dinner. There seems to be little exaltation, little excitement about them; they behave selfishly or generously according to their several dispositions, and the women are as brave and cheerful as the men.

It is one of the chief uses of real adventures to counteract the influence of fictitious adventures, and to disperse the many illusions bred of them; the facts of life seldom do any harm; it is the distempered imitations that are mischievous, with their exaggerated emotions, their false proportion, their absurd motives, their grotesque ethics. A few months ago we commended the memoirs of Captain Cleveland, the New England navigator, and now we commend the life of Captain Samuels, which on another level is also serious and important in its suggestion. We should commend with the same heartiness Mr. Meriwether's *Tramp Trip* if we could believe it all; but making allowance for the obvious "imagination" in it, we find it worth reading. It is valuable both as a picture of Europe from an uncom-

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mon point of view, and as a light upon the sort of American civilization which produced its author, with his helter-skelter encounter of facts, his shrewd examination of them, and his noteworthy deductions from them. Wherever he wandered, with his pack on his back, his light purse in his pocket, and his lighter heart in his breast, he inquired into the condition of the laboring-man, and found out what he could earn and what he must spend. He learned that in England, the only free-trade country, the working-man was better paid and better housed, clothed, and fed than anywhere else in Europe.

III.

The result was to make Mr. Meriwether a free-trader; and though he is not apparently a profound philosopher, though he is young enough to change his mind yet many times before he dies, still the result is interesting; and what is so sincerely offered must be respectfully received as one attempt to solve that "riddle of the painful earth" which now seems to be puzzling every one who thinks and feels. Very likely it is not the true answer; but if it is a part of that truth we have reason to be glad of it; and the remedy which it suggests, being public and political, is much easier of application than that proposed for the amelioration of human life by Count Tolstoï in his latest work. *Que Faire*, he calls it; and he believes that the first thing we are to do for the other sinners and sufferers is to stop sinning and suffering ourselves. He tells us, with that terrible, unsparing honesty of his, how he tried to do good among the poor in Moscow, and how he failed to do any good, because he proposed a physical instead of a moral relief, a false instead of a real charity, while he grew more and more into conceit of himself as a fine fellow. He wished to live in idleness and ease, as he had always lived, and to rid himself of the tormenting consciousness of the misery all around him by feeding and clothing and sheltering it. But when he came to look closer into the life of the poor, even the poorest, he found that two-thirds of them were hard at work and happy; the other third suffered because they had lost the wholesome habit of work, and were corrupted by the desire to live, like the rich, in luxury and indolence; because, like the rich, they despised and hated labor. No rich man, therefore, could help them, because his life and aims were of a piece with theirs, while a great social gulf, forbidding all brotherly contact, was fixed between them. Therefore this singular Russian nobleman concludes that it is not for him to try to make the idle poor better than the idle rich by setting them at work, but that as one of the idle rich he must first make himself better than the idle poor by going to work with his own hands, by abolishing his own nobility, and by consorting with other men as if he were born the equal of all. It is the inexorable stress of this conclusion which has forced him to leave the city, to forego his splendor in society and the sweets of his literary renown, to simplify his life, to go into the country, and to become literally a peasant and the companion of peasants. He, the greatest living writer, and incomparably the greatest writer of fiction who has ever lived, tells us that he finds this yoke easy and this burden light, that he is no longer weary or heavy laden with the sorrows of others or his share of their sins, but that he has been given rest by humble toil. It is a hard saying; but what if it should happen to be the truth? In that case, how many of us who have great possessions must go away exceeding sorrowful! Come, star-eyed Political Economy! come, Sociology, heavenly nymph! and soothe the ears tortured by this echo of Nazareth. Save us, sweet Evolution! Help, O Nebular Hypothesis! Art, Civilization, Literature, Culture! is there no escape from our brothers but in becoming more and more truly their brothers?

Count Tolstoï makes a very mortifying study of himself as an intending benefactor of the poor, and holds all the kindly well-to-do up to self-scorn in the picture. He found the poor caring for the poor out of their penury with a tenderness which the rich cannot know; he found a wretched prostitute foregoing her infamous trade, her means of life, that she might nurse a sick neighbor; he found an old woman denying herself that she might give food and shelter to a blind mendicant; he found a wretched tailor who had adopted an orphan into his large family of children. When he gave twenty kopecks to a beggar whom he met, the poor man with him gave three. But Count Tolstoï had an income of 600,000 rubles, and this poor man 150 rubles. He says that he ought to have given 3000 rubles to the beggar in order to have given his proportion. His wealth became not only ridiculous, but horrible, to him, for he realized that his income was wrung from the necessity of the wretched peasants. He saw cities as the sterile centres of the idleness and luxury of the rich, of the idleness and misery of the poor. He arraigned the present civil order as wrong, false, and unnatural; he sold all he had and gave it to the poor, and turned and followed Him. From his work-bench he sends this voice back into the world, to search the hearts of those who will hear, and to invite them to go and do likewise.

IV.

We will own that we do not like the prospect. If a very poor relation of the Study came into it, we should not know how to meet him gracefully, much as we should dislike to shut the door in his face; and we freely admit that *Que Faire* is another of those Russian books which have given some people the impression that Russia cannot be an agreeable country to live in. Like the rest of Russian literature, it seems intended to direct the mind

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to uncomfortable subjects, to awaken harassing thoughts in it. A comic opera is a great deal gayer; it will not compare even with an American novel or the criticism upon it for amusingness. After reading it you cannot be quite the same person you were before; you will be better by taking its truth to heart, or worse by hardening your heart against it.

There is a chapter in this book on the nature and meaning of money, which we dare say the political economist might laugh at, and which is nevertheless most interesting from the novelty, if nothing else, of its notions. Tolstoï holds that one man's money is not like another man's money; that the poor man's money is the proof of his toil, and the rich man's money is the certificate of his power to compel the labor of some one else; in other words, it is impersonal slave-holding. His whole essay is directed against riches and luxury, because these are produced by oppression and destitution, and must perpetuate suffering. Work, equality, brotherhood, are his ideals; and whatever may be said in ridicule or argument, it cannot be denied that the life he is living is in literal fulfilment of the teachings of Jesus Christ. This is what makes it impossible for one to regard it without grave question of the life that the rest of us are living; and we commend *Que Faire* to the attention of all our readers.

If one of them should happen to turn from it to the *Memoir of Charles Reade*, "dramatist, novelist, journalist," we think it will be with a vivid sense of the noisiness and futility of life as it goes on in the "great centres of civilization." It is an entertaining book, made up mostly of Reade's own letters, and the Rev. Compton Reade's comments and strictures in Reade's own manner; that is to say, it is not very significant of much besides the temperaments of the author and his editor, which seem to be of the same piece. A foreigner reading the book would not conceive very clearly of the literary period which Charles Reade belonged to, and would scarcely be able to place him in history. He would understand, perhaps, that there was a gentleman writing novels in English from 1850 to 1875, who was one of the most arrogant, kindly, egotistical, generous, impartial, and unjust members of that English race which foreigners find so droll. The novels he would not understand from this Memoir, and would have to be told that while they abounded in flashes of reality and traits of naturalness, they were, as a whole, untrue to life; that they tasted unpleasantly of the material which they were wrought out of—the undigested facts of multitudinous scrap-books; that they were mechanical in operation, and that their portrayal of character was capricious, slight, and theatrical; that for once they delighted, and perhaps would always amuse, but that they could not edify; that they were direct, immediate, and personal; and that on the ethical side they were either commonplace or grotesque. He might safely be told that they enlarged somewhat the bounds of toleration, and appealed to sympathy for much unmerited suffering; but that they were not to be quite trusted in behalf of any cause they befriended, or against any they attacked; that their philosophy was shallow, and even their prejudice not very profound.

Charles Reade was a fighter all his life long, and this book gives abundant proof of his warlike temper. Such a man never wanted occasion for quarrel in a world where most things ranged themselves for or against Charles Reade. Perhaps the most amusing instance of his suspicious and irascible temper was his belief that George Eliot wrote *Romola* largely for the purpose of superseding *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and capturing the "belt" of historical romance (if we may so express it, under strong temptation), which he had won by that novel. He seems really to have thought that there was a necessary rivalry between books so different in scope, intent, and effect, because they both dealt with mediæval life, and that it was an invasion of his province for another to write of the fifteenth century in the south of Europe. He allowed himself the poor revenge of calling Mrs. Lewes Georgy-Porgy, and the Rev. Mr. Compton Reade permits himself to talk of her as in great part the creature of skilful advertising, the spoiled child of the "anti-Christian" critics, and he falls into the grossness of speaking of her "animalism."

This is something for the Rev. Mr. Compton Reade to regret hereafter. For the rest, "the hypocritic days" will take care of George Eliot's name and fame. *Romola* is a sufficiently dull and tedious book in some respects, as a historical romance must be; but it will always come as a revelation to the reader not wholly taken with the outside of things. It will matter less and less every day whether it is as vivid a picture of the Middle Ages as *The Cloister and the Hearth;* the great thing is that it is true to human nature in all times, and that in Tito Malemma it witnesses to every man the dangers of selfishness and falsehood in the softest and sweetest, and leaves him thrilling with fear and longing for escape from himself. It is calm and lucid where the other is boisterous and turbid; it is eternally true where that is temporarily true; it is deep where that is shallow; it moves naturally and livingly where that is operated and pushed from incident to incident; and its climax is in the reader's conscience, and not in his fancy or his love of excitement. In a very wide world there is plenty of room for both kinds of books, but not for question as to which is the greater kind.

We have been struck in thinking over Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Woodlanders*, which we read with the enjoyment that all his books give us, by the measure in which the principles of both of these writers are united in his work. They are no doubt his own principles too, and have an alternate attraction for him. In much of

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what is best in him we think he is better than either George Eliot or Charles Reade; his portrayal of simple life and his love of nature are more intimate and perfect than hers, and his operation of the plot is never so open and mechanical as Reade's. But about one-half of this story of the *Woodlanders*, in its sympathetic and conscientious study of village folk, will remind the reader of George Eliot; and the other half, in its manipulation of events, will recall Charles Reade. The inquirer into literary heredity will find here a very pretty study, and a proof that every writer is the creature of his time and its influences, while he will be rewarded with pleasures which no one but Thomas Hardy is able to impart. One of these will be the acquaintance with souls like Winterborne and Grace Melbury, so primitively good that a civic evil like divorce for the direct purpose of remarriage never occurs to them as wrong. Grace's father, with his ambition for her, so simple and sincere that it casts out selfishness, is excellent, and so are all the villagers; and up to the moment that the god comes out of the machine and smites Winterborne with fatal self-sacrifice, and the paramour of Grace's husband with death, that the married pair may be reunited, the progress of events is natural, and their proportion is life-like. There are also many excursions into the remoter regions of the human heart, like that which shows Grace really not jealous of her false husband, which have courage and absolute novelty. The husband is extremely well found, and his character is discovered to the reader with a subtle effect of unconsciousness on the author's part which is very remarkable.

The *Woodlanders*, in fact, is so consolingly good that it leaves us somewhat indifferent to the recent assumptions of the bold Mr. Rider Haggard in regard to the true function of fiction, though we had the greatest mind in the world to immolate him on the Study table this month. But he shall be spared to go on and write as many more *Shes* as he likes, and if people find pleasure in having their blood curdled for the sake of having it uncurdled again at the end of the book, we shall not interfere with their amusement. But we will say that the practice of sensation has not apparently left Mr. Haggard much time to inform himself in regard to the kind of fiction which he condemns, and which he finds exemplified only in its French and American phases; though he is very hard upon these, and it follows that he would be equally severe with the Russian, Spanish, Italian, and Norwegian realists if he had ever heard of them. The kind of novels he likes, and likes to write, are intended to take his reader's mind, or what that reader would probably call his mind, off himself; they make one forget life and all its cares and duties; they are not in the least like the novels which make you think of these, and shame you into at least wishing to be a helpfuler and wholesomer creature than you are. No sordid details of verity here, if you please; no wretched being humbly and weakly struggling to do right and to be true, suffering for his follies and his sins, tasting joy only through the mortification of self, and in the help of others; nothing of all this, but a great, whirling splendor of peril and achievement, a wild scene of heroic adventure, and of emotional ground and lofty tumbling, with a stage "picture" at the fall of the curtain, and all the good characters in a row, their left hands pressed upon their hearts, and kissing their right hands to the audience, in the good old way that has always charmed and always will charm, Heaven bless it!

No, we will not put our paper-knife—an exquisite Japanese conception—into Mr. Rider Haggard this month, or perhaps any other month. In a world which loves the spectacular drama and the practically bloodless sports of the modern amphitheatre he has his place, and we must not destroy him because he fancies it the first place. Others have made the like mistake before him, and he will not be the last to make it. In fact, it is a condition of his doing well the kind of work he does that he should think it important, that he should believe in himself; and we would not take away this faith of his, even if we could. As we say, he has his place. The world often likes to forget itself, and he brings on his heroes, his goblins, his feats, his hairbreadth escapes, his imminent deadly breaches, and the poor, foolish, childish old world renews the excitements of its nonage. Perhaps this is a work of beneficence; it is at least a work of mercy, however mistaken; and perhaps our brave conjurer in his cabalistic robe is a philanthropist in disguise.

V.

We do not know, but we should not like to affirm the contrary without reservation; for it would not be quite safe in these days when Creative Talent, or Genius, is apt to come back upon criticism with destructive violence. There is really no reason why Creative Talent, or Genius, should not do this; and from time to time we like to see it done. We have no statistics at hand by which to verify the results, and we cannot say what is commonly the effect upon criticism. It may not be so destructive as it seems, and commonly the effect with the public is at first amusement, and then extreme fatigue. The public is also of opinion that it involves loss of dignity to Creative Talent, or Genius, but here again we are without the requisite statistics. Creative Talent, or Genius, may come off with all the dignity it went in with, and it may accomplish a very good work in demolishing criticism.

Our readers know what a modest opinion we have of criticism in general; how lowly we think its office; how slight its use; and we believe it would really be very interesting to know what was the precise effect of Mr.

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Edgar Fawcett's return upon the Boston critics of his play last April. Even at this late date the statistics are lacking, but their absence does not affect the principle upon which he acted.

We do not see really why it is not a just principle, or why it involves loss of dignity. In any other relation of life the man who thinks himself wronged tries to right himself, violently, if he is a mistaken man, and lawfully if he is a wise man or a rich one, which is practically the same thing. But the author, dramatist, painter, sculptor, whose book, play, picture, statue, has been unfairly dealt with, as he believes, must make no effort to right himself with the public; he must bear his wrong in silence; he is even expected to grin and bear it, as if it were funny. Everybody understands that it is not funny to him, not in the least funny, but everybody says that he cannot make an effort to get the public to take his point of view without loss of dignity. This is very odd, but it is the fact, and we suppose that it comes from the feeling that the author, dramatist, painter, sculptor, has already said the best he can for his side in his book, play, picture, statue. This is partly true, and yet if he wishes to add something more to prove the critic wrong, we do not see how his attempt to do so should involve loss of dignity. The public, which is so jealous for his dignity, does not otherwise use him as if he were a very great and invaluable creature; if he fails, it lets him starve like any one else. We should say that he lost dignity or not as he behaved, in his effort to right himself, with petulance or with principle. If he betrayed a wounded vanity, if he impugned the motives and accused the lives of his critics, we should certainly feel that he was losing dignity; but if he temperately examined their theories, and tried to show where they were mistaken, we think he would not only gain dignity, but would perform a very useful work.

If, for example, Mr. Fawcett, upon whose behavior we have no wish to pronounce, had brought against his critics a calm and clear statement of his ideas and motives in writing the play they condemned, we believe he would have won the favor of the public, and secured fresh attention to his work, and perhaps a reversal of judgment. There is at present hardly anything about which people are so little instructed as the drama, and about which they would so gladly know something. Mr. Fawcett has written two plays, one of which has been successful; and he cannot have written these plays without giving indefinitely more thought to the drama than all the dramatic critics in the country, simply because he has done what they have only talked about doing. He might be quite mistaken in his theories or principles, but about his practical knowledge there could be no mistake; and we think that the public, possessed of this by dispassionate and impersonal statement, would judge justly, generously, between him and his critics. Bad as the public is, it likes to have a man stand up for himself; and we should be glad to see it disabused of the superstition that an artist of any sort may not with perfect dignity defend himself against what he believes unfair or ignorant censure. This superstition is a survival of the doctrine that an author ought not to take money for his work, and is equally gross and foolish. We are glad then that Mr. Fawcett has had the courage to speak out in his own behalf. If he has not had the fortune to speak wisely, still he has had the courage to speak.

Another dramatist, Mr. Lathrop, in reply to a New York critic who condemned his play, has had both the fortune and the courage. His letter, in fact, was admirable in temper, and so perfect in logic that it makes one a little sorry for the critic, whom it convicted of an amount of unreason if not of error which it must have been uncomfortable to have so openly recognized.

VI.

As matters now stand, however, perhaps oblivion is still the author's best defence against dramatic criticism, the oblivion which comes to the critic as well as to the dramatist, although our dramatic criticism is probably the most remarkable apparatus of our civilization. We have no drama, and only the faintest promise of a drama, but we have a dramatic criticism which surpasses that of other countries as much as our fire department. A perfectly equipped critical engine stands in every newspaper office, with the steam always up, which can be manned in nine seconds, and rushed to the first theatre where there is the slightest danger of drama within five minutes; and the combined efforts of these tremendous machines can pour a concentrated deluge of cold water upon a play which will put out anything of the kind at once. But, as in a case of real fire, nobody remembers two days afterward whether the fire was put out or not, that is, nobody but the immediate sufferers, the author and the manager.

Not long ago a very dear and valued friend of the Study had a little play acted at a theatre in a great centre of dramatic criticism. Unless his fondness was abused, as it might very easily have been, for he thought well of his little play, the audience seemed to like it, and there was at least a pleasing illusion of success in the affair. But the next day the critics said that it was a dead failure. They owned that people appeared moved and interested by it, but that they were wrong to yield, and that whatever the little play was, it was not a play; that a play was this, that, and the other thing, and the little play was nothing of the kind. Our friend was surprised, but not convinced; he could not deny, however, that the critics were all agreed against his little play. Whatever differences of opinion those good men might have had in regard to religion, politics, or the civil service reform, they were of one mind in regard to his little play,

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and their mind was that it was not only not a play, but that whatever it was it was bad.

Our friend swallowed the bitter dose and made his wry faces in private, though he had been obliged to take it, as he fancied, in public, with a million people looking on. Not long afterward an acquaintance met him and congratulated him. "Play was a splendid success—wasn't it?"

"Were you there?" asked our friend.

"No; but I saw that all the critics praised it."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of May.—Charles J. Faulkner was chosen United States Senator from West Virginia on May 5.

The Kentucky State Democratic Convention, May 4, nominated General S. B. Buckner for Governor by acclamation. The Republicans, May 11, nominated William O. Bradley.

The United States debt was reduced $13,053,098 during the month of April.

Queen Kapiolani of the Hawaiian Kingdom arrived with her suite at San Francisco April 20, on her way to London, to be present at Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration in June. The royal party visited Washington, and were received by President Cleveland.

Resolutions against the Coercion Bill were passed in the Canadian House of Commons April 26, by a vote of 135 to 47.

Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, introduced the budget in the British House of Commons April 21. Last year the revenues of the government amounted to about £90,000,000, and the expenses to nearly the same sum. There was a saving of £263,000 in the army estimates, and of £347,000 in the estimates for the civil service. The revenue from taxes on alcoholic liquors decreased £190,000, that from the beer tax increased £45,000, that from the wine taxes fell off £93,000, and that from the tax on tea largely increased.

In the House of Commons, on April 28, a Liberal motion that the House decline to proceed with any measure directed against tenants' combinations for relief until a full measure for their relief from excessive rents is presented in Parliament was rejected by a vote of 341 to 240.—An amendment proposed by Mr. Healey, and supported by Mr. Gladstone, that the word "offence" in the Coercion Bill be changed to "crime," was defeated April 29, by 157 to 120.

A French commissary named Schnaebeles, stationed at Pagny-sur-Moselle, was arrested by the German police April 21, and imprisoned at Metz. He was charged with being a spy. The French denied the charge, and asserted that the man was decoyed by his captors. Intense excitement followed, and threats of war were freely made. The prisoner was liberated April 30.

The Prussian government's Ecclesiastical Bill passed the Lower House on the third reading April 27, by a vote of 243 to 100.

DISASTERS.

April 21.—News from Victoria, British Columbia, of wreck of schooner *Active* off the coast of Oregon, thirty miles north of Cape Flattery, and loss of thirty-three lives.—Terrific tornado in parts of Missouri and Arkansas. Fifteen persons killed.

April 22.—Hurricane on the northeast coast of Australia. Fleet of forty pearl-fishing boats lost, with 550 persons on board.

April 24.—News in London of a disastrous fire at Arnautkeire, Asia Minor. Five hundred houses burned and many lives lost.

April 28.—News of sinking of steamer *Benton*, of Singapore, off island of Formosa. One hundred and fifty persons drowned.—Also of sinking of schooner *Flying Scud*, in Shelikoff Strait. Seventeen men lost.

May 1–7.—Hot sirocco in Hungary. Fires followed, destroying $2,500,000 worth of property. Several lives lost.

May 2.—Wreck of Glasgow steamer *John Knox* near Channel Harbor. Twenty-nine sailors drowned.

May 3.—Explosion in Shaft No. 1 of Victoria Coal Mine, at Nanaimo, British Columbia. More than a hundred and twenty-five lives lost.—Earthquakes in Mexico. Several towns ruined and a hundred and fifty lives lost.

May 4.—Twelve men killed by the premature explosion of a blast in the Coosa Tunnel, on the Georgia Central Railroad.

May 8.—Ten Italian emigrants drowned from the steam-ship *La Champagne*, near the French coast.

OBITUARY.

April 19.—In New York, Alexander Mitchell, banker and President of the St. Paul Railway, aged sixty-seven years.

April 20.—At Annapolis, Maryland, Lieutenant John W. Danenhower, U.S.N., aged thirty-eight years.

May 4.—In Chicago, Illinois, W. C. De Pauw, founder of De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana, aged sixty-five years.—In New York, George Cabot Ward, banker, aged sixty-three years.

May 5.—In Stamford, Connecticut, Hon. Oliver Hoyt, merchant, of New York city, aged sixty-four years.

May 6.—In London, James Grant, novelist, aged sixty-five years.

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Editor's Drawer.

CAN a husband open his wife's letters? That would depend, many would say, upon what kind of a husband he is. But it cannot be put aside in that flippant manner, for it is a legal right that is in question, and it has recently been decided in a Paris tribunal that the husband has the right to open the letters addressed to his wife. Of course in America an appeal would instantly be taken from this decision, and perhaps by husbands themselves; for in this world rights are becoming so impartially distributed that this privilege granted to the husband might at once be extended to the wife, and she would read all his business correspondence, and his business is sometimes various and complicated. The Paris decision must be based upon the familiar formula that man and wife are one, and that that one is the husband. If a man has the right to read all the letters written to his wife, being his property by reason of his ownership of her, why may he not have a legal right to know all that is said to her? The question is not whether a wife ought to receive letters that her husband may not read, or listen to talk that he may not hear, but whether he has a sort of lordship that gives him privileges which she does not enjoy. In our modern notion of marriage, which is getting itself expressed in statute law, marriage is supposed to rest upon mutual trust and mutual rights. In theory the husband and wife are still one, and there can nothing come into the life of one that is not shared by the other; in fact, if the marriage is perfect and the trust absolute, the personality of each is respected by the other, and each is freely the judge of what shall be contributed to the common confidence; and if there are any concealments, it is well believed that they are for the mutual good. If every one were as perfect in the marriage relation as those who are reading these lines, the question of the wife's letters would never arise. The man, trusting his wife, would not care to pry into any little secrets his wife might have, or bother himself about her correspondence; he would know, indeed, that if he had lost her real affection, a surveillance of her letters could not restore it.

Perhaps it is a modern notion that marriage is a union of trust and not of suspicion, of expectation of faithfulness the more there is freedom. At any rate, the tendency, notwithstanding the French decision, is away from the common-law suspicion and tyranny toward a higher trust in an enlarged freedom. And it is certain that the rights cannot all be on one side and the duties on the other. If the husband legally may compel his wife to show him her letters, the courts will before long grant the same privilege to the wife. But, without pressing this point, the Drawer holds strongly to the sacredness of correspondence. The letters one receives are in one sense not his own. They contain the confessions of another soul, the confidences of another mind, that would be rudely treated if given any sort of publicity. [That is one reason why some communications to the Drawer never see the light.] And while husband and wife are one to each other, they are two in the eyes of other people, and it may well happen that a friend will desire to impart something to a discreet woman which she would not intrust to the babbling husband of that woman. Every life must have its own privacy and its own place of retirement. The letter is of all things the most personal and intimate thing. Its bloom is gone when another eye sees it before the one for which it was intended. Its aroma all escapes when it is first opened by another person. One might as well wear second-hand clothing as get a second-hand letter. Here, then, is a sacred right that ought to be respected, and can be respected without any injury to domestic life. The habit in some families for the members of it to show each other's letters is a most disenchanting one. It is just in the family, between persons most intimate, that these delicacies of consideration for the privacy of each ought to be most respected. No one can estimate probably how much of the refinement, of the delicacy of feeling, has been lost to the world by the introduction of the postal-card. Anything written on a postal-card has no personality; it is *banal*, and has as little power of charming any one who receives it as an advertisement in the newspaper. It is not simply the cheapness of the communication that is vulgar, but the publicity of it. One may have perhaps only a cent's worth of affection to send, but it seems worth much more when enclosed in an envelop. We have no doubt, then, that on general principles the French decision is a mistake, and that it tends rather to vulgarize than to retain the purity and delicacy of the marriage relation. And the judges, so long even as men only occupy the bench, will no doubt reverse it when the logical march of events forces upon them the question whether the wife may open her husband's letters.

A BITTER COMPLIMENT.

"INSULTS are hard to bear, but there are some compliments which are worse than any insult," said a veteran Italian patriot, who had shared the counsels of Mazzini, dined with Count Cavour, and talked with Garibaldi upon the most famous of his countless battle-fields.

"I suppose you mean," suggested I, "the kind of compliment that a French wit paid to an enemy who had come and scribbled 'Coquin' [blackguard] upon his door one night with a piece of chalk. Next morning the wit went to the fellow's house, and said, in the

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politest way possible, 'Monsieur, you left your name at my door last night, and I have come to return the visit.'"

"It was certainly a two-edged courtesy," replied Signor S——, smiling grimly; "but I think I can match it from my own experience. A good many years ago, in the evil days before King Bomba was overthrown and Italy freed, one of the King's Ministers—a rascal who had been stealing the public money with both hands ever since he first came into office—was rewarded for his 'services' (whatever they may have been) by being decorated with the cross of some Italian order. On the day he received it he found among his letters of congratulation (which of course came pouring in from every side) a small plain envelop, addressed in a handwriting which he well knew."

"Meaning your own, I presume, Signor S——," said I.

"We won't mention any names," answered the old gentleman, with a sly twinkle in his large black eyes. "The envelop, when opened, contained nothing but an Italian quatrain, which, if translated into English, might run somewhat as follows:

> Thieves upon crosses fixed to be
> In rude old times did law condemn;
> In this enlightened age we see
> The crosses fixed on *them*."

DAVID KER.

A BOSTON servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years, and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of a hundred and six. "Maybe I'm as auld as that mesilf," said she. "Indade, I can't remimber the time whin I wasn't alive."

A GOOD Baptist deacon residing in a certain town in the old Bay State, and who is also superintendent of the Sabbath-school, has the misfortune to be exceedingly nervous and excitable, which trouble often leads him in his remarks to express himself in a manner different from that intended. On one occasion, it being the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting, as he was commenting upon the Sunday-school lesson of the day, which had been the faithfulness of God to his promises, he startled the congregation by saying, "Not one *tit or jottle* of His word shall fail," when, noticing a suppressed titter among the audience, especially the younger portion, and conscious of a blunder, attempted to mend the matter by saying, "No; I meant not one *tottle or jit*."

A CORRESPONDENT asks, Was ever any notice taken in print of the following from Thackeray's *Virginians*? It occurs in the fifty-second chapter. Young George Warrington had been held a prisoner in Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), and in his account of his escape and journey through the wilderness back to the seaboard he says: "Now the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our *autumn*.....As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. At this time of year the hunters who live in the mountains *get their sugar from the maples*. We came upon more than one such family camping near their trees by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison."

But then Thackeray was not raised on a Vermont farm.

DO I KNOW HIM?

> Do I know him, this same Mr. Bright,
> Who writes all the books and reviews,
> Who parcels Parnassus by right,
> And dictates terms to the Muse?
>
> Why, we bow at the Club, for form's sake
> (Both belong to the Fiddlededee),
> But I never ask him what he'll take—
> And he certainly never asks me.
>
> We cut in as partners at whist,
> And *then* I know him, to my cost;
> My trump signal always is missed,
> And the odd trick always is lost.
>
> We meet on the Pillowsham "nights"—
> You know those hebdomadal treats,
> Where one young woman recites,
> And another young woman repeats;
>
> Where it's "literature, music, and art,"
> With "agnostics" by way of relief—
> When he takes the floor I depart—
> Life is *so* uncommonly brief.
>
> Yet we're friendly, perfectly so,
> Though indeed it has come to this pass—
> I don't know if I know him or no,
> But I *think* him a ponderous ass.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

P.S. (BY E. C. S.)

> P.S.—'Tis but fair I should add
> (Since each of the other steers clear)
> That he really is not *quite* so bad
> As the intimate friend whom I fear:
>
> The comrade who sends me his lay,
> To ask if I think it all right,
> And begs (if I do) that straightway
> A letter or two I'll indite.

A LITTLE boy about four years old, living in a New Jersey town, ran to the window one evening lately during a heavy thunder-storm. As he looked out, long, glittering lines of forked, zigzag lightning ran across the black sky, then came a broad flash, lighting up all the west and northwest. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobbed the little fellow, "God's house is all on fire! Will He be burned up in it?"

A few moments after, hearing the rain pouring in torrents, he ran to her, crying, exultantly: "Mamma! mamma! God has turned on His hose. Now His house won't burn up."

SOME fifty years ago (writes a veteran) the orthodox Church people in this town, which is not far from Boston, were much disturbed at a movement to organize a Baptist church from among them, and a little congregation of that

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faith had already been gathered, which was receiving accessions from the old church. The pastor in charge of the Baptist church took courage, and assured the brethren that if they would only subscribe liberally and build a meeting-house, "*Parson P——'s chickens will all turn to ducks.*"

NEGRO STORIES FROM LOUISIANA.

AN old negro woman was employed as cook in the family of a Mr. S——. Though a good servant in most respects, she had a propensity for petty thieving that was very annoying to her mistress. Mrs. S—— often missed small quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, etc., but the cook always stoutly maintained her innocence when questioned, and in this she was usually supported by Miss Florence S——, a kind-hearted daughter of the family. One day Aunt Tildy (the cook) was charged with a more serious theft than usual. At first she seemed at a loss for a reply, but she suddenly burst out with: "I doan' b'lieve I tuk dat ting—no, I doan'. But if Miss Flaw'nce done say I tuk it, den I b'lieve it. Miss Flaw'nce tell de truf; I b'lieve all what she say. Jus' you ax Miss Flaw'nce, an' if she say so, den I b'lieve it—no oder way, nohow."

The more uneducated negroes show a strange inability to understand what the simplest pictures even are intended to represent, and their interpretations of more complex pictures are strangely ludicrous. In the family of Mr. S—— was a negro servant named Aunt Lucy. One day Miss Florence showed her a small picture of Niagara Falls, and asked her what she thought it was. After holding the picture in every possible position, Aunt Lucy finally said, "Dat sure am Miss Eva; it sure am." Miss Eva was another daughter of the family.

"Is it a good picture of her?" asked Miss Florence.

Regarding the picture with a sage air, Aunt Lucy replied, "I tink it favor Miss Eva jus' a bit."

Negroes value preachers in proportion as they are able to excite emotion in their hearers. A darky was questioned as to the respective merits of two colored preachers, or "'zorters," which is short for "exhorters." His judgment was this: "Dey's bofe of 'em mighty pow'ful 'zorters, but dat Rob Sheldon he's de best, 'kase he's got de mos' *tones*."

VIRGINIA CHARACTERS.

THE father of General E——, of Virginia, had a body-servant who was an inveterate toper. His master tried every means in his power to break him of drinking. Persuasion was useless, advice wasted, and whipping but temporary in effect.

Sam had been to a dance, had imbibed freely, and returned home at break of day, and at breakfast was rather the worse for wear. His master thought to try the effect of frightening him by apparently reading from the morning paper the death of a drunkard in R——.

"Spontaneous combustion! Horrible death of a drunkard! Last night Michael McGinnis was in a beastly state of intoxication; he retired to his room, and in blowing out the candle his breath caught fire. He was entirely consumed, and nothing left of him but the ashes in his shoes."

Sam stood with eyes agog and hands raised. "'Fore Gord, 'fore Gord, Marse John, *dis nigger neber blow out a candle ez long ez he lib, shuah!*"

The majority of mankind is unwilling to have other than a large "I" in any undertaking which is successful, and more than willing to share failure with an equally large "We."

Colonel H——, of Virginia, had some negroes quarrying rock, with old Uncle Ned as foreman. One morning the Colonel rode over to the quarry, and after the usual good-morning said, "Well, Ned, how are we getting along?"

"Dar 'tis ag'in. *We!*—how's *we* gittin' erlong? Marse Chawles, *I's* er-quarryin' dis here rock. You 'minds me uv er passel er coons ez went er huntin' deer in de swamp. Long Sam—you 'members him—Marse Torm's Sam?—well, Sam he wuz boss er de batch, an' arfter dey done sot up deir pine-knot torches, an' wuz er waitin' in de brush, Sam he spied sumpin' er-movin', an' he up wid's gun, an' *bimb!* sumpin' drapped, an' one er de boys sez, 'Ump! ain't we lucky? dar's one a'ready; *we's* got *one*, shuah.' An' Sam he tu'ned round, he did, an' sez, sez he, 'Not so much *we*, ef yer please—*I* kilt dat ar deer.' An' dey all went ter holp skin it, an' lo an' behold! it war Marse Torm's pet colt, out er de gray mar' whar he fotch from Richmun, an' Sam he looked kinder skeert, he did, an' sez, sez he, 'Boys, 'ain't we jes played h——!' An' ebry one uv 'em answered, 'Not so much *we*, ef yer please; *you* done kill dat colt. 'An', Marse Chawles, *I's* er-quarryin' dis here rock, an' *we's* gittin' erlong only middlin'."

It was this same Uncle Ned who was accosted by the writer upon return from college (and after the days of reconstruction) with, "Good-morning, Uncle Ned—good-morning."

"G'long, chile, g'long; yer mustn't talk dat way ter me now. I's no kin o' yourn; I's yer ekal now, I is, 'cordin' ter de *fifteent commandment. G'long!*"

And who, later, upon being urged to finish a bit of ploughing before sundown, said, "G'long; w'at's de use er hurryin' so; dar's ernudder day ter-morrow dat ain't *eben been tetched yit!*"

R. A. MARR.

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HOW THE REPUTATIONS OF DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS ARE SOMETIMES MADE.

HERR SILBERMUND (the Great Pianist) to Mrs. Tatler: "Ach! Lady Creichton has, for *bainting*, der most remârrgaple chênius! Look at *dis!* It is eqval to Felasquez!"
M. LANGUEDOR (the Famous Painter) to Miss Gushington: "Ah! For ze *music*, miladi Crétonne has a talent kvite exceptionnel! Listen to *zat!* It surpass Madame Schumann!"
—From a drawing by George Du Maurier.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

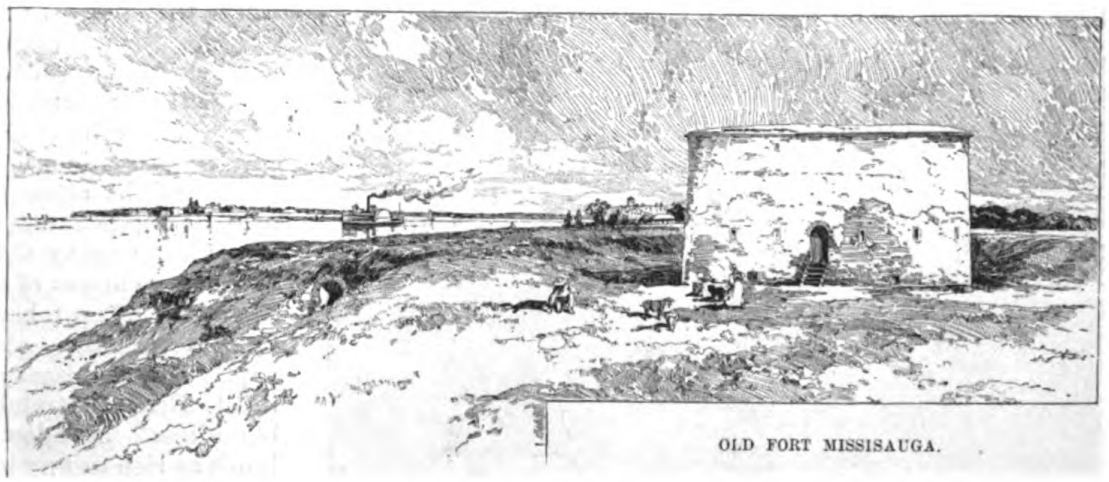
Engraved by H. Wolf.

ON THE TORTUGAS.—See page 356.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. AUGUST, 1887. No. CCCCXLVII.



OLD FORT MISSISAUGA.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE INTERNATIONAL PARK.

BY JANE MEADE WELCH.

I.

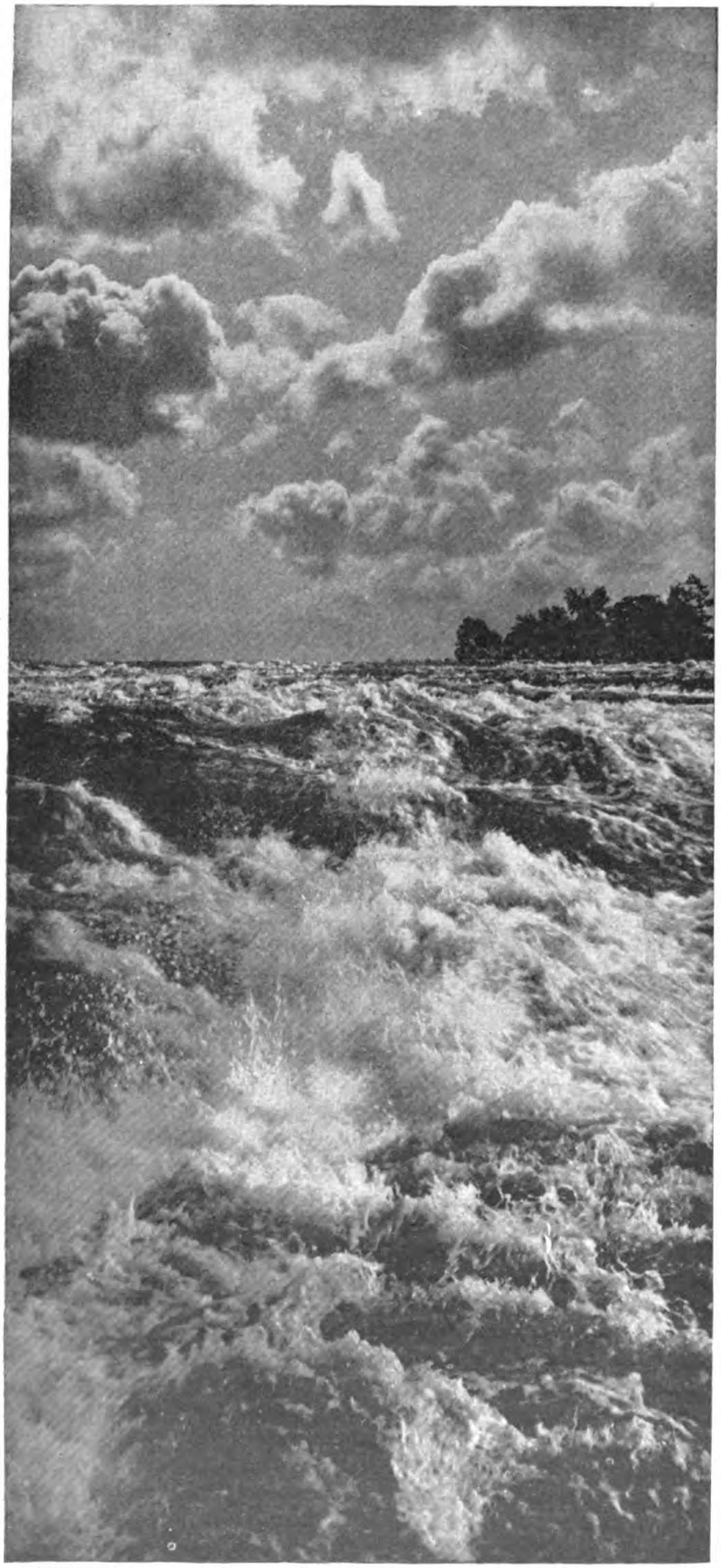
WHILE hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Niagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the "freeing of Niagara," celebrated by New York State and Canada July 15, 1885, the river experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveller, having enjoyed restored nature at the points comprised within the limits of the International Park Survey, may explore Niagara River to where, actually freed from its high, precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Ontario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-readings tell us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to artist, historian, and man of science.

True lovers of Niagara hope that the day is not far distant when the International Park will consist of not merely a mile strip on the American bank, but a grand double boulevard, running from Buffalo to Youngstown, and on the Canadian cliffs from the Horseshoe Falls to Queenston. As a site for country villas, Lewiston Ridge, with the unnumbered beautiful drives in its neighborhood and its picturesque historical associations, must, as the cities of western New York grow in wealth and population, become not less famous than the cliffs of Newport.

Below the cataract, the Niagara, although comparatively few tourists discover this fact, has a beauty and grandeur no less imposing than the falls themselves. Not content with its mighty plunge of 165 feet, the river goes surging and tossing downward another 104 feet in its rocky bed over the obliterated falls of a preglacial stream, the remains of a third cataract being still perceptible in the Whirlpool Rapids. At the Whirlpool the river untwists itself like some mighty serpent from its sinuous contortions in this concave prison, to pour itself an emerald-green wave into a channel at right

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Photographed by George Barker.

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

angles with its former course, and henceforth trends northeast with many a gentle curve.

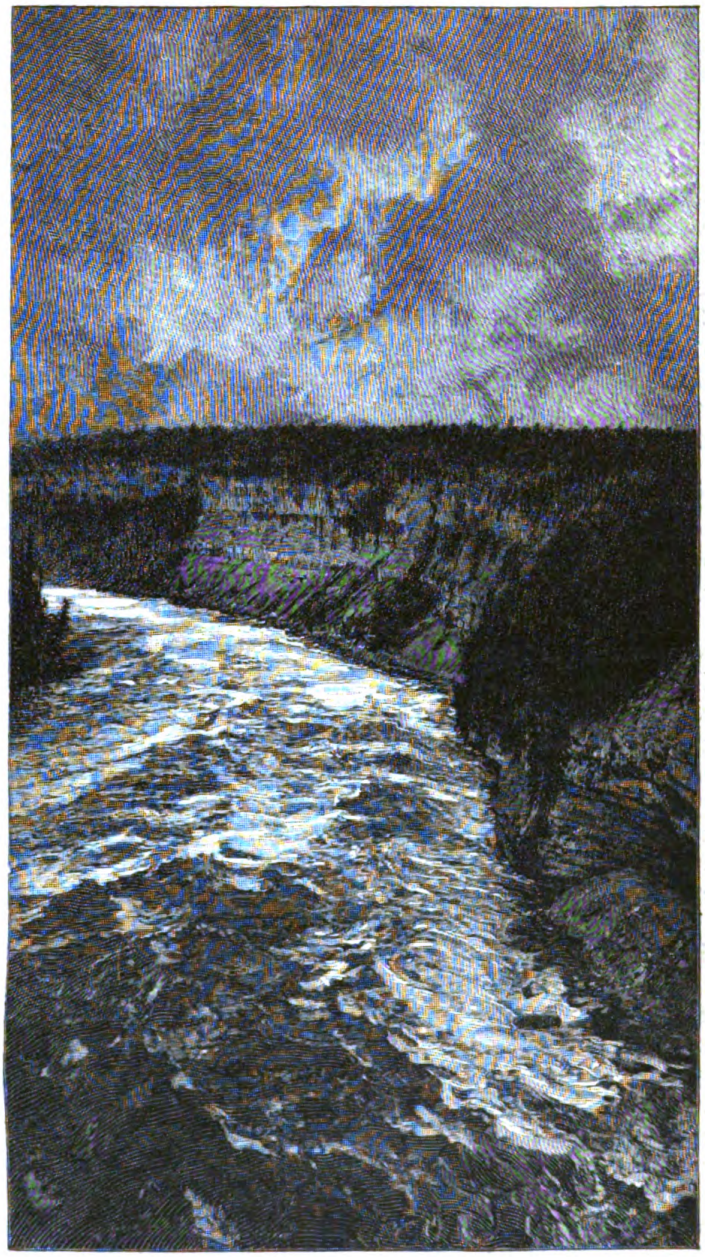
Not until we reach Lewiston Ridge do we turn our backs on the Niagara's stupendous exhibition of power. From this height, described by Father Charlevois as "a frightful mountain which hides itself in clouds on which the Titans might attempt to scale the heavens," is a view worthy the expansive canvas of a Bierstadt. The tableland terminates abruptly in an escarpment. Beneath stretch boundless meadowlands as rich as any in agricultural England. They slope gently to the river, which, coming headlong down the gorge, with the leap and roar of the Whirlpool upon it, gradually subsides into a tranquil stream as the bold outlines of the banks above Lewiston fall away into broad smiling plains. Across the gorge is the Bunker Hill of Canada, crowned by its lofty shaft. Few monuments in the world have so imposing an effect in the landscape as the lonely form of Brock towering in the blue clouds far above the heights of Queenston.

Nestling under the shadow of her mountain is Lewiston, so named in 1805 for Governor Morgan Lewis, of New York. At the extreme north, beyond the village of Youngstown, and commanding the angle at the

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headland of river and lake, we descry the white ramparts of Fort Niagara, whence the gallant Pouchot, begirt with enemies, looked out in 1758, vainly attempting to discover moving among the trees the battalions of his allies from the Detroit River. Exactly opposite Fort Niagara lies "fair Newark, once gay, rich, and beautiful," presenting to the water's edge her ancient front of crumbling fortresses and gray church towers.

"Geology is a noble science," says Taine in his tour afoot through the Pyrenees. Upon Lewiston summit its theories have flourished. It was here, equally distant from the present cataract and from the outlet of the river — seven miles — that we were formerly supposed to get a comprehensive idea of the origin and progress of Niagara Falls. In his mind's eye the geologist raised a transverse barrier from Lewiston Ridge to Queenston Heights. Over this precipice, some 200,000 years ago, said he, poured the united affluents of the upper lakes. This belief concerning the remote beginning of the Niagara Gorge, so simple that the youngest child can understand it, to the great mystification of the unscientific, has been partially set aside for the more reasonable, if more complicated, one now favorably received by some of the leading geologists of the United States, which makes the gorge between the present falls and the Whirlpool older than the Ice Age. The only part it admits to have been excavated by the modern river is the three miles between the Whirlpool and Lewiston. Inasmuch, however, as guide-books and hack-drivers continue to quote the theory which traces the progress of the cataract back from Lewiston, it is well, in the dawning of a new era for Niagara as a place of resort, that modern conjectures concerning its past should be more generally known.



Photographed by George Barker. Engraved by Pettit.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

Since the original survey of the gorge in 1841, the science of geology has made surprising progress. It has been able, perhaps, to reduce the age of Niagara Falls from 200,000 years to less than 20,000. The falls, it now tells us, instead of cutting their way up the gorge from Lewiston, began their existence, as one cataract, not more than a mile north of where they now are. If true, the value of this dis-

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covery, largely due to the protracted, patient investigation of the gorge by Dr. Julius Pohlman, director of the Buffalo Museum of Natural Sciences, will be inestimable. It will give geology a new basis of calculation. Formerly it had recourse to the stellar spaces for a standard by which to reckon the lapse of time between the Ice Age and our own. For while 200,000 years were adequate to account for all the other recent changes in the configuration of the earth's surface, the Niagara Gorge, supposing it to have been excavated throughout by the modern river, after all the essential transformations of the surrounding country had been effected, prevented the theory of any reasonable lapse of time since the arctic climate was again changed into a temperate one.

It has been too much the fashion with writers to belittle Niagara River by detailing the accidents and incidents connected with it, ignoring its magnificent natural phenomena for the sake of creating a vulgar curiosity that will impel the travelling public to visit this or that point in the neighborhood of the cataract, or rapids, as the former scene of some sensational catastrophe.

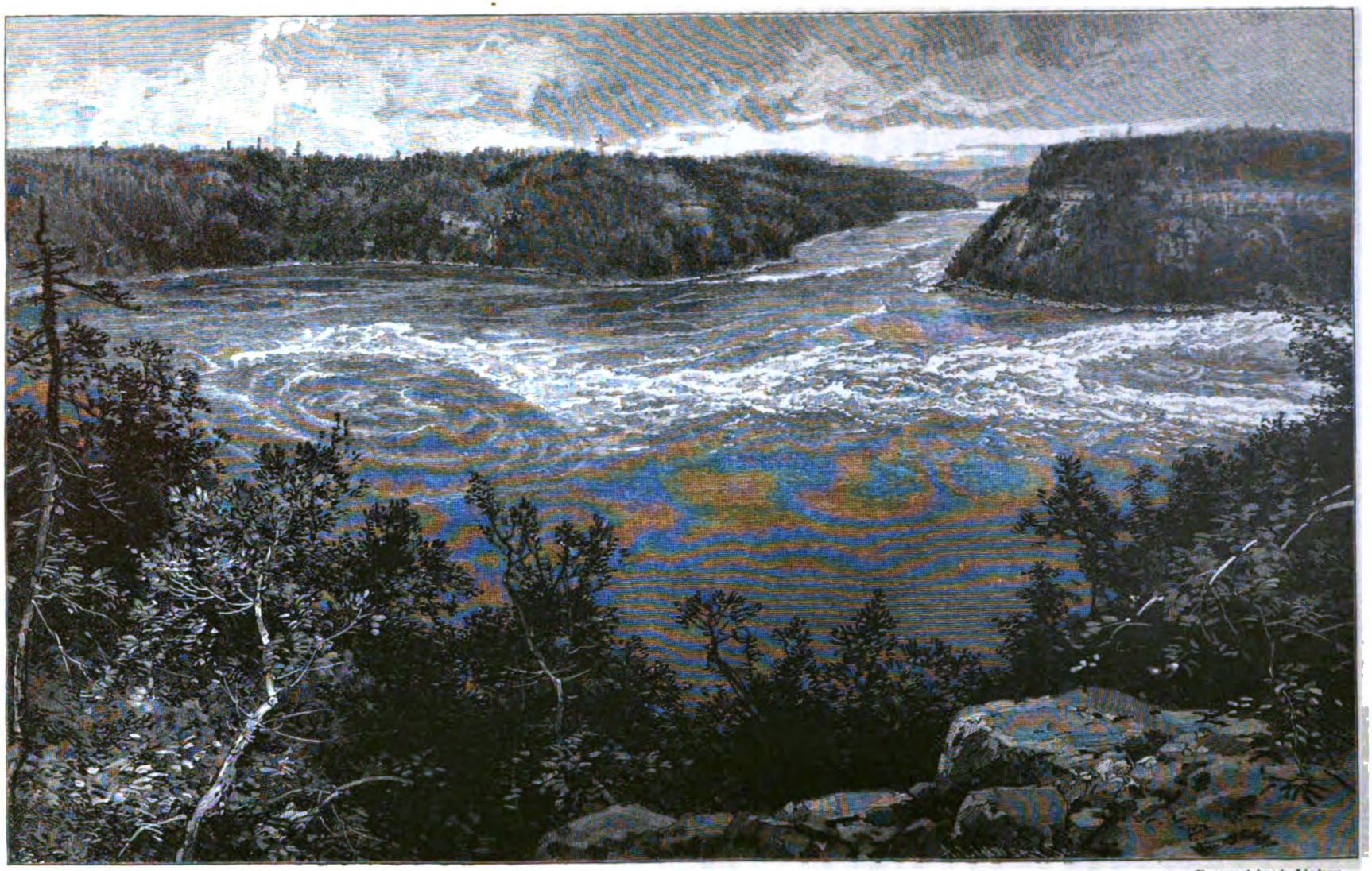
With the American, pedestrianism has become almost as favorite a mode of exercise as with his English cousin. One of the finest autumnal tramps this country affords is a walk up the gorge of the Niagara. No tour afoot in the Swiss Alps is more exhilarating. On the one hand are the organ tones of the turbulent river; on the other, the steep, weather-beaten cliffs, shaggy with forest trees, and of appalling height; and the cloud-embosomed form of Canada's hero follows the retreating footsteps, as if, weary of the vague isolation of the higher atmosphere, he would fain seek companionship with humanity below.

The whole series of rock strata composing the sides of the gorge is laid bare up the perpendicular American bank, like the layers of a well-regulated jelly-cake. A study of this rocky wall in the course of a walk from Lewiston to Suspension-bridge not only shows the varying thickness of the different strata, but gives a clear idea of the nature of the erosive process by which, according to recent surveys, portions of the cataract recede at the rate of three feet a year. Hard layers of the Niagara and Clinton limestone alternate with the soft shales of the same names. Beginning at Lewiston as a narrow strip, the upper stratum of Niagara limestone increases in thickness to the falls. Here the mighty force of the cataract constantly washes away the foundation of soft shale on which the limestone rests, and thus undermined, the hard upper rock breaks off.

The narrow road by which pedestrians descend from Lewiston escarpment pursues a winding, zigzag course, its passage broken by two secondary terraces. Along this steep precipice, described by Charlevois and Pouchot in their memoirs as though it were one of the most difficult passes in the Alps, was visible, until recently, the remains of an old tramway, "the first railroad in America." In the days when Lewiston and her neighbors over the river were flourishing trading posts, here began the portage around the falls. At this point all the goods in process of transportation between the lakes underwent transshipment. The heavy bales were raised and lowered on a sliding car or cradle moved on an inclined plane by a windlass. Up and down this narrow defile passed a motley procession of European traders, Americans, and Indians. To the "trois montaignes" came Father Hennepin, his portable chapel on his back, and with him that bold adventurer who threatened to make "the griffon fly above the crows"; for while there is nothing in these decaying river towns to recall the fact, we are actually in the neighborhood that witnessed the birth of America's magnificent inland commerce.

The walk up the gorge is made easier by leaving the train where the engine slows up this side of the mountain. Near by are the exposed foundations and anchors of the old Suspension-bridge. The remnants of its heavy cables flap and sway across the gorge between Lewiston and Queenston like an empty clothes line. At our left is a tunnel cut through the side of the rock. It looks like a ruined arch; but although the surrounding country is rich in tradition and history, the banks of the Niagara are not crowned with castles. Some one in the party remembers that Mr. Benson J. Lossing has a sketch of it in the *Pictorial Field Book*, and it is well to say here a preliminary reading of this careful historian vastly enhances the enjoyment of a tramp through the battle country of the war of 1812.

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Photographed by George Barker.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

Engraved by A. Lindsay.

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Near the Devil's Hole, where the railway goes into the mountain, we leave the track and mount the ridge. From the top of the cliff overlooking this awful chasm is another sweeping view of the river north and south. Peering down into the depths of the leafy gulf, it seems almost impossible to conceive in the sylvan calm of this peaceful ferny solitude that it could once have been the scene of a murderous ambuscade.

Passing the squatter sovereignty at Suspension-bridge, and pausing midway on the hanging viaduct, we have a full view of the wonderful and many times described Niagara Gorge. Great white gulls are circling over the narrow rock-bound chasm, in the bed of which flows the emerald-green river. The perpendicular cliffs, three hundred feet high, through which the stream makes its impetuous passage are still clad in the fading russet tints of maples and elms, among which the severe outlines of tall pines stand forth like black priests, mounting the gorge, up and up in solemn file, carrying us back into that remote past when first the Jesuit fathers visited the nation which gave to the river, on either side of which its camp fires burned, its musical name.

Crossing the bridge, we witness at the Whirlpool on the Canada side "the culminating act of the Niagara drama." Little known, and less appreciated by the generality of travellers, to the thinker the Whirlpool is the most fascinating spot along the river, more awful in the mysterious swirl of its waters and in the eternity of ages its past involves than the cataract itself. Compressed within these narrow limits is the drainage of half a continent. Two of the three sides are steep, rocky precipices like the rest of the river gorge. The other is a sheer slope of primeval forest, at which the water rushes with the tremendous force acquired in its swift descent. To account for this wooded declivity carries one far deeper into the fathomless ages than any possible calculations as to the period required for the falls to dig the gorge from Queenston.

Through an unwillingness to believe the commonly received theory that the concavity of this basin is due to the erosion of the water striking constantly against the bank, and believing the mysterious weakness of the northwestern end of the Whirlpool indicated traces of the buried outlet of a former river, was begun the investigation which has dispelled in so many minds the illusion that the Falls of Niagara were once at Lewiston. Having conceived the idea of an ancient stream, the present Tonawanda, carving out, in a period preceding the Ice Age, a channel as far as the Whirlpool for its destined successor, the Niagara, the new theory about the cataract is readily understood. From the Whirlpool the Tonawanda had its outlet through what now is the closed, wooded side of the basin known as the St. David's Valley. The modern river, following a shallow valley of a preceding era, quickly excavated that part of the gorge between the Whirlpool and Lewiston—how rapidly is seen by noting that the Niagara limestone, which at the point where the present falls tumble over it is eighty feet thick, has a depth of but ten and twenty feet in the lower gorge.

From the Whirlpool basin most pedestrians avail themselves of the rapid transit of the inclined railway to reascend to the upper bank.

Having recrossed the bridge and made our way to Prospect Park, the geologist of the expedition points from the parapet across the Canadian bank to a secondary ridge, now crowned by summer villas, over which, perhaps, the falls precipitated themselves before they began their backward march.

This geological tramp ended just at sundown in a supplementary expedition through the chill shades of Goat Island as the tall leafless oaks were darkling against the brilliant after-glow in the west. There are no sight-seers to disturb with their chatter at this season, and the forest solitude was unbroken, save by the rustle of the fallen leaves and acorns which we trod underfoot.

Issuing forth from beneath these late autumnal shadows at the furthest point of the Three Sister Islands, the rapids were so high that they seemed about to overflow the land.

In the fast waning twilight it was indicated how that accommodating little stream, the Tonawanda, shaped the rapids and islands that form the beautiful scenery above the falls.

The Tonawanda's waters represented no such tremendous volume as does the Niagara to-day. They were merely the drainage of a tract of land of perhaps 1500 square miles, a basin formed in the soft rocks of the Onondaga salt group lying

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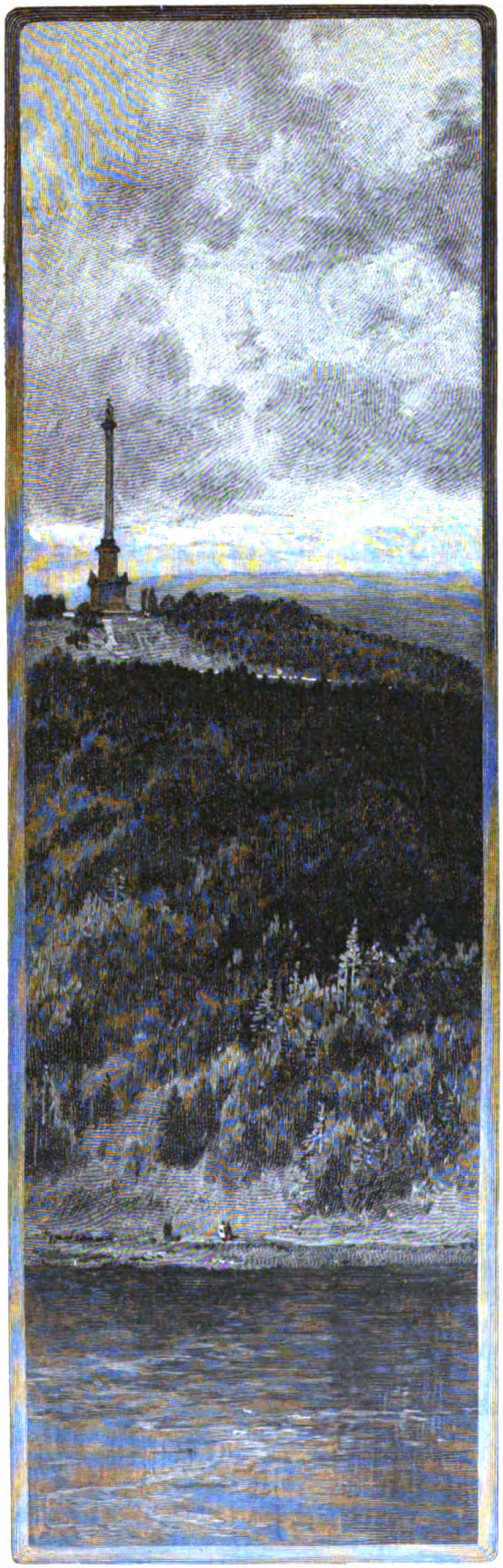


LEWISTON.

between two limestone ridges, one of corniferous rock, barring up the present outlet of Lake Erie, the other (northern) barrier being the upper portion of the Niagara limestone ledge over which the waters of the Niagara Falls are now precipitated. Furthermore this valley was bounded on the west by the water-shed of the Dundas Valley, in Canada, and on the east by that of the Genesee River. Flowing north in one broad stream, these waters gradually cut their way over the lowest boundary, the Niagara ridge. Exhibiting the usual tendency of water to unite in one stream, these sister rivulets, flowing over the limestone bed, became one river somewhere to the north of Goat Island, which then, instead of terminating in an abrupt bluff, extended northerly perhaps 600 or 700 feet further than now. From this point the Tonawanda excavated a bed due north to Lake Ontario by way of the Whirlpool and the now buried St. David's Valley.

This comparatively small volume of water was aided largely by atmospheric erosion in deepening the outlet, because the upper portions of the limestone are formed of thin slabs, while the lower part, that which now forms the edge of the falls, represent heavy, thick, almost

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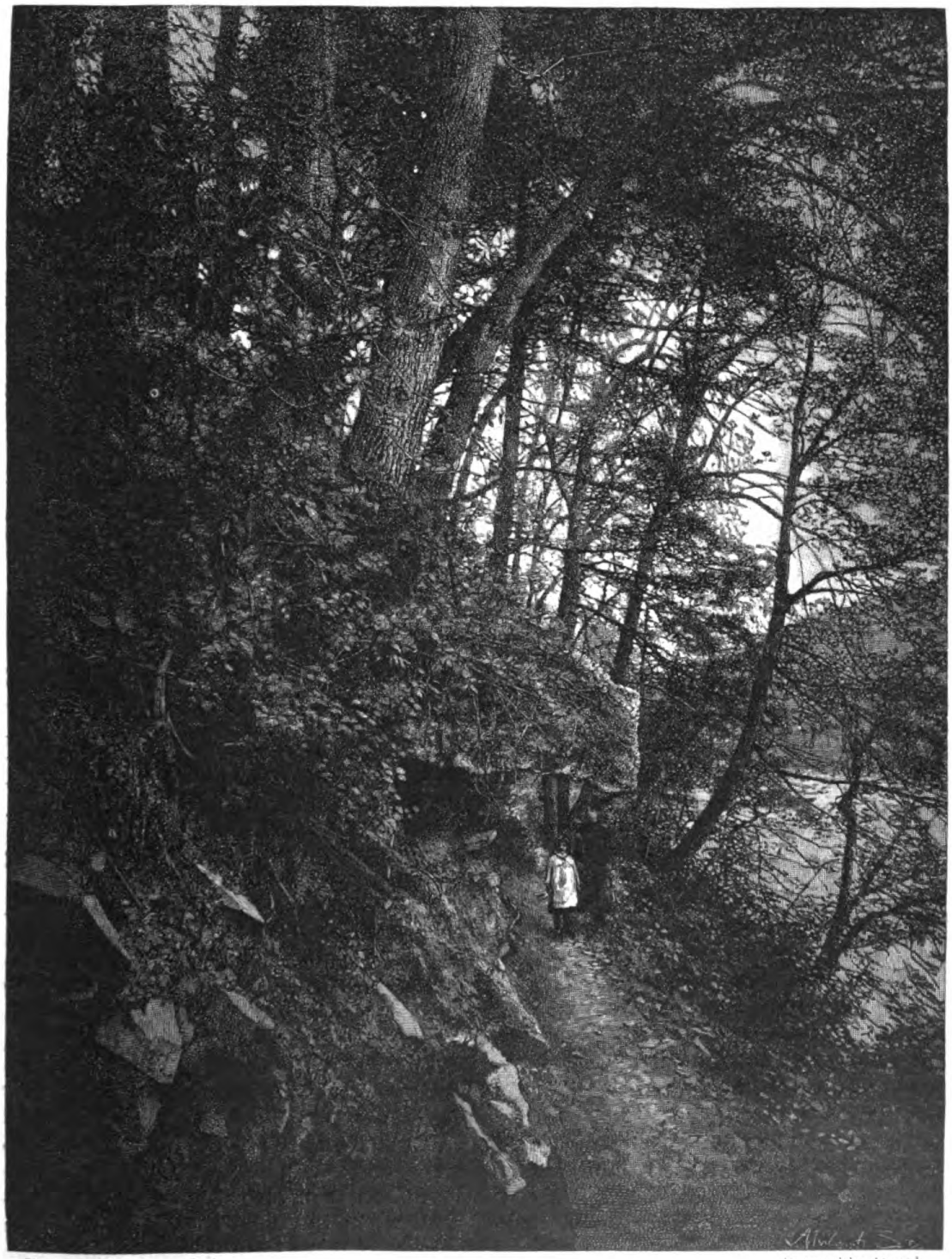
THE BROCK MONUMENT.

indestructible masses. This cutting-down process naturally gave birth to a series of smaller channels, which again resulted in the formation of numerous little islands, the remnants of which are known to us now under the names of Goat, Luna, Bath, and the Sister islands.

With the descending frosts of the Ice Age the earth's crust in this latitude was covered with glaciers 1000 feet or more in thickness. Melting slowly in the course of a long period, the surface beneath was found to have considerably changed its aspect. During the ice period the limestone ridge that in the preceding age formed a dam from Buffalo to Canada broke away. Thus Lake Erie was destined, with the subsiding of the inland sea, to have a free outlet into the ancient Tonawanda Valley.

Before the Ice Age the basins of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario had been occupied by a series of rivers, those of Lake Erie finding their outlet through Canada into Ontario's at a point about opposite Dunkirk. Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, meantime, far overflowing their present boundaries, were one vast inland sea, which subsided simultaneously until separated by Lewiston Ridge. To have had the supposed falls start at Lewiston, it would have been necessary for Ontario to lower its level more rapidly than Lake Erie. Ancient beach marks show, on the contrary, that the two lakes fell together, their relation at first being like that now existing between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, two large bodies of water connected by a swift stream. Separated at length by the Lewiston Ridge, Lake Ontario fell slowly, with long pauses. Lake Erie, with an excess of 20,000,000 cubic feet of water a minute pouring into her for which to find an outlet, made short work of excavating the gorge between Lewiston and the Whirlpool. Here meeting the ancient Tonawanda's valley, the water naturally accepted the bed already cut for it—a fact accounting for the sudden turn the river makes here. We cannot comprehend the period of time represented by the erosion of the rock bed above the Whirlpool. The course of the preglacial Tonawanda, however, must have been broken by three

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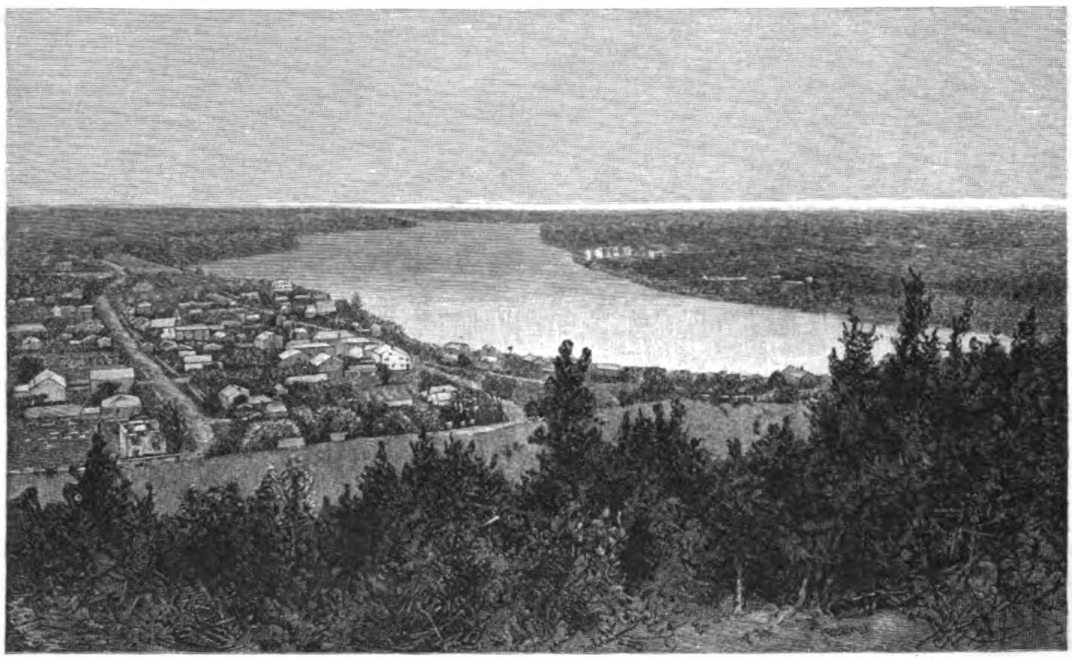
Photographed by George Barker. Engraved by Atwood.

THE PATHWAY BETWEEN QUEENSTON AND NIAGARA.

falls as the water slowly carved the present deep gorge through the alternating layers of hard and soft rock.

The first fall was perhaps one mile north of the present cataract. The second was midway between this and the Whirlpool, all evidences of it having disappeared; while traces of the third are still seen in the Whirlpool Rapids. The force of the immense volume of water that we see today, pouring over the first cascade, soon obliterated the lower and middle falls, and thus the river assumed its present aspect.

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Photographed by George Barker. Engraved by Dels.

QUEENSTON AND NIAGARA RIVER FROM BROCK'S MONUMENT.

II.

From the summit of Brock's Monument —a Roman column exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire —is a panoramic view of our whole pedestrian excursion, and one which gives a connected image of the river. From here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the cataract, but all of the near towns of Upper Canada, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. We discern the long gap of the St. David's Valley, through which, emerging from the northwest side of the Whirlpool, across the country to St. David's, flowed the ancient Tonawanda. To-day the valley of this river-bed is a highway. Under the shadow of its hoary cliffs, much like those which frown above the present Niagara, the Canada Southern Railway passes to descend into the open Ontario plain just beyond St. David's, a village two miles west of Queenston, where are seen remains of the old cliffs of the preglacial Tonawanda.

Another pedestrian excursion which is open to the sojourner at Niagara is as dear to the naturalist as is the one already described to the geologist. Its course is from Queenston along the Canadian bank at the base of the cliff to the old town of Niagara. The gentle picturesqueness of the river at this point harmonizes well with the apparently unexplored loveliness of the natural growths of ferns, vines, and wild flowers along the margin. Monarch trees overshadow the narrow footpath, shooting straight into the upper air, their roots exposed, and clinging to the shelving banks, or clasped tightly around huge bowlders, which they hold in place.

No such walk is possible on the American side, for the engineering talent which achieved the railroad along the precipice destroyed the sylvan beauty of the bank below, filling it up with stones and rocks hewn off to lay the track. Similarly on the Canadian side the once famous Hennepin, or "La Grosse Roche," near Queenston, is scarcely to be distinguished from the main bank, since the space originally separating it from the shore has been closed by débris accumulated when the cables were sunk for the old Suspension-bridge. As dense with matted foliage as any unexplored mountain cañon of the far West, this path between Queenston and the Whirlpool is as narrow as the way of life, and destruction as sure to him who steps out of it. On the one side is the river, on the other the abrupt vertical cliff. Last season the shadows of the evening twilight overtook a party of pedestrians here, and, afraid to retrace their steps, a hopeless attempt to

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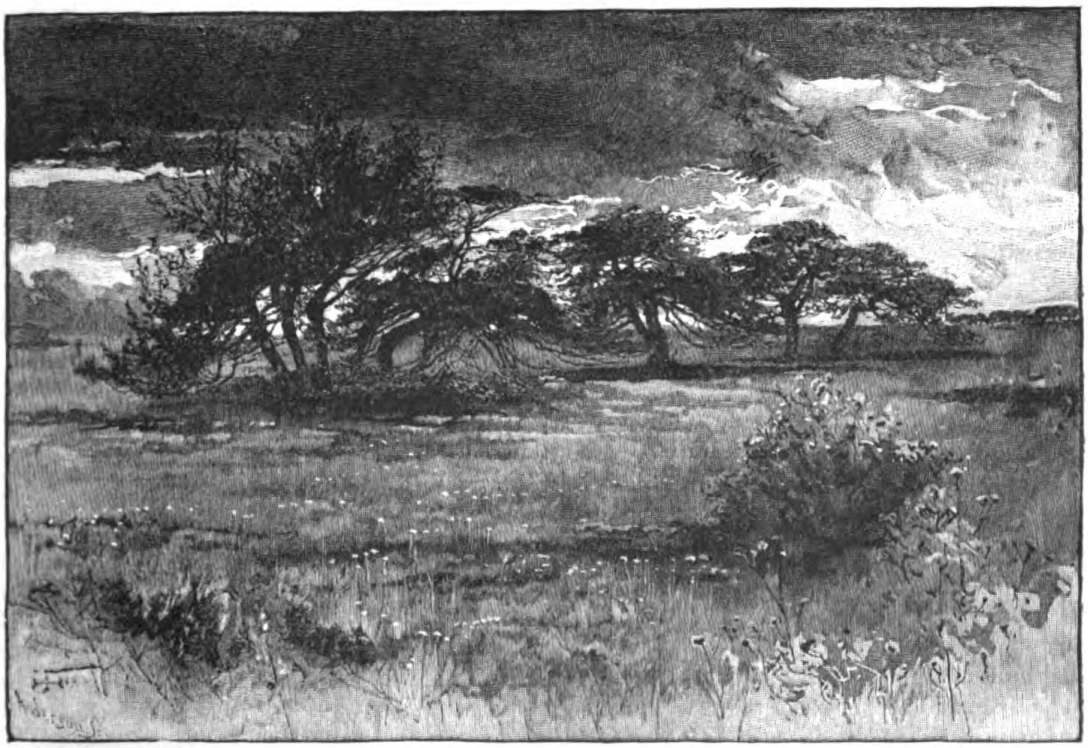
climb the bank resulted in their being stuck fast on a rock all night. When the International Park is older there should be donkeys to carry the traveller over these roads. From this path curious eddies are noticed in the river, which all summer long is haunted by anglers who cast their flies or troll for black bass. Two-thirds of the river pursues an undeviating downward course, the other third runs backward. Lazy fishermen take a base advantage of this eddy, allowing it in the morning to carry them up-stream to the fishing grounds. At nightfall the main current takes them home again.

During a temporary stay at Newark in 1804, Tom Moore used every day to stroll up the road on the river-bank as far as an old oak-tree which stood midway in the path. Moved one afternoon by the sound of a woodpecker tapping at the bark over his head, he was inspired to write the ballad beginning:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'

Every step of the way between Queenston—so named in honor of Queen Charlotte—and Niagara is historic country. The cliff road, which skirts the high bank of the winding river, with glimpses of the American shore on the right and an unbroken view of undulating meadows on the left, should become popular with coaching parties. Acres of wheat field stretch out toward the north and west.

But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with the cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with that of his brave aide-de-camp, was brought back,



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Engraved by Anderson.

THORN-TREES NEAR NIAGARA.

the enemies' minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute of respect. Hither from Kingston came in 1792 Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Landed at Newark by a pleasure schooner, he was received by a salute of guns and entertained at Navy Hall. From thence the royal party wound their way on horseback by the narrow river road to the falls. Returning, they were entertained with a war-dance by the Mohawks, headed by Brant himself.

We approach the beautiful town of

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JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

Niagara through an aromatic pine forest, which is succeeded by an oak wood, "Paradise Grove," under whose lordly arcades picnic parties from all the surrounding country hold high revel in midsummer. Beyond is an open heath, on the edge of which stand, "outlawed, lonely, and apart," a picturesque clump of thorn-trees. One of the best known writers of the Dominion, and author of that powerful historical romance *Le Chien d'Or*, Mr. William Kirby, a resident of Niagara, traces the planting of these trees as far back as to the period of the French occupation of Fort Niagara. In one of his series of Canadian idyls the poet beautifully relates how under the oldest of these French thorns, "in a grave made wide enough for two," sleep a once gay cavalier of Roussillon, and a fair dame of Quebec whose bright eyes caused him to forget his châtelaine in Avignon.

Niagara is the Plymouth Rock of Upper Canada, and was once its proud capital city. Variously known in the past as Loyel Village, Butlersbury, Nassau, and Newark, it had a daily paper as early as 1792, and was a military post of distinction before the present century, its real beginnings, however, being contemporaneous with the war of independence. Here, within two short hours' ride of the most populous and busy city of western New York, typical of the material forces that have moulded the nineteenth century, we come upon a spot of intensest quiet, in the shadow of whose ivy-mantled church tower sleep trusted servants of the Georges, Tories and their Indian allies.

The place has been overtaken by none of that unpicturesque commercial prosperity which further up the frontier threatens to destroy all the natural beauties of the river-banks.

The Welland Canal and the Grand Trunk and Great Western railway systems diverted from Niagara the great part of the carrying trade, and with it that growth and activity which have signalized the neighboring cities of Canada. "Refuse the Welland Canal entrance to your town," said the commissioners, "and the grass will grow in your streets." The prediction has been realized. St. Catharines is a flourishing neighbor, while Niagara, with a harbor in which the navy of England might ride, sees her main thoroughfares a common pasture. Cows crop the turf up to the door-steps of the brass-knockered, wide-windowed houses, and the classic goose roams at will through the town. The alleged business part of the village centres around the post-office.

The rush of business, however, is never such, even in the season of the summer boarder, as to prevent the proprietor of one of the most modern-looking of shops in the town from turning the key in the lock at high noon while he goes home to dinner.

The public business street bisects the town, and there are about five hundred acres of government land in two expansive commons lying on either side of the village, north and south. During the period of our visit a brigade of the red-coated militia of the Dominion was encamped on the breezy southern heath, just on the outskirts of the leafy colonnades of Paradise Grove, on the bluff opposite Youngstown. The unwonted bustle and stir created by the militia of the Dominion in the sleepy old town made it the more easy to summon a picture of that remote past when Niagara, then Newark, figured as a gay frontier military post.

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Photographed by George Barker. Engraved by J. Tinkey.

NIAGARA FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND.

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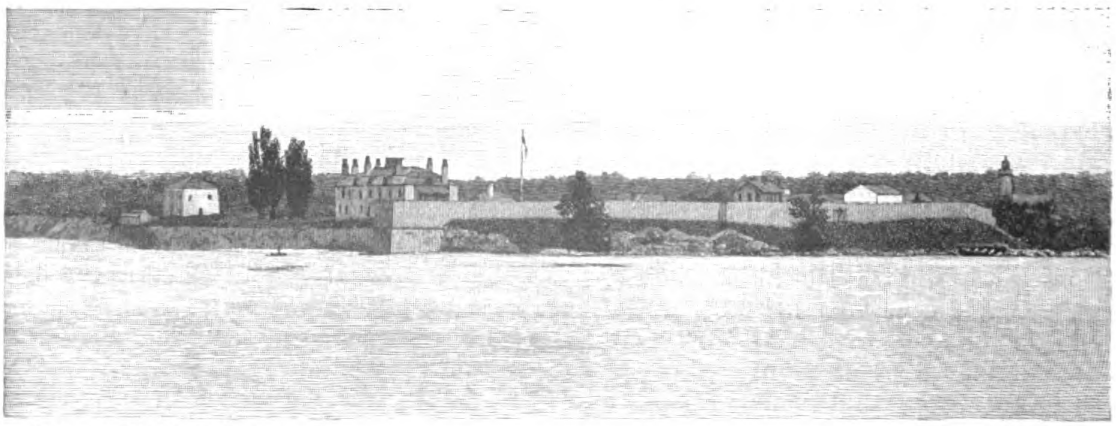


MISS RYE'S ORPHANAGE.

Revered in Canada, it is a gratifying fact that more recent investigation has proved much of the obloquy cast upon Colonel Butler by earlier writers of American history to have been due to the heated partisan prejudice of that time.

Few churches in America can boast so many quaint and peculiar tablets as St. Mark's. One is to the memory of an officer who "served in most of the glorious actions of the Peninsular war." A gallery supported by slender pillars runs around the church, and the high square box pews are curtained in red. The neutral tints of the stained glass in the chancel windows, harmonizing well with the faded quaintness of the gray interior, are a relief to the eye in a day when every railway waiting station and tawdry cottage flares with the gaudy hues of cheap colored glass. Established in 1792, the parish has had but three rectors since the beginning. The church itself, the oldest but one in Upper Canada, was built in 1802.

The names in the earlier pages of the register represent the different nationalities which made up the motley population of a stirring frontier town—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Indians, and negroes, with a generous sprinkling of Tories from the Hudson and Mohawk. Colonel Butler's importance as the first citizen of the town is indicated from the beginning to the record of his death in the number of parents who paid him the compliment of calling their children after him. His namesakes in Upper Canada at that time were a progeny scarcely less numerous



Photographed by George Barker. Engraved by Levin.

FORT NIAGARA.

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than George Washington's across the border.

On the outskirts of the town stands a large, square, yellow, brick house, mantled in ivy and clematis. Its broad and spacious porch looks upon an old-fashioned garden and orchard. Approaching it by the country road that leads off from the town, past detached villas, the green common, and over an old stone bridge, one sees shy, curious little faces peering out through the fence pickets. For it is here, under the name of "Our Western Home," that Miss Rye, one of the most distinguished of England's women philanthropists, has established her famous orphanage. Since 1869, when the house, formerly the old Niagara County jail, was opened, over 2000 London waifs, ranging in age from 2 to 16, have found a home under this roof. Three parties of children are sent out from England annually, the cost of transportation not exceeding 12 or 15 pounds sterling for each child, this sum including all expenses from the moment of rescue in London until the girl is housed in the orphanage across the ocean. These children have been adopted by families in Ontario, and with scarcely an exception make good, industrious women.

Old Fort Mississauga, its walls,

"Thick as a feudal keep, with loop-holes slashed,"

lies to the northeast of the town of Niagara, on a bluff above the lake, and in the nooks and crannies of its ruined arches innumerable pigeons nest. Built from the ruins of the ancient town, it serves to keep in mind traditions of that bleak December's night when the 400 inhabitants of the little settlement were turned into the streets to brave the ice and snow of a Canadian winter. To England, then absorbed in a deadly struggle with Napoleon, this frontier war of 1812 was as nothing in comparison with the mightier issue at stake, but of vital moment to the pioneers fleeing from the whirlwind of fire and sword which, beginning with Newark, swept the whole frontier, to culminate in the burning of Buffalo, then the largest settlement on the Niagara border.

Exactly opposite is Fort Niagara, whose ramparts command a sweeping view of Lake Ontario, with distant glimpses of Toronto when the atmosphere is clear. The history of Fort Niagara, knit up as it is with all America's past, from before the time when the French king, dallying with his favorites, thought this region valuable only for furs, down to the imprisonment of Morgan in 1828, in the low magazine near the river-bank, yet remains to be written. Its materials are rich and abundant, but they exist in scattered records and in romantic stories handed down from generation to generation among the old residents of the frontier. During a long period it was a little city in itself, and the most important point west of Albany or south of Montreal. In the centre of the enclosure stood a cross eighteen feet high, with the inscription, "*Regnat, vincit, imperat, Christus*," and over the chapel was a large ancient dial to mark the course of the sun.

It was in February, 1679, that La Salle, wanting to obtain supplies for his proposed ship the *Griffon*, then building at the mouth of the Cayuga, a creek a few miles above Niagara Falls, his bark wrecked, and the lake too rough for a winter's voyage by canoe or brigantine, set out on snow-shoes, with only two men as his companions, and a dog to draw his baggage, for Fort Frontenac, now Kingston. He had to travel over twenty leagues across the frozen surface of the snow, and Father Hennepin and Tonty accompanied him as far as Niagara. While there La Salle traced the outlines of the fortress, from whose lofty flag-staff now floats the emblem of the republic, but which, alternately owned by French and English, witnessed some of the most hard-fought engagements in their strife for mastery of the New World.

No regular defensive work was constructed on the site of La Salle's rude stockade of 1679 until the Marquis de Nonville fortified the tongue of land, describing it, in words equally true to-day, as the most beautiful, pleasing, and advantageous on the whole lake. Called at first Fort de Nonville, after the marquis, this name soon gave place to the more appropriate one of Fort Niagara. Many interesting characters have at different periods made the fort their abode. In 1780 a handsome house within its enclosure was occupied by Colonel Guy Johnson. It was also the home of both Butlers, father and son, as well as of Captain Joseph Brant. From here young Walter Butler marched to the Cherry Valley Massacre. Catharine Montour also, who was at both the Cherry Valley and Wyoming massacres, at one time took refuge with her two sons at Fort Niagara.

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APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXXIII.

WHEN she entered Mrs. Mavering's room Alice first saw the pictures, the bric-à-brac, the flowers, the dazzle of lights, and then the invalid propped among her pillows, and vividly expectant of her. She seemed all eager eyes to the girl, aware next of the strong resemblance to Dan in her features, and of the careful toilet the sick woman had made for her. To youth all forms of suffering are abhorrent, and Alice had to hide a repugnance at sight of this spectre of what had once been a pretty woman. Through the egotism with which so many years of flattering subjection in her little world had armed her, Mrs. Mavering probably did not feel the girl's shrinking, or, if she did, took it for the natural embarrassment which she would feel. She had satisfied herself that she was looking her best, and that her cap and the lace jacket she wore were very becoming, and softened her worst points; the hangings of her bed and the richly embroidered crimson silk coverlet were part of the coquetry of her costume, from which habit had taken all sense of ghastliness; she was proud of them, and she was not aware of the scent of drugs that insisted through the odor of the flowers.

She lifted herself on her elbow as Dan approached with Alice, and the girl felt as if an intense light had been thrown upon her from head to foot in the moment of searching scrutiny that followed. The invalid's set look broke into a smile, and she put out her hand, neither hot nor cold, but of a dry, neutral, spiritual temperature, and pulled Alice down and kissed her.

"Why, child, your hand's like ice!" she exclaimed, without preamble. "We used to say that came from a warm heart."

"I guess it comes from a cold grapery in this case, mother," said Dan, with his laugh. "I've just been running Alice through it. And perhaps a little excitement—"

"Excitement?" echoed his mother. "Cold grapery, I dare say, and very silly of *you*, Dan; but there's no occasion for excitement, as if we were strangers. Sit down in that chair, my dear. And, Dan, you go round to the other side of the bed; I want Alice all to myself. I saw your photograph a week ago, and I've thought about you for ages since, and wondered whether you would approve of your old friend."

"Oh yes," whispered the girl, suppressing a tremor; and Dan's eyes were suffused with grateful tears at his mother's graciousness.

Alice's reticence seemed to please the invalid. "I hope you'll like *all* your old friends here; you've begun with the worst among us, but perhaps you like him the best *because* he's the worst; *I* do."

"You may believe just half of that, Alice," cried Dan.

"Then believe the best half, or the half you like best," said Mrs. Mavering. "There must be something good in him if you like him. Have they welcomed you home, my dear?"

"We've all made a stagger at it," said Dan, while Alice was faltering over the words which were so slow to come.

"Don't try to answer my formal stupidities. You *are* welcome, and that's enough, and more than enough of speeches. Did you have a comfortable journey up?"

"Oh, very."

"Was it cold?"

"Not at all. The cars were very hot."

"Have you had any snow yet at Boston?"

"No, none at all yet."

"Now I feel that we're talking sense. I hope you found everything in your room? I can't look after things as I would like, and so I inquire."

"There's everything," said Alice. "We're very comfortable."

"I'm very glad. I had Dan look; he's my house-keeper; he understands me better than my girls; he's like me, more. That's what makes us so fond of each other; it's a kind of personal vanity. But he has his good points, Dan has. He's very amiable, and I was too, at his age—and till I came here. But I'm not going to tell you of his good points; I dare say you've found them out. I'll tell you about his bad ones. He says you're very serious. Are you?" She pressed the girl's

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hand, which she had kept in hers, and regarded her keenly.

Alice dropped her eyes at the odd question. "I don't know," she faltered. "Sometimes."

"Well, that's good. Dan's frivolous."

"Oh, *sometimes*—only sometimes!" he interposed.

"He's frivolous, and he's very light-minded; but he's none the worse for that."

"Oh, thank you," said Dan; and Alice, still puzzled, laughed provisionally.

"No; I want you to understand that. He's light-hearted too, and that's a great thing in this world. If you're serious you'll be apt to be heavy-hearted, and then you'll find Dan of use. And I hope he'll know how to turn your seriousness to account too. He needs something to keep him down—to keep him from blowing away. Yes, it's very well for people to be opposites. Only they must understand each other. If they do that, then they get along. Light-heartedness or heavy-heartedness comes to the same thing if they know how to use it for each other. You see, I've got to be a great philosopher lying here; nobody dares contradict me or interrupt me when I'm constructing my theories, and so I get them perfect."

"I wish I could hear them all," said Alice, with sincerity that made Mrs. Mavering laugh as light-heartedly as Dan himself, and that seemed to suggest the next thing to her.

"You can for the asking, almost any time. Are you a very truthful person, my dear? Don't take the trouble to deny it if you are," she added, at Alice's stare. "You see I'm not at all conventional, and you needn't be. Come! tell the truth for once, at any rate. Are you habitually truthful?"

"Yes, I think I am," said Alice, still staring.

"Dan's not," said his mother, quietly.

"Oh, see here, now, mother! Don't give me away!"

"He'll tell the truth in extremity, of course, and he'll tell it if it's pleasant, always; but if you don't expect much more of him you won't be disappointed; and you can make him of great use."

"You see where I got it, anyway, Alice," said Dan, laughing across the bed at her.

"Yes, you got it from me: I own it. A great part of my life was made up of making life pleasant to others by fibbing. I stopped it when I came here."

"Oh, not altogether, mother!" urged her son. "You mustn't be too hard on yourself."

She ignored his interruption. "You'll find Dan a great convenience with that agreeable habit of his. You can get him to make all your verbal excuses for you (he'll do it beautifully), and dictate all the thousand and one little lying notes you'll have to write; he won't mind it in the least, and it will save you a great wear and tear of conscience."

"Go on, mother, go on," said Dan, with delighted eyes that asked of Alice if it were not all perfectly charming.

"And you can come in with your habitual truthfulness where Dan wouldn't know what to do, poor fellow. You'll have the moral courage to come right to the point when he would like to shilly-shally, and you can be frank while he's trying to think how to make y-e-s spell no."

"Any other little compliments, mother?" suggested Dan.

"No," said Mrs. Mavering; "that's all. I thought I'd better have it off my mind; I knew you'd never get it off yours, and Alice had better know the worst. It *is* the worst, my dear, and if I talked of him till doomsday I couldn't say any more harm of him. I needn't tell you how sweet he is; you know that, I'm sure; but you can't know yet how gentle and forbearing he is, how patient, how full of kindness to every living soul, how unselfish, how—"

She lost her voice. "Oh, come now, mother," Dan protested, huskily.

Alice did not say anything; she bent over, without repugnance, and gathered the shadowy shape into her strong young arms, and kissed the wasted face, whose unearthly coolness was like the leaf of a flower against her lips. "He never gave me a moment's trouble," said the mother, "and I'm sure he'll make you happy. How kind of you not to be afraid of me—"

"Afraid!" cried the girl, with passionate solemnity. "I shall never feel safe away from you!"

The door opened upon the sound of voices, and the others came in.

Mrs. Pasmer did not wait for an introduction, but with an affectation of impulse which she felt Mrs. Mavering would penetrate and respect, she went up to the

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bed and presented herself. Dan's mother smiled hospitably upon her, and they had some playful words about their children. Mrs. Pasmer neatly conveyed the regrets of her husband, who had hoped up to the last moment that the heavy cold he had taken would let him come with her; and the invalid made her guest sit down on the right hand of her bed, which seemed to be the place of honor, while her husband took Dan's place on the left, and admired his wife's skill in fence. At the end of her encounter with Mrs. Pasmer she called out with her strong voice, "Why don't you get your banjo, Molly, and play something?"

"A banjo? Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Pasmer. "It's so picturesque and interesting! I heard that young ladies had taken it up, and I should so like to hear it!" She had turned to Mrs. Mavering again, and she now beamed winningly upon her.

Alice regarded the girl with a puzzled frown as she brought her banjo in from another room and sat down with it. She relaxed the severity of her stare a little as Molly played one wild air after another, singing some of them with an evidence of training in her naïve effectiveness. There were some Mexican songs which she had learned in a late visit to their country, and some creole melodies caught up in a winter's sojourn in Louisiana. The elder sister accompanied her on the piano, not with the hard, resolute proficiency which one might have expected of Eunice Mavering, but with a sympathy which was perhaps the expression of her share of the family kindliness.

"Your children seem to have been everywhere," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a sigh of flattering envy. "Oh, you're not going to stop!" she pleaded, turning from Mrs. Mavering to Molly.

"I think Dan had better do the rheumatic uncle now," said Eunice, from the piano.

"Oh yes! the rheumatic uncle—do," said Mrs. Pasmer. "*We* know the rheumatic uncle," she added, with a glance at Alice. Dan looked at her too, as if doubtful of her approval; and then he told in character a Yankee story which he had worked up from the talk of his friend the foreman. It made them all laugh.

Mrs. Pasmer was the gayest; she let herself go, and throughout the evening she flattered right and left, and said, in her good-night to Mrs. Mavering, that she had never imagined so delightful a time. "Oh, Mrs. Mavering, I don't wonder your children love their home. It's a revelation."

XXXIV.

"She's a cat, Dan," said his mother, quietly, and not without liking, when he looked in for his good-night kiss after the rest were gone; "a perfect tabby. But your Alice is sublime."

"Oh, mother—"

"She's a little *too* sublime for *me*. But you're young, and you can stand it."

Dan laughed with delight. "Yes, I think I can, mother. All I ask is the chance."

"Oh, you're very much in love, both of you; there's no doubt about that. What I mean is that she's very high strung, very intense. She has ideals—any one can see that."

Dan took it all for praise. "Yes," he said, eagerly, "that's what I told you. And that will be the best thing about it for me. I have *no* ideals."

"Well, you must find out what hers are, and live up to them."

"Oh, there won't be any trouble about that," said Dan, buoyantly.

"You must help *her* to find them out too." He look puzzled. "You mustn't expect the child to be too definite at first, nor to be always right, even when she's full of ideals. You must be very patient with her, Dan."

"Oh, I *will*, mother! You know that. How could I ever be impatient with Alice?"

"Very forbearing, and very kind, and indefatigably forgiving. Ask your father how to behave."

Dan promised to do so, with a laugh at the joke. It had never occurred to him that his father was particularly exemplary in these things, or that his mother idolized him for what seemed to Dan simply a matter-of-course endurance of her sick whims and freaks and moods. He broke forth into a vehement protest of his good intentions, to which his mother did not seem very attentive. After a while she asked,

"Is she always so silent, Dan?"

"Well, not with *me*, mother. Of course she was a little embarrassed; she didn't know exactly what to say, I suppose—"

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"Oh, I rather liked that. At least she isn't a rattle-pate. And we shall get acquainted; we shall like each other. She will understand me when you bring her home here to live with us, and—"

"Yes," said Dan, rising rather hastily, and stooping over to his mother. "I'm not going to let you talk any more now, or we shall have to suffer for it to-morrow night."

He got gayly away before his mother could amplify a suggestion which spoiled a little his pleasure in the praises—he thought they were unqualified and enthusiastic praises—she had been heaping upon Alice. He wished to go to bed with them all sweet and unalloyed in his thought, to sleep, to dream upon his perfect triumph.

Mrs. Pasmer was a long time in undressing, and in calming down after the demands which the different events of the evening had made upon her resources.

"It has certainly been a very *mixed* evening, Alice," she said, as she took the pins out of her back hair and let it fall; and she continued to talk as she went back and forth between their rooms. "What do you think of banjo-playing for young ladies? Isn't it rather rowdy? Decidedly rowdy, *I* think. And Dan's Yankee story! I expected to see the old gentleman get up and perform some trick."

"I suppose they do it to amuse Mrs. Mavering," said Alice, with cold displeasure.

"Oh, it's quite *right*," tittered Mrs. Pasmer. "It would be as much as their lives are worth if they didn't. You can see that she rules them with a rod of iron. *What* a will! I'm glad you're not going to come under her sway; I really think you couldn't be safe from her in the same hemisphere; it's well you're going abroad at once. They're a very self-concentrated family, don't you think—very self-satisfied? Of course that's the danger of living off by themselves as they do: they get to thinking there's nobody else in the world. You would simply be absorbed by them; it's a hair-breadth escape. How splendidly Dan contrasts with the others! Oh, *he's* delightful; he's a man of the world. Give me the *world*, after all! And he's so considerate of their rustic conceit! *What* a house! It's perfectly baronial—and ridiculous. In any other country it would mean something—society, entertainments, troops of guests; but here it doesn't mean anything but money. Not that money isn't a very good thing; I wish we had more of it. But now you see how very little it can do by itself. You looked very well, Alice, and behaved with great dignity; perhaps too much. You ought to enter a little more into the spirit of things, even if you don't respect them. That oldest girl isn't particularly pleased, I fancy, though it doesn't matter really."

Alice replied to her mother from time to time with absent yeses and noes; she sat by the window looking out on the hillside lawn before the house; the moon had risen, and poured a flood of snowy light over it, in which the cold statues dimly shone, and the firs, in clumps and singly, blackened with an inky solidity. Beyond wandered the hills, their bare pasturage broken here and there by blotches of woodland.

After her mother had gone to bed she turned her light down and resumed her seat by the window, pressing her hot forehead against the pane, and losing all sense of the scene without in the whirl of her thoughts.

After this evening of gay welcome in Dan's family, and those moments of tenderness with him, her heart was troubled. She now realized her engagement as something exterior to herself and her own family, and confronted for the first time its responsibilities, its ties, and its claims. It was not enough to be everything to Dan; she could not be that unless she were something to his family. She did not realize this vividly, but with the remoteness which all verities except those of sensation have for youth.

Her uneasiness was full of exultation, of triumph; she knew she had been admired by Dan's family, and she experienced the sweetness of having pleased them for his sake; his happy eyes shone before her; but she was touched in her self-love by what her mother had coarsely characterized in them. They had regarded her liking them as a matter of course; his mother had ignored her even in pretending to decry Dan to her. But again this was very remote, very momentary. It was no nearer, no more lasting on the surface of her happiness, than the flying whiffs of thin cloud that chased across the moon and lost themselves in the vast blue around it.

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XXXV.

People came to the first of Mrs. James Bellingham's receptions with the expectation of pleasure which the earlier receptions of the season awaken even in the oldest and wisest. But they tried to dissemble their eagerness in a fashionable tardiness. "We get later and later," said Mrs. Brinkley to John Munt, as she sat watching the slow gathering of the crowd. By half past eleven it had not yet hidden Mrs. Bellingham, where she stood near the middle of the room, from the pleasant corner they had found after accidentally arriving together. Mr. Brinkley had not come; he said he might not be too old for receptions, but he was too good; in either case he preferred to stay at home. "We used to come at nine o'clock, and now we come at— I'm getting into a quotation from Mother Goose, I think."

"I thought it was Browning," said Munt, with his witticism manner. Neither he nor Mrs. Brinkley was particularly glad to be together, but at Mrs. James Bellingham's it was well not to fling any companionship away till you were sure of something else. Besides, Mrs. Brinkley was indolent and good-natured, and Munt was active and good-natured, and they were well fitted to get on for ten or fifteen minutes. While they talked she kept an eye out for other acquaintance, and he stood alert to escape at the first chance. "How is it we are here so early—or rather you are?" she pursued, irrelevantly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Munt, accepting the implication of his superior fashion with pleasure. "I never mind being among the first. It's rather interesting to see people come in—don't you think?"

"That depends a good deal on the people. I don't find a great variety in their smirks and smiles to Mrs. Bellingham; I seem to be doing them all myself. And there's a monotony about their apprehension and helplessness when they're turned adrift that's altogether too much like my own. No, Mr. Munt, I can't agree with you that it's interesting to see people come in. It's altogether too autobiographical. What else have you to suggest?"

"I'm afraid I'm at the end of my string," said Munt. "I suppose we shall see the Pasmers and young Mavering here to-night."

Mrs. Brinkley turned and looked sharply at him.

"You've heard of the engagement?" he asked.

"No, decidedly, I haven't. And after his flight from Campobello it's the last thing I expected to hear of. When did it come out?"

"Only within a few days. They've been keeping it rather quiet. Mrs. Pasmer told me herself."

Mrs. Brinkley gave herself a moment for reflection. "Well, if he can stand it, I suppose I can."

"That isn't exactly what people are saying to Mrs. Pasmer, Mrs. Brinkley," suggested Munt, with his humorous manner.

"I dare say they're trying to make her believe that her daughter is sacrificed. That's the way. But she knows better."

"There's no doubt but she's informed herself. She put me through my catechism about the Maverings the day of the picnic down there."

"Do you know them?"

"'Bridge Mavering and I were at Harvard together."

"Tell me about them." Mrs. Brinkley listened to Munt's praises of his old friend with an attention superficially divided with the people to whom she bowed and smiled. The room was filling up. "Well," she said at the end, "he's a sweet young fellow. I hope he likes his Pasmers."

"I guess there's no doubt about his liking one of them—the principal one."

"Yes, if she *is* the principal one." There was an implication in everything she said that Dan Mavering had been hoodwinked by Mrs. Pasmer. Mature ladies always like to imply something of the sort in these cases. They like to ignore the prime agency of youth and love, and pretend that marriage is a game that parents play at with us, as if we were in an old comedy; it is a tradition. "Will he take her home to live?"

"No. I heard that they're all going abroad—for a year or two at least."

"Ah! I *thought* so," cried Mrs. Brinkley. She looked up with whimsical pleasure in the uncertainty of an old gentleman who was staring hard at her through his glasses. "Well," she said, with a pleasant sharpness, "do you make me out?"

"As nearly as my belief in your wisdom will allow," said the old gentleman, as distinctly as his long white mustache and an apparent absence of teeth behind

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it would let him. John Munt had eagerly abandoned the seat he was keeping at Mrs. Brinkley's side, and had launched himself into the thickening crowd. The old gentleman, who was lank and tall, folded himself down into it. He continued as tranquilly as if seated quite alone with Mrs. Brinkley, and not minding that his voice, with the senile crow in it, made itself heard by others. "I'm always surprised to find sensible people at these things of Jane's. They're most extraordinary things. Jane's idea of society is to turn a herd of human beings loose in her house, and see what will come of it. She has no more sense of hospitality or responsibility than the Elements, or Divine Providence. You may come here and have a good time—if you can get it; she won't object; or you may die of solitude and inanition; she'd never know it. I don't know but it's rather sublime in her. It's like the indifference of fate; but it's rather rough on those who don't understand it. She likes to see her rooms filled with pretty dresses, but she has no social instincts and no social inspiration whatever. She lights and heats and feeds her guests, and then she leaves them to themselves. She's a kind woman, Jane is, a very good-natured woman, and I really think she'd be grieved if she thought any one went away unhappy, but she does nothing to make them at home in her house —absolutely nothing."

"Perhaps she does all they deserve for them. I don't know that any one acquires merit by coming to an evening party; and it's impossible to be personally hospitable to everybody in such a crowd."

"Yes, I've sometimes taken that view of it. And yet if you ask a stranger to your house, you establish a tacit understanding with him that you won't forget him after you have him there. I like to go about and note the mystification of strangers who've come here with some notion of a little attention. It's delightfully poignant; I suffer with them; it's a cheap luxury of woe; I follow them through all the turns and windings of their experience. Of course the theory is that being turned loose here with the rest, they may speak to anybody; but the fact is they can't. Sometimes I should like to hail some of these unfriended spirits, but I haven't the courage. I'm not individually bashful, but I have a thousand years of Anglo-Saxon civilization behind me. I've just seen two pretty women cast away in a corner, and clinging to a small water-color on the wall with a show of interest that would melt a heart of stone. Why do you come, Mrs. Brinkley? I should really like to know. You're not obliged to."

"No," said Mrs. Brinkley, lowering her voice instinctively, as if to bring his down. "I suppose I come from force of habit. I've been coming a long time, you know. Why do you come?"

"Because I can't sleep. If I could sleep, I should be at home in bed." A weariness came into his thin face and dim eyes that was pathetic, and passed into a whimsical sarcasm. "I'm not one of the great leisure class, you know, that voluntarily turns night into day. Do you know what I go about saying now?"

"Something amusing, I suppose."

"You'd better not be so sure of that. I've discovered a fact, or rather I've formulated an old one. I've always been troubled how to classify people here, there are so many exceptions; and I've ended by broadly generalizing them as women and men."

Mrs. Brinkley was certainly amused at this. "It seems to me that there you've been anticipated by nature—not to mention art."

"Oh, not in my particular view. The women in America represent the aristocracy which exists everywhere else in both sexes. You are born to the patrician leisure; you have the accomplishments and the clothes and manners and ideals; and we men are a natural commonalty, born to business, to newspapers, to cigars, and horses. This natural female aristocracy of ours establishes the forms, usages, places, and times of society. The epicene aristocracies of other countries turn night into day in their social pleasures, and our noblesse sympathetically follows their example. You ladies, who can lie till noon next day, come to Jane's reception at eleven o'clock, and you drag along with you a herd of us brokers, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, who must be at our offices and counting-rooms before nine in the morning. The hours of us workpeople are regulated by the wholesome industries of the great democracy which we're a part of; and the hours of our wives and daughters by the deleterious pleasures of the Old World aristocracy. That's the reason we're not all at home in bed."

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"I thought you were not at home in bed because you couldn't sleep."

"I know it. And you've no idea how horrible a bed is that you can't sleep in." The old man's voice broke in a tremor. "Ah, it's a bed of torture! I spend many a wicked hour in mine, envying St. Lawrence his gridiron. But what do you think of my theory?"

"It's a very pretty theory. My only objection to it is that it's too flattering. You know I rather prefer to abuse my sex; and to be set up as a natural aristocracy —I don't know that I can quite agree to that, even to account satisfactorily for my being at your sister-in-law's reception."

"You're too modest, Mrs. Brinkley."

"No, really. There ought to be some men among us—men without morrows. Now why don't you and my husband set an example to your sex? Why don't you relax your severe sense of duty? Why need you insist upon being at your offices every morning at nine? Why don't you fling off these habits of life-long industry, and be gracefully indolent in the interest of the higher civilization?"

Bromfield Corey looked round at her with a smile of relish for her satire. Her husband was a notoriously lazy man, who had chosen to live restrictedly upon an inherited property rather than increase it by the smallest exertion.

"Do you think we could get Andy Pasmer to join us?"

"No, I can't encourage you with that idea. You must get on without Mr. Pasmer; he's going back to Europe with his son-in-law."

"Do you mean that their girl's married?"

"No—engaged. It's just out."

"Well, I must say Mrs. Pasmer has made use of her time." He too liked to imply that it was all an effect of her manœuvring, and that the young people had nothing to do with it; this survival from European fiction dies hard. "Who is the young man?"

Mrs. Brinkley gave him an account of Dan Mavering as she had seen him at Campobello, and of his family as she just heard of them. "Mr. Munt was telling me about them as you came up."

"Why, was that John Munt?"

"Yes; didn't you know him?"

"No," said Corey, sadly. "I don't know anybody nowadays. I seem to be going to pieces every way. I don't call sixty-nine such a very great age."

"Not at all!" cried Mrs. Brinkley. "I'm fifty-four myself, and Brinkley's sixty."

"But I feel a thousand years old. I don't see people, and when I do I don't know 'em. My head's in a cloud." He let it hang heavily; then he lifted it, and said: "He's a nice, comfortable fellow, Munt is. Why didn't he stop and talk a bit?"

"Well, Munt's modest, you know; and I suppose he thought he might be the third that makes company a crowd. Besides, nobody stops and talks a bit at these things. They're afraid of boring or being bored."

"Yes, they're all in as unnatural a mood as if they were posing for a photograph. I wonder who invented this sort of thing? Do you know," said the old man, "that I think it's rather worse with us than with any other people? We're a simple, sincere folk, domestic in our instincts, not gregarious or frivolous in any way; and when we're wrenched away from our firesides, and packed in our best clothes into Jane's gilded saloons, we feel vindictive; we feel wicked. When the Boston being abandons himself—or herself—to fashion, she suffers a depravation into something quite lurid. She has a bad conscience, and she hardens her heart with talk that's tremendously cynical. It's amusing," said Corey, staring round him purblindly at the groups and files of people surging and eddying past the corner where he sat with Mrs. Brinkley.

"No; it's shocking," said his companion. "At any rate, you mustn't say such things, even if you think them. I can't let you go too far, you know. These young people think it heavenly, here."

She took with him the tone that elderly people use with those older than themselves who have begun to break; there were authority and patronage in it. At the bottom of her heart she thought that Bromfield Corey should not have been allowed to come; but she determined to keep him safe and harmless as far as she could.

From time to time the crowd was a stationary mass in front of them; then it dissolved and flowed away, to gather anew; there were moments when the floor near them was quite vacant; then it was inundated again with silken trains. From another part of the house came the sound of music, and most of the young people who passed went two and two, as if they were partners in the dance, and had come

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out of the ball-room between dances. There was a good deal of nervous talk, politely subdued, among them; but it was not the note of unearthly rapture which Mrs. Brinkley's conventional claim had implied; it was self-interested, eager, anxious; and was probably not different from the voice of good society anywhere.

XXXVI.

"Why, there's Dan Mavering now!" said Mrs. Brinkley, rather to herself than to her companion. , "And alone!"

Dan's face showed above most of the heads and shoulders about him; it was flushed, and looked troubled and excited. He caught sight of Mrs. Brinkley, and his eyes brightened joyfully. He slipped quickly through the crowd, and bowed over her hand, while he stammered out, without giving her a chance for reply till the end: "Oh, Mrs. Brinkley, I'm so glad to see you! I'm going—I want to ask a great favor of you, Mrs. Brinkley. I want to bring—I want to introduce some friends of mine to you—some ladies, Mrs. Brinkley; very nice people I met last summer at Portland. Their father—General Wrayne—has been building some railroads down East, and they're very nice people; but they don't know any one—any ladies—and they've been looking at the pictures ever since they came. They're very good pictures; but it isn't an exhibition!" He broke down with a laugh.

"Why, of course, Mr. Mavering; I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Brinkley, with a hospitality rendered reckless by her sympathy with the young fellow. "By all means!"

"Oh, thanks!—thank you ever so much!" said Dan. "I'll bring them to you—they'll understand!" He slipped into the crowd again.

Corey made an offer of going. Mrs. Brinkley stopped him with her fan. "No—stay, Mr. Corey. Unless you wish to go. I fancy it's the people you were talking about, and you must help me through with them."

"I ask nothing better," said the old man, unresentful of Dan's having not even seemed to see him, in his generous preoccupation. "I should like to see how you'll get on, and perhaps I can be of use."

"Of course you can—the greatest."

"But why hasn't he introduced them to his Pasmers? What? Eh? Oh!" Corey made these utterances in response to a sharper pressure of Mrs. Brinkley's fan on his arm.

Dan was opening a way through the crowd before them for two ladies, whom he now introduced. "Mrs. Frobisher, Mrs. Brinkley; and Miss Wrayne."

Mrs. Brinkley cordially gave her hand to the ladies, and said, "May I introduce Mr. Corey? Mr. Mavering, let me introduce you to Mr. Corey." The old man rose and stood with the little group.

Dan's face shone with flattered pride and joyous triumph. He bubbled out some happy incoherencies about the honor and pleasure, while at the same time he beamed with tender gratitude upon Mrs. Brinkley, who was behaving with a gracious, humorous kindliness to the aliens cast upon her mercies. Mrs. Frobisher, after a half-hour of Boston society, was not that presence of easy gayety which crossed Dan's path on the Portland pavement the morning of his arrival from Campobello; but she was still a handsome, effective woman, of whom you would have hesitated to say whether she was showy or distinguished. Perhaps she was a little of both, with an air of command bred of supremacy in frontier garrisons; her sister was like her in the way that a young girl may be like a young matron. They blossomed alike in the genial atmosphere of Mrs. Brinkley and of Mr. Corey. He began at once to make bantering speeches with them both. The friendliness of an old man and a stout elderly woman might not have been their ideal of success at an evening party, used as they were to the unstinted homage of young captains and lieutenants, but a brief experience of Mrs. Bellingham's hospitality must have taught them humility; and when a stout, elderly gentleman, whose baldness was still trying to be blond, joined the group, the spectacle was not without its points of resemblance to a social ovation. Perhaps it was a Boston social ovation.

"Hallo, Corey!" said this stout gentleman, whom Mrs. Brinkley at once introduced as Mr. Bellingham, and whose salutation Corey returned with a "Hallo, Charles!" of equal intimacy.

Mr. Bellingham caught at the name of Frobisher. "Mrs. Major Dick Frobisher?"

"Mrs. Colonel now, but Dick always," said the lady, with immediate comradery. "Do you know my husband?"

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"I should think so!" said Bellingham; and a talk of common interest and mutual reminiscence sprang up between them. Bellingham graphically depicted his meeting with Colonel Frobisher the last time he was out on the Plains, and Mrs. Frobisher and Miss Wrayne discovered to their great satisfaction that he was the brother of Mrs. Stephen Blake, of Omaha, who had come out to the fort once with her husband, and captured the garrison, as they said. Mrs. Frobisher accounted for her present separation from her husband, and said she had come on for a while to be with her father and sister, who both needed more looking after than the Indians. Her father had left the army, and was building railroads.

Miss Wrayne, when she was not appealed to for confirmation or recollection by her sister, was having a lively talk with Corey and Mrs. Brinkley; she seemed to enter into their humor; and no one paid much attention to Dan Mavering. He hung upon the outskirts of the little group, proffering unrequited sympathy and applause; and at last he murmured something about having to go back to some friends, and took himself off. Mrs. Frobisher and Miss Wrayne let him go with a certain shade—the lightest, and yet evident—of not wholly satisfied pique: women know how to accept a reparation on account, and without giving a receipt in full.

Mrs. Brinkley gave him her hand with an effort of compassionate intelligence and appreciation of the sacrifice he must have made in leaving Alice. "May I congratulate you?" she murmured.

"Oh yes, indeed; thank you, Mrs. Brinkley," he gushed, tremulously; and he pressed her hand hard, and clung to it, as if he would like to take her with him.

Neither of the older men noticed his going. They were both taken in their elderly way with these two handsome young women, and they professed regret — Bellingham that his mother was not there, and Corey, that neither his wife nor daughters had come, whom they might otherwise have introduced. They did not offer to share their acquaintance with any one else, but they made the most of it themselves, as if knowing a good thing when they had it. Their devotion to Mrs. Frobisher and her sister heightened the curiosity of such people as noticed it, but it would be wrong to say that it moved any in that self-limited company with a strong wish to know the ladies. The time comes to every man, no matter how great a power he may be in society, when the general social opinion retires him for senility, and this time had come for Bromfield Corey. He could no longer make or mar any success; and Charles Bellingham was so notoriously amiable, so deeply compromised by his inveterate habit of liking nearly every one, that his notice could not distinguish or advantage a newcomer.

He and Corey took the ladies down to supper. Mrs. Brinkley saw them there together, and a little later she saw old Corey wander off, forgetful of Miss Wrayne. She saw Dan Mavering, but not the Pasmers, and then, when Corey forgot Miss Wrayne, she saw Dan, forlorn and bewildered-looking, approach the girl, and offer her his arm for the return to the drawing-room; she took it with a bright, cold smile, making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes.

"What is that poor boy doing, I wonder?" said Mrs. Brinkley to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NATIVE PUBLISHING HOUSE IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE natives of India are rapidly adopting Western methods. In no respect is that fact more apparent than in the publication of books and serials. From the time when Carey landed in Calcutta, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and set up his printing-press in the little Danish suburb of Serampore, down to the present year, no Christian missionary has exhibited more energy and thrift than the Mohammedan and Hindu natives are now displaying for the propagation of their faiths.

The most striking illustration of this remarkable departure for strengthening the trembling fabric of the old religion of India is the great publishing house of Munshi Newal Kishore, in Lucknow. This

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is the fourth city in size in India, and is well situated, as a distributing centre, not only for the whole valley of the Ganges, but for the entire Indian peninsula. Kishore is, first of all, a school-book publisher. He seems to have the favor of the British government to a remarkable degree, and fills contracts for supplying books in the Indian tongues to schools in large portions of the Punjab. He is a Mohammedan, and makes no secret of it. But with the publisher's instinct he keeps his religion in the background. He never puts his faith at the top of his bill-heads. He is a broad man—broad in everything except Christianity, and it is not likely that the Gospel has a more vigorous hater in the whole Gangetic Valley than this wily man. But he is no bigoted professional. Bitter hater as he is of Hinduism and of all the numerous non-Mohammedan faiths, he seems as ready to publish books for the promotion of Brahminism and of its rival faith, Buddhism, as to issue apologies and text-books in behalf of Islam.

The Kishore publishing house is situated on the Hazrat Gunge, the main street of Lucknow. The buildings are numerous, but low, mostly of one story, after the native fashion, and exceedingly plain. Many of them are mere sheds, where the work is done in full view of others on the premises. The roofs are of brick tiling. These buildings cover a vast space, which isdivided into many alleys and nondescript passageways, running at all angles with each other, and describing such curves as one can find in the denser parts of Lübeck or Nuremberg. I entered the premises by a long lane running at right angles from the main street. No one in passing along the street would suspect, unless he should turn into the lane, the number of men hard at work at the farther end, or the wonderful magnitude of their operations. The orders are constantly coming in from all India, and even from Afghanistan, Arabia, and Turkey in Europe. The many people engaged in carrying on this business have all they can do to fill the orders, and prepare for new ones on the way. Were the buildings covering such an area as this in Europe, and four or five stories high, yet turning out no more work than these primitive huts and sheds, their value could not be less than a half million dollars. But the Rev. Dr. B. H. Badley, who has been kind enough to supplement by correspondence the notes which I made on the spot, informs me that in Lucknow value those many buildings and the ground covered by them would not sell for more than about forty thousand dollars. The huts have no wooden floors. Mother Earth is the common resting-place. The men and boys in great numbers sit on the earthen floor in all possible positions, and carry on their work. They set type, read proof, and bind the sheets while sitting squat on the ground.

There is a great disproportion between the amount of type and the volumes printed. While there is an immense quantity of type used in Kishore's house, the lithographing of a whole book is a favorite procedure. I have a copy of the Koran, bought upon the premises, which is one foot long and eight inches broad, and I am quite sure that not a type was used in the printing of it. The plates are lithographs, and of excellent finish. As this particular volume was intended to be illustrated in colors, the difficulty was to supply the cuts. This, of course, could have been met by a separate impression. But that is not Kishore's method. All these blanks are filled by colored illustrations applied by hand. These are quite rudely done, and yet the pictures are striking, and to an Oriental eye must be attractive. For the Koran which I bought, having three hundred and seventeen pages, with numerous manual illustrations, bound in full leather, the price was only two dollars and a half.

But while a large portion of the work in this Mohammedan publishing house is done upon stone instead of type, there is also an immense amount of the usual type-setting and casting. The Arabic and some of the Hindu tongues are very favorable for engraving on stone. The whole alphabet, in several cases, consists of curves which can be easily executed by sharp tools. But when it comes to the Roman letters—and Kishore has his abundant uses for printing even English books—this shrewd publisher uses type, and his capable artisans know how to prepare plates from it quite as well as the English or American founders.

There are several press-rooms. In one of them I counted twenty-one presses, all worked by hand. It was almost impossible to turn around in this crowded, stifling place. But each man knew his place and his work, and perfect order prevailed.

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There is one department where engraving alone is carried on. This is on both stone and hard wood. The engraving stone is brought from Germany, is precisely the same as that used by the Leipsic engravers, and is constantly imported in large quantities.

Nothing, however, is imported which can be produced in India. One would suppose that it would be safer and better to get the type from London. But Kishore has caught the trick of casting his own type, and here, in a special building, is the foundery where all his type is cast. One thing greatly surprised me—the absence of power-presses. The presses are all of English make, but down to 1884 they were still of primitive contrivance. I imagine that the cheapness of labor is the real solution of the question. In Lucknow skilled labor can be secured for about twenty cents a day. Where such a state of things exists there is little motive for labor-saving machinery. I have learned, however, since leaving India, through the Rev. John Craven, the superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal publishing house in Calcutta, that Kishore is now making a new departure in the matter of power-presses. He is just now getting from England the most improved machinery, and it is most likely that while I am writing his establishment is being operated by steam.

Much of even the literary department of the Kishore house is done within the premises. The only parallel to it I had ever seen was the Abbé Migne's establishment in Paris, where even the editors of the complete editions of the Fathers prepared all their matter beneath the same roof under which the compositors did their work, the pressmen completed it, and the packers sent off the great folios into every land. The only building in Kishore's house through which I was conducted that had a second story was the literary workshop. Here, by a not over-secure stairway, leading up from the outside, I found a group of quiet, grave, and steady workers. They were the editors and revisers. They, like all Indians, sat upon the floor, and I must confess that they were the most dignified squatters whom it has ever been my privilege to meet.

The store-rooms are one of the marvels in the Kishore house. The books are laid away, in sheets, in such great masses that they occupy entire buildings, and reach from the floor to the rafters. These magazines are so closely packed that it was difficult to make our way through the catacomb. Neat placing there was none. The stacks were far from geometrical lines, and the dust was everywhere. There is no weather-boarding to the magazines, and the dampness during the summer monsoons must be fatal to a great deal of it. But the worst enemies of books in India are the white ants. They burrow during all seasons, and there is nothing which to these industrious parasites is more toothsome than printed paper.

The paper used by Kishore was formerly brought in great quantities from Serampore; but latterly paper-mills have been started in Lucknow, so that the Serampore ware is no longer in use. Nearly all the paper is slightly yellow, and is no doubt made of bamboo and palm fibre. It is very tough, though not pleasing to the eye or agreeable to the touch.

In addition to Kishore's publications in books and pamphlets, I must not forget that he also supplies the natives with a daily paper. This is only one department of his house, and has its own set of compositors, pressmen, and editors. It is an easy-going affair, but pays well.

The kinds of books produced in this conglomerate establishment in the heart of Mohammedan and Hindu India are such as the millions demand. Just as I was making preparations for the translation of Kishore's Hindi catalogue into English, which I found some hesitation on the part of my attendant to furnish me with, I secured one in English through the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Badley. This, I believe, is the first time Kishore has given full publicity to the Anglo-Indian world of the issues from his press. And a mammoth affair it is, for it is a catalogue of about twenty-five hundred works, all issued from these low sheds. It is in large octavo, and occupies eighty-eight pages in titles alone, and twenty pages in a minute alphabetical index. While the typography is not a model of the printer's art, the arrangement and general character of the work make a thorough catalogue. The scope of the issues is broad, including religious, educational, scientific, and legal books. The chief languages in which they are published are Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, Urdu, Bbrashe, and English. But in addition to these must come many books in the subsidiary dialects.

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No one can find fault with the price. Taking the Koran as an illustration, I find the editions of so varied a character that they range in price, calculated in American currency, from twenty-four cents to ten dollars. But then the shrewd Kishore has also adopted the Bible Society's method of publishing in parts. The whole Koran is divided into five sections, and four of them are sold at four and a half cents apiece, while the fifth is furnished at nine cents. The catalogue is careful to state in every case where the work is in the course of study of the government schools.

This last mention is an excellent advertising dodge. It is as much as to say: "See here. The English conquered us. They have given us great schools, and pay for their support out of the general treasury. But though our conquerors, they depend on us for supplying them with books. Now here are a great many which they use. I supply them." This argument in the eloquent lips of a voluble colporteur at a *mela*, where fifty thousand natives may be present, must have an overpowering effect.

The English department of the catalogue is most interesting. There are thirty titles. There is no qualmishness as to the propriety of certain kinds of books. Anything goes down Kishore's throat, if only it will bring money into his pocket. He publishes an *Imperial Fortune-Teller*, but lest his patrons might think this a piece of Mohammedan superstition, he tells them this is only a translation into English from the German. He publishes tales in English from the Persian and other sources; the *Arabian Nights*, in parts and also complete; English primers (four cents apiece), spelling-books, grammars (eight cents apiece), letter-writers, geographies, Cist's *History of India*, histories of Cashmere and Lucknow, school dictionaries, an almanac (four and a half cents a copy), and as a bit of choice patriotism, though nothing serious is meant by it, except to help the government use of Kishore's wares, Johnston's chromo-lithograph of her Majesty reviewing the Scotch Volunteers.

Kishore is a competitor of the English type-founders; for besides the use which he makes of his own type, he manufactures Sanscrit and Nagri type for sale. Book-work and miscellaneous printing are done by his presses in addition to the issues on his own catalogue. On all cash payments for purchases of fifty rupees (twenty dollars) and upward to one hundred rupees, he makes a discount of five per cent., and on purchases above one hundred rupees he raises his discount to ten per cent; in both cases he makes the transportation gratuitous. He expects parties who have no accounts to enclose stamps for replies. This enterprising publisher also makes public an offer to fill orders for goods of any kind which are for sale in Lucknow.

The number of men employed as pressmen, binders, messengers, book-keepers, clerks, and in all other departments on the ground is about twelve hundred. It is a vast beehive, and yet everything moves on quietly. Evidently there are strict orders against all noisiness and wrangling, which one expects to find everywhere in India.

An important question is, How are these many publications to be brought before the public? The book-store, in the European or American sense, does not exist among the nations of India. The larger places have English shops, which receive the issues of the English press very promptly, and where orders are executed immediately. It seemed to me, however, that an undue advance was made on the London list prices in view of the close connection by steamer between England and India. A package sent from London need not be rehandled until the Peninsular and Oriental steamer drops anchor in sight of the Malabar Road, in the Bombay Crescent. But the English book-shop is altogether apart from the native stall. The Anglo-Indian does not care to handle the native books. He knows very well that his English is going to rule the world, and that in due time many of the dialects of India, and later the very languages, are going into oblivion before the triumphant march of the English speech.

Now the typical native book-shop is a booth in the bazar. It contains many elementary books, and some of the more advanced literature. But the premises are small, and usually confined to one room, a mere stall. The practical way by which the native publisher, like Kishore, gets his publications before the public and secures a large sale is by the system of colportage. The drummers circulate through the country very industriously, and know just where to go in order to secure the largest and best pat-

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ronage. They are very quiet in their methods. What successful book agent the world over does not know that too much talking is likely to spoil a sale? The men who represent the Kishore house go even beyond India. They cross over the Kyber Pass into Afghanistan. They know all the paths of the Persian mountains. They go down the northern slopes of the Himalayas and thread the vales of Thibet. They gravitate down into the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and ply up and down the Persian Gulf. They are as much at home in Persian Teheran as in English Lucknow. They have even gone beyond the Asiatic limits, into Europe and Africa. In Cairo they are at home, while Constantinople gives them no scanty orders.

There is a broad significance in the efforts of Kishore to propagate Mohammedan literature. Here lies his sympathy. His publishing of Hindu works is pure business. He despises everything which proceeds from the old native faiths, but he wants to control all markets not Christian. There are other publishers, though not operating so largely, who are intent upon the same object of obstructing all Christian work among the natives of India by furnishing corrupt reading matter. Though divided among themselves, they are united in opposition to all Christian literature. There are six hundred native newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half a dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity.

Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the skeptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Lahore, as a centre, while another has its head-quarters in Benares. The pictures of the gods best known to the Hindu Pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England and are sold in Calcutta. Native rajahs interest themselves in circulating Hindu tracts, and have adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. The Rev. Mr. Craven informs me that he knows of one rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, two million of Hindu tracts, and intends to distribute them at the larger fairs of North India.

The missionaries, however, keep close watch over these antagonistic forces. They too are enlarging their operations rapidly. But the churches and societies which they represent should adopt far more liberal measures to furnish the millions of natives to whom they are sent with sound Christian literature. The passion for reading has struck every part of India. The people will have books and newspapers. It is for the Western Christian world to say what their fibre shall be.

BALLADE OF THE BOURNE.

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

"WHAT goal remains for pilgrim feet,
Now all our gods are banished?"
Afar, where sea and sunrise meet,
Tall portals bathed in gold and red.
From either door a carven head
Smiles down on men full drowsilie
'Mid mystic forms of wings outspread
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

Now if beyond lie town or street
I know not, nor hath any said,
Though tongues wag fast and winds are fleet:
Some say that there men meet the dead,
Or filmy phantoms in their stead,
And some, "it leads to Arcadie."
In sooth I know not, yet would tread
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

For surely there sounds music sweet,
With fair delights and perfumes shed,
And all things broken made complete,
And found again things forfeited;
All this for him who scorning dread
Shall read the wreathen fantasie,
And pass, where no base soul hath sped,
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

ENVOY.

Ah, Princess! grasp the golden thread,
Rise up and follow fearlesslie,
By high desire and longing led
Between the Gates of Ivorie.

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BUCCANEERS AND MAROONERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

First Paper.

JUST above the northwestern shore of the old island of Hispaniola—the San Domingo of our day—and separated from it only by a narrow channel of some five or six miles in width, lies a queer little hunch of an island, known, because of a distant resemblance to that animal, as the Tortuga de Mar, or sea-turtle. It is not more than twenty miles in length by perhaps seven or eight in breadth; it is only a little spot of land, and as you look at it upon the map a pin's head would almost cover it; yet from that spot, as from a centre of inflammation, a burning fire of human wickedness and ruthlessness and lust overran the world, and spread terror and death throughout the Spanish West Indies, from St. Augustine to the island of Trinidad, and from Panama to the coasts of Peru.

About the middle of the seventeenth century certain French adventurers set out from the fortified island of St. Christopher in long-boats and hoys, directing their course to the westward, there to discover new islands. Sighting Hispaniola "with abundance of joy," they landed, and went into the country, where they found great quantities of wild cattle, horses, and swine.

Now vessels on the return voyage to Europe from the West Indies needed revictualling, and food, especially flesh, was at a premium in the islands of the Spanish Main; wherefore a great profit was to be turned in preserving beef and pork, and selling the flesh to homeward-bound vessels.

The northwestern shore of Hispaniola, lying as it does at the eastern outlet of the old Bahama Channel, running between the island of Cuba and the great Bahama Banks, lay almost in the very main stream of travel. The pioneer Frenchmen were not slow to discover the double advantage to be reaped from the wild cattle that cost them nothing to procure, and a market for the flesh ready found for them. So down upon Hispaniola they came by boat-loads and ship-loads, gathering like a swarm of mosquitoes, and overrunning the whole western end of the island. There they established themselves, spending the time alternately in hunting the wild cattle and buccanning* the meat, and squandering their hardly earned gains in wild debauchery, the opportunities for which were never lacking in the Spanish West Indies.

At first the Spaniards thought nothing of the few travel-worn Frenchmen who dragged their long-boats and hoys up on the beach, and shot a wild bullock or two to keep body and soul together; but when the few grew to dozens, and the dozens to scores, and the scores to hundreds, it was a very different matter, and wrathful grumblings and mutterings began to be heard amongst the original settlers.

But of this the careless buccaneers thought never a whit, the only thing that troubled them being the lack of a more convenient shipping-point than the main island afforded them.

This lack was at last filled by a party of hunters who ventured across the narrow channel that separated the main island from Tortuga. Here they found exactly what they needed—a good harbor, just at the junction of the Windward Channel with the old Bahama Channel—a spot where four-fifths of the Spanish-Indian trade would pass by their very wharves.

There were a few Spaniards upon the island, but they were a quiet folk, and well disposed to make friends with the strangers; but when more Frenchmen and still more Frenchmen crossed the narrow channel, until they overran the Tortuga and turned it into one great curing-house for the beef which they shot upon the neighboring island, the Spaniards grew restive over the matter, just as they had done upon the larger island.

Accordingly one fine day there came half a dozen great boat-loads of armed Spaniards, who landed upon the Turtle's Back, and sent the Frenchmen flying to the woods and fastnesses of rocks as the chaff flies before the thunder-gust. That night the Spaniards drank themselves mad and shouted themselves hoarse over their victory, whilst the beaten Frenchmen sullenly paddled their canoes back

* Buccanning, by which the "buccaneers" gained their name, was a process of curing thin strips of meat by salting, smoking, and drying in the sun.

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to the main island again, and the Sea-Turtle was Spanish once more.

But the Spaniards were not contented with such a petty triumph as that of sweeping the island of Tortuga free from the obnoxious strangers; down upon Hispaniola they came, flushed with their easy victory, and determined to root out every Frenchman, until not one single buccaneer remained. For a time they had an easy thing of it, for each French hunter roamed the woods by himself, with no better company than his half-wild dogs, so that when two or three Spaniards would meet such a one, he seldom or never came out of the woods again, for even his resting-place was lost.

But the very success of the Spaniards brought their ruin along with it, for the buccaneers began to combine together for self-protection, and out of that combination arose a strange union of lawless man with lawless man, so near, so close, that it can scarce be compared to any other than that of husband and wife. When two entered upon this comradeship, articles were drawn up and signed by both parties, a common stock was made of all their possessions, and out into the woods they went to seek their fortunes; thenceforth they were as one man; they lived together by day, they slept together by night; what one suffered, the other suffered; what one gained, the other gained. The only separation that came betwixt them was death, and then the survivor inherited all that the other left. And now it was another thing with Spanish buccaneer hunting, for two buccaneers, reckless of life, quick of eye, and true of aim, were worth any half-dozen of Spanish islanders.

By-and-by, as the French became more strongly organized for mutual self-protection, they assumed the offensive. Then down they came upon Tortuga, and now it was the turn of the Spanish to be hunted off the island like vermin, and the turn of the French to shout their victory.

Having firmly established themselves, a Governor was sent to the French of Tortuga, one M. le Passeur, from the island of St. Christopher; the Sea-Turtle was fortified, and colonists, consisting of men of doubtful character and women of whose character there could be no doubt whatever, began pouring in upon the island, for it was said that the buccaneers thought no more of a doubloon than of a Lima bean, so that this was the place for the brothel and the brandy shop to reap their golden harvest, and the island remained French.

Hitherto the Tortugans had been content to gain as much as possible from the homeward-bound vessels through the orderly channels of legitimate trade. It was reserved for Pierre le Grand to introduce piracy as a quicker and more easy road to wealth than the semi-honest exchange they had been used to practise.

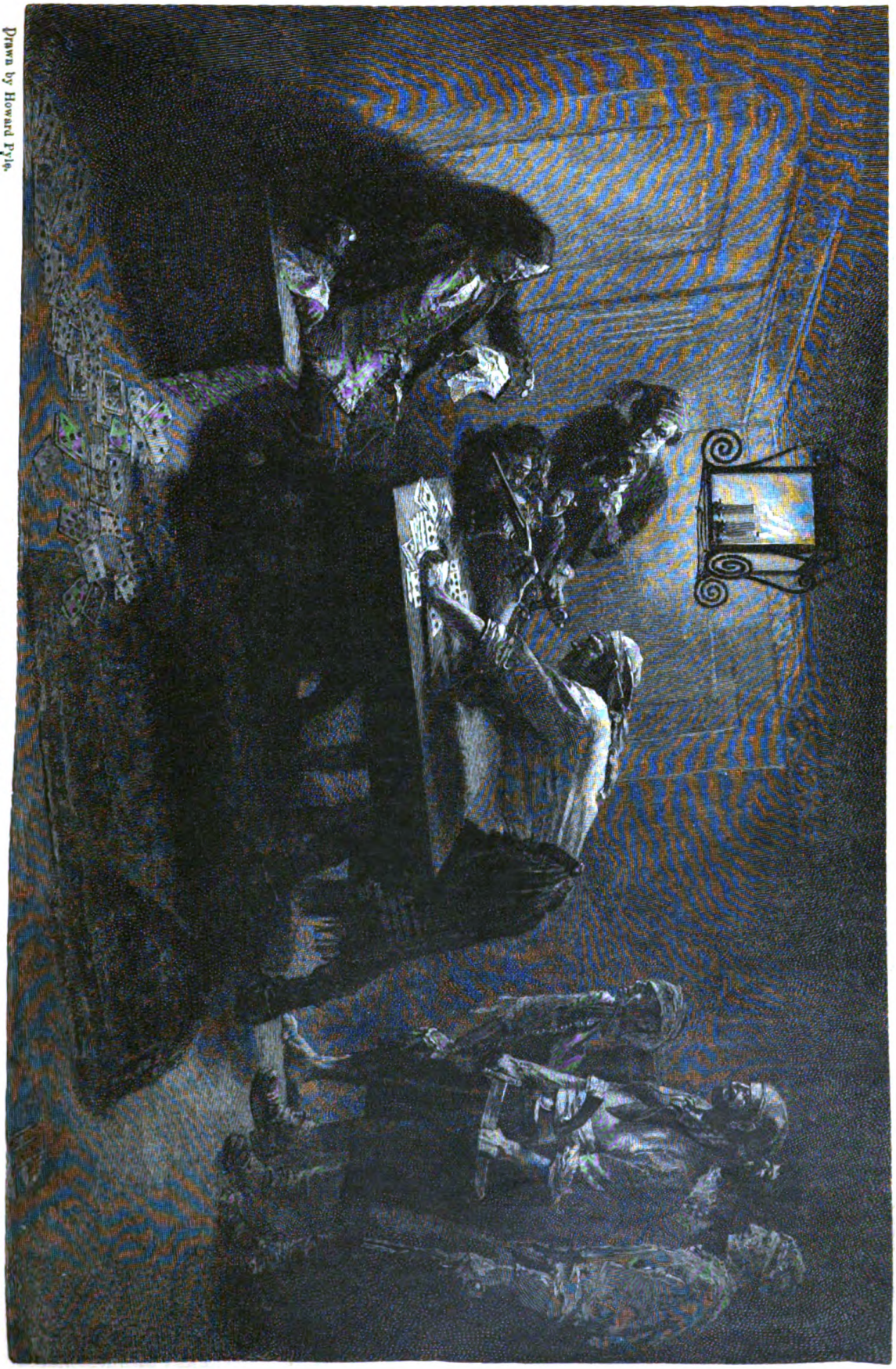
Gathering together eight-and-twenty other spirits as hardy and reckless as himself, he put boldly out to sea in a boat hardly large enough to hold his crew, and running down the Windward Channel and out into the Caribbean Sea, he lay in wait for such a prize as might be worth the risks of winning.

For a while their luck was steadily against them; their provisions and water began to fail, and they saw nothing before them but starvation or a humiliating return. In this extremity they sighted a Spanish ship belonging to a "flota" which had become separated from her consorts.

The boat in which the buccaneers sailed might, perhaps, have served for the great ship's long-boat; the Spaniards outnumbered them three to one, and Pierre and his men were armed only with pistols and cutlasses; nevertheless this was their one and their only chance, and they determined to take the Spanish ship or to die in the attempt. Down upon the Spaniard they bore through the dusk of the night, and giving orders to the "chirurgeon" to scuttle their craft under them as they were leaving it, they swarmed up the side of the unsuspecting ship and upon its decks in a torrent—pistol in one hand and cutlass in the other. A part of them ran to the gun-room and secured the arms and ammunition, pistolling or cutting down all such as stood in their way or offered opposition; the other party burst into the great cabin at the heels of Pierre le Grand, found the captain and a party of his friends at cards, set a pistol to his breast, and demanded him to deliver up the ship. Nothing remained for the Spaniard but to yield, for there was no alternative between surrender and death. And so the great prize was won.

It was not long before the news of this great exploit and of the vast treasure gained reached the ears of the buccaneers

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

CAPTURE OF THE GALLEON.

Engraved by Putnam.

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of Tortuga and Hispaniola. Then what a hubbub and an uproar and a tumult there was! Hunting wild cattle and buccanning the meat was at a discount, and the one and only thing to do was to go a-pirating; for where one such prize had been won, others were to be had.

In a short time freebooting assumed all of the routine of a regular business. Articles were drawn up betwixt captain and crew, compacts were sealed, and agreements entered into by the one party and the other.

In all professions there are those who make their mark, those who succeed only moderately well, and those who fail more or less entirely. Nor did pirating differ from this general rule, for in it were men who rose to distinction, men whose names, something tarnished and rusted by the lapse of years, have come down even to us of the present day.

Pierre François, who, with his boat-load of six-and-twenty desperadoes, ran boldly into the midst of the pearl fleet off the coast of South America, attacked the vice-admiral under the very guns of two men-of-war, captured his ship, though she was armed with eight guns and manned with threescore men, and would have gotten her safely away, only that having to put on sail, their main-mast went by the board, whereupon the men-of-war came up with them, and the prize was lost.

But even though there were two men-of-war against all that remained of six-and-twenty buccaneers, the Spaniards were glad enough to make terms with them for the surrender of the vessel, whereby Pierre François and his men came off scot-free.

Bartholomew Portuguese, a worthy of even more note. In a boat manned with thirty fellow-adventurers he fell upon a great ship off Cape Corrientes, manned with threescore and ten men, all told.

Her he assaulted again and again, beaten off with the very pressure of numbers only to renew the assault, until the Spaniards who survived, some fifty in all, surrendered to twenty living pirates, who poured upon their decks like a score of blood-stained, powder-grimed devils.

They lost their vessel by recapture, and Bartholomew Portuguese barely escaped with his life through a series of almost unbelievable adventures. But no sooner had he fairly escaped from the clutches of the Spaniards than, gathering together another band of adventurers, he fell upon the very same vessel in the gloom of the night, recaptured her where she rode at anchor in the harbor of Campeche under the guns of the fort, slipped the cable, and was away without the loss of a single man. He lost her in a hurricane soon afterward, just off the Isle of Pines; but the deed was none the less daring for all that.

Another notable no less famous than these two worthies was Roch Braziliano, the truculent Dutchman who came up from the coast of Brazil to the Spanish Main with a name ready-made for him. Upon the very first adventure which he undertook he captured a plate ship of fabulous value, and brought her safely into Jamaica; and when at last captured by the Spaniards, he fairly frightened them into letting him go by truculent threats of vengeance from his followers.

Such were three of the pirate-buccaneers who infested the Spanish Main. There were hundreds no less desperate, no less reckless, no less insatiate in their lust for plunder, than they.

The effects of this freebooting soon became apparent. The risks to be assumed by the owners of vessels and the shippers of merchandise became so enormous that Spanish commerce was practically swept away from these waters. No vessel dared to venture out of port excepting under escort of powerful men-of-war, and even then they were not always secure from molestation. Exports from Central and South America were sent to Europe by way of the Strait of Magellan, and little or none went through the passes between the Bahamas and the Caribbees.

So at last "buccaneering," as it had come to be generically called, ceased to pay the vast dividends that it had done at first. The cream was skimmed off, and only very thin milk was left in the dish. Fabulous fortunes were no longer earned in a ten days' cruise, but what money was won hardly paid for the risks of the winning. There must be a new departure, or buccaneering would cease to exist.

Then arose one who showed the buccaneers a new way to squeeze money out of the Spaniards. This man was an Englishman—Lewis Scot.

The stoppage of commerce on the Spanish Main had naturally tended to accumulate all the wealth gathered and produced into the chief fortified cities and towns of

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the West Indies. As there no longer existed prizes upon the sea, they must be gained upon the land, if they were to be gained at all. Lewis Scot was the first to appreciate this fact.

Gathering together a large and powerful body of men as hungry for plunder and as desperate as himself, he descended upon the town of Campeche, which he captured and sacked, stripping it of everything that could possibly be carried away.

When the town was cleared to the bare walls, Scot threatened to set the torch to every house in the place if it was not ransomed by a large sum of money which he demanded. With this booty he set sail for Tortuga, where he arrived safely—and the problem was solved.

After him came one Mansvelt, a buccaneer of lesser note, who first made a descent upon the isle of Saint Catharine, now Old Providence, which he took, and, with this as a base, made an unsuccessful descent upon Neuva Granada and Cartagena. His name might not have been handed down to us along with others of greater fame had he not been the master of that most apt of pupils the great Captain Henry Morgan, most famous of all the buccaneers, one time Governor of Jamaica, and knighted by King Charles II.

After Mansvelt followed the bold John Davis, native of Jamaica, where he sucked in the lust of piracy with his mother's milk. With only fourscore men, he swooped down upon the great city of Nicaragua in the darkness of the night, silenced the sentry with the thrust of a knife, and then fell to pillaging the churches and houses "without any respect or veneration."

Of course it was but a short time until the whole town was in an uproar of alarm, and there was nothing left for the little handful of men to do but to make the best of their way to their boats. They were in the town but a short time, but in that time they were able to gather together and to carry away money and jewels to the value of fifty thousand pieces of eight, besides dragging off with them a dozen or more notable prisoners, whom they held for ransom.

And now one appeared upon the scene who reached a far greater height than any had arisen to before. This was François l'Olonoise, who sacked the great city of Maracaybo and the town of Gibraltar. Cold, unimpassioned, pitiless, his sluggish blood was never moved by one single pulse of human warmth, his icy heart was never touched by one ray of mercy, or one spark of pity for the hapless wretches who chanced to fall into his bloody hands.

Against him the Governor of Havana sent out a great war vessel, and with it a negro executioner, so that there might be no inconvenient delays of law after the pirates had been captured. But L'Olonoise did not wait for the coming of the war vessel; he went out to meet it, and he found it where it lay riding at anchor in the mouth of the river Estra. At the dawn of the morning he made his attack—sharp, unexpected, decisive. In a little while the Spaniards were forced below the hatches, and the vessel was taken. Then came the end. One by one the poor shrieking wretches were dragged up from below, and one by one they were butchered in cold blood, whilst L'Olonoise stood upon the poop-deck and looked coldly down upon what was being done. Amongst the rest the negro was dragged upon the deck. He begged and implored that his life might be spared, promising to tell all that might be asked of him. L'Olonoise questioned him, and when he had squeezed him dry, waved his hand coldly, and the poor black went with the rest. Only one man was spared; him he sent to the Governor of Havana with a message that henceforth he would give no quarter to any Spaniard whom he might meet in arms—a message which was not an empty threat.

The rise of L'Olonoise was by no means rapid. He worked his way up by dint of hard labor and through much ill fortune. But by-and-by, after many reverses, the tide turned, and carried him with it from one success to another, without let or stay, to the bitter end.

Cruising off Maracaybo, he captured a rich prize laden with a vast amount of plate and ready money, and there conceived the design of descending upon the powerful town of Maracaybo itself. Without loss of time he gathered together five hundred picked scoundrels from Tortuga, and taking with him one Michael de Basco as land captain, and two hundred more buccaneers whom he commanded, down he came into the Gulf of Venezuela and upon the doomed city like a blast of the plague. Leaving their vessels, the bucca-

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neers made a land attack upon the fort that stood at the mouth of the inlet that led into Lake Maracaybo and guarded the city.

The Spaniards held out well, and fought with all the might that Spaniards possess; but after a fight of three hours all was given up and the garrison fled, spreading terror and confusion before them. As many of the inhabitants of the city as could do so escaped in boats to Gibraltar, which lies to the southward, on the shores of Lake Maracaybo, at the distance of some forty leagues or more.

Then the pirates marched into the town, and what followed may be conceived. It was a holocaust of lust, of passion, and of blood such as even the Spanish West Indies had never seen before. Houses and churches were sacked until nothing was left but the bare walls; men and women were tortured to compel them to disclose where more treasure lay hidden.

Then, having wrenched all that they could from Maracaybo, they entered the lake and descended upon Gibraltar, where the rest of the panic-stricken inhabitants were huddled together in a blind terror.

The Governor of Merida, a brave soldier who had served his king in Flanders, had gathered together a troop of eight hundred men, had fortified the town, and now lay in wait for the coming of the pirates. The pirates came all in good time, and then, in spite of the brave defence, Gibraltar also fell. Then followed a repetition of the scenes that had been enacted in Maracaybo for the past fifteen days, only here they remained for four horrible weeks, extorting money—money! ever money!—from the poor poverty-stricken, pest-ridden souls crowded into that fever hole of a town.

Then they left, but before they went they demanded still more money—ten thousand pieces of eight—as a ransom for the town, which otherwise should be given to the flames. There was some hesitation on the part of the Spaniards, some disposition to haggle, but there was no hesitation on the part of L'Olonoise. The torch *was* set to the town as he had promised, whereupon the money was promptly paid, and the pirates were piteously begged to help quench the spreading flames. This they were pleased to do, but in spite of all their efforts nearly half of the town was consumed.

After that they returned to Maracaybo again, where they demanded a ransom of thirty thousand pieces of eight for the city. There was no haggling here, thanks to the fate of Gibraltar; only it was utterly impossible to raise that much money in all of the poverty-stricken region. But at last the matter was compromised, and the town was redeemed for twenty thousand pieces of eight and five hundred head of cattle, and tortured Maracaybo was quit of them.

In the Ile de la Vache the buccaneers shared amongst themselves two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, besides jewels and bales of silk and linen and miscellaneous plunder to a vast amount.

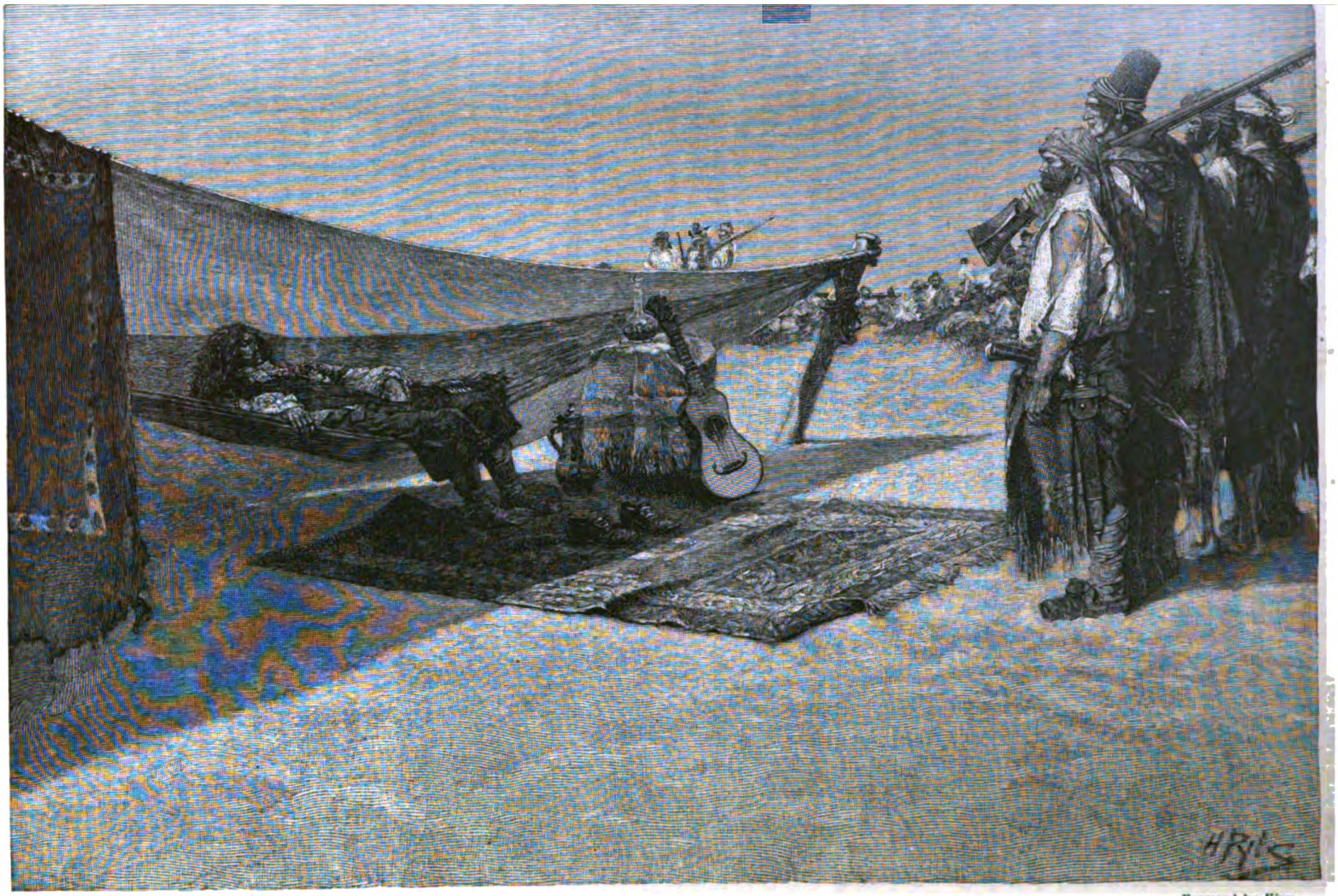
Such was the one great deed of L'Olonoise; from that time his star steadily declined—for even nature seemed fighting against such a monster—until at last he died a miserable, nameless death at the hands of an unknown tribe of Indians upon the Isthmus of Darien.

And now we come to the greatest of all the buccaneers, he who stands pre-eminent amongst them, and whose name even to this day is a charm to call up his deeds of daring, his dauntless courage, his truculent cruelty, and his insatiate and unappeasable lust for gold—Captain Henry Morgan, the bold Welshman, who brought buccaneering to the height and flower of its glory.

Having sold himself, after the manner of the times, for his passage across the seas, he worked out his time of servitude at the Barbadoes. As soon as he had regained his liberty he entered upon the trade of piracy, wherein he soon reached a position of considerable prominence. He was associated with Mansvelt at the time of the latter's descent upon Saint Catharine's Isle, the importance of which spot, as a centre of operations against the neighboring coasts, Morgan never lost sight of.

The first attempt that Captain Henry Morgan ever made against any town in the Spanish Indies was the bold descent upon the city of Puerto del Principe in the island of Cuba, with a mere handful of men. It was a deed the boldness of which has never been outdone by any of a like nature—not even the famous attack upon Panama itself. Thence they returned to their boats in the very face of the whole island of Cuba, aroused and deter-

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

HENRY MORGAN RECRUITING FOR THE ATTACK.

Engraved by King.

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mined upon their extermination. Not only did they make good their escape, but they brought away with them a vast amount of plunder, computed at three hundred thousand pieces of eight, besides five hundred head of cattle and many prisoners held for ransom.

But when the division of all this wealth came to be made, lo! there were only fifty thousand pieces of eight to be found. What had become of the rest no man could tell but Captain Henry Morgan himself. Honesty amongst thieves was never an axiom with him.

Rude, truculent, and dishonest as Captain Morgan was, he seems to have had a wonderful power of persuading the wild buccaneers under him to submit everything to his judgment, and to rely entirely upon his word. In spite of the vast sum of money that he had very evidently made away with, recruits poured in upon him, until his band was larger and better equipped than ever.

And now it was determined that the plunder harvest was ripe at Porto Bello, and that city's doom was sealed. The town was defended by two strong castles thoroughly manned, and officered by as gallant a soldier as ever carried Toledo steel at his side. But strong castles and gallant soldiers weighed not a barleycorn with the buccaneers when their blood was stirred by the lust of gold.

Landing at Puerto Naos, a town some ten leagues westward of Porto Bello, they marched to the latter town, and coming before the castle, boldly demanded its surrender. It was refused, whereupon Morgan threatened that no quarter should be given. Still surrender was refused; and then the castle was attacked, and after a bitter struggle was captured. Morgan was as good as his word: every man in the castle was shut in the guard-room, the match was set to the powder-magazine, and soldiers, castle, and all were blown into the air, whilst through all the smoke and the dust the buccaneers poured into the town. Still the Governor held out in the other castle, and might have made good his defence, but that he was betrayed by the soldiers under him. Into the castle poured the howling buccaneers. But still the Governor fought on, with his wife and daughter clinging to his knees and beseeching him to surrender, and the blood from his wounded forehead trickling down over his white collar, until a merciful bullet put an end to the vain struggle.

Here were enacted the old scenes. Everything plundered that could be taken, and then a ransom set upon the town itself.

This time an honest, or an apparently honest, division was made of the spoils, which amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, beside merchandise and jewels.

The next towns to suffer were poor Maracaybo and Gibraltar, now just beginning to recover from the desolation wrought by L'Olonoise. Once more both towns were plundered of every bale of merchandise and of every piastre, and once more both were ransomed until everything was squeezed from the wretched inhabitants.

Here affairs were like to have taken a turn, for when Captain Morgan came up from Gibraltar, he found three great men-of-war lying in the entrance to the lake awaiting his coming. Seeing that he was hemmed in in the narrow sheet of water, Captain Morgan was inclined to compromise matters, even offering to relinquish all the plunder he had gained if he were allowed to depart in peace. But no; the Spanish admiral would hear nothing of this. Having the pirates, as he thought, securely in his grasp, he would relinquish nothing, but would sweep them from the face of the sea once and forever.

That was an unlucky determination for the Spaniards to reach, for instead of paralyzing the pirates with fear, as he expected it would do, it simply turned their mad courage into as mad desperation.

A great vessel that they had taken with the town of Maracaybo was converted into a fire-ship, manned with logs of wood in montera caps and sailor jackets, and filled with brimstone, pitch, and palm leaves soaked in oil. Then out of the lake the pirates sailed to meet the Spaniards, the fire-ship leading the way, and bearing down directly upon the admiral's vessel. At the helm stood volunteers, the most desperate and the bravest of all the pirate gang, and at the ports stood the logs of wood in montera caps. So they came up with the admiral, and grappled with his ship in spite of the thunder of all his great guns, and then the Spaniard saw, all too late, what his opponent really was.

He tried to swing loose, but clouds of smoke and almost instantly a mass of

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roaring flames enveloped both vessels, and the admiral was lost. The second vessel, not wishing to wait for the coming of the pirates, bore down upon the fort, under the guns of which the cowardly crew sunk her, and made the best of their way to the shore. The third vessel, not having an opportunity to escape, was taken by the pirates without the slightest resistance, and the passage from the lake was cleared. So the buccaneers sailed away, leaving Maracaybo and Gibraltar prostrate a second time.

And now Captain Morgan determined to undertake another venture, the like of which had never been equalled in all of the annals of buccaneering. This was nothing less than the descent upon and the capture of Panama, which was, next to Cartagena, perhaps, the most powerful and the most strongly fortified city in the West Indies.

In preparation for this venture he obtained letters of marque from the Governor of Jamaica, by virtue of which elastic commission he began immediately to gather around him all material necessary for the undertaking.

When it became known abroad that the great Captain Morgan was about undertaking an adventure that was to eclipse all that was ever done before, great numbers came flocking to his standard, until he had gathered together an army of two thousand or more desperadoes and pirates wherewith to prosecute his adventure, albeit the venture itself was kept a total secret from every one. Port Couillon, in the island of Hispaniola, over against the Ile de la Vache, was the place of muster, and thither the motley band gathered from all quarters. Provisions had been plundered from the main-land wherever they could be obtained, and by the 24th of October, 1670 (O. S.), everything was in readiness.

The island of Saint Catharine, as it may be remembered, was at one time captured by Mansvelt, Morgan's master in his trade of piracy. It had been retaken by the Spaniards, and was now thoroughly fortified by them. Almost the first attempt that Morgan had made as a master-pirate was the retaking of Saint Catharine's Isle. In that undertaking he had failed; but now, as there was an absolute need of some such place as a base of operations, he determined that the place *must* be taken. And it was taken.

The Spaniards, during the time of their possession, had fortified it most thoroughly and completely, and had the Governor thereof been as brave as he who met his death in the castle of Porto Bello, there might have been a different tale to tell. As it was, he surrendered it in a most cowardly fashion, merely stipulating that there should be a sham attack by the buccaneers, whereby his credit might be saved. And so Saint Catharine was won.

The next step to be taken was the capture of the castle of Chagres, which guarded the mouth of the river of that name, up which river the buccaneers would be compelled to transport their troops and provisions for the attack upon the city of Panama. This adventure was undertaken by four hundred picked men under command of Captain Morgan himself.

The castle of Chagres, known as San Lorenzo by the Spaniards, stood upon the top of an abrupt rock at the mouth of the river, and was one of the strongest fortresses for its size in all of the West Indies. This stronghold Morgan must have if he ever hoped to win Panama.

The attack of the castle and the defence of it were equally fierce, bloody, and desperate. Again and again the buccaneers assaulted, and again and again they were beaten back. So the morning came, and it seemed as though the pirates had been baffled this time. But just at this juncture the thatch of palm leaves on the roofs of some of the buildings inside the fortifications took fire, a conflagration followed, which caused the explosion of one of the magazines, and in the paralysis of terror that followed, the pirates forced their way into the fortifications, and the castle was won. Most of the Spaniards flung themselves from the castle walls into the river or upon the rocks beneath, preferring death to capture and possible torture; many who were left were put to the sword, and some few were spared and held as prisoners.

So fell the castle of Chagres, and nothing now lay between the buccaneers and the city of Panama but the intervening and trackless forests.

And now the name of the town whose doom was sealed was no secret.

Up the river of Chagres went Captain Henry Morgan and twelve hundred men, packed closely in their canoes; they never stopped, saving now and then to rest

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their stiffened legs, until they had come to a place known as Cruz de San Juan Gallego, where they were compelled to leave their boats on account of the shallowness of the water.

Leaving a guard of one hundred and sixty men to protect their boats as a place of refuge in case they should be worsted before Panama, they turned and plunged into the wilderness before them.

There a more powerful foe awaited them than a host of Spaniards with match, powder, and lead—starvation. They met but little or no opposition in their progress; but wherever they turned they found every fibre of meat, every grain of maize, every ounce of bread or meal, swept away or destroyed utterly before them. Even when the buccaneers had successfully overcome an ambuscade or an attack, and had sent the Spaniards flying, the fugitives took the time to strip their dead comrades of every grain of food in their leathern sacks, leaving nothing but the empty bags.

Says the narrator of these events, himself one of the expedition, "They afterward fell to eating those leathern bags, as affording something to the ferment of their stomachs."

Ten days they struggled through this bitter privation, doggedly forcing their way onward, faint with hunger and haggard with weakness and fever. Then, from the high hill and over the tops of the forest trees, they saw the steeples of Panama, and nothing remained between them and their goal but the fighting of four Spaniards to every one of them—a simple thing which they had done over and over again.

Down they poured upon Panama, and out came the Spaniards to meet them; four hundred horse, two thousand five hundred foot, and two thousand wild bulls which had been herded together to be driven over the buccaneers so that their ranks might be disordered and broken. The buccaneers were only eight hundred strong; the others had either fallen in battle or had dropped along the dreary pathway through the wilderness; but in the space of two hours the Spaniards were flying madly over the plain, minus six hundred who lay dead or dying behind them.

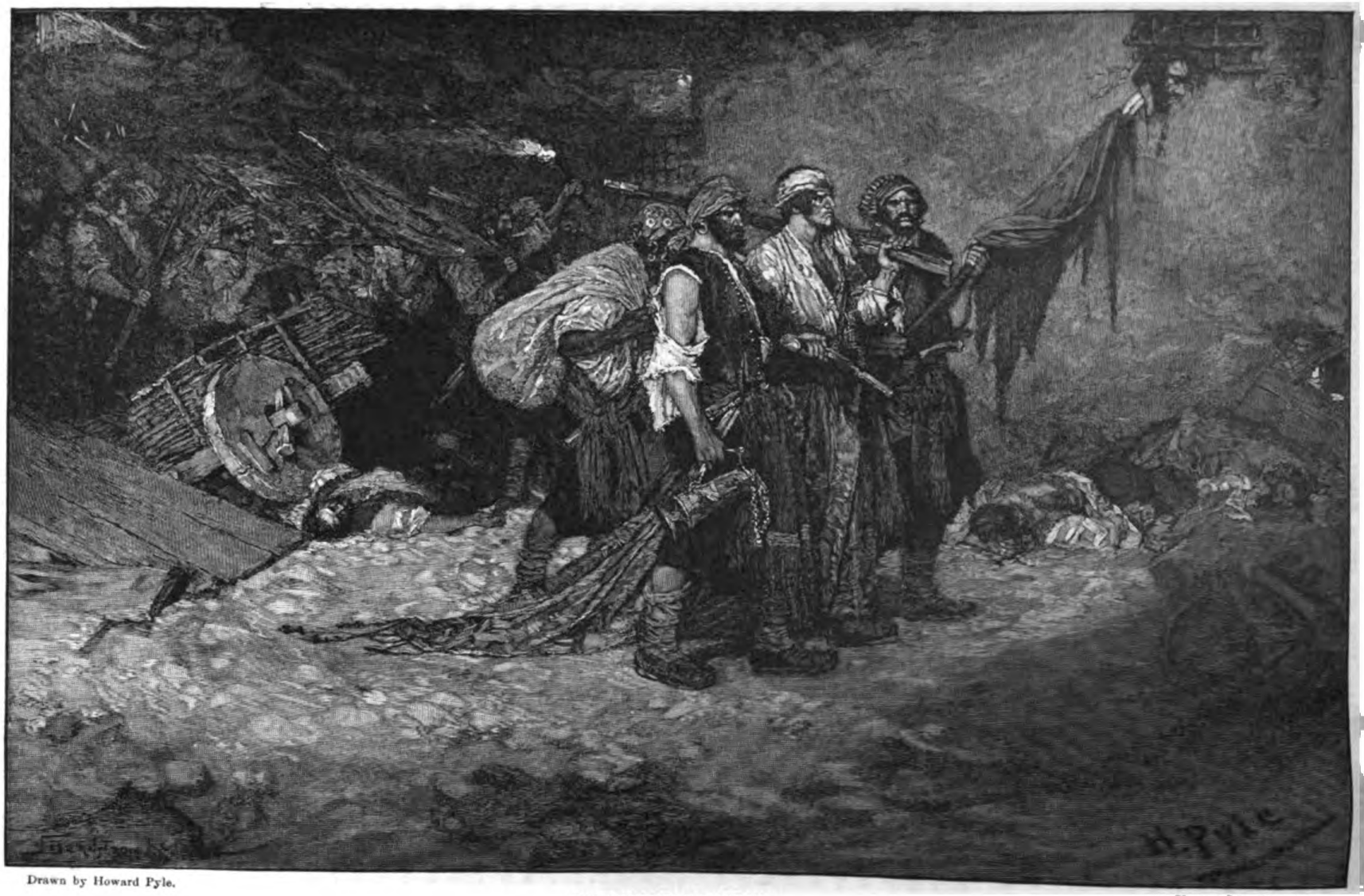
As for the bulls, as many of them as were shot served as food there and then for the half-famished pirates, for the buccaneers were never more at home than in the slaughter of cattle.

Then they marched toward the city. Three hours more fighting and they were in the streets, howling, yelling, plundering, gorging, dram-drinking, and giving full vent to all the vile and nameless lusts that burned in their hearts like a hell of fire. And now followed the usual sequence of events—rapine, cruelty, and extortion; only this time there was no town to ransom, for Morgan had given orders that it should be destroyed. The torch was set to it, and Panama, one of the greatest cities in the New World, was swept from the face of the earth. Why the deed was done, no man but Morgan could tell. Perhaps it was that all the secret hiding-places for treasure might be brought to light; but whatever the reason was, it lay hidden in the breast of the great buccaneer himself. For three weeks Morgan and his men abided in this dreadful place; then they marched away with *one hundred and seventy-five* beasts of burden loaded with treasures of gold and silver and jewels, besides great quantities of merchandise, and six hundred prisoners held for ransom.

Whatever became of all that vast wealth, and what it amounted to, no man but Morgan ever knew, for when a division was made it was found that there was only *two hundred pieces of eight to each man.*

When this dividend was declared, a howl of execration went up, under which even Captain Henry Morgan quailed. At night he and four other commanders slipped their cables and ran out to sea, and it was said that these divided the greater part of the booty amongst themselves. But the wealth plundered at Panama could hardly have fallen short of a million and a half of dollars. Computing it at this reasonable figure, the various prizes won by Henry Morgan in the West Indies would stand as follows: Panama, $1,500,000; Porto Bello, $800,000; Puerto del Principe, $700,000; Maracaybo and Gibraltar, $400,000; various piracies, $250,000—making a grand total of $3,650,000 as the vast harvest of plunder. With this fabulous wealth, wrenched from the Spaniards by means of the rack and the cord, and pilfered from his companions by the meanest of thieving, Captain Henry Morgan retired from business, honored of all, rendered famous by his deeds, knighted by

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE SACKING OF PANAMA.

Engraved by Bernstrom.

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the good King Charles II., and finally appointed Governor of the rich island of Jamaica.

Other buccaneers followed him. Campeche was taken and sacked, and even Cartagena itself fell; but with Henry Morgan culminated the glory of the buccaneers, and from that time they declined in power and wealth and wickedness until they were finally swept away.

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

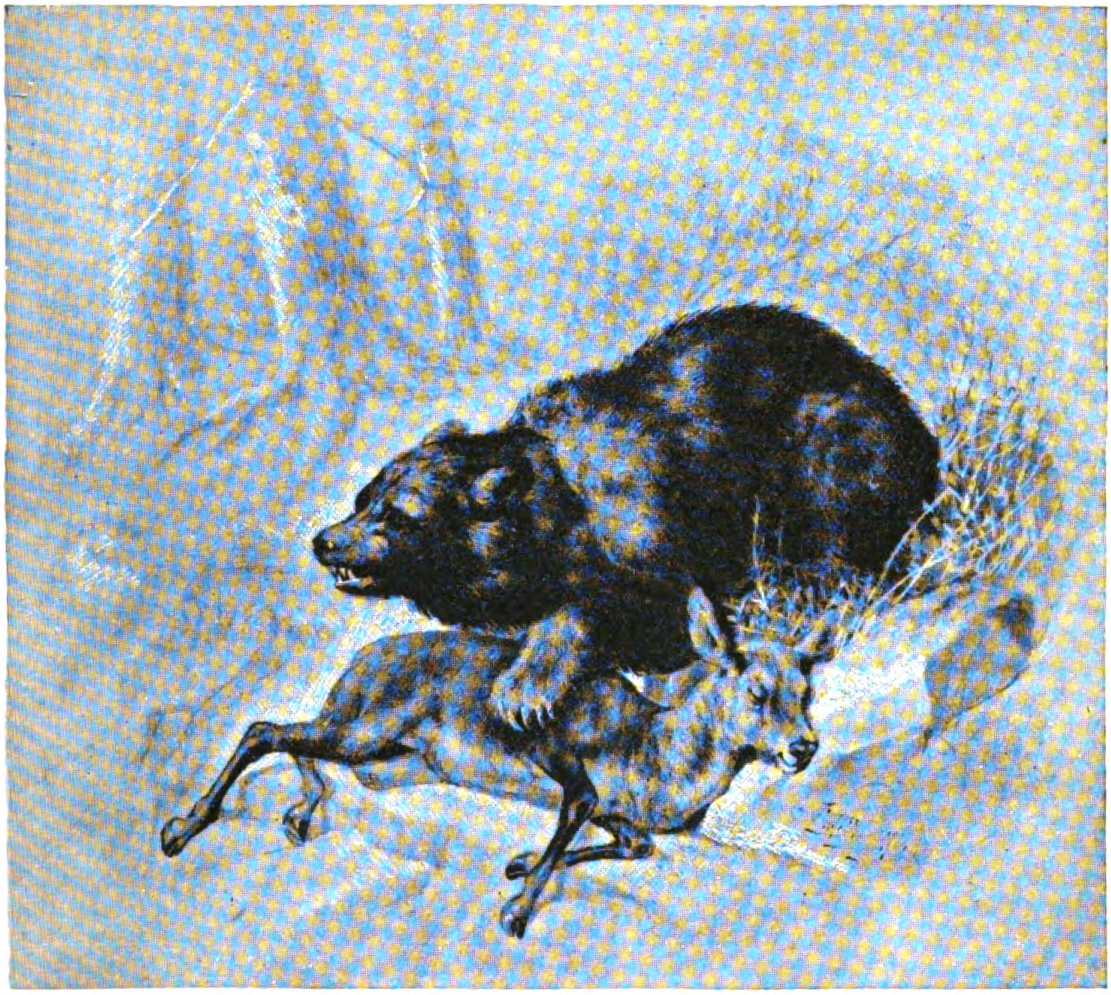
BY G. O. SHIELDS.

THE bear, like man, inhabits almost every latitude and every land, and has even been translated to the starry heavens, where the constellations of the Great Dipper and the Little Dipper are known to us as well as to the ancients as *Ursi Major* and *Minor*. But North America furnishes the largest and most aggressive species in the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*), the black (*Ursus americanus*), and the polar (*Ursus maritimus*) bears, and here the hunter finds his most daring sport. Of all the known plantigrades (flat-footed beasts) the grizzly is the most savage and the most dreaded, and he is the largest of all, saving the presence of his cousin the polar bear, for which, nevertheless, he is more than a match in strength and courage. Some specimens measure seven feet from tip of nose to root of tail. The distinctive marks of the species are its great size; the shortness of the tail as compared with the ears; the huge flat paws, the sole of the hind-foot sometimes measuring seven and a half by five inches in a large male; the length of the hind-legs as compared with the forelegs, which gives the beast his awkward, shambling gait; the long claws of the forefoot, sometimes seven inches in length, while those of the hind-foot measure only three or four; the erect, bristling mane of stiff hair, often six inches long; the coarse hair of the body, sometimes three inches long, dark at the base, but with light tips. He has a dark stripe along the back, and one along each side, the hair on his body being, as a rule, a brownish-yellow, the region around the ears dusky, the legs nearly black, and the muzzle pale. Color, however, is not a distinctive mark, for female grizzlies have been killed in company with two cubs, of which one was brown, the other gray, or one dark, the other light; and the supposed species of "cinnamon" and "brown" bears are merely color variations of *Ursus horribilis* himself.

This ubiquitous gentleman has a wide range for his *habitat*. He has been found on the Missouri River from Fort Pierce northward, and thence west to his favorite haunts in the Rockies. Individuals have been found on the Pacific slope clear down to the coast. He is found as far south as Mexico, as far north as the Great Slave Lake in British America. He not only ranges everywhere, but eats everything. His majesty is a good liver. He is not properly a beast of prey, for he has neither the cat-like instincts nor the noiseless tread of the *felidæ*, nor is he fleet and long-winded like the wolf, although good at a short run, as an unlucky hunter may find. But he hangs about the flanks of a herd of buffalo, with probably an eye to a wounded or disabled animal, and he frequently raids a ranch and carries off a sheep, hog, or calf penned beyond hope of escape. Elk is his favorite meat, and the knowing hunter who has the good luck to kill an elk makes sure that its carcass will draw Mr. Grizzly if he is within a range of five miles. He will eat not only flesh, fish, and fowl, but roots, herbs, fruit, vegetables, honey, and insects as well. Plums, buffalo-berries, and choke-cherries make a large part of his diet in their seasons.

The grizzly bear possesses greater vitality and tenacity of life than any other animal on the continent, and the hunter who would hunt him must be well armed and keep a steady nerve. Each shot must be coolly put where it will do the most good. Several are usually necessary to stop one of these savage beasts. A single bullet lodged in the brain is fatal. If shot through the heart he may run a quarter of a mile or kill a man before he succumbs. In the days of the old muzzle-loading rifle it was hazardous indeed to hunt the grizzly, and many a man has paid the penalty of his folly with his life. With our improved breech-loading and repeating rifles there is less risk.

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THE GRIZZLY AND HIS PREY.

The grizzly is said to bury carcasses of large animals for future use as food, but this I doubt. He hibernates during winter, but does not take to his long sleep until the winter has thoroughly set in and the snow is quite deep. He may frequently be tracked and found in snow a foot deep, where he is roaming in search of food. He becomes very fat before going into winter-quarters, and this vast accumulation of oil furnishes nutriment and heat sufficient to sustain life during his long confinement.

The newspapers often kill grizzlies weighing 1500, 1800, or even 2000 pounds, and in any party of frontiersmen "talking grizzly" you will find plenty of men who can give day, time, and place where he killed or helped to kill at least 1800 pounds of Bruin.

"Did you weigh it?"

"No, we didn't weigh 'im; but every man as seed 'im said he would weigh that, and they was all good jedges too."

And this is the way most of the stories of big bear, big elk, big deer, etc., begin and end. Bears are usually, though not always, killed at considerable distances from towns, or even ranches, where it is not easy to find a pair of scales.

The largest I have ever seen would not weigh more than 700 or 800 pounds, and I do not believe one has ever lived that would weigh 1000 pounds. The flesh of the adult grizzly is tough, stringy, and decidedly unpalatable, but that of a young fat one is tender and juicy, and is always a welcome dish on the hunter's table.

The female usually gives birth to two cubs, and sometimes three, at a time. At birth they weigh only about $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. The grizzly breeds readily in confinement, and several litters have been produced in the Zoological Gardens

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at Cincinnati. The female is unusually vicious while rearing her young, and the hunter must be doubly cautious about attacking at that time. An Indian rarely attacks a grizzly single-handed at any time, and it is only when several of their native hunters are together that they will attempt to kill one. They value the claws very highly, however, and take great pride in wearing strings of them around their necks.

The grizzly usually frequents the timbered or brush-covered portions of mountainous regions, or the timbered valleys of streams that head in the mountains. He occasionally follows down the course of these streams, and even travels many miles from one stream to another, or from one range of mountains to another, across open prairie. I once found one on a broad open plateau in the Big Horn Mountains, about half a mile from the nearest cover of any kind. He was turning over rocks in search of worms. At the report of my rifle he started for the nearest cañon, but never reached it. An explosive bullet through his lungs rendered him unequal to the journey.

Few persons believe that a grizzly will attack a man before he is himself attacked. I was one of these doubting Thomases until two years ago, when I was thoroughly convinced by ocular demonstration that some grizzlies, at least, will attempt to make a meal off a man even though he may not have harmed them previously. We were hunting in the Shoshone Mountains in northern Wyoming. I had killed a large elk in the morning, and on going back to the carcass in the afternoon to skin it we saw that Bruin had been there ahead of us, but had fled on our approach. Without the least apprehension of his return, we leaned our rifles against a tree about fifty feet away, and commenced work. There were three of us, but only two rifles, Mr. Huffman, the photographer, having left his in camp. He had finished taking views of the carcass, and we were all busily engaged skinning, when, hearing a crashing in the brush and a series of savage roars and growls, we looked up the hill, and were horrified to see three grizzly bears, an old female and two cubs about two-thirds grown, charging upon us with all the savage fury of a pack of starving wolves upon a sheepfold.

They were between us and our rifles when we first saw them, and we sprang to our horses, which were picketed a few yards below, supposing, of course, that when the bears reached the elk carcass they would proceed to eat it, and pay no further attention to us. Strange to say, it was the carcass to which they paid no attention. They still came after us; we had no time for flight, and could not even release and mount our terror-stricken horses. Our only chance was to fight for our lives, and with one accord we all three grasped our hunting-knives and dashed at them. We threw our hats and yelled like Comanches, and the savage brutes, seeing themselves thus boldly confronted by equal numbers, stopped, raised on their haunches, growled, snapped their jaws for a few moments, and then walked sullenly back up the hill into the brush. This gave us an opportunity to get hold of our rifles, and then it was our turn to charge. To make a long story short, we killed the old female and one cub; the other escaped into the jungle before we could get a shot at him. The resolute front we put on alone saved our lives.

The grizzly is partially nocturnal in his habits, and apparently divides his labor of obtaining food and his travelling about equally between day and night. It is not definitely known to what age he lives in his wild state, but he is supposed to attain to twenty-five or thirty years.

Notwithstanding the great courage and ferocity of this formidable beast, he will utter the most pitiable groans and howls when seriously or mortally wounded.

Another instance of a grizzly making an unprovoked attack upon a man was vouched for by a man whom I know to be strictly truthful. Two brothers were prospecting in a range of mountains near the head waters of the Stinking Water river. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work with a pick or shovel, was weak-minded, and the elder brother never allowed him to go any distance away from camp or their work alone. He, however, sent him one evening to the spring, a few rods off, to bring a kettleful of water. The spring was in a deep gorge, and the trail to it wound through some fissures in the rock. As the young man passed under a shelving rock, an immense old female grizzly, that had taken up temporary quarters there, reached out and struck a powerful blow at his head, but fortunate-

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Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

"VIGOROUSLY BELABORING THE BEAR OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CAMP KETTLE."

ly could not reach far enough to do him any serious harm. The blow knocked his hat off, and her claws caught his scalp, and laid it open clear across the top of his head in several ugly gashes. The force of the blow sent him spinning around, and not knowing enough to be frightened, he attacked her savagely with the only weapon he had at hand—the camp kettle. The elder brother heard the racket, and hastily catching up his rifle, found his brother vigorously belaboring the bear over the head with the camp kettle, and the bear striking at him savage blows, any one of which, if she could have reached him, would have torn his head from his shoulders. Three bullets from the rifle, fired in rapid succession, loosened her hold upon the rocks, and she tumbled lifelessly into the trail. The poor idiotic boy could not even then realize the danger through which he had passed, and could only appease his anger by continuing to maul the bear over the head with the camp kettle for several minutes after she was dead.

The skin of the grizzly is one of the most valuable trophies a sportsman can obtain on any field, and its rarity, and the danger and excitement attending the taking of it, the courage it bespeaks, render it a prize of which the winner may justly feel proud for a lifetime.

The best localities in which to hunt the grizzly bear—that is, those most accessible and in which he is the most numerous—are the Big Horn, Shoshone, Wind River, Bear Tooth, Belt, and Crazy mountains, in Wyoming and Montana, all of which may be easily reached by way of the Northern Pacific road.

The best time of year to hunt for this as well as all the other species of large game in the Rocky Mountains is in the months of September, October, and November, though in the latter month the sportsman should not venture high up into the mountains where heavy snow-

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falls occur. There is a great deal of this class of hunting done in the summer months, but it is contrary to the laws of nature, and should not be indulged in by any true sportsman. The skins are nearly worthless then, while in the autumn they are prime; the heat is oppressive, and the flies and mosquitoes are great pests. The best arm for this class of game is a repeating rifle of large calibre, 45 or 50, carrying a large charge of powder and a solid bullet. The Winchester Express, $\frac{50}{95}$, with its new solid ball, is perhaps the best in the market, all things considered. There are several methods of hunting him, the most common being to kill an elk, and then watch the carcass. Shots may frequently be obtained in this way early in the morning or late in the evening, and on bright moonlight nights it is best to watch all night, for the immense size of the grizzly renders him an easy target at short range even by moonlight. Another method is to still-hunt him, the same as is done with deer. This is perhaps the most sportsmanlike of all, and if a coulee or creek bottom be selected where there are plenty of berries, or an open, hilly, rocky country where the bears are in the habit of hunting for worms, or any good feeding ground where bear signs are plentiful, and due care and caution be exercised, there is as good a chance of success as by any other method. Many hunters set guns with a cord running from the trigger to a bait of fresh meat, and the muzzle of the gun pointing at the meat; others set large steel-traps or dead-falls. But such contrivances are never used by true sportsmen.

Game of any kind should always be pursued in a fair, manly manner, and given due chance to preserve its life if it is skilful enough to do so. If captured, let it be by the superior skill, sagacity, or endurance of the sportsman, not by traps which close on it as it innocently and unsuspectingly seeks its food.

Grizzly bear hunting is unquestionably the grandest sport that our continent can afford. The grizzly is the only really dangerous game we have, and the decidedly hazardous character of the sport is what gives it its greatest zest, and renders it the most fascinating of pursuits. Many sportsmen proclaim the superiority of their favorite pastime over all other kinds, be it quail, grouse, or duck shooting, fox-chasing, deer-stalking, or what not; and each has its charm, more or less intense, according to its nature; but no man ever felt his heart swell with pride, his nerves tingle with animation, his whole system glow with wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm, at the bagging of any bird or small animal, as does the man who stands over the prostrate form of a monster grizzly that he has slain. Let the devotee of these other classes of sport try bear hunting, and when he has bagged his first grizzly, then let him talk!



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A FISHERMAN'S MATE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WHEN Pastor Swenson died, the people in the little fishing town at the head of the Hardanger-Fiord consoled themselves with the idea that Olle, his son, would stay with them. For over a century, following Norwegian conservatism, it had always been a Swenson who had preached the word of God. When Olle told his friends that all the traditions of the Swensons were to be broken, for he was going to America, they could hardly believe him. Olle settled at once his father's poor estate, and found himself possessed of just sufficient money to pay his passage to the United States.

Olle Swenson had graduated at the university, and would have followed certain special branches of study at Christiania, but the sudden death of his father abruptly closed his career at the capital.

Such stock of knowledge as Olle possessed was barely quotable at a money valuation. When a lad, Bremen captains coming to the little seaport town for cured fish had petted him, and he had acquired some knowledge of German. A small river that emptied into the fiord, abounding with salmon, had been the favorite resort of English anglers, and to Pastor Swenson the sportsmen always brought letters of introduction. It was Olle who acted as their guide, and while still a stripling he had made a long excursion to Finmarken with an English hunting party in pursuit of reindeer. Among Olle's choicest treasures were a *Robinson Crusoe* and a much-worn phrase-book of English and Norse. Naturally studious and polyglot, he had acquired English, and at the university, to add to his slender means, had even given lessons in it. There was one special talent Olle possessed, inherited from his father—a musical one; so when the young man announced his determination to leave, all the girls in the country round were sorry, for their best singer and violin-player would be lost to them.

The life Olle had led had given him perfect health. A well-to-do uncle, owner of numerous fishing-boats, had given Olle the run of his vessels, and so he had often cruised as far as the Lofoden Islands, and had even earned some little money as a fisherman. He had climbed mountains, facing the bitterest blasts, and had not lost breath, had swum for his life more than once in a howling sea, and in the good-humored wrestling bouts with village lads had been rarely worsted. He was a manly, good-looking fellow, with a clear gray eye, white teeth, and curly brown hair.

When Olle Swenson landed at Castle Garden he counted his money, looked at a trinket or so he had brought from home, and thought that with the utmost economy he might manage to get along from July to September. To acquire a better knowledge of English appeared to him to be a necessity, and he determined to apply himself to this diligently. He rented a garret in a dreary tenement-house in the upper part of New York, and lived on bread and potatoes. He bought a dictionary, a Bible, and set doggedly to work. He was the most attentive and industrious of scholars, and his acquisition of English was fairly rapid.

Not quite two months had passed, and Olle's splendid constitution and wholesome mind made him indifferent to privation. He grew only a trifle more gaunt and greyhound-like in frame. It might be true that occasionally Olle felt cooped up in his narrow quarters, and now and then a feeling of unrest would steal over him. Then he would take what he called his voyages of discovery. Forced to husband his slender means, the outlay for a trip in a boat or a jaunt in a car being impossible, Olle, with a slice of bread in his pocket, would start out for a walk. These strolls were real journeys. At sunrise Olle would leave the suburbs of the city and plunge into the country. At haphazard he would take the greenest lane or push through the shadiest wood. How many miles he cleared he cared nothing about. Tramping along, when the sun was in mid-heaven he would then cry a halt. Under some tree he would munch his crust, and then retrace his twelve or fifteen miles. These explorations were Olle's delights. In the woods he was at home. He would recall those resemblances of tree or plant which belonged to both continents. Birds, insects, attracted his attention. He had all the keen instincts of a trained naturalist.

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon. Engraved by McCann.

"THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN TOOK THE PAIL."—[SEE PAGE 377.]

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He skirted the many beautiful bays and reaches for thirty miles along the Sound, and had bathed in their pleasant waters. With nautical tastes he watched the passing vessels. But one thing oppressed him, and that was the longing to associate with some human being. These yearnings were but passing clouds, scarcely obscuring his natural cheerfulness.

Generally, in the exuberance of his happy temperament, he would sing as he went along, for in his narrow lodgings he was voiceless. Then through the woods would come bursts of song. Olle rehearsed his Norse songs, and though there would come some tinge of homesickness, that only gave pathos to his voice.

So thought, as to the sweetness of the strain, a young woman who, seated on a fallen tree near a running stream, was using a tin pail turned bottom upward for a footstool. There must have been a shower in the morning of the warm August day, for though the sun had dried the grass, there was a peculiar freshness in the odor of the mint that grew in the moist places near the brook. The little stream ran turbid for the hour, save where a natural spring, gushing from under a sloping bank, showed a pool as clear as crystal.

If the young woman were a drawer of water, the task was certainly a novel one for her. She had filled her pail once, but in the stream ran scum, twigs, leaves, and trash. As she gazed at the roily water it refused all reflection of her face. Then in high dudgeon she had poured the water back again, and had seated herself on the trunk of the tree, as if to consider the situation, drumming on her sonorous footstool.

"It never would make a cup of tea; it's too filthy; and it's so sweet and clear over there; and I can't get at it; and it's dreadfully provoking—aunt and Julia waiting for me! I wonder why I volunteered to find water? and the place looks as if it harbored snakes." After saying this the young woman pulled a bit of bark from a log and threw it into a suspected clump of tall grass. As nothing glided, rustled, or rattled, she mustered up renewed courage. Just where the clear water was bubbling, the bank was perversely high. The young woman bared her arm, went to the brink of the water, and then held the tin pail by the wire handle on her finger. The bottom of the vessel barely touched the surface of the water.

"If I took a branch with a fork to it and hung the bucket to it, of course I could lower it," said the young woman. "I wonder who that is singing so pleasantly? That's an ambitious flight, but you never can keep up that note. I declare you have, and ended the musical phrase quite cleverly. What a quaint melody it is! but listening won't fill my bucket." Then there was a search for a branch. One was found; it had a fork to it, and the tin pail was hung and lowered. Disappointment was visible after the very first attempt.

"The stupid thing floats and won't sink, and I am afraid to press it under. The perverse pail wants weighting. I have it. That singer has a lovely voice, with a good style, and—dear me! he must be quite near me. Now for the solution of this problem. I take a stone, wash it clean, and pop it in the pail, and then it is ballasted." Saying this, the young woman took with both hands a big stone, washed it carefully, put it in her pail, secured the whole apparatus on the fork of her stick, and then again lowered away. The pail sank without a splash, and now rested on the pebbly bottom of the pool. The young woman clapped her hands at the success of her experiment. There was a smile of satisfaction on the handsome worker's face.

"Rebekah never had to exercise a bit of ingenuity," cried the young woman, exultingly. "If there be any young gentleman around here, sent by Abraham, let him come and drink, and give me a golden ear-ring and two bracelets. It's a clever performance of mine."

Alas! there is a quality water possesses, a viscid adhesion, which holds things with a limpid clutch. A slight snap was heard as the branch broke. Down went the tin pail, stone and all, to the bottom, and its foundering was accompanied by a little scream on the part of the water drawer.

That faint cry startled Olle. With a half-dozen strides he had swept through the fringe of brush skirting the stream, and now he stood, with face half serious, half amused, directly opposite to the young woman.

"It is not a cow," thought the young woman, "and therefore of not much consequence. Well, he is just in time.

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Would you help me, if you can, to get my pail? You see, it is quite muddy where you are, and clear on my side. I was trying to get some of the water when my pail was lost."

"Is it the story of the wolf and the lamb?" inquired Olle, who, taking advantage of a fallen tree some short distance higher up the stream, had now crossed the brook.

"No, no; it's the fable of that animal who, gazing at the moon in the well, mistook it for a silver platter."

Olle took a strong knife out of his pocket and cut a fresh sapling. He tried its strength over his knee, and it bent but did not snap. The young woman was apparently a disinterested person. She shaded her eyes with her hand, yet watched Olle's actions in a kind of furtive way. The man did not stare at her. He was intent on securing the bucket, but his effort appeared ineffectual. Was he going to wade into the water? Why, it was waist deep!

"Don't—please don't. I cannot permit you to do that!" cried the young woman.

"It is a very great misfortune. I am so sorry! But we will succeed. Do not lament, miss." Olle was full of sympathy.

"Lament! Oh, it's hardly worth that. Still, it's very kind of you to take so much trouble; but most positively you are not to go into the water after it."

"If it were fifty fathoms deep, and for a cup of gold, I would dive for it," said Olle, gallantly.

"Nonsense!" She looked at Olle, and saw no smile on his face, and she wondered if he really meant what he said. "I suppose it was you I heard singing, and I think listening to you made me careless."

"Then it was my fault. Did I not say that I was a wolf? I am so glad!"

"You do not mean glad, but sorry."

"No—glad. I sang your bucket into the water, and now I must sing it back again."

The young woman did not reply. If she had, she would have said "Nonsense!" a second time.

"There is a fairy song," continued Olle, "which, if only a man knows, will bring up the pearls from the sea. An old Lapp woman taught it me. Will you listen? It must be sung low." Olle was cunning, for just then he had the tin pail fast. He sang a quiet strain, and when the last note, sweet and mellow, had sounded, the pail, brimming full of clearest water, stood on the bank. "Now that is all," said Olle, with a pleasant smile and a low bow.

"Yes, and it is very kind of you."

"You will not permit me to carry it for you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Why? It is too heavy for you, and this wire will cut your fingers. See! I can easily make a handle." Olle pulled some rushes, plaited them deftly, bound them with pliant grass, and wrapped them around the wire. Then he took up the bucket, presented it with much gravity to the young woman, bowed again, and at once crossed the stream.

The young woman stood irresolute for a moment. Might she not reward the man in some way? In her pocket was a quarter of a dollar. She took it out, and threw the shining piece of silver across the brook to Olle, for Olle had turned for a moment. What she threw he caught, and as quickly tossed it back to her, and the piece of money fell on the ground.

"That was not good of you," cried Olle, excitedly. "I am not a beggar."

"Oh, please! please!" said the young woman, exhibiting manifest alarm at the storm she had raised; and picking up the bucket, she sought safety in flight, with the natural consequence of upsetting the pail.

Olle was over the brook again in an instant. "It is I who am so very, very sorry to have frightened you. See! I burst out of the woods like a wild man. I do not know your habits here, I am so much a stranger. See! your bucket is empty, and I will fill it again. Here it is. I will go away now. I do not want you to thank me." And Olle, without turning to look, was gone.

The young woman now sat for fully five minutes on the fallen tree, with the pail at her feet, as motionless as a statue. A chipmunk, peeping through the rails of a fence, thought that his favorite resting-place had grown a new branch. The rivulet murmured past in cadence with the swaying trees. Presently the young woman rose and said: "I have been making a fool of myself. Still, I wish he had sung again. Oh! the melodic tramp!"

"Mary! Mary! where are you?" cried a young girl from the hill-side. "What

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is the matter? We thought you were lost or drowned; and mother clamorous for her tea, and no water! The fire has gone out." And here the speaker stopped for want of breath, then continued: "We unpacked the basket, and the roast chicken was completely powdered with sugar; and it's such fun! Do, pray, hurry up. Why, your feet and stockings are soaking wet. Did you hear a man singing just now? No, you didn't? Then you must be stone-deaf. What on earth is the matter with you, Mary?"

"I was thinking, Julia, that there are two fences to climb, and the bucket is very heavy, and that it is ever so troublesome, even risky, to draw clear water from a muddy source."

"That sounds, Mary, like a proverb. Together we ought to manage that bucket."

The two young women took hold of the pail, and trudged up the slope. In its irregular transportation the water was spilt at every step. When the pail reached a rustic table it was lighter, being more than half empty. At the table sat a pleasant-faced old lady carving a chicken and cutting a loaf of bread.

"Why, Mary, I thought you never would come," she said. "I sent Julia to find you."

"Mary was mooning as usual, mother, entirely overcome by the difficulties of the task; and the fact is that to climb a hill with a bucket of water is not pleasant."

"Then we will have our tea. Julia, rake up the embers. While you were gone a nice-looking young man passed by. I couldn't manage a limb of a tree I wanted to burn, so he brought it for me and broke it up for me. As he told me he saw a young lady with a pail of water, I was not uneasy. Fill the kettle, Mary, for I am fully prepared to enjoy my tea. Then we will wait until the omnibus passes, which is to stop for us here, so that we need not hurry at all."

"Who made the pretty binding of rushes around this wire handle, Mary?" inquired Julia.—"There, now! are you trying to put out the fire, or to pour the water in the kettle?—It's a very novel kind of braiding, and it looks like a sailor's handiwork. Here, Mary, I know you want it, so I will take it off, tie together the two ends, and you may keep it for a bracelet and a souvenir."

Olle walked homeward at a rapid gait, his head full of fantasies. He was the Prince gone a-hunting who came across the nut-brown maid in the forest. Could he find the wood, the brook, again? That was not so much the question as whether he ought to search for them. As to retracing his steps, Olle had all the instincts of a woodman. On his next exploration he started in an entirely different direction, and hardly enjoyed his outing. Then a week passed, and he did not care for a holiday. A sweltering hot day came. Then he took the well-remembered route, crossed the wood, threaded the thicket, swept aside the fringe of willow, and saw the brook flowing at his feet. His heart was full of joy. He beat up the woods around, and came to the rustic table. There was no house near. He wandered about, and found a sign-board nailed to a tree, and read, "Picnic parties not allowed on these grounds without the permission of the proprietors of the Fountain Hotel."

"Ah! I understand now," said Olle. "That young lady was here for play—a *partie champêtre*—with her mother and sister. They do not live here, and I may never, never see her again." Then Olle sat down at the table, and ate his crust in silence. He was out of spirits—had no appetite. The day was close, and a storm was in the air. Soon the rain-drops rattled through the leaves. When Olle reached his garret he was soaked to the skin.

That night Olle opened his leather sack and saw his last dollar, but was not distressed. He read far into the night, mastering some irregularities of English verbs, but when he went to bed his sleep was disturbed. When he woke in the morning his teeth chattered, and soon a burning fever set in. Olle sought a German apothecary in a neighboring street.

"Young man, you have chills and fever," said the druggist. "The low land around here breeds such fevers. I will give you these pills. They will cost you thirty cents. Take them, and move away. If you stay here you will spend all your money for my pills. I will give you some advice. All you Norwegians follow the sea. Go at once and be a sailor."

"That is excellent advice—better than a doctor could give me. Where are the boats supplying New York with fish?" inquired Olle.

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Olle received some general directions, and made his way slowly down the East River front. He was so weak and miserable that he could barely drag his feet along. It took two weary hours for Olle to reach Fulton Market slip. At once, although he had never seen exactly such boats before, he knew their purpose. He surveyed the fishing fleet with delight. The ugliest, oldest, least cared for of the boats was as a pleasure-yacht to him. The whiffs of fresh air blown from the bay seemed to revive him.

Olle singled out one craft. She had long tapering masts, with a forward spring to them. She was sweet and clean, for she had just been washed down. Olle walked unsteadily along the pier until he made out on the stern of the boat her name, *The Josieanna*. If only there had been a sailor on her deck, Olle would have talked to him at once. Olle thought he saw some one in the cabin in the act of shaving, for a small looking-glass was propped up against the steps. Might he venture on board? He climbed down, and it so happened that he stood in the light of the man who was shaving.

"Your daddy wasn't no glazier, was he?" inquired some one with a gruff voice.

"No, sir," replied Olle, somewhat startled. "Glazier? What is glazier? My father, daddy, was what you call a pastor, clergyman, minister of the gospel." Olle was parading his synonyms.

"Well, if he was a boss bishop, that wouldn't make no difference, because I can't see through you. Well, what's up, young fellow?"

"Are you the captain?" inquired Olle.

"They say I be, and that's the reason why I never tried to git off a week's beard without some fool a-interrupting of that business."

"Oh, fool! not so. Pardon. I will wait until you are shaven; then would I ask if I could go with you and take some fish."

"Want a job? Why, what can you do?" Here the captain took a step up the stairs and looked Olle all over. "You don't seem strong—kind of white, and washed out in the gills. You don't know nothing about fishing."

Olle, ill as he was, could not help but smile. "Oh yes, I can fish," he said.

"What kind of fish?"

"Cod, in my country, and ling and hake, pollock, haddock, herring, mackerel, and a great many fish which swim in our great Northern seas, and I do not know all their names in English yet."

"Seems to me you have got the list of 'em down pretty fine; and you ketched them in your parts, did you?"

"Yes, sir; and salmon too."

"Salmon! That's a fancy fish. You look as green as grass."

"No, I am not green; sickness makes me white, perhaps."

"Kin you sail a ship?"

"I was learning from a Bergen captain how to take the sun. What you call the theory I know; but I have sailed a fishing-boat not as big, as fine as this, many times. I do not know the names of the ropes in English; they were not in my dictionary. But this"—and Olle went to the side of the smack—"this rope lifts this sail, and this one pulls the sail tight; but this, I do not know what it will do; but you tell me once what it will do, and I never will forget. This is the most beautiful fishing-boat I ever saw."

Olle's praise was sincere, and it went straight to the skipper's heart, for Captain Blueman's affections were divided between his smack and his wife.

"Seeing that I built her, young fellow, she ought to be. There ain't a stick in her, nor a bolt, I don't know about. So you want to take holt? What for?"

"To fish," replied Olle.

"Oh, bother that! I mean what wages do you expect?"

"Wages, salary, emolument? I will work for a month for what I eat and drink. I am sick since this morning, and I want to be well to-morrow."

"This ain't no hospital. Now supposin' you was to keep sick, you wouldn't be worth your salt, and I'd be a blamed fool to risk it. You ain't rugged enough for this 'ere business;" and Captain Blueman's razor rattled over a stubbly field.

"I am so sorry! Perhaps that other boat will want a fisherman." Olle looked across the deck in the direction of another smack. "I had hoped so much to sail in this one, because of all the boats she is the handsomest and cleanest. My uncle had a captain fisherman who wore a leather coat that belonged to his father—"

"Come, now, young fellow, what are you giving us?" inquired Blueman.

"Yes, our fishermen wear leather coats and breeches, and one day I put on the captain's coat and fell overboard, and it

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was so full of oil it kept me up in the water," continued Olle.

"They nets their cod in your country, so I hear?" said Blueman, somewhat interested.

"Yes, sir." Then Olle went aft and looked at the wheel. "We have no wheels in Norway to steer our boats with. Oh! the big old tillers at home, with two, three men to hold it when it blows, and sometimes when a big sea come it lift us all up and throw us down as if we were kicked by a wild horse. Oh! that was just splendid. You must carry much sail. We do not have white sails in my country, made of cotton, but of flax, and tanned red; but they hold all the winds. Our fishing folks are very poor, but good and honest. Good-by. I will ask another captain if he will have a fisherman;" and Olle made a step toward *The Pride of the Seas*.

It happened that the *Pride* was the *Josieanna's* rival, and if Blueman had a cordial dislike for anything afloat, it was all concentrated on that particular craft. There was something about the newcomer that pleased the *Josieanna's* skipper. "Mebbe he ain't so green, after all. That cussed *Pride* might get a good hand, as only wanted a few weeks' teaching to git him out of his furrin ways. He does talk as if he knowed something. Them Swedes is no lubbers, and he looks blessed good-natured, and there's one man aboard this craft that's going to be fired," said Blueman to himself. Turning quickly to Olle, Blueman looked him all over again.

"See here! you don't expect me to go chasing you all around this slip, do you, with my chops full of lather? Just you set your foot on the deck of that there *Pride*, and your chances with the *Josieanna* is gone. We don't pick up other people's leavings. You are a fool to ask no wages. Come down here. Had any grub? Ain't been on no spree, have you? This is a temperance boat, and nary drop of rum aboard as I knows of. You seem real tuckered out."

"Tuckered out? What is that?"

Blueman vouchsafed no reply. Olle was glad enough to sit down on a locker in the clean little cabin.

"So you prefer to work for nothing? That's poppy-talk. In this here country, where there ain't no tyrants nor jukes, only those that bosses the fish market, every man is worth his hire. D'ye take that, now? If I was to give you a job you have got to do what you're bid, and nary shirking."

"What is shirking?"

"Well, don't you never find out."

"If it is wrong, I never will. When may I sail with you?" asked Olle, eagerly.

"Ain't you a-going with your reefs all out and a sight too fast? Are you ready to take holt at once and go to work?"

"Yes, yes," and Olle resisted an inclination to jump up and throw his arms around the skipper's neck.

"What's your name? Where from?"

"Olle Swenson. Norway."

"Olle—that's the lingo for Oliver."

"It might be."

"It is," said Blueman, positively. "I am not to pay you a cent for a month while you are on trial, and if you don't suit I kin dump you on shore anywheres."

"Dump? dump? What is dump?"

"Dump!" said Blueman, thoughtfully. "That's the same as being fired. Now don't be too fresh. We ain't fresh much in this fish business. I don't expect you to be worth a red cent, seeing that you don't look strong enough to haul a mackerel off a gridiron; but when your spell of sickness goes, and you do work—and I'm a driver—I will pay wages, but not much, only after your first two weeks. I am a square man. Here, cook, bring this new hand a cup of coffee." And so Olle became one of the crew of the *Josieanna*, the crack fishing-smack of the fleet.

Next morning at daybreak, with the early flood, the *Josieanna* went to sea. At once good plain food and plenty of it brought Olle round. That day a school of blue-fish was struck, and Olle, getting into the knack of the thing, did a passable day's work. At night there was a wholesail breeze, and Blueman, to try Olle, gave him a trick at the wheel, and the new hand kept the *Josie* true to a point. Next day fish were scarce, and Olle had a good rest, and felt as well as ever. At sundown, off Barnegat Light, the heaviest school of blue-fish of the season engaged the attention of the crew of the *Josie*. Though Olle's hands were soft, and the lines cut him to the quick, he did good service. If he was not high line—that is, the fisherman who catches the most fish—he was a close second.

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"He will do," said Blueman, approvingly. "He's no Portugee."

The men on board, some six of them, tried some practical jokes on Olle, but he took them pleasantly. He showed the men the different ways of rigging a trawl in Norway, and they made up their minds that Olle was no greenhorn. The fish were to be iced, and Blueman was satisfied that Olle was not slow at taking up a new idea, and was, above all, steady and industrious.

The trip was certain to be a profitable one, and the *Josie* was running now for Sandy Hook, with a good breeze, of a pleasant September night. All hands were below, and the skipper was taking a nap. Olle was spelling over some blood-and-murder story, thrown aside in one of the lockers, when Tom Winter, the cook, brought out of his trunk his violin—a real South Street Stradivarius. Olle, as he heard the tuning of the fiddle, dropped his book, looked at the cook, but said not a word. Tom rasped out "Money Musk," then suddenly stopped, and looking at Olle, said:

"Boys, I see that Norwegian a-fidgeting and working with his fingers. That's a sure sign of a born catgutter. Jerk her, Olle, for it's no use your saying you can't. Try her, for they do say she's just the best fiddle in the fleet."

Then Olle laughed, and took a look at the $3 75 Cremona, and worked first with the pegs, then with the bridge; next he straightened out the bow, rosined it, and in one second after, he set that whole crew wild.

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried Tom, with all the candor of a true virtuoso. "That's him! Can't he fetch her? Shake her up, Olle. You can just take the cake."

Olle gave tune after tune from apparently an endless repertory. Then he handed Tom the violin, asking him to play something. Tom played a breakdown, and Olle applauded, for Tom had a deserved reputation in the fleet. Now Tom, with much ceremony, shoved the violin right under Olle's chin, and Olle, whose ear was quick, took up Tom's "Camptown Races," and did things with it that set Tom and all the boys to clapping their hands on their knees in the most violent manner. The man at the wheel, catching the lilt of the tune, could be heard stamping in unison on the deck.

Blueman was awake now, and said: "Blow me, boys, if this here *Josie* hasn't got the boss fiddle on board of her now! There's that Tony, the champion violiner of the *Pride:* he's got to come down now. He ain't fitten to rosin that man's bow. Boys, we kin outsail 'em, outfish 'em—we've done that right straight along—and now we kin fiddle 'em hull down. Olle, just you give us a fandanger, one of them dancing tunes such as them leather-headed sports of yours foots it to."

"I have played whole nights at country dances in Norway, and perhaps my music might seem strange to you; and so I will try something, and I must tell you what it means," said Olle.

Then Olle commenced, adding a quaint recitative to the simple music of his violin. This is about what he said:

"This is the pretty girl who goes up the steep mountain with her cows in the sweet spring-time, and this is the sound of the bells around the cows' necks; but before she goes the fisherman kisses that pretty girl. He goes in his boat, and he sails on the sea, just such a night as this, and the wind blows so soft, and he thinks he smells the new-cut hay his own girl has been cutting [what fragrance of mint was it that Olle recalled?], and he drops his line in the sea, and catches a big, big cod, and when he gets him he says, 'That will buy a blue and a red ribbon for my girl who lives on the mountain.' But now the storm comes, and he is afraid he will never see his girl again; but the good Lord keeps down the big seas, and he comes back in his boat, and away off on the hill-top the girl sees the red sail, and though he is no more than a small speck on the blue ocean, she kisses her hand to him; and now he makes the land, and pulls on shore with his small boat, and he goes so fast he 'most breaks his oar; you think a steam-boat is coming; and he sees his pretty girl on the shore, and he takes her in his arms and kisses her—so, and so [the violin cooed, and cooed]—and they agree to have a dance at her father's house, for he is to make that girl his wife. Now in my country people who live on the land and the seas are quite one people, and they dance to the same tune, which we call a sater, and the music of that sater is many hundreds of years old, though now and then a good musician will make a new tune; but for an old sater nobody, not even a king's fiddler, would be so bold as to change one single

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note. And this is a sater—and if you only saw the Norwegian boys and girls dance it, you would see dancing indeed." And Olle played the sater.

"Boys! boys!" cried the skipper, "if this ain't better than a theatur, or any side show I ever seed!"

Then all hands went on deck, and Olle played the sater over and over again. The men caught the dancing melody, and hopped over the deck like dancing-bears, and when Olle stopped he had to begin again. Now Olle got into the spirit of the thing. "I am so glad it pleases you! There are certain steps in that dance that take some strength and not a little practice."

"You have got to do it for us," cried Tom.

Then Olle handed the violin to Tom, and showed a marvellous jump, ending with an astonishing kick. The men cheered and clapped their hands. Some of them tried it, and sat down violently on the deck after the attempt.

Just that one night's performance, with Olle's pleasant, straightforward manner, made every one of the crew the young man's fast friend.

It was a rough school, but an honest one. You might be a cunning fisherman, know all about handling a smack, or be well acquainted with every nook and corner of the coast, but something was wanting if, as it was expressed in general terms, "you did not know how to stand up and take it like a man." There entered here some question of personal prowess. A fellow had to show "grit." Once having displayed "grit," public estimation followed.

Captain Blueman was quick to appreciate the more substantial qualities Olle possessed. "I've seen eddicated men, or hearn of 'em, as was dandy fishermen, but this here Olle that's chock-full of larning, for there ain't nothing that he don't know —'rithmetic, geography, and history, and such—well, he can sail and fish this *Josie* for all she's worth. He kind of treats me as if I was a lady passenger, and won't let me do nothing. My old woman she has just lost her heart with that young chap. When it's skylarking, he leads the fun; but when it's snorting, and things is shook up, and it's time for bossing and doing things on the jump, with a stand from under, he's no flash in the pan. The boys understands this here mate of the *Josie*, and they has got to be spry, now mind I tell you. Then there is them accounts. You just tell me to take a gale off the Georges, or to foot a column of figures, and says I, 'Give me a screamer off the Georges every time!' That Olle just makes no fuss of figures, nor commissions, nor interest, nor nothing. To think of a green fellow that comed aboard here some time over a year ago just a-bossing me now, and me a-letting of him! Ef I'd a-had a son, I don't believe I could have been fonder of him. He's got a good business head on him too, and is as square a young fellow as they ever makes 'em. Whether it's him on board or luck, anyways the *Josie's* been doing better than she ever has since I launched her."

Tom's rather broad statement of "a boatful of ladies coming on board of the *Josie*, just to hear Olle fiddle," must be taken with limitations. To be accurate, when the *Josie* lay off Feregus Point, there had only been three ladies on her. The same dead calm that kept the *Josie* at rest had affected a cat-boat, and a slight current had drifted the smaller craft toward the larger one. The day was warm, and Olle had seated himself forward.

The *Josie* at anchor was near enough to shore for Olle to hear indistinctly the music of a band performing at some summer hotel. To a musical organization, to listen to an interrupted strain is to create the impulse to fill up the melodic gaps, so Olle took his violin and played about what he fancied he heard.

Away off Olle had seen the cat-boat on the glassy sea. Now it had come within hailing distance, for a hoarse voice said, "*Josieanna* ahoy! Tell Captain Blueman we would like to come aboard. My name is Mat Brill, of Feregus;" and then the cat-boat was just off the *Josie's* quarter. At once Olle tossed a rope to the man in the cat-boat, and called up Captain Blueman, who in his turn bawled out: "How are you, Captain Brill? In course come aboard, and bring your ladies, and I'm mighty glad to see you, old man."

"It's a sailing party from Feregus, Olle, and me and Brill is old mates. The *Josie* looks tidy; give that sheet a coil there. Likely they heard you fiddle, Olle. See here! you just boss this job, especially as there be women. I kin leave you to do the pretty. Tell Tom to bake a cake and lay

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out some kind of a spread for 'em. I 'ain't seen Mat Brill for over five year, and my wife and his old woman is kind of related, and he's an awful hand to spin yarns; so you take keer of them petticoats."

Blueman secured the cat-boat to the smack, while Olle let down the short rope-ladder and gave his hand to the ladies in the boat. First there was an old lady, and then two young ones, to be all safely landed on the deck of the *Josie*.

"We hain't come to eat up all your stores, Captain Blueman," said Brill; "and if that young fellow will step down into the cabin here, there's a feed in the basket, likewise a jug—it's milk—and a chunk of ice. We took to drifting, and the wind it petered out, and there isn't much chance of a breeze before sundown. We heard somebody a-fiddling, and as the fishing wasn't of any account, and the sun just a-br'iling, we made bold, the ladies and me, to board you, captain. How's the old woman? Me and my wife was a-talking about you only yesterday."

"Prime, Mat—prime. But now your freight's on board, jump up yourself, and mind you there ain't nothing on board this here *Josie* that's too good for your ladies nor you." Then Blueman took hold of Brill's hand, hauled him up, and the two went below.

Olle had the basket, the jug, the wraps, out of the cat-boat in a trice; then he went below to tell Tom about the cake, and returned in a moment with an armful of camp-stools.

Had only the Danaide sisters, when drawing water, found an inventive man who could have stoppered the interstices of a sieve, then mythology would have been endowed with another hero. That was certainly not what Mary Acton was thinking about when the cat-boat neared the fishing-smack. Her curiosity had been languidly aroused by the sound of a violin quietly stealing across the sea, and then she had taken Captain Brill's glass, and instantly recognized the performer. It was—there was no possible doubt about it—the man who had helped her to fill her bucket. She was a straightforward young woman, so there never came into her head any idea of denying her acquaintance with him. She had settled that point quite positively before Olle had helped her on deck. There was only one little incident that was a trifle annoying, and that was about the quarter of a dollar. Well, the best thing she could do was to have it off her mind at once. It was possible that he had forgotten her. If he had, why recur to her acquaintance at all?

As Mary Acton gave Olle her hand, she was quite positive he had recognized her. She was oblivious to the sudden rise of color in her own face that told him he was not an absolute stranger. An unsteady rope-ladder was not a convenient place for a greeting; so, for the moment, all Mary Acton did was to revolve in her mind the recognition and the apology. It would be easy to work them both off together, and the sooner she did it the better. But then Olle had called two of the crew, and a sail was being spread, to be converted into an awning, so the matter had to be postponed, somewhat to Miss Acton's discomfort. Mrs. Sterling, Mary's aunt, and her cousin, Julia, had taken their camp-stools and seemed quite at home.

"I wonder if this musical sailor means precisely to evade me? He is up there now pulling at some rope, getting this awning tight. The best thing I can do is to put myself perfectly at my ease, have it all over, and tell my aunt about it." So Mary turned to the old lady, and said, "Aunt, you remember that pleasant day we spent in the woods last year?"

"Yes, dear," said the aunt.

"And what is the connection?" remarked Julia. "I suppose this will be even a more pleasant one."

"No doubt it will be, Julia," said Mary.

Just then Olle approached, and was busy with the hatch cover, with the intention of converting it into a table.

"I am indebted, as you are," continued Mary, "to this" (she hesitated for a moment—should she say gentleman or person?)—"this gentleman. On a previous occasion, without his aid, aunt, you would not have had any tea, for my bucket would have been lost." Then Olle looked up, and the tan on his face could not hide his rising color.

"You don't say so?" said the old lady. "Then you made up my fire too. And do you know I wanted to offer you a sandwich, but you left before I could have a chance to give you one."

"You see," said Mary, quite simply, "how anxious we all were to—to—acknowledge somehow or other what you had done for us. Now, aunt, I owe this

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gentleman an apology. I made a sad blunder."

"May I explain it?" asked Olle. "This young lady does not do herself justice. I burst on her in the woods, and I am quite certain I frightened her. How could the young lady tell who or what I was? When I thought about it afterward I was not offended. I was so very glad to have been of slight assistance. A year ago I spoke such very bad English, and maybe I can't now exactly make myself intelligible. There was—do you know—a sequel to it."

What he might have added was interrupted by Tom, who appeared with cups and saucers, which he placed on the hatch.

"A sequel!" said Mary Acton to herself. "I despise sequels. What can this man mean?" She turned toward Olle with an inquiring glance, but Olle and Tom were in consultation.

"Is it to be tea or coffee, mate?" inquired Tom.

"Give them both, and, Tom, do be careful with the coffee, put in an extra touch, and lay a cloth—there's one on board; spread it on that hatch. There must be a half-dozen lobsters in the well forward; fish up two or three of them and boil them. Watch out for your cake." Then Tom hustled below.

Mrs. Sterling and her daughter went forward to look at a passing steamer. Olle stood beside Miss Acton, and said: "It was very kind of you to have remembered me. It would have been your privilege to have ignored me, had you so decided, but I—I never would have forgotten you."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mary Acton.

"Pray pardon me. I can understand that there can exist no social relationship between the mate of a fishing-smack and a young lady. Will you allow me, however, to act as your host while you are on board? I should so like you to spend a happy day! Might you not fancy that this poor boat were a splendid yacht?"

"Why not? I have no doubt but that you would make a capital host. I have heard you sing, but I had no idea you were a violinist. But will you please put on one side the idea that I am one of those elegant young persons who spend their days of summer yachting, say at Newport? I have to work for my living. Don't let us play at cross-purposes. I am Miss Mary Acton, music-mistress, if you please, with a very limited comprehension of her duties. That lady is my aunt, Mrs. Sterling; the young lady, Miss Sterling, my cousin. At present I am acting in the capacity of half nurse, half governess, and my young pupil and her father are at the hotel. Mr. Lane came up last night, as did my aunt and cousin, and I have a holiday to-day."

"Fishermen do not carry visiting cards. Mine I left in Norway," said Olle, pleasantly. "When I first had the happiness of seeing you—why do you look that way, Miss Acton? Is my English all wrong again? Well, then, when I first blundered on you, I had been in the United States but a very short time. My name is Swenson—Olle Swenson—and they call me the mate, or Oliver, on board." Certainly the two were growing confidential.

"Then I am quite absolved of a foolish mistake I made." The young woman paused for a moment, and added: "But you said there was a sequel. Might I inquire, since my curiosity is awakened, what was this sequel?"

"There was one," replied Olle. "I went afterward—it was long afterward—to that brook, for I thought perhaps you were living somewhere there."

"Mr. Swenson!"

"And I hunted, and I hunted, for that piece of money, and I found it," continued Olle.

Mary Acton was not looking at him now, but was gazing far out at sea.

"Do you play forfeits in this country?" inquired Olle. There was no answer. "It is a favorite game in Norway. When a person wins a pledge, the loser pays a penalty," added Olle. The situation was becoming embarrassing. "Do you like Norse stories?" inquired Olle.

"Sometimes, sir. Could you tell me one?"

"I will try. It is one of many I know. It's good enough in Norse, but I shall bungle over it in English: all the point of it will be lost."

"Your English has very much improved," said Mary, glad of the diversion. "You wouldn't mind telling it to my aunt and cousin?—we might all listen. We read sagas sometimes."

"I don't know. I don't think I should like a large audience. The story is about a forfeit, and our talk has led up to it."

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"Not my talk, Mr. Swenson. You will permit me to observe that I am very prosaic and utterly commonplace, with no inclination toward romance."

"I should be so sorry if what I am about telling you were an infliction. Are we not, however, to carry out our illusion? You are on a superbly appointed yacht, and I am her owner. In such a case guests are forced to listen with politeness to the wearisome stories of the host. It's about a princess whose name was Hedra."

"I am prepared to hear the story of the princess;" and Mary seated herself on the low bulwark near the stern, and Olle stood before her.

"Hedra, who was a king's daughter, sat by the sea-side, and saw a ship sailing by, and one-armed Eric was the captain, and Eric drove the sharp prow of his ship right into the grating sands almost at Hedra's feet. Now Hedra bantered Eric to make a cast with dice, and he, nothing loath, gamed with her. Luck ran against Eric. Stake after stake he lost, and laughed and laughed, until ship and all were gone. At last Eric wagered his sword against Hedra's golden bodkin. Then the luck changed, and the bodkin was his. Now that bodkin was a charmed thing, and Hedra was sore distressed that she should lose it, for she had been told that without it misfortune would come to her. Hedra offered Eric ship and all for her bodkin; but one-armed Eric smiled and said: 'What care I for a ship? Since I have my sword, I will win me another ship. I will have you for a wife, Hedra, and then may you take this bodkin.' Then Hedra grew angry, and in scorn said: 'Naught will I have to do with you, you crippled man, who possibly lost his arm in some base way.' Then, in her spite, she went to the king and told him of her distress. The king called on his four sons, and said: 'Go you and offer Eric gifts for your sister's bodkin. Use you fair means, but should he say No, then wrest the bodkin from him, even should you kill him.' And now Hedra's brothers went to Eric and did what the king had ordered, but Eric laughed and said, 'No.' Then he faced Hedra's brothers, and bade them defiance, and calling to Hedra, said, 'Now will you see that I lost my arm in no base manner.' Then Hedra pitied him, and was amazed at the brave stand he made, and she said, 'I may have wronged you, Eric, but still you must give me back my bodkin.' Then the four men pressed close on Eric, and were loath to fight with him; but Eric defied them, nor would he put back his foot one hair's-breadth. Then the fight began, and louder than the sea-surge clashed their swords. Eric's brand was shivered in his hand, and he bled from many gaping wounds. Hedra cried, 'Say only, Eric, you are vanquished, and I will nurse you, for it were not fitting that one so brave should die.' But Eric would not say that he was vanquished; so when his broken blade was beaten from his one arm, with a last effort he drew Hedra's bodkin from his bosom and cast it far off into the sea, and then Eric died. Hedra's bodkin they have not found to this day."

"A singularly obstinate man was Eric," said Mary Acton.

"I think so too;" and Olle glanced anxiously at his companion, and he thought he saw a puzzled look on her face.

"And Hedra married some other pirate, I suppose?" inquired Mary.

"No, not a pirate—a privateer's man. Why spoil my saga, Miss Acton? The sequel I did not add."

"I hate sequels."

"Well, the sequel of this old story is that Hedra walked the sands, peering into the sea, always looking for her bodkin."

"Hedra was a goose," said Mary.

"I don't know, Miss Acton; but," Olle added, suddenly, "what shall I do with this quarter of a dollar? Here it is;" and Olle held a piece of silver in his brown hand.

"Fling it into the sea," cried Mary, quickly, rising from her seat.

"Do you mean it? I should hate to do that."

"Then give it back to me at once—at once;" and Mary held out her hand.

"You will not throw it into the water?" asked Olle.

"Mr. Swenson, you have succeeded somehow or other in converting the most trifling incident into a source of positive annoyance."

"Annoyance!"

"Discomfort, then, if that suits you better." Then Mary Acton went off like a flash of powder. "I see no possible resemblance between the present situation and this—this—"

"This story of a goose and a pirate," interrupted Olle.

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"Rigmarole. The whole subject is not worth discussing further, and is distasteful to me." Mary Acton was somewhat dismayed at her own vehemence, but she recovered herself in a moment. She looked at Swenson, who was apparently distressed. "Mr. Swenson, I am to suppose that you have no idea of spoiling my day's pleasure. You have, perhaps without knowing it, made a mistake. It might be that I am in error. You see, young ladies, the soberest of them, lose their *sang-froid* at times."

"When a fisherman talks to them?"

"Maybe. When a fisherman recites a saga. Would you, Mr. Swenson, assume your rôle of captain of this yacht? But I really am interested to learn how you came to be a fisherman."

Olle, in a few words, explained how he had sought work in the smack.

"And you are going to stay here?" inquired Mary.

"I do not know. It's an honest life, but I must consider it as a stepping-stone to something better. I am acquiring in this rough way practical seamanship. I might look out for a place on a ship as a mate, or, if that was impossible to find, I might teach something or other."

"Music?—don't."

"No, not music, but languages. Greek, Latin. Are you really interested?"

"Quite so."

"Well, then, there is another string to my bow. I have a mania for collecting. The sea affords so many opportunities. My taste in Norway led me that way. My father encouraged it, and at the university I had a good scientific training. Six months ago I sent some sea-weeds, of a variety quite unknown to me, to Washington, and by chance they were novel, and with them some other sea waifs, and that opened a correspondence with a learned government institution, and I was complimented for—for— Oh, dear me! Miss Acton, have another saga, instead of all this trumpeting of myself. Once upon a time there was a king—"

"No, no, Mr. Swenson; no more sagas, if you please. Go on," said Mary.

"Well, I have the faint hope of being some day or other attached to that government bureau in a very humble capacity."

So far the conversation had gone on glibly enough; now there was a pause. "It shall be confidence for confidence," thought Mary, for she felt more at her ease now. "Your advantages are many, Mr. Swenson. Mine has been a commonplace life, differing in no respect from a thousand others. I lost my mother before I knew her. My father, who was a fairly well-to-do man, was ruined some eight years ago and died. My aunt took care of me and paid for my education. Two years ago I began giving music lessons, and so far I have made a miserable failure of it. I am assured that when I am forty I shall be successful, and that means bread and butter. God knows, if not for my aunt, I might starve. A rather delicate pupil, a little girl of seven, was taken ill. Her father, Mr. Lane, knew my father when he was prosperous. I have taken charge of his little daughter, and am acting half as governess and half as nurse. Annie Lane is, so the doctor says, to stay at the hotel for the next month. Because Mr. Lane came up last night, bringing my aunt and cousin with him, I asked for a holiday to-day. To-morrow will bring its usual work, but I hope to remember to-day as a pleasant one. Now we will not talk about ourselves any more, if you please. I am very curious. Would you mind showing me below there?" and she pointed to the little cabin.

Olle took Mary into the neat cabin, where Tom was busy, and she looked at the narrow quarters. Tom showed her the cake baking in the stove, and he imparted to her the secret of its making. "Seafaring men thinks as much of sweet things as young gals at a boarding-school, and swears awful if a cake's heavy," said Tom. The mate overhauled a drawer full of little bottles, with specimens of strange marine creatures in them of his own collecting, and then took the charts of the coast, and going on deck with Miss Acton, the maps were spread on the top of the cabin hatch, and the exact position of the smack was established. Naturally followed stories of sea life, and of storms and narrow escapes. "Here," said Olle, "we caught it heavy, and not over two miles from where we weathered it out, a poor smack with all aboard foundered, and we had come out of Gloucester together. It was through God's mercy we were spared," added Olle, reverentially.

"If all of a sudden a great storm arose, and we were on board of this boat, what would you do?" asked Mary Acton.

"If the smack were mine, and well provisioned, I would make a bold dash for

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Hardanger-Fiord, that's in old Norway; and there you, Miss Acton, would become a milkmaid, and be ever so happy."

"A milkmaid! That is an honest and honorable calling. Why not a princess—a nineteenth-century Hedra?"

Olle apparently took no note of Hedra, for he said: "A cousin of mine milks cows to-day, and makes butter and cheese, and long before Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic her ancestors made butter and cheese; and the last little plot of ground I sold had been held by cowherds and milkmaids for over seven hundred years, and among those Swensons there had been scholars and not a few soldiers. Pray forgive me, Miss Acton, but a milkmaid's calling is not to be despised. But you need have no fear of being carried off to Norway, for there is scarcely a breath of wind."

"I think I had better join my aunt and cousin now," said Mary.

"We are friends, then?" inquired Olle, eagerly.

"Why, yes," answered Mary, rather deliberately, as she was about leaving Olle.

"I am quite as near to a flirtation as I should like to be," said Mary to herself as she looked over the boat's low quarter, her attention attracted by a bit of floating weed. Olle seemed to anticipate her thoughts, for he took a gaff, adroitly caught the floating spray, filled a bucket with water, and put it all on deck. Then he bared his arms and caught a minute crab swimming in the bucket.

"Oh, you sha'n't have a lecture!" cried Olle, gayly; "only, if you were a class, I could talk two hours about that bit of weed, and another hour about that tiny crab, and Tom's cake would be ruined. Sagas are more amusing. After luncheon you are not to be disappointed in your fishing, and I must rig up some lines for you."

"You will play the violin for us, Mr. Swenson?" asked Mary.

"Why, certainly;" and Olle went below.

"Mary," said Julia, "if I am not mistaken, that sailor must be a very interesting personage; otherwise you would not have monopolized him."

"Yes, he is quite—what shall I call it?—genteel."

"Do you think he is the cook?"

"Don't ask me, Julia. It might be the old story of the young man in the *Arabian Nights* who made such delicious cream tarts, and in the condition I am in, and probably you are in too—one of downright hunger—I wish luncheon were ready. And here it comes."

Tom bustled up the cabin steps with a smoking cake in a tin. A cloth was spread over the hatchway, and tea and coffee served. Tom came up often after brief disappearances, each time with something more in his hands. There was a great dish of lobsters, to be eaten hot with salt and butter, and there were baked potatoes, a cold ham, a jar of preserved peaches, a huge bottle of the sourest of pickles, and a pan of hot bread. With the contents of the basket Mrs. Sterling had brought, there was food enough for twenty hungry men, and when Tom came up for the last time, with a pyramid of russet brown doughnuts frosted with sugar, the climax of the feast had been reached. Blueman and Brill asked to be excused from joining the ladies, and Olle and Tom waited on the party.

When, after the dinner, fishing was in order, Mrs. Sterling caught the first dogfish, and was frightened; and so was Julia, who landed another; but Mary Acton was more fortunate, securing a blackfish. Blueman and Brill came now on deck. The fish seemed inclined to bite, and the ladies were kept busy. Olle was ubiquitous, running from Mrs. Sterling to Julia or to Mary, baiting hooks, and disengaging the fish. When the tide turned, it was afternoon; fish were scarce. It was now Mary Acton who asked Olle if he would play for them.

Olle had a good instrument, and he did his best. Possessed of a musical memory, his repertory was endless. Then he played Norwegian and Finnish airs, and Mary recognized that if Olle was an amateur, he had, at least for his own music, a purity of tone, a delicacy of feeling, and an originality that would have brought down the applause of a drawing-room. She heard the song he had sung in the woods, and it seemed to her that Olle's violin was then playing for her alone.

Fitful cat's-paws dimpled the water, and the flagging pennon on the top-mast of the *Josieanna* gave an occasional flutter, and then came the regular evening breeze. It was time for smack and catboat to go on their respective ways.

Olle had talked pleasantly with Mrs. Sterling on many topics, and, as an edu-

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"THE MAPS WERE SPREAD ON THE TOP OF THE CABIN HATCH."

cated woman herself, the mate's conversation had surprised and interested her. Julia had listened with her eyes wide open, occasionally glancing at Mary, who was apparently engaged in writing down something in her note-book.

"There's a tide-rip that sets across that shoal, as no one knows better than you, Captain Brill; and the mate he thinks, not wishing to interfere, of course, that if you would let us take your cat-boat in tow, we could easy fetch you through it, and then we kin cast you off, you know. You'd have to beat up agin it, and with your light sails it would take you an hour. That mate of mine—you watch him, now—how he'll get that *Josie* under sail! You keep your eye on her, Brill, and see him ketch that coming puff."

In an instant the jib was up, the mainsail worked to catch the wind, a man was aloft, the studding-sail secured, and away slid the *Josie*, increasing her speed every moment. With the cat-boat astern the tide-rip was passed, and the hotel could be made out. The *Josie* now came head up against the wind, and her sails shook and shivered. Blueman was at the wheel. Olle had the cat-boat alongside, and jumped into her. The ladies were carefully put on board their boat. Tom Winters had the rope that held the lesser craft. Olle did not help Captain Brill to haul up his sail.

Mrs. Sterling and Julia were on deck listening to Captain Blueman's hearty good-by and best wishes, and Olle was with Mary Acton in the cabin.

"You will be carried away, Mr. Swenson," said Mary, anxiously.

"I wish I were."

"This is not the way to Norway. You have just time to reach your vessel."

"May I—may I keep the piece of money?" said Olle, in a whisper.

"If you set your heart on it, how can I prevent it, sir?" was the almost inaudible reply.

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"Then good-by, and God bless you!" cried Olle, as he made a flying jump, caught the side of the *Josie*, and scrambled up to the deck. At once Olle took the wheel from Blueman, and soon the broad sail of the *Josie* hid the cat-boat from his sight.

On the pier was Mr. Lane, and Mr. Lane's face bore a rather aggrieved expression.

"You must all be so dreadfully hungry! I have been waiting so long for you!" said Mr. Lane. "I have ordered a dinner to be served in a private room."

It was very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Lane, but not one of the excursionists was hungry. Mary Acton would have pleaded some excuse had not her aunt prevented it.

Early next morning Mrs. Sterling and Julia, with Mr. Lane, left for New York; and now Mr. Lane's little daughter should have occupied Mary's undivided attention. The hotel was thronged, but Mary held herself aloof from the crowd of pleasure-seekers. As she sat that night in her room, her little charge asleep, she recalled the incidents of the day before; but then there came other thoughts of a much more annoying character.

What precise weight ought she to give to Mr. Lane's attentions? Why had her aunt, as she kissed her that morning, bidding her good-by, said to her: "My dear child, I count on your good judgment, and I assure you that you hold your happiness quite within your grasp. The devotion you have shown Annie has touched Mr. Lane, and he is more than grateful. Mr. Lane lost his wife six years ago, and, Mary, he is barely forty-five, and there is a void in the poor man's life."

It had all been vague (how stupid it had been of her!) until her aunt had talked to her. But now a hundred trivial circumstances confirmed her belief that Mr. Lane's attentions had taken a serious shape. He was not commonplace, nor exactly heavy, nor precisely stupid; but she could not talk to him for ten consecutive minutes without a feeling of intense weariness. He was immensely respectable and eminently tiresome—at least to her. She loved Annie; but the fact that she had nursed the child, and been paid for it, her devotion—so they called it—was a commonplace, merchantable thing; and why should she be Annie's step-mother?

A week had passed, and each day brought a note from Mr. Lane, and every note she opened with fear and trembling. She barely read them. They were rather commonplace, and required no reply. But she dreaded lest a certain note might come, and when it did come she fancied a letter from her aunt would accompany it.

One afternoon Mary caught sight of a fishing-smack far out at sea. It is by no means certain that it was the *Josieanna*. It might have been a fancy of Mary's that it was, but she went down to the office and borrowed the glass and swept the horizon with it, and could see nothing but a blur on the wide expanse of water. Then she made up her mind that she never would look for fishing-smacks again. Why (she struggled to suppress the thought)—why had not Mr. Swenson asked some very simple question, not of her, but of her aunt? Well, she would not have been so very much offended had he inquired of her where her aunt lived. Was he so very timid, after all? Then she rehearsed every word Swenson had said, and she was astonished at her own memory. Naturally she remembered the various turns of the conversation, and she blushed crimson. Had she not inadvertently told Mr. Swenson that she was to remain a month at Feregus Point? Did mates of fishing-smacks ever visit summer hotels? Some of them might be out of place there, but certainly not Mr. Swenson. It was an absurd fancy. She ought to have insisted on his returning the piece of money. Why hadn't he spent it? But—she covered her face with her hands—why had she locked up, where Julia never could find it, a yellow faded wisp of plaited grass? It was rubbish, and some day, when it littered her drawer, she would, of course, throw it out of the window.

A servant came, bringing the usual letter from Mr. Lane. The note lay unopened for an hour or two. When Annie was in course of preparation for bed, Mary opened the letter. The first ten lines, so she thought, contained the gist of the communication; then there was a postscript to Annie. Mr. Lane had purchased a cottage at Long Branch with an astounding number of rooms to it, and Mary read, to her annoyance, that if arrangements could be made to purchase the furniture in the house, Mary and Annie were to leave Feregus Point. If the transfer was made he would send a telegraphic de-

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spatch at once. A maiden sister of Mr. Lane's was to live in the house. Little Annie, whose knowledge of written letters was scant, had to have her portion of the letter converted into easy English.

The reading of this letter was in the highest degree discomforting to Mary. She would burst through the web that was being spun around her. Then she thought over a word, a turn of expression, in that portion of the letter addressed to Annie. There came to Mary Acton the positive conviction that the postscript was more for her than for Annie. Between the lines of the letter addressed to the little girl Mr. Lane's admiration for her, Mary, was clearly expressed. It was a declaration. Mary could have torn up the letter in her anger. "It was unmanly," she cried, with tears in her eyes. "A woman can never be won so!" Then she read the letter more attentively than she ever had read any of Mr. Lane's epistles before, and found that throughout the whole of the letter, not only in the part to her, but in that to Annie, Mr. Lane's intentions were discernible. She blamed herself for her temper. "He does not write discourteously. I have no right to get angry. But the whole business must stop right now. But what am I to do? I can't abandon Annie. I would write my aunt, but she and Julia are out of New York. To be left with Mr. Lane and his sister in their new house would be to inflict a punishment on me I do not deserve. Where am I to go? What am I to do? Oh! I must write at once to Mr. Lane. Perhaps there may be some delay, and my aunt will be back, and the despatch that may come to-morrow with my marching orders—"

Next day there did come a lengthy despatch. Arrangements for the purchase of the furniture in the new house were progressing favorably. Mr. Lane would send by express some samples of stuffs for curtains. Would Miss Acton select what she thought would be most suitable? There was no intimation that Mr. Lane expected a reply to his last letter. Nevertheless Mary was miserable.

Of an early morning the large reception-room of the hotel was bare of occupants. Passing through it, Mary looked at its elaborate dreariness. It was not a bright morning, for a sea-fog was rolling up. It was chill and damp without. Even a walk on the porch with Annie was attempted, but the air was uncomfortably raw. So Mary strode up and down the big room in an uneasy state of mind.

There was a pretentious piano, and she played a chord on it. Then the Norse air came into her mind. For a week she had not thought of it. The melody was right, but it was bald that way; then to arrange it required harmonic circumspection. Mary's efforts were uncertain, tentative, with near approaches to discords. She was out of heart—miserably unhappy.

"Oh, dear me!" cried a voice that made Mary Acton spring from the piano stool. "Make it an A flat instead of a G. Repeat it twice. The rest of the chord will do, though not absolutely correct. Let me see. This is what you are doing. I take your place. See! I am quite indifferent to the discord, for the second time I strike the notes the harshness disappears. It's a music of surprises. You must have a good ear, Miss Acton." And just as naturally as if he had not left her a moment before, Mr. Swenson sat down at the piano and played for her.

"I am no pianist; but I studied it. I can play the organ. If I was not a fisherman I should have tried to play an organ somewhere or other for a living. And so it goes. Yet I do know something about composition." Then he talked as he played. "Dropped from the clouds? No; came out of the fog. The *Josieanna* lay all night just off the Point. It came up thick—thick as cotton—at midnight; and we couldn't move; and it's worse this morning. I almost lost myself in my boat trying to come in, for I rowed myself in all alone. Captain Blueman is not in charge this trip. You see, Miss Acton, when I play it over, how simple it is. It's not classical music. You seem frightened. I am very, very unlucky. I always burst on you in a most unfortunate way. I walked straight here; and from the porch I heard somebody playing the piano. 'Who knows a Norse air here?' I asked myself. And I looked in, and here I am."

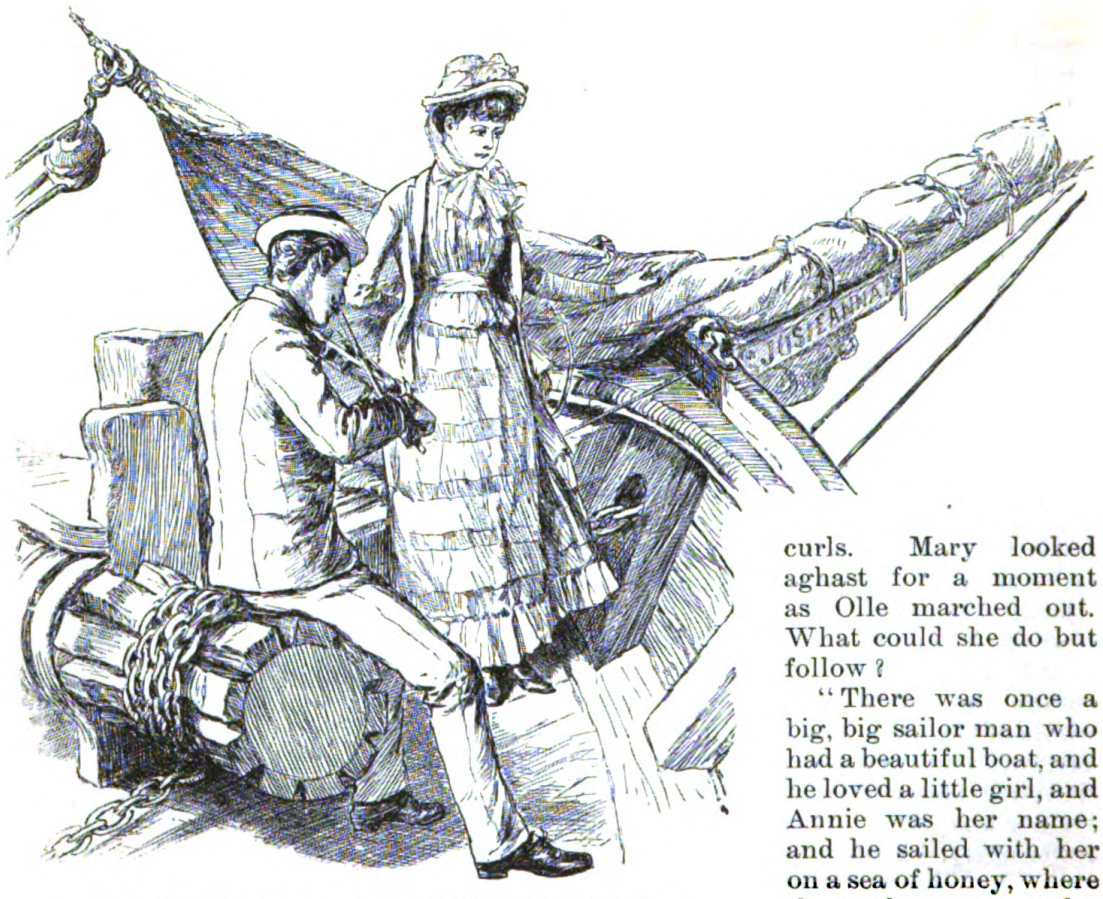
"It was a very sudden appearance, Mr. Swenson."

"And is that the little girl, Miss Acton?" asked Olle Swenson, putting the child on his knee.

"It was strange you came here to-day, for to-morrow or next day I should have been gone," said Mary.

But Olle was at the piano again. An-

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"OLLE PLAYED FOR THE WOMAN HE WAS TO MARRY."

nie was seated on his knee, and Mary could look at him now. He was making the little girl play with one finger, while with his own left hand he was accompanying her.

With the least judgment, and at little expense, a fisherman's mate can buy as comfortable and well-cut clothes as can a Wall Street broker. Perhaps Olle's gray flannel shirt was a trifle too low in the neck, showing overmuch of a bronzed throat, but then the blue navy cloth coat fitted him neatly, and Olle's feet on the piano pedals were shod in the nattiest of canvas shoes. His was the get-up of a working yachtsman, but it was only a man following the sea who could have tied such a knot in the voluminous black silk handkerchief, or sported such trailing ends to it.

Swenson seemed quite indifferent as to the piano waking up the sleepers in the house, for he was rolling out with Annie a rollicking tune. One or two early risers looked in. Olle stopped suddenly, picked up Annie, who now, perched on his shoulders, had fast hold of his brown curls. Mary looked aghast for a moment as Olle marched out. What could she do but follow?

"There was once a big, big sailor man who had a beautiful boat, and he loved a little girl, and Annie was her name; and he sailed with her on a sea of honey, where the rocks were candy, and all the fishes of pink sugar," said Olle.

"Oh, Mr. Swenson! Annie is a timid child," said Mary.

"Not a bit of it—not half so frightened as you are. Suppose we take refuge here," said Olle. It was a quiet little side room. "If only this fog would hold on a little longer;" and Swenson looked very grave now as Mary took a seat, and he stood before her, the child looking at some book on the table. "Miss Acton, can you stand another saga before breakfast?"

"I don't think I could. It might take away my appetite, and I am not quite sure whether you do not, Mr. Swenson—"

"What—serve them up *d'occasion*? It won't take a minute. It's quite a commonplace one. I will even spoil the interest in it at once. The long and the short of it is that Hedra's bodkin was found."

"Well, and what then?"

"One day a fisher's lad went paddling along the sea-beach, and the great lakes of water slid in, all bubbling like frosted silver, and then took the sun's tinge, and ran out as if of gold. The tide was low, and the banks of sand reared up their

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backs like seals basking in the warmth, when all of a sudden something pricked the fisher lad's heel. It was a crab, maybe, so he groped around in the sand, and —and—"

"No sequel this time, Mr. Swenson?"

"Yes, there is. Olle Swenson was on the sea-beach, and for a trifle the lad let him have Hedra's bodkin; and here it is;" and Olle drew out of his pocket a queerly wrought silver hair-pin. "Hedra's bodkin had changed from gold to silver. Oral tradition, as you know, Miss Acton, is full of blunders. Maybe the story-teller was at fault; but then, again, as it was an enchanted bodkin, there might have been transmutation of metals. See how old-fashioned is the ornamentation!" and Olle timidly placed the pin in Mary's hand.

"The story of this pin is so simple, pray forgive the fiction. I could not leave Norway without some relic—just to bring me good luck. This pin may be two or three hundred years old; and it was my mother's, and before her, my grandmother's. It is a family heirloom."

"But, Mr. Swenson, do you not see the impropriety of my accepting this pin or anything else from you?" said Mary, uneasily.

"Perhaps I do not," replied Olle. "I must, however, tell you, honestly, that were you a Norwegian woman the giving of this pin would mean—mean a great deal; but Miss Acton is not a milkmaid."

"I understand, Mr. Swenson; so pray let me return it to you."

"No. Under entirely changed circumstances it means nothing—at least, nothing as far as you are concerned. We make simply an exchange—what you call a Roland for an Oliver. I keep the quarter of a dollar—did you not say I might?—and you have the pin. My poor mother was a saint; and do not think I would give that pin to any woman I did not honor. I may be miserably unhappy for many a year to come, but I shall not curse my fate. Only if, instead of on the deck of a fishing-smack, you had made my acquaintance somewhere else—well, then there might have been a better chance for me."

"But, Mr. Swenson, you burst on me in this most precipitate way," said Mary—"so unexpectedly! I do not mean to say that you are taking me at a disadvantage, but you must remember that I am so entirely alone here."

"I find you, Miss Acton, looking sad and unhappy. Has anything happened? Of course I am unexpected. But New York Directories are useless things. I could not call on all the Mrs. Sterlings. I spent two whole days at it. The one hundred and odd Mrs. Sterlings I saw must have thought me quite crazy."

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Swenson, that you tried to find my aunt?"

"Certainly; was not that the right thing to do? I might as well tell you why. I wanted her—advice. Since I could not find her, I want yours, Miss Acton."

"Mine, Mr. Swenson?"

"Yes. Blueman offers me a share in the *Josieanna*, and I have saved a little money—enough to secure an interest; that is, one share. Shall I accept it? The other offer comes from a Norwegian school away out West. The people in Washington recommended me. It's the position of a naturalist. Am I to take off sou'wester and fisherman's boots and bid good-by to what is really a happy life to me, or shall I teach a class, and write long dissertations on sea-weeds, echinoderms, wear a seedy black coat, a white cravat, and take to spectacles when I am thirty? Now, Miss Acton, what am I to do?"

"How can I decide, Mr. Swenson? Why should you ask me?"

"Now one of two things. If you will take the pin, without any considerations, I will try and decide for myself. If you do not—as a good friend, entirely unbiassed—you will have to tell me what to do."

"Mr. Swenson, you are trying to entangle me in some sophistry, and you have, too, the knack of making me most uncomfortable. If—if I accept this pin, I may do so out of sheer womanly incompetency to judge of the merits of two careers which are so far apart. You must acknowledge that as this is only the third time I have ever seen you, you are indeed very, very exacting."

Swenson was at the window now, when he said: "Oh! Miss Acton, the fates are against me. I have just made out the top-mast of the *Josieanna*. If it would only thicken again! but the wind has veered. In a quarter of an hour I must be gone. I can't—I won't leave you, uncertain as I am. I am not going to stand it any longer. Miss Acton, I fell dead in love with you at the very first glimpse I ever had of you, and not a day has passed

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that I have not loved you more and more. Don't throw away the pin. It has fallen on the floor. Let me pick it up. I have been so much afraid that you thought yourself so far—far above me! You might have been some rich girl who would have despised me because I am so poor. You do not care for any one else? Oh! I am so terribly in earnest. May I dare write you?"

"But, Mr. Swenson, to write me is equivalent to an acknowledgment on my part that I am willing to listen to you," said Mary.

"I should write so absurdly in English—at least correspondence of a certain kind. I will write science," said Olle, with a smile.

"But, Mr. Swenson, it would not be science," said Mary, demurely.

"Won't it be? How do you know? I will write sagas, then, in the style of the *Arabian Nights*, with but one moral, the obduracy of women, or of a woman who would not tell her own mind, and you shall correct my defects of style." But Mary Acton was in no playful mood. "Will you give me your aunt's address, or must I wear myself out in finding you?" said Olle Swenson; and still the young woman hesitated.

"The fog has blown away, Miss Acton. Tell me at once that I may not write you, and I will understand that it is all over with me. You give me no answer? Dare you go down to the boat? My dory is tied to the pier."

Dared she go? She was hatless. She might run upstairs as if for her hat, and not coming down, break it all off at once.

"I will wait ten minutes in the room here, Miss Acton, and then, if you do not come, I—I will go. What a fool I was to think that you might care for me!"

Mary took Annie by the hand, scarcely bending her head to Olle. She might have returned to tell him how impossible it all was, when the clerk at the office called out, "Miss Acton, a telegraphic message for you!" He put an envelop into her trembling hand, and she was hurrying off, when the clerk added: "One moment, miss. There is a parcel for you too; came by express last night. Wait one instant till I get it out of the safe." Mary took a small package and went up the stairs. In her own room she glanced at the package. Was it possible? The pin was in her hand. She laid it on the table. There was time enough to send the pin down-stairs. She tore open the envelop. Mr. Lane would be at the hotel by the early morning train. That would bring him to the house in an hour from now. What was in the package? Mr. Lane had told her of patterns for curtains. Yes, there they were: red, blue, green. What were colors or designs to her? She let the parcel fall on the floor, but then there tumbled out a small morocco case. It contained a ring, in which was set a pearl, and out of it dropped a note in tissue-paper. The words written were brief: "Will Miss Mary Acton wear this—be my wife, a mother to my Annie?" Then came her trial. She would not let Annie see her trouble. So the child was sent into the hall. Five minutes—six—had fled. It was all clear and beautiful without now, and Mary could see the *Josieanna* standing a mile or more out to sea. What a strange, unknown life to her, having its novelty, that would be, if she ever sailed on that vessel again! It had its amusing side; and then the dull, humdrum existence, married to a man utterly uncongenial to her, and more than double her age! She without a spark of love for Mr. Lane—an Iphigenia sacrificed for a few mortal comforts! Who was there depending on her? No one. It was the other's cheerfulness, gayety, his straightforward honesty, that struck her fancy. His voice, his violin, were nothing. They were the simple accidents, the merest adjuncts, that helped to make him accomplished. Two minutes more were left, and the pin and the ring were side by side. This was no act in the *Merchant of Venice*, for she was Portia, with her eyes wide open. What were in the caskets were disclosed. How good-looking he was! Was he twenty-five or twenty-seven? and the other? What mattered it to her if men had their hands sunburnt and their finger-nails worn to the quick by honest toil! When he had plunged his arms in the bucket for the sea-weed there were no tattoo marks on them. The minutes were fleeting fast. She looked again out of the window. Did the watch of that fisherman's mate vary from hers? Why had he not given her a moment's grace? With his head bent down, Olle was walking rapidly to the pier. Was he not cruel, inclined to abuse his power over her? Now she recognized that her will was weakening. Suppose he had staid an

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hour, two hours, more, might not the result, as far as she was concerned, have been the same? Mr. Lane's coming would have only precipitated matters. Oh, the dreadful thing!—one poor girl with two offers of marriage on the same day!

There was a short-cut across the sands. You had to scrape through a narrow turnstile, and for once the short-cut was not the longer way. What cared Mary for hat or shawl?

"I have come, Mr. Swenson, to—to—to—" But she said nothing more, for all voice had left her. Olle Swenson put out his hand, and she took it.

"Poor, poor darling, and with nothing on your head!" and Olle took off his black silk scarf and put it over her head, and tied the long ends under her chin, and she let him do it. "And is it all over now?" he said, soothingly; "and may I kiss you? and is this our aunt's address? and pray don't cry, or I shall be miserably unhappy, and I am so full of joy! But I must leave you now, and I have ten thousand things to say to you, Mary, but I must be off;" and he kissed her again and again. "I will write every day;" and he got into his boat and pulled out to sea.

Now that it was done, the girl's spirits rose. To meet Mr. Lane was a matter of utter indifference to her. She would not mince matters. That was not her way. Why, when Mr. Lane came to her, did he assume the manners of a man who considered her acceptance of him as an accomplished fact? There was some deliberateness about the way Mary drew off her gloves, and showed him a hand without a ring on it. He seemed to expect that there would be a particular ring there, for he looked quite intently at her hand.

"Perhaps, Miss Mary—perhaps the ring was too large. It couldn't have been too small, for Mrs. Sterling had very kindly given me the exact measure," said Mr. Lane.

"I never tried it on, sir," replied Mary. "Mr. Lane, your proposal honors me; but, Mr. Lane, I cannot be your wife. I love another man." It was the first time Mary had ever said that aloud, and she was a little bit amazed that her voice did not quake. Quite to the contrary, she found the utterance of these words was easy to her.

"How can that be, Miss Mary? Mrs. Sterling assured me that your affections were quite disengaged, otherwise let me assure you that I would not have presumed to urge my suit."

"I did not know it myself, Mr. Lane, until this morning."

"This morning! That was quick work. Could it have been that yachtsman who landed here so mysteriously this morning?" inquired Mr. Lane.

"Mysteriously, Mr. Lane? He was not a yachtsman; nothing more than a fisherman's mate," said Mary.

"Bless my soul, Miss Mary! can it be possible? A young lady of your merit, worth, and so highly educated, to throw herself away on a common sailor!"

It was an unfortunate speech of Mr. Lane's. To a rejected suitor a woman is sometimes merciless.

"Mr. Lane! Mr. Lane! Mr. Swenson, save that he is poor, is quite your equal, and certainly in point of education very much my superior; and Mr. Swenson would never have been so forgetful as to have made such—such a speech as you have addressed to me. It is quite possible that, had I married you, your friends would have said you had thrown yourself away on your little girl's governess. Of course my remaining in the hotel for a moment longer cannot be thought of. I shall hate to leave Annie, for she is a very sweet child, and I have a great deal of affection for her. Although it is inconvenient for me to go to Long Branch, I shall be very glad to go there at once, by the mid-day train to-day, and as your sister is there, Annie can be placed in her charge."

Mrs. Sterling cried over it a great deal, as did Julia, but Olle Swenson had a very persuasive way about him.

It was a shy courtship, without anything of its former impromptu. Perhaps it was fortunate for Olle that his visits were at long intervals. He would be with Mary for a few hours, and away for weeks. When the winter came, with its dread stories of wrecks and the lives of fishermen lost, then Mary Acton was in agony. The wind never blew but that she was sleepless. Olle dropped a great deal of his sailor-like ways. Then came long letters from Norway. Professors of universities wrote to Mrs. Sterling, and their communications were eulogistic of Olle Swenson. Then some English people, nothing less than a lord and his son, wrote expansively about Olle. They

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had known him as a boy and a man. As for Olle's father, what the old English gentleman wrote of him was most touching. Norway and salmon-fishing had lost half their charms now that Olle was gone; and as for Olle's honesty and integrity, all that was fully vouched for. More than that, Lady Elenor sent to Olle Swenson's *fiancée* some handsome jewelry. The lady wrote she had never been to Norway, but that her husband and her son often talked to her about that excellent Norwegian lad, and that Olle Swenson was very dear to her, because her son, having met with an accident while hunting, owed his life to Olle's nursing. Olle's uncle wrote too. Business was prosperous. He was childless. Wasn't Olle to be his heir? Olle knew that well enough. Why had he gone, then, to America? Were there nicer girls in America than in Gamlé Norgé? (old Norway). He must suppose so. Anyhow, he was glad Olle was going to be married. The Swensons, every one of them, had been decent people. He had no family pride, still it was something for folks to know that there were Swensons buried in old Trondhjem church.

"Ah!" said Olle, when he translated that portion of the letter to Mary, "the veriest old klip-fish of an aristocrat that ever lived, and as proud as can be! You can have no idea with what scorn just such an old fellow as my good uncle looks down on the rest of the human race who do not happen to be Swensons. The Bernadottes are interlopers to-day to my uncle Lars Swenson. I left Norway because I had an awful row with my uncle."

"And pray, Mr. Swenson, what was the occasion of this row?" inquired Mary.

"Because he wanted me to marry a rich Bergen girl, a cousin. He had selected her for me, and so I ran away. I didn't behave badly. The lady liked somebody else. Ah! I knew what was coming. This will interest you. 'What is the price of cold-pressed cod-liver oil? And give me, too, that new-fangled way they have in the United States of putting up codfish. You were a dunce, Olle Swenson, to leave me. You thick-headed booby you, don't you know that some day what is mine will be yours?'"

Summer had come again, and wedding days were suggested and not accepted, until at last Olle Swenson lost patience. Olle had been absent a week. It is decidedly distressing to state that Olle smelled outrageously of paint when he came back.

"The smack has been entirely refitted, Mary, and you and your aunt and Julia are to sail in her to-morrow, and Blueman is to have charge of her. Will you come, Mary?"

"Yes, Olle, since aunt and Julia have consented."

"We won't get on board at the Fulton dock, but at a slip higher up, Mary; and it will be an early start, so that we may reach Stamford before nightfall," said Olle.

The *Josieanna* never looked more beautiful. In the cabin was a huge bunch of roses. To correspond with the general elegance, Captain Blueman wore a white shirt with a prodigiously high collar. Mrs. Blueman was on board too, in the smartest and most crackling of purple silks. Tom was there, looking very warm, as if he had been working very hard over his cooking stove.

"This looks, Olle, like a rehearsal of the Feregus Point incident, less Captain Brill," said Mary, with a happy smile.

"The wind will hold, Mary, and Stamford will be reached, and, Mary, there will be a clergyman there, and there is to be the most quiet and simple of ceremonies, and then we leave on the smack your aunt and Julia, who will come back to New York, and Olle Swenson and his wife will take a little trip by themselves."

"A sailor's wedding, Olle? It looks like it. And is it to be a surprise? But it is not, Olle Swenson. How do you suppose my dress could have been fitted unless I knew? I knew. Now, Olle, come forward and talk to me. Pray sing for me."

"Dear, my voice is cracked. Bawling out orders in northwesters has spoiled it."

"Then play for me. I know where your violin is;" and Mary went below.

"Oh! oh!" said Olle, joyously, as he opened a violin case. "Why, it's my dear old violin, all the way from Norway! the blessed old instrument my father owned! the one he taught me on! Did you ruin yourself to buy it, Mary?"

"No. I expressed a desire to buy it: I had heard you talk about it. I wrote to your uncle, and he found it, and presented it to me, and now I give it to you."

Then Olle went forward, Mary follow-

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ing. She leaned against the folds of the jib, and Olle played for the woman he was to marry as he never played before. The rest of the party were too discreet to follow the two.

The breeze was a humming one, and Blueman at the wheel let the *Josieanna* have a free sheet. The high collar was too much for him. Gradually it wilted. Then he took off his coat.

"It's durned nonsense, Mrs. Blueman, expecting of me to hold on to her when she's a-bouncing this here way. Here, old gal, take away these fancy trimmings, and bring me up one of Olle's jerseys. In this here rig I'm worse off than in a strait-jacket."

And Mrs. Blueman said: "You never had no manners anyways, Jake Blueman;" but she did as she was bid.

"Oh, it was the biggest thing you ever seed," said Tom, a few days afterward. "Just the prettiest bride that ever was. Old Blueman gave Olle away—that's what they call it—and, boys, the bride she kissed me. I baked the cake, and I put on it in sugar an M and an O, with 'From your Devoted Friend Tom.' Nobody was in the church but our party. All the boys was there. The fellows didn't know, so they was surprised, but I was in the secret. But, I say, I heard that Olle's going to leave us, and I shouldn't be surprised if it's true. They do say he's got a berth as second officer on a passenger steamer. Tell you what, boys, there's no use talking: music did that business for Olle Swenson. He was the bulliest fiddler in the whole fleet. He ketched his gal that way off Feregus P'int."

NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NARKA had not been to see Marguerite since the meeting. If any one had asked her why, she would have said it was because she had been busy or absent at Marguerite's convenient hours for seeing her. But the true though unacknowledged reason was that she shrank from the contact. Marguerite's pure and uncompromising orthodoxies somehow always rebuked her like a living conscience; and now that her mind had become tainted with guilty knowledge, and was tacitly, half-consciously conniving at it, she did not dare intrude herself on a life that was filled from morning till night with placid sanctities, sweet and common as daisies in the grass, and wholesome as a field of new-mown hay. She was afraid to meet those true, innocent eyes that were bubbling up with happiness and trust in God and man, like clear fountains in the sunlight. She avoided Marguerite since she had set her foot upon the downward path—for Narka knew that it was a downward path. Those articles of Basil's had fanned the flame of her love and fired her imagination, but they had not blinded her reason. She saw clearly enough the logical link between those blood-stirring appeals and the doctrines enunciated at the meeting.

Marguerite, meantime, was too busy to go to people who were able to come to her. She heard from Madame Blaquette that Narka was well and out every day, and this was enough. She had, moreover, heavier cares than usual pressing on her for the moment. La Villette was "nervous"; in other words, it was making ready for a revolution. The elders of the community, enlightened by past experiences, recognized signs and symbols which Marguerite's quick intuition could not have failed, even without this warning, to notice. The district echoed with sounds and silences that were not to be mistaken. The wine-shops were crowded late and early, and through their closed doors there came reverberations of that alcoholic oratory which to the Parisian *ouvrier* is like a lighted match put to powder. A more significant sign to Marguerite was that the orators avoided her. She noticed that men who habitually met her with a bright kindly word now turned round the corner when they saw her in the distance, or, if they came up with her unexpectedly, hurried on with a curt salutation. Clearly they were fighting shy of her, and she read the reason in their sullen averted

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faces and in the troubled eyes of the women.

Madame Blaquette, whom Narka frequently met coming in and out, seemed much alarmed, and hinted at some great impending catastrophe; but Madame Blaquette was so well known as a croaker and an alarmist that no one paid any heed to what she said. One afternoon she came against Narka in the entry, and clutched her arm in great excitement: "Oh, mademoiselle, we have had the narrowest escape! Just think! The house opposite is watched by the police, and such odd-looking people have been hanging about! Three days ago a box was brought to a man who lodged there a month ago. They wouldn't take it in, so the porter carried it over here, and said if I kept it for a couple of days it would be called for. I, never suspecting anything, took it into my room, and this morning it suddenly occurred to me that it might be an infernal machine!"

"Oh!" cried Narka, with a gesture of dismay.

"I went off at once to the commissaire de police, and he went to the Préfecture, and three men came just now and carried it into the backyard, and took all *sorts* of precautions in opening, for if it had exploded, you know, the whole street would have blown up!"

"But it didn't explode?"

"Oh no; it was a sewing-machine. But only think if it had been the other!"

"But it wasn't the other," said Narka, half amused, and half vexed at having been so taken in.

"All the same we have been most mercifully preserved," insisted Madame Blaquette, "for it *might* have been the other, and I might have been buried at this moment under the ruins of my own roof. We ought to be on our knees thanking God."

Narka, with an impatient shrug, passed on, laughing, into her room. As she took off her things she looked out at the house opposite. It was a dingy, disreputable-looking house, with a battered face, and windows so crusted with dirt you could not have seen through them—a house that looked as if it might want watching; but probably there was as much foundation for its bad character as for the providential escape from the sewing-machine.

She was turning from the window, when she observed an unusual movement outside; a number of *gamins* were rushing to stare at something; presently an open carriage with liveried servants drew up before her door. Flushed and excited, she went to receive Sibyl.

"Oh, my darling, what a funny place you have come to!" exclaimed Sibyl, looking round her like a person bewildered.

"Yes," said Narka, with a constrained laugh, "it is a funny place for you to come to pay a visit. I wonder what your servants think of it?"

"My servants? I should as soon think of wondering what my horses thought of it!"

Narka laughed again. "Yes," she said to herself, "horses and servants are the same sort of cattle to you, only with different prices."

They sat down, Sibyl glancing round her with a kind of half-alarmed curiosity.

"Do you know, I am very angry with you," she said. "What business had you to steal a march on me and come off to this outlandish place the moment my back was turned?"

"I was obliged to come away; I could not remain where I was."

"You might have gone down to Beaucrillon and waited there. Have you made a vow never to come and stay with me?"

Narka made no answer for a moment. Then looking at Sibyl with an expression half grave, half comical, "Do you remember," she said, "how we laughed over that remark of Madame de Staël's, that a woman who was unhappy with her husband ought never to leave him for a day, because it made it so much worse for her when she had to come back to him?"

"Where is the bad husband here?" said Sibyl, glancing round as if she half expected to see him hiding somewhere. "Have you gone and married unbeknown to me?"

"The husband is only a figure," replied Narka, amused. "The fact is, the contrast between my life and yours is too great, the charm and splendor of your home make the hurry-scurry and sordid vulgarities of my own look worse to me. I have made up my mind not to risk it, not to try to snatch at what has been so completely taken from me. It is much better for me to stay in my own corner and toil and moil, and never try to escape and put on my silk gown and sit idle like a lady. I feel such a sham when I go to you and play the lady!"

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"What nonsense you are talking! You are a sham when you try not to play the lady, as you call it. Your ladyhood is as inalienable as the shape of your eyes or the color of your hair. I don't know what you mean by sordid vulgarity; a life of intellectual labor is not sordid or vulgar. It has always seemed to me a grand thing to owe everything to one's self. I should have been very proud if I could have earned my own living."

The sentiment was sublimely absurd in Sibyl's mouth, and yet it did Narka good to hear her speak so. It raised her in her own eyes to hear Sibyl say that working for bread was a grand thing. There was still a virtue in Sibyl's touch that was like nothing else.

They talked about other things, and then Sibyl said: "And Marguerite? You see her often? How is she?"

"I hope she is well, for she works like a little pony. She is goodness itself to me."

"I am so glad, darling! But Marguerite is an angel."

"I knew that already; but I have discovered here that she is a genius. She would have made a first-rate queen. She has a genius for governing. If you could see how she manages the roughs and the drunkards! The people positively worship her; there are all sorts of stories abroad about the miracles Sœur Marguerite works; how she multiplies the soup and the rations beyond all natural explanation. Where she gets the money for all she gives away in food and clothing is certainly a kind of miracle."

"Oh, she is not a bad beggar!" said Sibyl, laughing; "her genius extends in that direction too. I must go in and see her on my way home." Then, taking Narka's hand in her own, "But tell me about your voice, dearest?" she said, anxiously: "I have been haunted by the thought ever since I heard from Marguerite that you had lost it. How I did long to fly to you that moment and hold your hand while you were passing through that terrible anguish of the first discovery! But it is sure to come back. Have you tried it since then?"

Before Narka could answer, there was a quick tap at the window, which was only a few feet from the ground outside, and something like a great white wing fluttered past.

"It is Marguerite," said Narka; and, doubly glad of the interruption, she went to let her in.

The cornette seemed to bring in the sunshine with it.

"I guessed who was responsible for the scandal of a powdered flunky in this respectable neighborhood," said Marguerite. "Who ever thought of your ladyship's being in town at this time of year? Business? Well, Narka is not so badly off, you see?" and she glanced admiringly round the room, to which, in spite of its tiled floor and whitewashed walls, the grand piano under its rich embroidered cover, and flowers and books about, gave a gracious, home-like air.

"If the outside were only as good as the inside. But what an awful neighborhood it is!" said Sibyl, lifting up her hands. "As I drove up here the wickedness of the people's faces, the way they scowled at me, made me shudder."

"You need not have shuddered," said Marguerite, with a little toss of her head. "The worst of our people up here is they are not hypocrites; they wear their wickedness outside instead of in; but half the time it is pain that makes them scowl, poor creatures! When hunger is griping a man's inside, it is enough to make him scowl. I'm sure it would me."

"You always stand up for your people here," said Sibyl, "but you know very well, dear, they are the scum of the city."

"I know nothing of the sort; they may be the dregs, but they certainly are not the scum—the scum is at the top. You must look to our *monde* for that."

"We don't get drunk, at any rate."

"Humph!" Marguerite remembered certain *traits de mœurs* she had heard at Yrakow, and admired Sibyl's impudence. "Perhaps it would be better for them if they did," she said, defiantly. "I know a few respectable Pharisees whom I should love to make so drunk that they would roll under the table. That might take the pride out of them, and send them up to the Temple to strike their breasts and get justified."

Narka burst out laughing. "The Pharisees get no quarter from Marguerite," she said.

Sibyl looked half inclined to be angry. "Well, if she is fond of publicans, I should think she is satisfied up here. The shouts and yells from the wine-shops as I came along were perfectly awful. It reminded me of the shrieks of the damned."

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"That can't be a pleasant noise," said Marguerite; "but I would rather hear that than the laughter of the damned."

"I did not know they ever laughed in hell."

"I fancy they do now and then; I fancy when the Pharisees are stripped of their shams and shown up naked at the judgment-seat, their countenances on finding themselves in that predicament must be a sight to make even the poor devils laugh."

"The poor devils? Well, if you are going to stand up for the devils!"

"It would be a good thing if we had their zeal and their perseverance," retorted Marguerite.

"You need not envy them their spirit of contradiction, at any rate," said Sibyl, good-humoredly, feeling that she had made a hit.

"Give it up, Sibyl—give it up," said Narka, triumphing with Marguerite, who had had the best of it up to this.

But Marguerite had not thought of triumphing; she only thought of defending her poor people. "What news have you from St. Petersburg?" she asked, turning the conversation.

Sibyl slowly lifted her shoulders, and with a sigh slowly let them down. "I'm afraid my father is growing weak. Basil has persuaded him to wait and give him time to live down his foolish passion. I fear Basil has entangled himself deeper, and in more ways than we suspected. And he has broken through all restraint with my father, and rails against the tyranny of the Emperor and the miserable condition of the people, and goes on like a lunatic. The wonder is that my father bears it. But the wonder of all is that any one so clever as Basil can be such a fool! As if our moujiks wanted to be free! As if they would know what to do with themselves if they were sent adrift tomorrow like English or French peasants! To give them perfect freedom would be to make them miserable."

"My dear Sibyl," Narka protested, with a laugh, "would a lark be miserable if you opened its cage and set it free?"

"Yes, it would, if it had been born in a cage. That is what you and Basil don't consider." (How that "you and Basil" made Narka's heart leap!) "Human beings, like animals, are only happy in the conditions they are born to. A savage is happy in savage conditions; our civilized ways would be misery to him. Fancy a red Indian, roaming through his forests in a bead necklace, suddenly trapped, and his free limbs packed into pantaloons and top-boots!"

"We Russians are not quite red Indians," said Narka. "We have been slowly educated up to top-boots these fifty years past."

"*Un*fortunately!" said Sibyl, with intense emphasis. "Our people were much happier before they ever heard of top-boots. They were content with their lot, just as the camel that toils all his life through the desert is content; but if you bring a camel up as a pet to eat and drink and lie in the shade, and then load him and turn him out into the desert to tramp without water under a vertical sun, do you think he would be content?"

"He would be a great fool if he were. But what does that prove?—that the majority of human beings ought to be treated like camels?"

"They ought not to be unfitted for their allotted work."

"Allotted? Who allotted it? When God created the world did He allot the millions as camels to the tens? Did He authorize you to treat the people as cattle?"

"I don't think we ever treated our people as cattle," said Sibyl, surprised and resentful.

"You did not; but others around you did, and you might if you had chosen. I don't believe God ever meant to place the majority of His children in jeopardy to that choice."

There was a passionate vibration in Narka's voice that reminded Sibyl how cruelly the choice had been used against her kindred. The remembrance smote Sibyl's heart, if not her conscience. There was an awkward silence, when Marguerite exclaimed: "Good gracious! is that three o'clock? I had only meant to stay ten minutes, and you have beguiled me into wasting twenty! Dear Sibyl, you will be interested to hear that I am as poor as a rat, and ready for any spare cash you may want to get rid of. I just mention it in case you should not like to ask me. Now I must be off!" She kissed her and hurried away.

"Where is she going in such a hurry?" inquired Sibyl, when Narka returned, after closing the door.

"She is gone to dress the wound of a carter whose leg was smashed under a

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stone, and then amputated. It is a frightful case. Marguerite dresses the wound twice a day."

Sibyl shuddered. "It is extraordinary how hard Marguerite has grown; she can stand by without wincing and look on at those horrors, while the very sight of blood makes me sick. But it is much better for one's self and others not to be so tender-hearted. I should think the atmosphere of this place, with such misery all about as Marguerite describes, must be very bad for you, Narka, it is so depressing. And you want to be cheered up. Now I look at you, my darling, you seem very tired. I am sure you are overworking yourself. You want rest. You ought to be lying down this minute. I wish I could stay and put you on the sofa and read to you for an hour. Have you any nice books?"—she glanced round at the table. "When I come back I will *insist* on your letting me take care of you." She stood up, and looked into Narka's great pathetic blue-black eyes, and then opened her arms.

Narka let herself sink into the loved embrace which had so long been her haven of sweetest rest; but suddenly she recollected how that soft little hand had clutched an imaginary knout and cut open in desire the flesh of the woman whom Basil loved. The recollection made her blood run cold, and she drew herself away from the clasping arms.

All this time a crowd of *gamins* were collected at the door outside, staring at the grand equipage and chaffing the fine flunky. When the owner of this splendor came out they ceased their chaffing, and stood in silence, watching the ceremony of her getting into the carriage and sinking back on the cushions, while the fine flunky arranged her silken skirts, the glossy thorough-breds meantime tossing their heads and pawing the ground, and giving every sign of impatience and disgust. Finally they moved on, spurning the stones contemptuously, and striking sparks with their steel hoofs—a comical parody on human impudence and conceit admirably performed by well-bred beasts.

As the carriage with its liveries and emblazoned panels jolted lightly down the roughly paved street, the pageant drew gazers to doors and windows, and Sibyl again passed under the fire of those sullen glances which to her betokened the excess of wickedness. Clearly these people needed to be held down with a hand of iron.

Narka watched the carriage out of sight from the door-step. As she was turning in she saw Madame Blaquette standing in the middle of the street, and earnestly gazing into the palm of her hand.

"God direct me!" ejaculated the landlady, in a voice evidently intended to reach Narka. Then, looking up: "Oh! it is you, mademoiselle! I was just considering whether I ought to bestow an alms on this poor woman or not; she looks deserving, but I may be deceived."

"As you have taken out the penny, I think I would bestow it," replied Narka.

"That is *precisely* what I feel about it. Then, in God's name, I will risk it." She presented the penny to the beggar, who had been patiently waiting while her fate was discussed.

Narka glanced at her and noticed that she wore green spectacles, and a bandage over one side of her surprisingly red face. "I should not have said that she looked deserving," was Narka's reflection as she turned in-doors; "but I don't suppose Madame Blaquette's penny will do her much harm."

CHAPTER XXX.

It may have been fancy, but when Narka went out next morning it certainly did strike her that there was something abnormal in the looks of the people and the atmosphere of the place. But she set it down to the effect of Sibyl's shudderings and denunciations, and turned away from the idea. Moreover, her own nerves, she knew, were always at full stretch, generally beyond it, and it was always safe to distrust her own impressions. She bethought her that she would go down to the House and hear what they said there.

"Was Sibyl dreaming, or did she really smell brimstone in the air yesterday?" asked Narka, walking into the dispensary, where Marguerite was pounding herbs in a mortar.

"I'm afraid she smelt something." Marguerite replied, without looking up. "I wish you had gone away with her."

"I would not have gone if she had asked me; but she did not ask me."

Marguerite made no comment to this, but went on with her pounding.

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"Oh, Marguerite, what a fool I have been all my life!" Narka burst out, passionately. "I see now Sibyl never cared a straw for me. She never loved me a bit, and she has been feeding me on false sacraments of love all my life!"

"Mon Dieu! how you do exaggerate everything!" said Marguerite, looking up and tossing her head. "You are so terribly morbid that you turn everything in life to tragedy."

"And what has life been to me but a tragedy ever since I can remember? It is easy for you to preach, but it is enough to drive me mad to see how little Sibyl cares about me. To hear her talking sentimental stuff about longing to hold my hand, when all this time she never asked how I managed not to starve! Good God! if I were in her place and she in mine! But I am a fool—a fool!" she repeated, passionately.

"Yes," said Marguerite, with uncivil acquiescence, while her cornette bobbed in merry accompaniment to the pestle; "you were a fool when you made an idol of a creature; and, as I told you before, it is the tumbling down of your idol that is hurting you so terribly. You expect too much from Sibyl, because you gave her more than you ought to have given to any human creature."

"Not near as much as you have given."

"I?"

"Yes, you; you have given everything to your fellow-creatures—your time, your energies, your whole life. I never gave that to Sibyl."

The pestle stopped, and Marguerite looked up in amazement.

"But I have not given that to creatures. I have given it to God. That is just what makes the difference."

There was no answer to this. It shifted the ground of the argument too far. After a moment's silence Narka said, "And so you think there is going to be an *émeute*?"

"I am afraid there is something brewing. One feels the throbbing of the kettle before it boils over." Marguerite laid her open hand downward on the air, as if touching water.

"Does it break out all in a moment like that?"

"So they tell me. Our Sisters have seen terrible explosions, just like gunpowder. The men go down into the streets and fight; barricades start up in every direction as if by magic, and then there is firing and slaughtering, and the seven devils are let loose and the people go mad; first their heads go mad, and then their hearts."

"Do hearts go mad, dear?"

"I think they must. I do believe that hatred creates madness, just as fever does when it gets to one's head. And it is so much harder to cure a mad heart than a mad head! Hatred is such a malignant force! Where it breaks out it devours everything; it is like fire. That is the dreadful thing in these revolutions; they are hatred in a state of combustion."

"Are you afraid the people will attack the House?"

"Oh no; they never hurt us. But a lot of our poor people will get into sad trouble. The police have been re-enforced, and the troops are consigned to the barracks, and swarms of detectives are prowling about the district. We have set the children to pray, two by two, in the church all day, and M. le Curé gave us leave to watch ourselves in prayer all to-night."

"Is it so near as all that?" Narka exclaimed, in surprise; "and you never said a word about it to me!"

"It was only this morning that we heard how alarmed the government was, and the stringent measures that are being taken."

Marguerite put aside the pestle and mortar, and took down from the wall the little basket she carried on her errands.

"You are going to visit some sick people? Let me come with you," said Narka.

"No; it is a case of small-pox; you had better go home. And if there be any movement in the streets to-morrow morning, stay in-doors. It may blow off, as these threats sometimes do; or it may be held down. But we shall soon know. *Au revoir*, dear."

They parted at the gate, and Narka went home. Now that her eyes had been opened to observe the signs of things that were coming, the rebellious element in the air had become distinctly sentient, and her pulses were quickened to sympathy with it. She too had wrongs to redress, and she was ready to side heart and soul with the people around her who were going to rebel and seek redress for theirs. She did not stop to ask whether these wrongs were real or not; she was in a mood to applaud rebellion; her whole

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heart went out in sympathy with it. These people, like her, were the victims of tyranny; they were politically free, but they were the slaves of those merciless tyrants, the rich; they were ground down under the heels of the latter; they were starved and exasperated to violence by the inexorable rapacity of the capitalists. This might be justice in the eyes of the law, but in the sight of God it was murder. In the sight of God the rich man had no more right to use the brute force of money against the poor man than the strong man to use the brute force of muscular strength against the helpless paralytic. But they arrogated the right, and this was the universal wrong that was crying out for vengeance all over the world.

The passion of revenge had been sleeping in Narka's heart, ready to wake up at the first opportunity. Time had not made less heinous in her eyes any of the wrongs that she had suffered, or weakened her sense of their injustice. Herein lies the vital difference between pain and evil—the flight of time, passing over pain, effaces the very remembrance of it, and washes away the traces of suffering, but it leaves the memory of evil and the ruin it has made untouched; the lapse of years atones for nothing; forgetfulness is not remedial of guilt. It was not the fact of her father and brother having died in Siberia, of her mother lying in the graveyard at Yrakow—it was not these sorrows in themselves that rankled and festered in Narka's heart, making it burn for revenge and throb in passionate sympathy with rebellion; it was the fact that those deaths were the work of human cruelty and injustice. What could be done to better the world while these sinister powers of evil were ruling it? There was nothing but to rise up and destroy them.

She got out those articles of Basil's and read them. They were like the sound of martial music to her excited nerves. She was putting them away, when the concierge knocked at her door and handed in a letter. It was from Ivan. Was this news of Basil? Narka opened it eagerly. This is what Ivan said:

"On the 10th there will be a meeting at which some important news will be communicated. If you don't write to forbid me, I will meet you in the gallery of the Luxembourg on Friday at half past one, and we will go together."

This invitation would have been to Narka like the braying of the trumpet to the war-horse if she had not already been to one of the assemblies in question. She suspected the news was about Basil, but even this temptation could not lure her again into the company of Olga Borzidoff and the rest of them. She was ready to sympathize actively in every effort to overthrow tyrants, but she would rather go out and fight on the barricades, if barricades there were to be, than deliberately come into contact with the people she had met before at one of these clandestine meetings. Besides, who could tell what might happen between this and the 10th? She went to bed late, and dreamed all night of Basil, of dangers shared with him, of hair-breadth escapes, of rescue at last, and then she awoke and found herself still alone, and life still a tragedy in which the romance of love had yet to be enacted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Narka went out to make her little provisions next morning she perceived at once that there was a movement of some sort on foot. The people were out in the streets talking excitedly in groups. She asked a young workman what was the matter.

"The people have risen," he said, triumphantly. "I have been helping at the barricades since daybreak; I have only run off to get a mouthful of food. We are going to have a *journée*. Keep in-doors, *ma belle citoyenne*—the troops are coming down the boulevards—unless you like to come and lend us a hand on the barricades."

He marched off in high good-humor, proud as a peacock; the women were looking after him, some like furies, others scared and anxious.

Narka hurried home, made a hasty meal, and put on her bonnet to go down to the House. As she opened her own door she saw Dr. Schenk on the threshold, with his hand on the bell.

"You are going out!" he said, in surprise.

"Yes; I am going to the Sisters' House. It seems there is an *émeute*." She stood back, and he came in.

"Yes, a very serious *émeute*. You must not venture out into the streets; the firing

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may begin anywhere at any moment. I have come to take you away. You can't remain here in the midst of such danger. Put up what you want in a little bag, and come away at once. I have a cab waiting at the corner of the Rue X——; we can get round through a back way." He spoke with quiet authority, just as when she had been his patient he had ordered her to do this or avoid that. Narka was bewildered.

"Where do you want to take me to?" she said.

Dr. Schenk looked at her in silence with a steady gaze that had something magnetic in it. Then, drawing a step nearer, "There is only one place where you can go with safety and dignity," he said; "that is your husband's house. Don't start, Narka; listen to me. I have loved you from the first hour we met. I did not come to tell you so, because I was afraid it might have driven you from me. I knew you must be slowly won, and I was satisfied to wait. I would have waited seven years. But there is no time to wait now; I am driven to speak; it is the only way of rescuing you. I love you. Accept me for your husband, and I will trust to winning your love by the strength of my own, by the whole devotion of my life."

Narka had been too startled and surprised to speak. "Why, I thought you knew me," she said, hesitating, and her color rose and spread to a beautiful carmine. "Did not Ivan tell you? I am engaged to Basil Zorokoff."

"That is an idle dream," said Schenk, unmoved. "You will never be Zorokoff's wife."

"What do you mean?"

"He will never marry you; he does not love you."

"How dare you say that!" cried Narka, and the blue fire flashed from her eyes.

"He does not love you," Schenk repeated, in the same quiet tone. "If he loved you, he would not have left you all this time to work for your daily bread alone, battling with the perils and cruelties of want. Don't tell me he could not help it. If he had loved you he would have helped it; but he loves nothing but ambition. He might have married you, from a sense of honor, if he had been his own master. But love you! Child, your love sweeps over him in a high tide of passion that he no more vibrates to than an oyster vibrates to the roll of the Atlantic!" The words were full of passion, but Schenk's voice was as cold and level as if he had been speaking on any ordinary subject; the fire in him was at white heat; but it did not appear; it was concentrated within. There was something unhuman in this cold-blooded self-command that repelled Narka, indescribably, but it helped her to be calm.

"Dr. Schenk," she said, trying to keep her loathing out of her voice, "I will not forget that you have shown me great kindness; but I must remind you that nothing can justify your speaking of what is strictly and sacredly personal to me. I am as sure of the love of Basil Zorokoff as I am of mine for him. You are not capable of understanding a nature like his. He is too far above you."

Schenk smiled compassionately. "Keep your illusions," he said; "I don't want to destroy them; I only want to prevent them from destroying you. You are sacrificing your youth to a phantom. Zorokoff will never break through his present bonds to marry you. His own indifference is in league with the strong will of his father and his sister. Give up that dream. Worship him as a patriot, if you will, but give your love to me. I love you with my whole soul; I will be your slave all my life. You care nothing for the gauds that other women covet; but these too I can put at your feet; my fortune is ample. Be my wife, Narka, and let us work in the good cause together." He held out his hand to her, but she fell back with a gesture of denial. Schenk thought it expressed disgust. "My hand is clean; there is no man's blood upon it," he said, and there was a sinister gleam in his eye.

Narka, stung to the quick, flashed back at him a glance of hatred and defiance. "That taunt covers a cowardly lie," she said; "but I am glad that you uttered it; it shows me your true character, and enables me to dismiss you without a shadow of regret. Go, and never cross my path again!"

She pointed to the door, but Schenk did not obey her. He turned away, and paced the room twice, three times; his head was bent, his right hand was thrust into his breast, his features were working convulsively. There was something terrible and pitiable in the sight of this sudden passion, in the agony of conflict that was going on within him. Narka, standing

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by the mantel-piece, watched him, divided between fear, anger, and a rising sense of pity. He had flung his love so generously at her feet, she felt sorry for him, in spite of those insolent and cruel words. Suddenly Schenk came and stood before her. The change that had taken place in him within the last few minutes was frightful to see; his sallow pallor had turned to a livid gray; there was a red line across his forehead, as if he had been struck with a lash. "Forgive me," he said, meekly; "I have behaved like a fool and a brute. My love for you must be my excuse. I love you so madly there is nothing under heaven I would not have done to win you. But I will never trouble you again. Try and forgive what I said of Zorokoff. There was nothing in it. It was the fling of a jealous man. Jealousy makes men mad. I was mad just now. But it is past. And now what can I do to help you? Is there no friend that you can go to?"

Narka's passionate anger was disarmed, but with it her strength of self-command gave way. She struggled to hold it for a moment, and then burst into tears. Schenk forced her gently into a seat, and stood over her, waiting.

"I am very sorry this has happened," she said, after a while, lifting her head and swallowing a sob; "I am very sorry. No, there is nothing you can do for me. Good-by."

"I can't bear the idea of your being here alone," he said. "Is there no one within reach?—Madame de Beaucrillon?"

Narka made a negative movement with her head. "I don't run the risks up here that you imagine. The people won't hurt me. I am Sœur Marguerite's friend. I was going down to the House to see her."

She stood up. Schenk saw there was no use in urging her.

"I will see you that far," he said; "as yet the road there is clear."

He opened the door, and they went out together. Narka noticed the beggar standing at the door of the house opposite. It struck her as odd that she should be quietly stationed there waiting for pennies at such a crisis, for nobody was abroad except those who were going to fight. The street had already undergone a change: every shop that had a shutter had put it up, and everybody had gone in-doors.

Narka saw and felt the change without being conscious of it. Those cruel words of Schenk's, "he might marry you from a sense of honor, but he does not love you," were like the bite of a snake in her flesh. They walked on rapidly to the House, and did not speak until Schenk said good-by to her at the gate.

The court was a scene of extraordinary excitement; people were coming and going; the children of the schools were flocking in; they had been sent home, but the parents had come back with them, entreating the Sisters to keep them over the night.

"But where are we to put them?" exclaimed Sœur Jeanne, in dismay; "every bed, every mattress in the house is more than filled."

"Pack them up to the infirmary," suggested Marguerite.

"The infirmary!" retorted Sœur Jeanne. "There are ninety children packed into it already; they have hardly room to turn round."

"What does that matter, *ma sœur*?" urged Marguerite; "where there is no room for ninety, there is room enough for a hundred. Get along with you all to the infirmary!" And the children, in high glee at the lawless opportunity, went tumbling up the stairs.

"Oh, Narka, I am so thankful to see you!" cried Marguerite, perceiving her. "Here is a note from Sibyl; it has just come. She wants us both to go off with her to Beaucrillon by the noon express."

"Are you going?" inquired Narka.

"I? What a notion! I thought nobody but Sibyl could have imagined such a thing possible," Marguerite laughed. "Just think how busy we are going to be!" she went on. "The big school-room is turned into an ambulance, and they will be carrying in the wounded as soon as the fighting begins."

While she spoke there was a detonation of fire-arms, first a single shot, then a volley, followed by a prolonged shout that rose in the distance, and came gradually nearer as street after street took it up. The women who were in the court hurried away; the Sisters went quickly indoors with the children, who had lingered outside, full of curiosity and delighted excitement. In the twinkling of an eye the place was cleared, and Marguerite and Narka were left alone at the gate.

"You had better run home at once," said Marguerite; "the road is still clear. But don't loiter, and don't stir out while the firing lasts. It is not likely—"

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The sentence was cut short by a terrific volley that sounded much nearer this time. Marguerite turned pale, and made the sign of the cross.

"Why may I not stay here with you?" said Narka. "I could help in the ambulance."

"Yes, you might"—Marguerite hesitated—"only I may be sent down to the barricades to attend to the wounded who can't be carried here. Still, if you like—"

As she spoke there came rushing past the gate a band of roughs, shouldering muskets and shouting a ribald song.

"And these are the people you are going to risk your life for?" said Narka—"men who probably don't even know the name of God!"

"Perhaps not; but God knows their name, and has died for every one of them. That is why it is worth while," said Marguerite. She spoke calmly, but Narka could see that she was agitated.

"Are you not afraid, dear?" she said, looking tenderly down on the small figure.

"Afraid?" The question implied something which stirred Marguerite's blood. *Noli irritare leonem* was the motto of her house, and though the lion lay dormant beneath the dove, just as the lady's silken attire had disappeared under the peasant's gown, there were moments when the lion woke up, and when the antique French patrician, than whom the womanhood of all the races offers no loftier or lovelier type, asserted her inalienable dignity. "No, I am not afraid," she said, with penitent humility. "What is there to be afraid of?"

"The firing, the bullets: suppose you were to be killed?"

"Killed? No such luck!" Marguerite tossed her head and laughed.

A suspicion darted through Narka's mind. "Marguerite, you are wearied of your life," she said.

"Wearied of my life? I should never be wearied of it if I did not get homesick now and then."

"Ah! Then you do regret the life you have renounced?"

Marguerite looked up in quick surprise, and then began to laugh. "I meant homesick for heaven. If I were shot down at the barricades in the service of charity, it would be like martyrdom, and I should go straight to heaven. Would not that be luck, dear Narka? Only such a grand death is much too good for me to expect." She gave a little sigh. She looked very tired, though she was excited. Something in her manner and voice struck Narka to the heart. Could it be that this longing for martyrdom was prophetic? Narka resolved to stay and share the risks, whatever they might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEFORE THE RAIN.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

THE blackcaps pipe among the reeds,
And there 'll be rain to follow;
There is a murmur as of wind
In every coign and hollow;
The wrens do chatter of their fears
While swinging on the barley-ears.

Come, hurry, while there yet is time,
Pull up thy scarlet bonnet.
Now, sweetheart, as my love is thine,
There is a drop upon it.
So trip it ere the storm-hag weird
Doth pluck the barley by the beard!

Lo! not a whit too soon we're housed;
The storm-witch yells above us;
The branches rapping on the panes
Seem not in truth to love us.
And look where through the clover bush
The nimble-footed rain doth rush!

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THE NATIVES OF SIBERIA.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

THOSE who are accustomed to maps of Asiatic Russia tinted in a single color, and to imagine therefrom that the vast space is inhabited by one nationality only, will be surprised to learn that, ethnographically considered, there are about thirty peoples over whom the Czar reigns between the Caspian and the Pacific. They may be roughly divided into the inhabitants of the Tundra and the Steppe, the former spending their lives in the northern bogs, which are frozen during the winter, and thawed to the depth of a few inches only even in summer, whilst the latter live under a parching sun in a rainless region relieved only here and there by a fertile oasis. Such broad statements as these admit, of course, of modifications, but are sufficient to indicate why the river Irtish may be considered a line of parting between the habitats respectively of the two classes of people.

The inhabitants of the Tundra live in Siberia proper, and are confined thereto, with the single exception of the Samoyedes, who extend beyond the northern slopes of the Urals, and push their way westward as far as Archangel. It was there in 1878 that I bought some of their productions. On the east their territory stretches as far as the Yenisei, and I passed through a portion of their southernmost land when approaching Tomsk. East of the Yenisei, in the most northerly promontory of Asia, the Yuraki, and further south the Tunguses, the latter wandering over a larger tract of country than any other, not in Siberia only but perhaps in the world, for their country stretches, with certain interruptions, from the Yenisei to the Sea of Okhotsk, a distance in a straight line of about 2000 miles, and in some parts to half as much in width. The breaks alluded to are the valleys of the Lena, which are occupied by the Yakutes.

The remaining tribes of northern Siberia are those dwelling north of the Sea of Okhotsk, such as the Yukagirs and the Chukchees, on the shores of the frozen ocean, with the Koriaks and Kamchadals, who inhabit the northern and southern parts respectively of the Kamchadale peninsula. In the eastern portion of Manchuria, about the lower waters of the Amur River, we meet with different races of people from those yet mentioned, in the Goldi, Gilyaks, and, on the adjacent islands, the Ainos. To these indications as to locality of the principal Siberian tribes it only remains to notice that about the head waters of the Yenisei and Lena, that is to say, in the vicinity of Irkutsk, are found the Buriats, whilst west of them and stretching as far as the river Irtish is the country of the Siberian Tatars.

Speaking generally of the tribes of Asiatic Russia, it will be anticipated that they differ widely from one another in appearance. When in the bazars of Turkistan, one meets with the tall, moderately stout Tajik, with white skin, abundant beard, long, arched, and slender nose, thin, straight lips, and good teeth, his forehead high and wide, arched, ample eyebrows, in fact, one of "nature's gentlemen," who needs only European education to lift him high in the anthropological scale. His neighbor, the Uzbeg, is less pleasing in appearance, has a darker skin, and more of the "animal" about him.

Passing to the Kirghese, we have a type of mankind still less pleasing in European eyes than either of the foregoing. He bears unmistakable traces of his Mongolian nativity. The head, indeed, is not very large, but the cheek-bones stand out, though not sharply as those of the Mongols generally. The skin is bronzed and yellowish, the covered parts, however, being white, especially with the women. The forehead is low, flat, and wide, and the nose blunt and short. The mouth, too, is large and wide, the lips nearly always thick, and the teeth large, but of incomparable whiteness. The aspect of the face as a whole is wide, flat, and angular, whilst the ears are always large and standing out. The body is vigorous, hands and feet small, calf almost none, and the legs curved through continual riding.

The poorer specimens of humanity, however, in Asiatic Russia are to be found on the Tundra rather than in the Steppe. When steaming on the Obi I was struck with the diminutive stature of the Ostjaks, their dark hair and eyes, and flat features. This flatness of features was

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quite outdone when, further east, I came to the Buriats, who have large skulls, square faces, and low and flat foreheads. Their cheek-bones are not only high, but wide apart, the nose flat, eyes elongated, and the skin swarthy and yellowish. But of all the types of the human race I met in Siberia there were none that struck me as so low as the tribes of the lower Amur, especially the Goldi and the Gilyaks.

The physiognomy of the Goldi is distinctly Mongolian. Some of the men wear felt hats purchased from the Chinese, but the women for the most part keep to the high conical hat, worn also by the Yakutes. The outer garment of man and woman is alike in form, save that on the skirt of the woman at the bottom is a row of coins or buttons. They make their baskets of birch-tree bark, and imitate some of the customs of the neighboring Manchu, amongst others that of shaving off the hair, with the exception of a tail which they wear on the top of the head. In fact, they resemble, if the expression may be allowed, debased Chinese, and so to some extent the "Celestials" regard them.

The Gilyaks rank several degrees lower in the scale of beauty, or rather the lack of it. They are diminutive, usually below rather than above five feet, their eyes are elongated, the skin tawny, and the hair black. They have not the open and clear physiognomy of the majority of the Tunguses, and their little eyes sparkle with a dull brilliance, to which must be added they have squat noses, thick lips, and prominent cheek-bones.

This variety of appearance in the natives of Asiatic Russia has, to some extent, its counterpart in their habitations, which are of two kinds, those belonging to the nomads, and those belonging to the settlers. The nomads of both the Tundra and the Steppe live in tents, but whereas the wanderer on the Steppe has a tent of felt supported on an elaborate framework of considerable dimensions, and sometimes lined even with silk, his northern congener dwells in winter in a tent of skins spread over a few poles meeting at the top, whilst in summer the skins are replaced by pliant sheets of birch-tree bark; or, again, the Goldi builds himself by the river-side a fishing box that would be regarded in England as a tolerable garden summer-house.

The winter houses of the Goldi and Gilyaks have more pretensions to comfort and convenience than might be expected from so uncultured a race. They are largely built of wood, have a flue running round three of the walls beneath a divan, whilst the light from without endeavors to struggle through window-frames stretched over with paper or fish-skin. Some of the houses near the river are built on posts, in order to be above the reach of floods, while both inside and around are tall racks for the drying and storing of fish, so that the scent of a Gilyak interior is anything but agreeable. The houses of the Yakutes tell to some extent of their Turkish origin, for they have an awning projecting in front, such as one sees in the houses of the Caucasus, but while in buildings of the Turks further south their windows are open to admit as much air as possible, the Yakutes block up the openings with sheets of ice, pouring around a little water, which quickly freezes, and whilst admitting light, keeps out the cold.

When we come to the houses of the settled population of Turkistan we have buildings of mud, whether for prince or peasant. I scarcely remember meeting with a private native dwelling-house of brick or stone throughout central Asia. Nor have they about their houses much wood, for it is expensive; but the rich glory in two stately carved wooden pillars, on which rests the canopy or awning that is erected in front of their palaces or mansions.

As regards the food of the aboriginals of Asiatic Russia, vegetarianism cannot be said to have made much headway among the nomads, whether in Siberia or Turkistan.

Deprived for so many months of the year by snow of the sight of anything green, when the Siberians kill a reindeer they carefully empty its stomach of the undigested moss the animal has eaten, and serve that up as a delicacy, but in winter they get little vegetable food besides. Even with nomads of the Steppe, what flour food they eat is taken chiefly in the form of gruel. It struck me as a strange contrast of dietary customs when the Archbishop of Vernoye informed me that they intended to send monks as missionaries of the Russian Church to the Buruti or Kara-Kirghese, for the Russian monks eat no meat, and the Buruti eat no bread,

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so they proposed to cut the knot by planting a station on the shores of Lake Issik-Kul, where the holy men could feed on fish.

The Kirghese of the Steppe live in the summer almost entirely on milk, variously prepared, whilst the rich eat of mutton as their staple food, with the addition of beef, and occasionally camel's flesh. In the north, the Yakutes are fond of horse-flesh. A Yakute bride on her wedding day sets before her lord and master as the greatest of delicacies horse-flesh sausages, with a boiled horse's head, of which the brains are the most dainty morsel. The quantity too of horse-flesh they eat is appalling. Their adage says, that "to eat much meat, and grow fat upon it, is the highest destiny of man." I myself was not present at one of their orgies, but as far back as the days of Strahlenberg it was said that four Yakutes would eat a horse. Once more, the Gilyaks exist on a very different kind of food, for they are almost ichthyophagi, salmon being their principal diet. This fish comes up the Amur in such numbers that they can be tossed out with a pitchfork. Even the dogs go into the stream and catch for themselves, and salmon such as the finest seen in London may be purchased in the season among the Gilyaks for a penny each. The fish, cut up and dried, without further cooking, are eaten, a piece of similar size per day serving alike for the Gilyak and one of his dogs. I went to the lower Amur disposed to confide in the theory that fish diet, by reason of its phosphorus, was calculated to give brain power to students, but after seeing the miserable specimens of humanity in the Gilyaks who live on fish, my belief in this theory has been rudely shaken.

The Gilyaks make another use of the salmon which I do not remember to have heard of in other countries, inasmuch as they employ the skin for garments. Hence the Chinese call them "Yupitatze," or fish-skin strangers. The fish-skin is prepared from two kinds of salmon. They strip it off with dexterity, and by beating with a mallet remove the scales, and so render it supple. Clothes thus made, I need hardly say, are water-proof, but they have an objectionable smell to noses polite. I was fortunate enough to purchase on the Amur a fish-skin coat, which I believe in England is unique, for there is nothing like it in the British Museum. It is hand-



TATAR WOMAN.

somely embroidered on the back, the intermixture of colors being skilfully wrought in needle-work.

Fish-skin, however, is used only for summer clothing. In winter the Gilyak delights to clothe himself in the skins of his dogs, or of fox or wolf, as being next warmest. The tribes further west, as indeed do all the Siberian people, employ the skins of the reindeer and elk for winter clothing. Such immense numbers of the elk are killed that in some years one may buy in the town of Yeniseisk alone as many as ten thousand skins.

The Siberian Tatar adopts a costume that approaches the European, in that he wears a long cassock not unlike that of a Russian priest, whilst the Tatar women dress still more like Europeans, and wear a cap something like their Armenian sisters in the Caucasus. The Turkish stock generally throughout Turkistan robe themselves in loose dressing-gowns, or khalats, whence the Russians call them in derision "Khalatniks." The khalats are all of one shape, but they differ vastly in materials. The commonest are of cotton, some have a mixture of silk, others are wholly of silk of the gaudiest colors. Among more than a score of "changes of raiment" pre-

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DR. LANSDELL IN SAMOYEDE COSTUME.

sented to me by the late Emir of Bokhara there were some of crimson satin embroidered with gold, others were of Indian cashmere, and one to envelop me from head to foot of pea-green velvet.

To speak of the male portion of the nomad populations of Asiatic Russia in respect to their occupation savors somewhat of a delusion, for the men are incorrigibly lazy, and leave the work to the women. The nomads are, for the most part, breeders of cattle. Some of the Kirghese are said to possess hundreds of camels, thousands of horses, and tens of thousands of sheep and goats, as will readily be understood when it is added that without reckoning the provinces of Akmollinsk and Semipalatinsk, there were in the remaining parts of Russian central Asia, in the early part of the Russian occupation, no less than 390,000 camels, 1,600,000 horses, 1,160,000 cattle, and 11,000,000 sheep, the total value of the whole being estimated at about £10,000,000. The possessions of the Yakutes and certain branches of the Tunguse family, notably the Manyargs on the upper Amur, consist of horses, which serve to carry the scanty property of their owners, and which are sufficiently hardy to find their food in winter by scraping away the snow with their feet. Among the Koriaks, in the far northeast of Siberia, it is no uncommon thing to find a man the possessor of from four to five thousand reindeer; some are said to have up to 15,000. The Koriaks strongly object to sell a deer alive, but a pound of tobacco will purchase one slain. At Okhotsk the animal costs from twenty to thirty shillings, and on the Amur as much as £5.

Having spoken thus generally of the aboriginals of Asiatic Russia, let me describe some of them more particularly, and what I have seen among them. The number of the Samoyedes was estimated ten years ago at 5700. Some would classify them as Finns, but others treat them as a race apart. Their manner of dressing is sufficiently typical to give an idea of that of the other northern tribes. First is put on a pair of short trousers made of reindeer-skin, reaching down to the knees, and fitting tight. Then stockings of *peshki*, the skin of young fawns, with the hair inward. Next come the boots, called *poume leepte*, meaning boot-stockings, reaching almost to the thigh, the sole being made of old and hard reindeer hide, with the hair pointing forward, to diminish the possibility of slipping on the snow. I bought a "lady's pair," lined inside with the softest fur, and made of white reindeer-skin without, sewn with strips of darker skin, and ornamented in front with pieces of colored cloth.

The clothing of the lower limbs being completed, a more difficult feat remains in having to work one's way from the bottom to the top of the tunic, or *sovik*, which has an opening to put the head through, and is furnished with sleeves. Mine has a high straight collar, but in some cases the collar rises behind above the top of the head, like an inverted "sou'-wester." The costume is completed by a cap of reindeer-skin, with strings on either side ornamented with pieces of cloth. One winter I wore my *poume leepte* in a bitterly cold night during a journey outside an English coach, to the surprise indeed of the country folk, but to my own great comfort.

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I was presented at Archangel with a remarkably fine pair of reindeer antlers, brought by the Samoyedes, and measuring nearly four feet from the skull to the extremities, which are a yard apart. The brow-antlers are 13 inches long, and the bes-antlers, or those next above, 16 and 18 inches respectively, whilst the total measurement of antlers and branches is upward of 14 feet.

As elsewhere, brandy is a great curse in the land of the Samoyedes. I was given to understand when in Siberia that the Russian government forbids the sale of spirits to the northern natives, but traders smuggle them in, and I was told that it was often very difficult to trade with these people before giving a glass of vodka, having received which they are irrepressible in clamoring for more. Men may be sometimes seen in the towns who have brought in their Samoyede wares to barter for winter necessaries, and who are beguiled into exchanging the whole for spirits, and thereby reduce themselves to beggary.

When sober, however, the Samoyedes have at least one pleasing trait in their character, in that they are remarkably honest. The Tobolsk merchants, for instance, when they go north in the summer to purchase fish, take with them flour and salt, place them in their summer stations, and on returning leave unprotected what remains for the following year. Should a needy Samoyede pass by, he takes what he requires, but leaves in its place an I. O. U. in the form of a duplicate stick, duly notched, to signify that he is a debtor. Then, in the fishing season, he comes to his creditor, compares the duplicate stick he has kept with the one he left behind, and discharges his obligations. The intellectual development of the Samoyedes is exceedingly low. They do not, I believe, possess even so much as a copy of the gospels in their own tongue, though a commencement was made more than half a century ago to translate the gospel of St. Matthew. The same gospel was translated some years since into the language of the neighboring Ostjaks by a priest at Obdorsk, but was not published.

With the Ostjaks I made acquaintance during a voyage on the Obi. They came to the river's bank offering provisions at absurdly low prices—a pair of ducks, for instance, for 2½*d.*, ten brace of grouse for 1*s.*, a couple of pike, weighing, I suppose, twenty pounds, for 5*d.*, and at some of the villages difficult of access I heard that a young calf could be bought for 6*d.*

The Ostjaks are not yet generally supplied with fire-arms, but continue to shoot squirrels with a blunt arrow, taking care to hit the animal on the head, so as not to damage the fur. Their bows are six feet long, made of a slip of birch joined by fish glue to a piece of hard pine-wood. The arrows are four feet long, the head consisting of either a ball for striking small fur animals, or a spear-like weapon for larger game. I heard on the Obi of feats of archery which far outdo the traditional shot of William Tell. The captain told a fellow-passenger that on one occasion he saw an Ostjak mark an arrow in the middle with a piece of charcoal and discharge it in the air, whilst a second man, before it reached the ground, shot at the descending shaft and struck it on the mark.

South of the tract roamed over by the Ostjaks lies the territory of the Siberian Tatars. In driving from Tiumen to Tobolsk on the Irtish I passed through the battle-fields which witnessed Russian victories over these people in the sixteenth century. The Tatars differ from the majority of the Siberians in that they have a history, and can point to great princes who made a name for themselves in the annals of the world. They are, in fact, remnants of those who, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, under Jenghiz-Khan and his descendants, overran northern Asia, and pushed their way to the banks of the Volga, whence they long proved formidable antagonists to Russia. At length came their disruption, after which the Russians subdued them piecemeal in Europe, and Yermak wrested from them their land between the Urals and the Irtish. I found villages peopled exclusively by Tatars between Tiumen and Tobolsk, but Tatars were frequently seen also living among the Russians. Not that the two races blend, however, for one is Christian and the other Muhammadan. The traveller is reminded of this by noticing that the Tatars, when on a journey, carry with them their wooden basins, for the more exclusive of them will not drink from a vessel used by the Russians.

Together with the Tatars may be mentioned the Bashkirs, whose land lies between the Volga and Ural rivers, and who

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were subject to the Tatars of Kazan. When these latter were overcome by Russia, the Bashkirs tendered their submission to the new conquerors, but did not desist from making incursions into the territory of the Russians, who were then compelled to fortify their frontier settlements, and to make an uninterrupted line of earthworks from village to village. In 1574 the Bashkirs voluntarily petitioned for the construction of a Russian town in their country, and with the foundation of Ufa and Samara, Bashkiria became permanently attached to Russia. I travelled in this district from Samara to Orenburg and beyond into the Steppe so recently as the summer of 1885, and think of it chiefly in connection with *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk. Not only did I visit a large establishment near Samara where patients are treated with this diet, but I met in Orenburg Dr. Carrick, who brought some Kirghese to the Health Exhibition in London, and who in the Bashkir country has a large herd of mares, whose milk he condenses (after the fashion of Swiss cows' milk) to serve for babies' food. He pointed out that next to the mother's milk this was best, since women's, mares', and asses' milk are almost alike, but all very different from cows' milk. The mares, he said, were milked several times during the day, the foals being with their mothers only by night. Of the milk thus obtained nine parts of the water is taken away by boiling *in vacuo*, the remainder being preserved, not with sugar (as in Swiss milk), but by glycerine. Then, by restoring the nine parts of water, milk can be made which can be fermented for making koumiss, or which serves for infants' food. The experiment has succeeded well in Russia, the medical faculty speaking very highly of the results of this food for babies.

The Bashkir women dress in a fashion midway between the Tatars and the inhabitants of central Asia. On the breast they love to wear a highly ornamented sort of bib, decorated with tinsel, jewelry, and coins, of which last also the Tatar women are fond as pendants to the hair. The Bashkirs wear their mantles resting on the top of the head instead of the shoulders, and nearly hiding the face therein, resembling the women of Bokhara, only that the latter are closely veiled.

I pass now from the tribes of western Siberia, who are being gradually influenced by Russian civilization, to speak of those in the eastern portion of the country. I came in contact with the settled Buriats on the east and south of Lake Baikal. Many of them are employed in the Russian postal service, and are excellent drivers. I entered a Buriat house near the Mongolian frontier at Kiakhta, and was invited to drink tea. To have declined would have been considered highly impolite, but to see the tea served and to drink it was no small trial. Over the fire hung a large open iron pot containing a bubbling liquid covered with scum. In this was a ladle, which our fair hostess filled and refilled and emptied back into the pot. Then, scraping the scum away, she took a ladleful of the decoction, poured it into cups, and gave us to drink. It was brick-tea flavored with salt, and, I suppose, rye meal and mutton fat added, so that it will not seem matter for surprise if I say that after tasting it I had an accident, upset the beverage, and declined a second cup.

The Buriats in 1876 numbered 260,000 souls, the largest native population in Siberia, and the only one amongst whom English missionaries have been allowed to labor. In the first quarter of the present century three men went out to Selenghinsk and Verchne Udinsk, where they translated and printed the New Testament in the Buriat language. They had also a school, and tokens of success were not wanting; but the work was stopped by the Russian Synod, the members of which were jealous of foreign interference, and found an occasion for dismissing all foreign missionaries from the Russian dominions, under the pretext that the Synod wished to do all its own mission work for its own heathen. The Englishmen, therefore, about 1840, had to quit the country, leaving behind them, however, a sacred enclosure I visited in Selenghinsk, where lie the bodies of five members of their families, whose graves silently tell their own tale of British labor and Christian self-denial.

The Buriats appear to be not deficient in intellectual power, for the missionaries taught some of them Latin, and they had prepared an elementary work on geometry and trigonometry in the Buriat language. This language is a dialect of Mongol, with Manchu, Chinese, and Turkish corruptions. It abounds in nasal and guttural sounds. They employ the Manchu al-

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BASHKIR MAIDEN.



BASHKIR MAIDEN.

phabet, written in vertical columns from the top to the bottom of the page, the lines running from left to right.

The religion of the Buriats is of three kinds, Shamanism, Buddhism, and Christianity. Shamanism appears to have been their old religion, and still holds sway over those who are farthest north, and so farthest from Buddhist influence. Buddhism, however, is the religion of the greater portion of the people, and was originally imported from Thibet. The lamas or priests are treated with great respect, and every Buddhist Buriat likes that one of his family should follow the priestly calling. Hence the lamas compose a sixth or more of the population. The lamas are forbidden the use of spirits and of tobacco, the former lest excess "should disorder the brain of the student of the divine oracles," and the latter because smoking "is conducive to indolence, and tends to waste leisure hours which ought to be devoted to pursuits affording instruction as well as amusement." The Christians of the Russian Church among the Buriats number several thousands. I know not how far the Russian missionaries have built upon the foundation laid by the English (they use, at all events, the New Testament translated by them), but when I was at Selenghinsk in 1879 I heard that about forty men were engaged in nine districts in the Russian mission to the Buriats. A priest upon whom I called at Verchne Udinsk informed me that on the eastern side of Lake Baikal were baptized annually about three hundred Buriats, and on the western side more than one thousand, so that probably this people will be gradually absorbed into the Russian Church.

From the country of the Buriats I drove to the Amur, on whose banks I came in contact with those semi-Chinese races that interested me more than any I saw in Siberia, namely, the Gilyaks and Goldi. The Gilyak country extends over the northern half of the island of Sakhalin, and about three hundred and fifty miles up the stream, southward from Nikolaefsk, at the mouth of the Amur. I visited two of their "villages"—that is, if a collection of half a dozen houses can be so called—at Mukhul and Tyr, and I met a former "elder" of the "white village." I asked him concerning the number of the Gilyaks, to which, replying for his own locality, he said, "We have sixty men and more women, but the children we have not counted." The Gilyaks tie up the hair in a thick tail, but do not, like the Manchu and Goldi, shave it, hence they were called by the Chinese "Long-hairs."

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Their diseases, in common with the Goldi, are rheumatism, ophthalmia (caused by hunting in the snow), and syphilis, the last having been introduced by Manchu merchants. Insanity is rare among them. Their women have few children. Six is thought a very large family. I was amused to see their method of suspending babies from the roof, strapped in a wooden cradle very much like a butcher's tray, and unable to move hand or foot. The habits of the Gilyaks are exceedingly dirty. They are said never to wash. A telegraph engineer told me that he one day gave a Gilyak a piece of soap, which he put in his mouth, and, after chewing it to a lather, pronounced it very good. The Goldi are said to be slightly on the increase, but the Gilyaks, from the time the Russians first knew them, have been dying out.

Women occupy a low position among the Gilyaks and Goldi, who are polygamists. Betrothal dates from childhood. The father chooses the bride for his infant son, a rich man paying from £5 to £20 for a girl five years old. At Nikolaefsk there happened to come into a shop where I was a Gilyak girl, with her mother and father, of whom I ventured to ask if his daughter were matrimonially disposed of. He replied at first that he did not approve of mixed marriages between Gilyaks and Russians (as he supposed me to be), but when I pressed him further he said he had sold her, and that dearly. At Mukhul the price of a wife was given me from £10 to £50, whilst I heard elsewhere as the selling price for a bride from eight to ten dogs, a sledge, and two cases of brandy, though, if she have "a good nose," she fetches rather more. The bride-elect is brought to the house of her future father-in-law, and when the girl is twelve or thirteen and the boy eighteen, they are married.

The Russian missionaries do not allow polygamy among their converts, so that if a native who has many wives desires to be baptized, he is compelled to elect one, and be properly married to her. On hearing this I naturally asked what became of the rest, and was told that they were returned to their respective fathers at half-price!

The Gilyaks know almost nothing of affairs outside their own little world. Those with whom I endeavored to exchange a few ideas through one of them who spoke a little Russian, seemed a people the lowest in intellect of any. I have met one father I spoke to not knowing his daughter's age, nor even his own, for he said they kept no account. It was difficult to convey to their minds any but the simplest ideas, and they have no written signs.

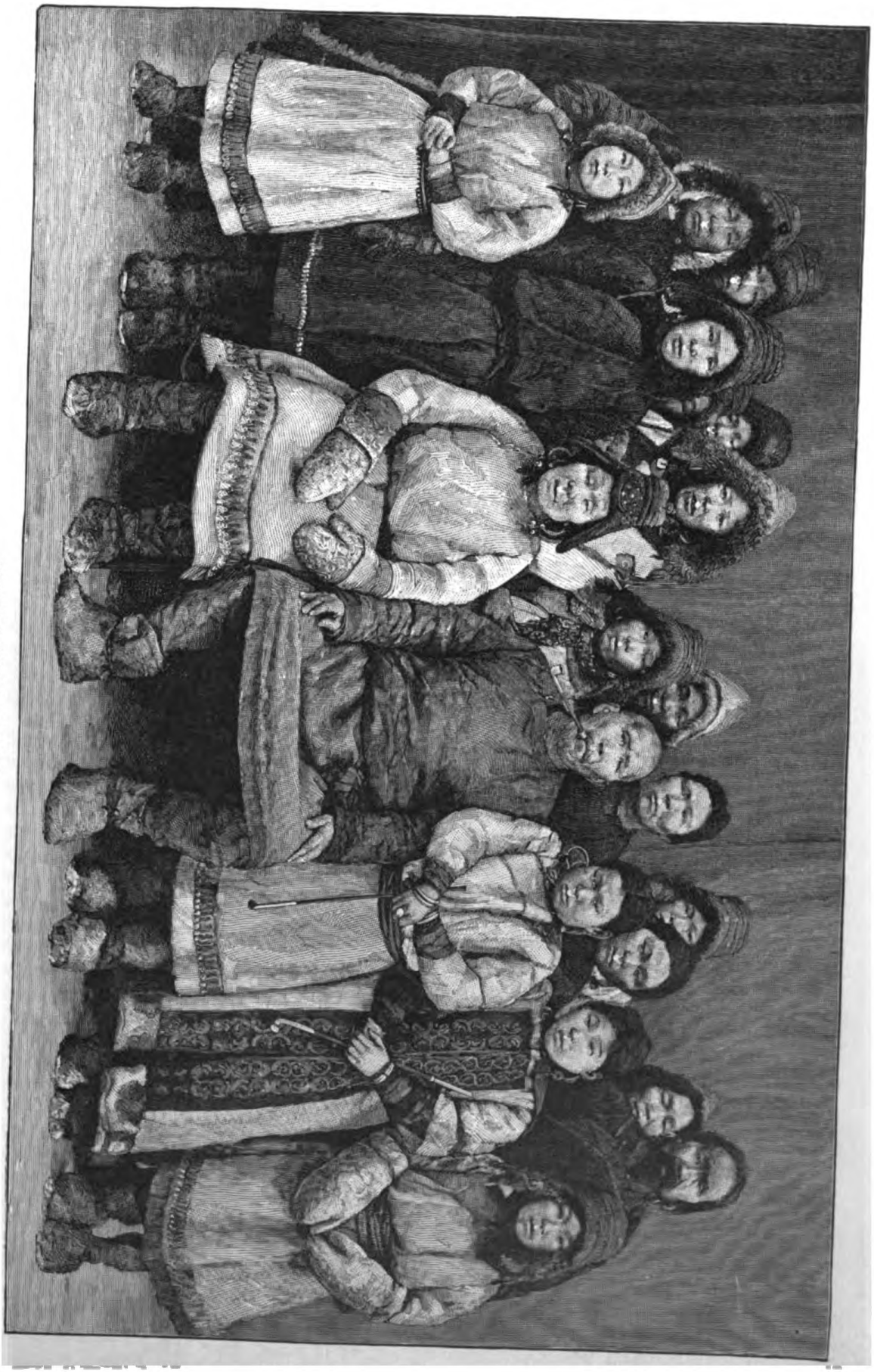
Before the Russian occupation the Gilyaks were dependent on the Manchu for their merchandise. Hence their adoption to some extent of Chinese customs and materials of dress. Now, however, the Gilyaks come to the Russian towns, especially to Nikolaefsk, where they not only sell their fish, but begin to purchase Russian articles.

Dogs are their means of locomotion in winter; a team, I learned, may consist of any odd number from seven to seventeen, a good leader being worth fifty shillings, and an ordinary dog from eight to ten shillings. The sledge is made of boards, five or six feet long, and eighteen inches wide. A team of nine dogs draws a man and two hundred pounds of luggage an entire day, each dog receiving a piece of fish a foot long and about two inches square. Nikolaefsk, when founded in 1853, was the seat of the Governor of the province. It had an arsenal, machine shops, and a dock-yard, in which eight hundred men were employed. But its glory has now departed, for the residence of the Governor was changed to Vladivostock, eight hundred miles to the south. The dock-yard is closed, and the population of the place has greatly decreased, though it is still the biggest town of which the Gilyaks have any conception.

The neighboring Goldi do not usually come so far north. Their habitat extends southward from that of the Gilyaks up the Amur to the mouth of the Sungari, and also up to the head waters of the Usuri. A Russian missionary I met laboring among them estimated their number as about six thousand. This priest gave me a photograph of a group of Goldi Christians wearing ear and nose rings, and embroidered garments of fish-skin. I set great store by the picture, for it is a rarity. The natives have not yet become vain enough of their faces to overcome their repugnance to being photographed. This group had been taken for the priest who baptized them.

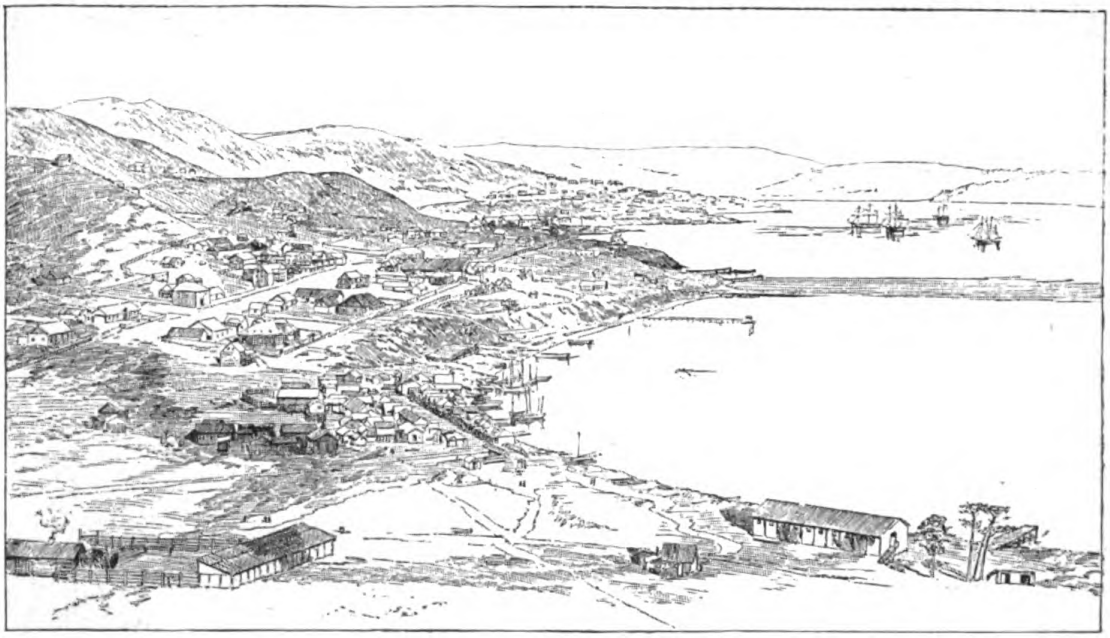
He told me that formerly natives when willing were baptized wholesale, though

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GROUP OF GOLDI CHRISTIANS.

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VLADIVOSTOCK.

they understood nothing of what was being done, but in his own case he required them to know certain prayers. At the time of my visit this missionary and his brother were engaged on a translation of the gospels into Goldi, and they had already done the Russian liturgy. In fact, this protodiakonoff, or archdeacon, Peter Alexander, struck me as one of the most industrious of priests I have met in Russia, and told me that in twenty-three years, up to 1878, he had baptized 2000 natives. The amount of instruction that one or two men could give to so many adherents is no doubt quite inadequate to the need, but these facts point to the gradual absorption of the Siberian races into the Russian Church, and their improvement by Russian civilization.

Not many miles south of the tract inhabited by the Goldi is the town of Vladivostock, which derives its lordly name from its supposed "command of the East." The town overlooks an inlet of the Bay of Peter the Great, and behind the harbor called the "Bay of the Golden Horn" rises a lofty hill. The depth of water within the harbor is from thirty to sixty feet, and in summer the place is visited by ships of many nations, including Chinese junks with their clumsy sails. I am under the impression that in winter the Goldi visit Vladivostock, but during my journey thither in summer I do not remember meeting any south of the head waters of the Usuri, their places being taken by Manchu, Chinese, and Manzas. Many of these last are descendants of exiles sent hither by the Chinese government, as other malefactors were sent to Kuldja, farther west. The mention, however, of Kuldja brings me to the Ili Valley, where Russia has had beneath her sway a considerable variety of races, but which can be better described in my next paper on "The Children of the Steppe."

A PETITION.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

TO spring belongs the violet, and the blown
Spice of the roses let the summer own.
Grant me this favor, Muse—all else withhold—
That I may not write verses when I'm old.

And yet I pray you, Muse, delay the time!
Be not too ready to deny me rhyme;
And when the hour comes, as it must, dear Muse,
I beg you very gently break the news.

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RAVENNA AND ITS MOSAICS.

BY SIDNEY LAWRENCE.

THE road from Bologna to the east coast of northern Italy branches off at Castel Bolognese, and then drags slowly onward to the old city of Ravenna, whose name three hundred years ago ceased to be familiar, and is now almost as mythic as the Pelasgi, who, sailing along the Adriatic, stopped and made a home on its marshy shores. Just when or from whence these wanderers came we know not; but this we know, that Ravenna was old when Venice was born. She demanded her privileges in the days of Marius and Sylla, and was stubborn in her loyalty to Julius Cæsar. Augustus not only feasted with her patricians, and found the air good for his gladiators, but he erected a capacious harbor for ships, and built the flourishing naval station of Cæsarea, whose strange fate forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of Italy. But the remote physical forces which had made the foundations of Ravenna and Cæsarea were still at work. The Po and its tributaries deposited the wearings of the Alps and the Apennines, the low lands grew broader, the sea receded, the ships were driven outward; Ravenna and Cæsarea grew together, and the naval station of Classis was built on the new-made land.

Vines and orchards soon covered the intermediate space, and in the days of the Antonines the entrance to Ravenna was through groves as beautiful as those of Illyria. But still the sea receded, and what was once the renowned harbor of Classis is now a huge belt of pine forests skirting the shores of the Adriatic, and only one lonely basilica is left to mark the site of the once flourishing naval station of Rome.

Thus divorced from the sea, Ravenna lies stranded in melancholy desolation, and like Venice woos the waters to her future destruction; for, strange as it may seem, as the sea recedes, the water forces itself through the marsh, and encroaches so steadily upon the buildings that all the efforts of the inhabitants cannot save the foundations.

To this old city, protected by shallow sands and Roman walls, Honorius, son of the great Theodosius, transferred the capital of the Western Empire, and found his life more secure than on the banks of the Tiber. It did not matter, so long as Alaric allowed him to sleep secure, that the blood of his faithful Vandal stained the marble floor of his magnificent palace; the whole of the dark deed never came to the light, and he died, leaving the government to his sister, the renowned Galla Placidia, whose long reign was spent in beautifying her favorite city. When The-



PORTRAIT IN MOSAIC OF JUSTINIAN.

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MOSAIC OF THE THREE KINGS.

odoric, the Ostrogoth and Arian, after murdering Odoacer, became master of the Western world, he found Ravenna rich in the arts of Rome and Byzantium. Forty years of unexampled peace and munificent prosperity were favorable for the magnificence with which the luxurious barbarian surrounded himself. The world supplied him with treasures, and the artists of Rome and Constantinople were brought to enshrine a faith that in the form and ornament of its temples was not different from that of orthodox Rome. So that when the exarchs of Constantinople and the magnificent Justinian, who one by one followed Theodoric, came in possession of the Western Empire, the Archbishop Aguellus had only to consecrate them anew, with the name of the martyr whose blood had dyed the soil on which they stood. Soon the exarchate died; the Lombards left no trace of their possession; and Pepin, the Carlovingian, who received it at their hands, found it a convenient exchange for the remission of his sins, and presented it, with all its rich temporalities, to the see of St. Peter, and the world for the first time saw the shadows of a temporal power, to which a little later the whole of Italy surrendered itself. But the mitre of the Church was less powerful than the sceptre of Constantinople, and the Eastern exarchate and the glory of the Christian city, that had been in turn Greek, Roman, and Gothic, had been ruled by Sylla, Augustus, and Theodoric, melted away in the weak hands of the successors of St. Peter.

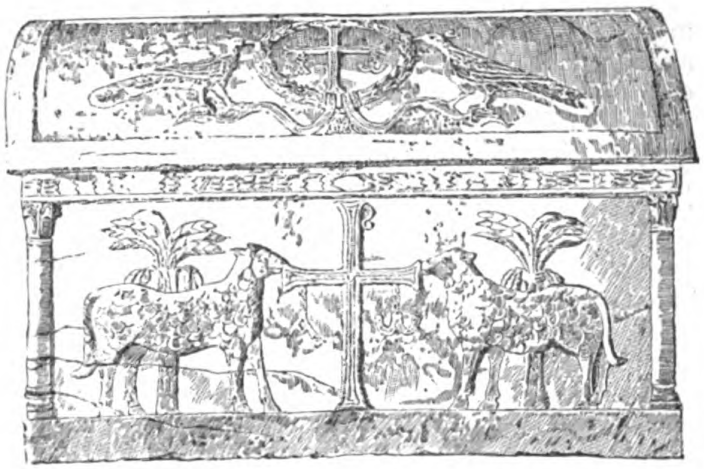
Out of all these changes and vicissitudes the monuments that remain come within a period of less than two hundred years, and are wedged in between heathen and mediæval times, when Ravenna was Empress of the West.

It is well, says Freeman, "that such a strange page of history should abide in one forsaken corner of Europe, where primitive Christianity overshadows all remembrance of earlier and later times, and lives still in the brilliancy and glory of its first beautiful symbolism." For the Church of San Apollinare, the tomb

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of Theodoric, the Baptistery of Galla Placidia, the strangely interesting Church of San Vitale, and the humble tomb of Dante are found nowhere else in the world.

We did not see the interior of Polenta's palace, and only glanced at Guicciola's windows — belonging to a clean gray modern-looking palace of Byronic memories, which the atmosphere of Ravenna entirely unidealizes, notwithstanding the sentiment. In fact we did not find anything in the domestic architecture very characteristic, and which spoke even in the mildest way of Roman power or Gothic force. The Romanesque palace of Theodoric is but a fragment of its former magnificence, most of it having been carried away by Charlemagne to make up his palace of Aix-la-Chapelle. At any rate, to believe that it was the home of Gothic kings and Byzantine exarchs is a heavy tax upon the imagination (the style of its architecture being of much later date), and we could not feel any enthusiasm over it, and were much more drawn to the beautiful church of San Apollinare Nuovo, contiguous to the palace, and which is a characteristic monument of Theodoric's kindly reign, and one of the few remains of Gothic rule in the world.



TOMB OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

It is a primitive basilica, suggesting an Oriental origin, leading the eyes backward to Thebes and Tyre, bringing the banks of the Euphrates to the low shores of the Adriatic. It was built by Theodoric for his Arians over the place where San Apollinare, the disciple of St. Peter, suffered martyrdom in 44 A.D. It consists of three aisles divided by noble Byzantine columns supporting a range of small circular arches that broaden out into a dead-wall, above which long narrow windows that pierce the wall throw their dim light upon a golden roof. There is neither triforium, clere-story, nor vault; and perhaps, educated to the perfection of Northern Gothic, we might at first have declared against this classic form of Christian church, were it not for an undefinable sense of solemnity produced by the glorious lines of mosaics that cover the entrance wall, range down the long parallels of the side, fill the spaces above and between the windows, follow the arch of the tribune, and find their termination in the solemn roof of the apse. Everywhere a continual succession of imagery—"one picture," says Ruskin, "passing into another as in a dream." The frieze above the arches is made up of a continuous procession of saints and martyrs, led by the three kings of the Orient, and ending on one side by the enthroned Christ surrounded by angels and archangels. They are grave, stately forms, bearing the impress of Oriental tranquillity, and march along with solemn tread between lines of olive-trees covered with blossoms and scarlet fruit. It is the story of the Epiphany told in the gorgeous color of the East, the rude materials entirely overcome by the æsthetic sense of the Byzantine artists. Scarlet, green, azure, and white are wrought in among the gold, black, and purple, until they glow like jewels in a king's crown, and light up the dark aisles with the splendor of an Eastern sky. Between the windows are thirty full figures of apostles and saints, each in his golden niche. Everywhere are narrative stories from the Old and New Testaments, the artists apparently confining themselves to the gentler scenes and more glorious songs of Christmas and Easter, leaving the crown of thorns, the nail, and the spear for the less joyous atmosphere of mediævalism.

Certain it is that Ravenna, above all others, is the place to study early mosaics; and the primitive Christian remains of Rome had less significance to us after seeing Ravenna; and no other church deco-

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ration ever seemed half so glorious and precious as these brilliant illuminations done before the days of saint worship and Mariolatry, when Christ sat enthroned in the apse, and the glory of the jewelled cross symbolized the simple faith taught by the apostles and their converts on the shores of Galilee.

San Apollinare is but one among a circle of richly decorated churches built within two centuries. For scarcely less noble in its proportions is San Vitale, the domical-shaped church commemorating the martyr Vitale, the soldier or hero, buried alive in Ravenna as a wholesome lesson to the teachers of the new faith. The story of the saint, however, seems pushed out of sight to give place to the glorification of the Emperor Justinian, in whose reign it was built by the aspiring Bishop Maximian, who played an important part in that remarkable century.

We went in between the richly ornamented pillars, and found ourselves under a single central octagonal dome made by eight beautifully illuminated arches resting on wide piers, forming story above story of dimly lighted alcoves that recede from the eye with a dim uncertain mystery.

It is, we think, the only church in Ravenna where Christian symbolism is united with historical narrative, and although it may show an evident departure from the purity and simplicity of primitive church decoration, it opens an interesting page of history, and is especially valuable in personal portraits and costumes, and was undoubtedly intended to commemorate the magnificent ceremony of its consecration in the sixth century, when Justinian and his empress had time, in the midst of splendid conquests, to appease their consciences by rich donations to the churches of Ravenna.

The mosaics that light up the walls represent an imposing procession of courtiers and ladies attending the royal pair on the way from the palace to offer gifts at the rich shrine of San Vitale. The courtiers are the yellow-haired German body-guard whom Justinian had chosen from the numerous captives of Belisarius and Narses, and who seem strangely out of place in the effeminate court. The ladies who attend Theodora are tall, graceful Roman women, with classic faces and noble carriage.

The Mausoleum of Galla Placidia (the Church of SS. Nazario e Celso), a low cruciform building, "erected while the hoofs of Attila were treading on the plains of Lombardy," furnishes perhaps the finest example of church decoration in Italy, being the last perfect expression of classical power in its dying moments, and the one connecting link between the art of the catacombs and the later mosaics of Rome.

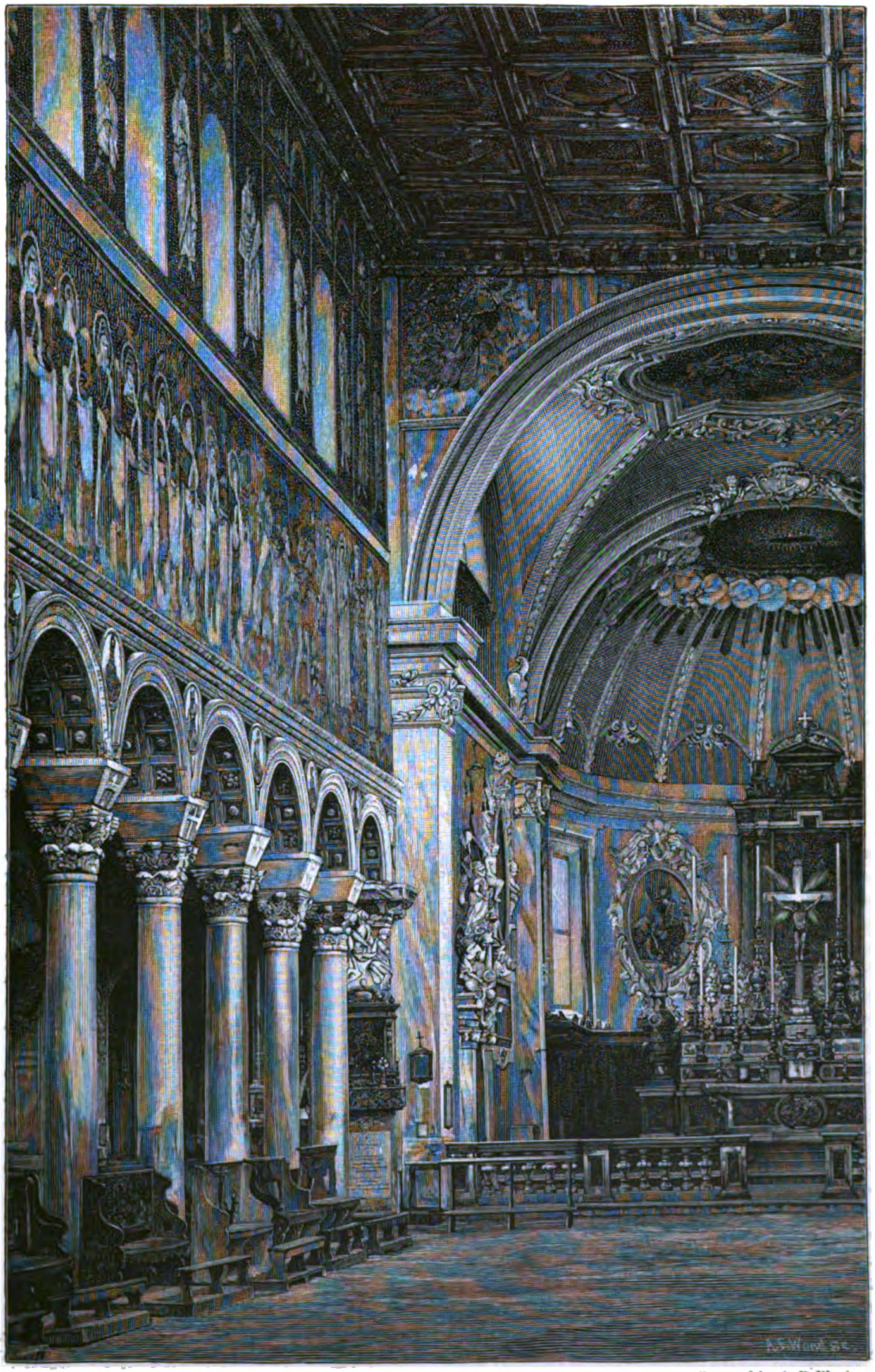
The mosaics of the Baptistery (adjoining the Ecclesia Ursiana) are older, and the Baptistery itself, the oldest in Europe, is made up of pagan pillars and lined with ancient marbles. Even after seeing the brilliant walls of the Mausoleum and San Apollinare, the senses are captivated by the rich incrustations of the Baptistery.

The perfect preservation of these mosaics was always a subject of wonder. The little chapel of Peter Chrysologus in the episcopal palace is the same beautifully illuminated creation that it was when he left it in the year 400 A.D.; not a stone is touched or a color faded in the exquisite pictures of Christ and the evangelists.

The interest aroused by the wonderful remains of Roman and Gothic rule in Ravenna culminates in San Apollinare in Classe, three miles from the present city, and which is reached by a road built above the surrounding marshes. The first outlook over the sunny plain, with its waving rice stalks and flowery fields, gives but little idea of the pestilential morass and dreary desolations, where no object is seen except the cross that marks the site of the once magnificent basilica of San Lorenzo, or the gray tower of Santa Maria in Porto, that in the days of Augustus watched the fleets of the Adriatic. Beneath the marsh magnificent marbles of the palaces and temples of Cæsarea lie buried, and which a stroke of the spade might uncover; above them ditches and dikes drain and enclose the small rice fields, as if the inhabitants were struggling against utter annihilation. The loneliness and desolation increase, the morass becomes too deadly for even the rice stalks, and the first objects that gladden the eye are the fringed tops of the umbrella-pines that farther on form the picturesque and romantic Pineta, on the edge of which stands the huge Church of San Apollinare in Classe, its round tower looking out upon the Apennines and the Adriatic.

The interior is more imposing than anything in Ravenna. Three majestic aisles

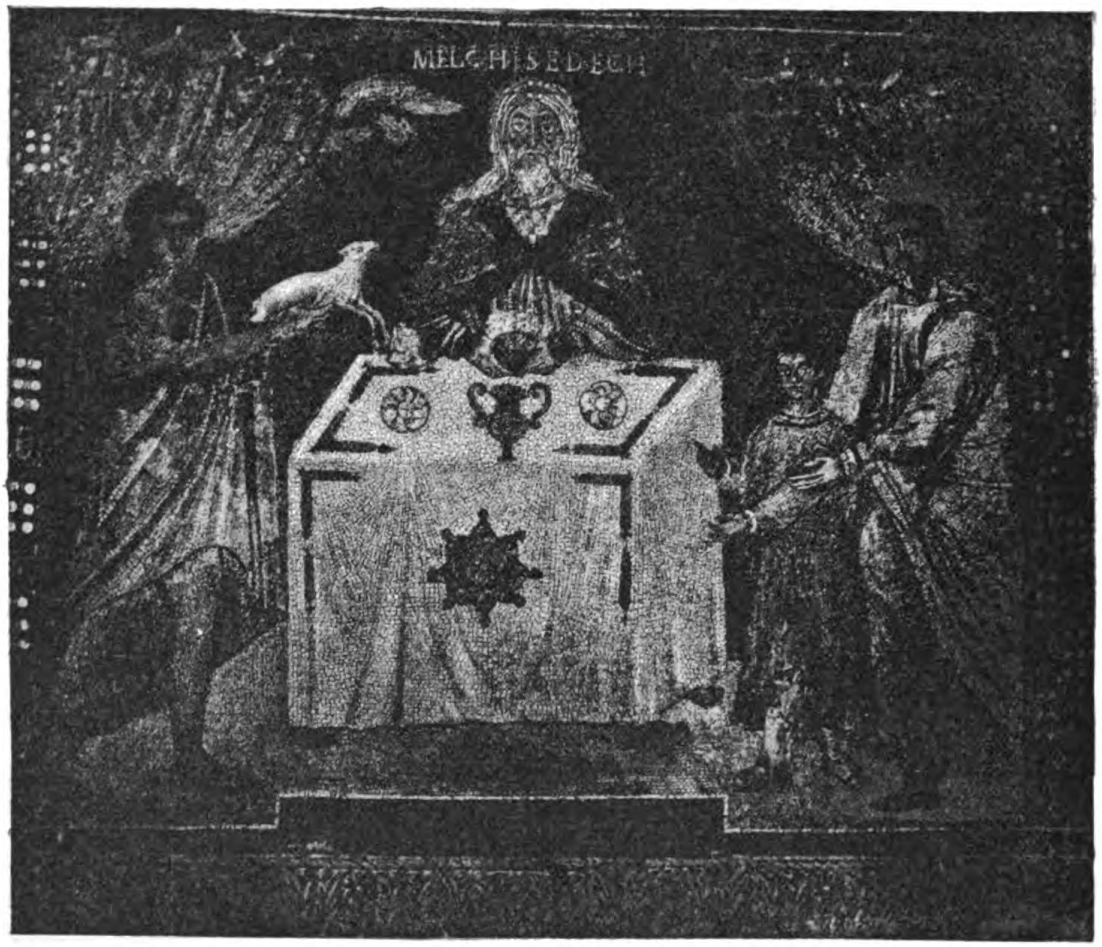
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Engraved by A. E. Wood.

INTERIOR OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO.

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MOSAIC OF MELCHISEDECH, IN SAN VITALE.

are separated by long rows of cipolin columns veined and colored with the delicacy of a sea-shell. The mosaic portraits of one hundred and fifty bishops and archbishops of Ravenna encrust the long surface above the finely wrought round arches, which terminate in a tribune that is entered through a royal arch, inlaid with precious colors that have defied moisture and damp, and are as brilliant as when the ancient workmen embedded them there in the days of the old Archbishop Aguellus.

It is worthy of remark that each ornamented church of Ravenna has its distinguishing characteristic. In San Apollinare we see for the first time the Transfiguration, and that ten centuries before Raphael was born. It is curious as being the earliest art treatment of the subject, and handled in that early manner when the presence of God the Father is symbolized by the Divine hand, and the sky from which it emerges indicated by streaks of light, the time being too far off when the artist would represent the First Person of the Godhead in human form. Half-length figures of Moses and Elias float on the light clouds, and a jewelled cross in the centre symbolizes the transfigured Lord. Below the cross San Apollinare stands in prayer, and although he has this prominent place in the apse, he is not enthroned as an object of worship; and we may add, in the words of Tyrwhitt, "that throughout the mosaic work of Ravenna there is no image which could invite or even permit the worship of any creature in any degree."

Although this glorious apse is nowhere surpassed for historic and doctrinal importance, it shows evident marks of an artistic decline that presages coming degradation, when the ideal spirit of early Christianity disappeared beneath dogmatic fanaticism, and art, losing its constructive activity, was contented to produce what was handed down to it.

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Following the spirit and treatment of the mosaics of the Baptistery to these last productions of the sixth century, and remarking the gradual loss of beauty and simplicity, we are forcibly reminded of what Mr. Ruskin says: "That Roman Christian art work is the exact expression of Christianity at the time, very fervid and beautiful, but imperfect, in many respects ignorant, yet radiant with a strong child-like light of imagination, which flames up under Constantine, illumines all the shores of the Bosporus and Adriatic, and then gradually, as the people give themselves up to idolatry, sinks into a strange, gilded, and embalmed repose, with the religion it expressed."

The inexpressible brilliancy of the walls does not deaden the sense of desolation with which this damp interior inspires us, stained as it is with age and approaching ruin. For the ravaging marsh waters, like those beneath the tomb of Galla Placidia, have filled the crypt and forced themselves through the floor, moss and slimy vegetation fasten themselves to the walls, and the odors of the noisome atmosphere are never destroyed by the aromatic smell of incense, nor does the bright sunlight that comes in through the open doors dissipate the gloom of the solemn aisles, which are tended by one lonely monk, who seems spectral enough to have risen from one of the ancient sarcophagi. Now and then a penitent comes to pray at the gloomy shrines, the peasants of Maremma, yellow and dwarfed with always breathing the poisonous air of the swamps, come and go, visitors hurry through, half afraid of the damp and the odors; but the old monk keeps the lights before the shrines, says matins and vespers, and lives on in the midst of death. Each year hastens its decay, and soon it must sink into the morass, taking with it all memories of the renowned city of Classis. Unimaginative must be the mind that sees no spectres in the forsaken aisles of this once beautiful shrine of the magnificent days of the Roman Empire, or who can remain altogether untouched by its present desolate condition.

THE IRISH PARTY.

BY EDWARD BROWN, F.L.S.

THE year 1868 was the opening of a new era in modern Irish history. The last attempt at revolution had failed. Fenianism was baffled, and though it had roused the fears of the country and blown up the wall of a London prison, it had been hopelessly beaten. But an even greater change than this had taken place. The *régime* of *laisser-faire* had gone. Palmerston was dead, and his influence dying. Reform was in the air, and the settlement of the franchise question for the time being, with escape from official cares and demands, had left the master spirit of English political righteousness free, and he faced the great Irish problem. The following year the English Church in Ireland was disestablished, and in 1870 the first Irish land bill became law. The commencement of legislation for Ireland according to Irish ideas was met by the abandonment of revolutionary methods, and by the commencement of an agitation for home rule—an agitation essentially constitutional in its character. From time to time there may have been periods when this agitation has been impelled toward stronger measures, but the home rule movement has kept as rigidly within the limits of the constitution as did the movement for the abolition of the corn laws, or for reform.

Isaac Butt was the parent of the present home rule movement, though he never aspired to the heights to which it has reached. It has gone altogether beyond his expectations. Still, it was he who formulated the movement, and was its first leader. The son of a Protestant clergyman in the north of Ireland, he began life as an Orangeman and Conservative, and in 1841 was the leading opponent of O'Connell, when that great agitator brought forward in the Dublin corporation a motion in favor of repeal. Gradually Butt's position changed to that of a moderate Nationalist. Meanwhile he had varying fortunes. He had been member for an Irish and also for an English constituency as a Conservative, and in the latter capacity was the eloquent advocate for protection, even when free trade was

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JOSEPH G. BIGGAR.



ISAAC BUTT.



JAMES O'KELLY.



T. M. HEALY.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.



JUSTIN McCARTHY.



THOMAS SEXTON.



MICHAEL DAVITT.



T. P. O'CONNOR.



E. D. GRAY.



WILLIAM O'BRIEN.



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.



TIMOTHY HARRINGTON.



JOHN DILLON.

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an accomplished fact. But for half a generation he was out of Parliament, devoting himself to his profession as a barrister, and to the defence of Irish political prisoners. In the state trials of 1848 he defended Smith O'Brien and Meagher, and he was often engaged in similar work until the Fenian trials of 1877 and 1878. Gradually had the change in his political ideas come, but there was no question of self-seeking underlying this change. He re-entered Parliament as representative for Limerick in 1871. In the House of Commons he was in his element, and the condition of things gave him an opportunity for the display of his powers. He has been spoken of as "a head and shoulders above all his followers, able though so many of them were, and was, next to Mr. Gladstone, the greatest parliamentarian of his day."

Already the home rule movement had been initiated. Born of varied forces, and even helped by antagonistic elements, it had developed a remarkable influence. The disestablishment of the Irish Church and the introduction of the land bill had embittered the Orange and Protestant party against English ideas, and they were ready at that time to join a movement in favor of once more having a Parliament on College Green. The Nationalists regarded it as another plan to be tried for the attainment of their objects. These usually opposite parties met in one of the most momentous gatherings ever held in Dublin, that at the Bilton Hotel on the 19th of May, 1870. There in eloquent words Isaac Butt, a Protestant himself, pleaded for mutual trust between the two great religious parties; acknowledging that "we have all grievously wronged the Irish Catholic priests and laymen," and his resolution in favor of an Irish Parliament was carried with a great "Aye." At once Butt became leader of the movement, and few men were better qualified to guide the early steps of such an enterprise. A warm-hearted, genial, lovable man, whose very faults and untidy dress and habits won for him the affection, as his work and words did the enthusiastic support, of the people.

During the year which found Butt again in Parliament there were also sent to Westminster John Martin for Meath, Mitchell Henry for Galway, and P. J. Smyth for Westmeath, who with Butt formed a quartette of high-souled men devoted to their country's welfare. The election of each was a striking Nationalist victory. But when the general election of 1874 was fought, in spite of Butt's unfortunate inability to seize the opportunity, sixty nominal home rulers were returned. Of these eleven were Protestants and forty-eight Catholics. Some were adventurers whose only object was to secure lucrative places. Others were half-hearted, and did not realize what the movement really meant. But there were many who were home rulers in heart and spirit, and they formed the nucleus of the party. Isaac Butt hoped great things from the Liberal party, but it failed him. And when the bolder spirits amongst his followers began to exert their influence, he felt himself stranded and left behind. Sorrow clouded his last days, and his deposition from the leadership in 1878 was but the prelude to his death in the following year.

Amongst those who found a seat in the new Parliament at the election of 1874 was Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for Cavan, the first wielder of that powerful weapon "obstruction," which has changed the face of British politics. "Joe" Biggar has been one of the best-abused men in Parliament, and yet he is an Ulster man and was a Protestant. At one time he was chairman of the Belfast Water Commissioners, and up to 1880 a leading member of the Irish provision trade, which fact has given a good handle to the would-be wits and sarcastic writers of his day. Biggar indulges an intense hatred to the Saxon rule, and this must be taken into account in any estimate of his Parliamentary conduct. He has also shown a marvellous capacity for discovering the vulnerable points in his opponents' armor, and he has never failed to use his knowledge to distress and wound his enemy. Making himself *au fait* with the rules of the House of Commons, he has used them with the direst effect. In his second session, at the request of Mr. Butt, Biggar commenced the work of talking against time. It was on the coercion bill proposed in 1875, and the member for Cavan talked for nearly four hours. The feat has been equalled since, but at that time it was novel. The policy at once recommended itself as a way of obstructing business, and since then has become a scientific method, though not quite restricted to the Irish party. Mr.

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Biggar's work has largely been in Parliament. He speaks frequently outside, yet it is within the House that he has served his party most efficiently. Twice has he suffered suspension, but of this he is now very wary, and it is surprising to witness the "cuteness" with which he can use the rules to serve his own purpose. He is a unique figure both in person and character. He is as intensely loved by his friends as hated by his opponents, and no one has done more for the home rule movement.

Mr. Parnell did not enter Parliament until 1875. Few, if any, then thought of him as the coming leader of a powerful party. A landlord himself, a Protestant, only half an Irishman, with aristocratic connections and an English university training, he was least likely to be the advocate of a forward policy in Irish Nationalism. The early fears concerning him entertained by the home rulers are quite intelligible. But he has belied them in every way. He has all the qualities of an opposition leader. To him has been attracted a band of ardent spirits, young and old. He can fight if need be; he can diplomatize if that be better. Cool, intrepid, with a keen mind and an unflinching purpose, he is an enemy to be avoided. No situation seems to baffle him, and whilst others may rise to white heat of passion, he remains calm. And yet there is a suppressed passion in his words which powerfully appeals to the hearer and reader. In the earlier part of his Parliamentary career these qualities were either lacking or undeveloped, and he then lost many a point by his want of self-command. Yet Mr. Parnell cannot be said, as a rule, to bear too much the burden of his position. He rather directs; others work. He never makes himself too cheap. His strange disappearances from the scene of action, which baffle the onlooker, and more than once have appeared to endanger the success of his policy, have studied method in them. They lend an impressiveness to his utterances and appearances which might not otherwise be secured. He is always there when needed; and, if necessary, no one can throw more force into the work than Parnell.

Charles Stewart Parnell is the descendant of men who have won high position in their country's records. His father, John Henry Parnell, of Avondale, County Wicklow, nephew of Lord Congleton, who was, as Sir Henry Parnell, an ardent Liberal, married Miss Stewart, daughter of Rear-Admiral Stewart, of the American navy, "Old Ironsides," the hero of 1815. This lady is the Mrs. Parnell of to-day, mother of the Irish leader. He was born at Avondale in 1846. From an early age he was educated entirely in England, finally graduating at Cambridge. It is to be easily understood that his early leanings were conservative and aristocratic, but gradually, as he began to take interest in politics, he leaned to the Nationalist side.

We have already seen that Mr. Biggar was the originator of obstruction in the House of Commons, but this was merely an accident of the movement. To Parnell must belong the credit of making it a policy. For the first two years he spoke very seldom in the House, and not very acceptably. Butt's gentle temporizing did not suit him, and the germs of the present Parnell party, then in the House, determined upon a new departure. Hitherto the interference of Irish members in British or imperial matters had been resented, whilst the proposals made by them for their own country were voted down. Parnell set himself to alter this state of things, and to take part in all the debates. The "English factory and workshop act" of 1878, the mutiny bill of the same year, and the "army discipline and regulation act" of 1879 all bear the marks of his influence. But there was also another movement set on foot, namely, that of making the Irish party independent of all the English factions, and using its influence solely to the advancement of Irish interests. The former policy was but to fulfil the duties involved in membership of the House of Commons; the latter has made the Irish party instrumental in the overthrow of two governments.

This forward policy was hailed with acclaim in Ireland. It led, however, to the deposition of Butt and the advent of Parnell to the leadership. The events of these later days of the struggle need not be recounted, so far as they concern Mr. Parnell. The suspensions in the House of Commons, the suppression of the Land League, and the imprisonment of Parnell are matters of recent history familiar to all.

If the forward policy undertaken by Parnell led to the desertion of the party by nominal home rulers, others more in

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sympathy took their places. The late A. M. Sullivan, poet and writer, the gentle brother of the present Lord Mayor of Dublin, was in the Parliament of 1874–80, and sat until the period of his death in the Parliament of 1880. Mr. Edmund Dyer Gray also entered, as representative of Tipperary, in 1877. He is the son of the late Sir John Gray, whose work in and out of Parliament on behalf of his country can never be sufficiently acknowledged. Young Gray's earliest breath was charged with the Nationalist spirit, and he has, by means of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, the leading Irish newspaper, of which he is editor and proprietor, done much to help the Nationalist cause. Cultivated, earnest, successful, in the prime of his manhood — he is forty years of age—holding a high position in his native city, one section of which he now represents, Mr. Gray is an important figure in the Irish party, though perhaps less seen than some of his colleagues, whose great work is on the platform or speaking in the House. His cool judgment, his devotion to the Nationalist cause, and his opportunities of serving it have made him a tower of strength to his colleagues. His judgment is a fine balance-weight, and often counteracts the unconsidered proposals of his friends.

No more important election has taken place than when Justin McCarthy was returned for Longford in 1879, which constituency he has since continued to represent. At the general election of 1886 he was also returned for the Ulster city of Londonderry, and has accepted that election. He is a native of Cork, and is now fifty-six years of age. Few men are better known on both sides of the Atlantic. Known to readers of light literature by his novels, which received an encomium from Mr. Gladstone in the House when he was Prime-Minister of England; known to students of history by his popular *History of Our Own Times*, a book which for fairness of spirit, judicial observation of events and their causes during the Victorian reign, and brilliancy of diction is fit to be compared with Macaulay and Motley; known to politicians as a fair-minded though unflinching advocate of the home rule policy; known as a most successful London journalist, and leader writer on the *Daily News*—his enrolment in the ranks of the Parnellite party was a revelation to many. He had spoken little before then. Readers of his novels, or the first two volumes of *Our Own Times*, then published, could scarcely realize that the *littérateur* who had pleased them with *My Enemy's Daughter*, or *Dear Lady Disdain*, or the impartial author of the history already named, could be one of "those dreadful Irishmen." But so it was. And we may not know how far his influence has been exerted on English minds. Never losing his gentle manners and gentlemanly bearing, he has tempered his party, but he has never flinched from his position, and there is no more determined home ruler in the House of Commons than Justin McCarthy.

The fifty nominal home rulers who sat in the Parliament of 1874–80 were increased to sixty-one at the general election of 1880. The Tory years of rule had welded together all the opposing influences, and Irishmen fought side by side with Liberals. But the famine of 1879 had accentuated events, and the famous letter of Lord Beaconsfield to the late Duke of Marlborough roused the Parnellite section of the home rule party to the most strenuous efforts, so that in many cases nominal home rulers were replaced by determined adherents of the forward policy. Still, there were some who did not favor this policy; they, however, soon cut themselves loose; but it was not until the election of 1885 that Mr. Parnell found himself supported by a party who entirely acknowledged him as leader, and were prepared to follow whither he led. Increased to eighty-five, or more than four-fifths of the Irish representation, Mr. Gladstone acknowledged that the voice of the people of Ireland, as expressed by their representatives, must be heeded. Hence the home rule bill of 1885.

The direct antithesis to Justin McCarthy is T. M.—commonly known as "Tim"—Healy, only thirty-two years old. He entered Parliament in 1880, being elected for Wexford. Though of a fierce, ardent disposition, he has distinguished himself not merely by his invective and bitterness of expression, but by his practical aids to legislation. Carrying the fight into Ulster at the last general election, he was defeated. But at a by-election in February, 1886, he was elected without opposition for North Longford. He has proved one of the most effective of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants, and, in spite of his

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grating manner of speech, was recognized as one of the cleverest men in the House of Commons. It was said that only three men understood the Irish land bill of 1881 — Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Law, and Mr. Healy—and the "Healy" clause, introduced by his efforts, has been one of if not the most effective portions of the act. Whatever notice was taken of others, his remarks were always listened to with attention by those who had the bill in charge, and the strange sight has more than once been seen of Mr. Gladstone and "Tim" Healy in earnest conference on the Treasury Bench. With the members and outsiders his rugged voice and often rude manners have given him an unenviable reputation, for which he is probably only equalled by Mr. Biggar; but those who know him best speak of the kindly heart within, revealed only to his friends.

Tipperary contributed to the movement by electing in 1880 John Dillon, who in these later days has come into great prominence as the author of the "Plan of Campaign," the latest development of the struggle on the part of the poor tenants against eviction. His father, John Blake Dillon, was one of the purest spirits of the Young Ireland party, and a close friend of John Mitchell, whose candidature for Tipperary in 1875 brought out the son, and led him to take part in politics, for which his delicate frame has so ill fitted him. Born in 1851 at Blackrock, County Dublin, educated in the capital city, a doctor by profession, he is still a young man. But within the feeble frame there burns an intense love of his country, a deep sympathy with its suffering peasantry, and a determination which can never be overcome. The self-sacrifice involved in his work has led many to fear for him, and his is a life which Ireland could ill spare. His pure and simple nature has won the admiration of his bitterest enemies, and received a high tribute from Mr. Gladstone. For several years he had to winter in the south of Europe, and in 1883 was compelled to resign his seat for Tipperary through ill health, but was again elected in 1885 and 1886 for East Mayo, a constituency he still represents.

Early in the Parnellite struggle Dillon joined himself to the "forward" policy, and his was the most damaging speech against Isaac Butt at the last meeting where the old leader spoke. When the Land League was formed he threw himself heart and soul into it, forming with Parnell and Michael Davitt the triumvirate of leaders.

The present Lord Mayor of Dublin, Timothy Daniel Sullivan, entered Parliament at the general election of 1880, and is famed all over the world as the poet of the Irish party. He is proprietor and editor of the *Nation*, one of the most powerful of the Nationalist organs in Ireland. He succeeded in the latter capacity his brother, A. M. Sullivan, who died in 1883. Being now fifty-nine years of age, the Lord Mayor of Dublin is almost the oldest member of the party; but in energy and devotion to the cause he is equal to the youngest. His work has been, like that of Mr. E. D. Gray, very largely in the press, whilst at Westminster he has been an indefatigable supporter of Mr. Parnell. The elder Sullivan was an earnest supporter of the Young Ireland movement.

As the Irish party has its poet, it is meet that it should have its orator. This orator is Thomas Sexton, who can claim one of the first three places for oratorical power amongst members of the House of Commons. Some of his speeches there have been worthy of its greatest men; wonderful in their compass of language, in their beauty of expression, and in their skilful dialectical power. He has all the qualities of the true orator—knowledge of words and how to use them, ability to gauge his audience, to win their attention and admiration in spite of antagonistic wills, and poetic imagination. He has also a great grasp of all questions, especially of finance. He is most industrious and constant in his Parliamentary work, and during the passing of the redistribution bill of 1885 exhibited a remarkable mastery of details. These qualities have given him a most important place in the councils of the party, and his success at Belfast, one section of which he won at the general election of 1886, has given him still further claim upon the affections of his countrymen. He too is a journalist, and for some years was a leader writer on the *Nation*. He is but thirty-nine years of age, and a native of Waterford, where, in connection with the Catholic Young Men's Society, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Debating Club, he first developed his powers of public speech.

A fellow-hero with John Dillon in the

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Plan of Campaign is William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, one of the few members of the Parnellite party who suffered defeat at the last election. He was first sent to Westminster for Mallow in 1882, and won South Tyrone in 1885. But his work has been chiefly journalistic, though of late he has appeared frequently on the platform, and recently has had to defend himself against charges of conspiracy. He is a native of Mallow, and was born in 1852, the son of an ardent Young-Irelander. He first found employment on the *Cork Herald*, afterward joining the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. When *United Ireland* was commenced it was to his hands that the editorship was intrusted, and his brilliancy, together with his determined and unflinching purpose, has won for the paper the position it now holds. An extremist even amongst the Irish party, William O'Brien has of necessity always been in some sort of trouble. One of his brothers was arrested for the part he took in the Fenian movement, and the spirit of the family has always been in the direction of strong measures.

The present secretary of the Land League is Timothy Harrington, who represents in Parliament the harbor division of Dublin city. Truly he stepped through pain to fame. As proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel* he was an active supporter of the Land League, and had rendered himself obnoxious to the landlord party. He was sent to prison under the crimes act on account of a speech made at Westmeath on behalf of the laborers. Whilst in prison he was selected for Westmeath County, without opposition, and this fact was signalled to him from without the prison walls. He has made his opponents suffer severely since that time, and, as the official arm of the League, has wielded a vast power. In the House of Commons his strident voice has often disconcerted those who, for the time, have had the power in their hands.

No more stirring stories of adventure have been recorded than those relating to the special correspondents of the past two decades. How Stanley discovered Livingstone, how Forbes rode from Ulundi, how O'Donovan entered Merv, and how O'Kelly visited the Cuban insurgents, are more wonderful than the greatest imaginings of romancists. None, however, has had a more wonderful history than O'Kelly, now member for Roscommon, a constituency for which he was elected in 1880. This ardent Irish patriot was born at Dublin in 1845, and, more precocious than even his contemporaries, he was engaged in political strife when in his teens. But the blight of treason was in Irish hearts then, and longing for a military career, yet refusing to serve under the banner he regarded as that of his country's oppressor, he in 1863 entered the French army. Soon was he called to active service. Away in Algiers the Arabs were in rebellion, and there was to be seen the strange sight of the would-be Irish rebel helping to fasten French chains on Arab rebels. Next we find him a member of the ill-starred expedition to Mexico. He took part in the conflicts from Oajaca to Mien, where he was slightly wounded, afterward falling into the hands of the Mexicans. They did not keep him long. He escaped, and for a time wandered in danger of his life, landing finally in Texas, ragged and penniless. This was in 1866, and until the outbreak of the Franco-German war he was engaged in revolutionary projects on behalf of Ireland, for which work his previous career had so eminently fitted him. Joining the French army, he once more fought in its ranks until Paris fell, when he turned to New York, obtaining employment as a reporter on the *Herald*. How he, a "greenhorn," succeeded, when all the other journalists had failed, in interviewing Sheridan on the general's return from Europe, need not be here recounted. After acting on the editorial staff of the *Herald* for some time, he went to Cuba, and, in spite of threats made by the Spanish general, entered the rebel camp, spent a month there, returning into the Spanish lines, only to be arrested and incarcerated in the most unhealthy and abominable dungeons, with the sole object, on the part of the Spaniards, of ending his life, if possible, by yellow fever. This journey into the Cuban camp is perhaps the most wonderful feat, after Stanley's discovery of Livingstone, which has been performed by any "special." Fortunately, however, the Spaniards could not kill him. Nor could they get any information out of him, and after having sent him to Spain, he was liberated. He afterward went to Brazil, and accompanied the Emperor, Dom Pedro, upon his American tour. Finally, so far as American adventures are concerned, he joined the expedi-

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tion against "Sitting Bull" and the Sioux Indians.

As already stated, in 1880 he was elected to Parliament, but the life there chafes him, and he has sought other adventures to vary the monotony. Yet those who ought to know declare that his influence upon the fortunes of the party has been very great, and that he insists upon the due measurement of every step ere it is taken. He is cool, intrepid, and daring, knows how both to act and wait. His latest adventure was an attempt to reach the Mahdi. For months he was lost to human ken, and it was feared that his career was ended. But he turned up again, and accounted for his absence in a series of marvellous letters to the *Daily News*.

The political organizer of the Irish party in Great Britain is T. P. O'Connor, member for the Scotland division of Liverpool, which strongly Hibernian district of the great Mersey city he captured in 1885, and for which he was re-elected at the general election of 1886. Mr. O'Connor can claim to have done more for the defeat of Liberalism in 1885 on the larger island than any other man. It was his pen that wrote the celebrated home rule manifesto addressed to the Irish voters in England and Scotland, calling upon them to support Tory candidates, and by his unparalleled efforts with pen and voice he succeeded in carrying every seat contested save one. But for the enormous Liberal abstentions in 1886, when the Irish vote was bodily transferred to the Gladstonian side, home rule would now be an accomplished fact. As president of the National Land League of Great Britain, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has wielded enormous influence, and is one of the most popular platform speakers in the Irish party. During the winter of 1881–2 he visited America, and for seven months lectured on behalf of his native land in all parts of the United States, received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm.

The story of T. P. O'Connor's life is full of deeply interesting incidents. He was born in Athlone in 1848. He first attended a small school at Athlone, and at fifteen years of age went to Queen's College, Galway, where he had a somewhat distinguished career, taking many prizes, and receiving his B.A. degree when eighteen. He was an ardent student, worked laboriously, and during his college course taught himself short-hand. At that time the civil service of India was the great prize for young men, but he declined to enter it, and in 1867 we find him working as a reporter on a Dublin paper, in which work he continued for three years. Then obtaining a three weeks' vacation, he visited London, arriving in the great metropolis with five pounds in his pocket. So fearful was he of losing his little hoard that he carried his purse in his hand. In London he resolved, sink or swim, to stay, but it was many weeks ere he could obtain any work. Irishmen were not regarded with much favor just then. Fenianism was in the air, and the Hibernian brogue did not conduce to success in London. The five pounds was soon exhausted, and he was driven almost to despair. Meagre indeed was his food. Twopence was the limit for his breakfast, and after that what he could get. Finally he was appointed a sub-editor on the *Daily Telegraph*, chiefly because of his knowledge of French and German, for the Franco-German war was then raging. In this office Mr. O'Connor remained a year and a half, when he was appointed assistant to Dr. Osman, the London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and with the doctor he worked on the most cordial terms for three years. Sometimes during Dr. Osman's absence he was in full charge, and it was whilst Osman was attending the *Alabama* conference at Geneva that Stanley's famous despatches arrived announcing the discovery of Livingstone. Changes in the *Herald* office once more threw Mr. O'Connor on the world, and for two or three years he experienced all the shifts, the disappointments, the miseries, of a London literary hack. He knew the despair and the physical privations of Chatterton. All kinds of work were done by him for bread. Stories of the melodramatic order, sketches, biographies—nothing was refused. Then he was appointed sub-editor of the *Echo*, at that time a halfpenny morning daily. But owing to ill health this had soon to be given up.

The story of how the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield* was commenced is too long to be told here, full though it is of tragic incident. That work, to which even the subject paid a tribute, made its author famous, and is the standard book on the "Eastern Mystery Man." For four years and a half it absorbed the entire attention and thoughts of its author, who worked

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at it sixteen and seventeen hours a day. His friends thought him "Dizzy" mad, for he could talk of nothing else. During the whole time he was in the most abject poverty—so poor, indeed, that nearly the whole of the MS. was written on the backs of Alcock's porous plaster bills, given to him by a friendly chemist. The work, when finished, at both periods—for it came out first in one volume (up to the year 1846), and next as a complete work in 1878—was an immediate success, and most favorably reviewed. By a series of misfortunes with publishers, fame rather than money has been the reward of its author. Since then Mr. O'Connor has published *The Parnell Movement*—a work which ought to be read and studied by every one—and *Gladstone's House of Commons*. He is also a journalist of eminence, with brilliant powers of description. At one time he was both cable and mail correspondent of the New York *Sun*, and later of the *Star*, and many of those fine accounts of the scenes in the House of Commons published daily in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* were from his pen. He is perhaps one of the hardest-working M.P.'s, and the click of his Remington type-writer is to be heard frequently in one of the writing-rooms of the House of Commons. Whilst sharing in the fortunes of his party, Mr. O'Connor has escaped imprisonment, though his sister spent six months in jail as one of Mr. Forster's suspects. When O'Connor went to America in 1881 the news to meet him by the New York pilot-boat was the arrest of Parnell. Ere leaving New York the following May that policy was reversed, and the prisoners released. Anticipating a joyful meeting at Queenstown with his sister and colleagues, the pilot-boat there brought the awful news of the Phœnix Park murders.

Those who have been described are or have been the Parliamentary leaders of the movement. There are many others who deserve mention did space permit, and still more who are content to make up the rank and file of this great movement. There is one, however, who has never entered the House of Commons, but who from his influence and career has been a most potent factor in the Irish party. This is Michael Davitt, the ex-weaver, ex-Fenian conspirator, ex-convict. For his sufferings on behalf of Ireland, for his skilful efforts to win her freedom, and not less for the true spirit of patriotism which has led him to think first of her and last of his own hard lot, his country owes Michael Davitt a debt she can never repay. No one can read the story of his life without a feeling of horror at his treatment in Dartmoor and Portland prisons, and few can deny to him admiration for his work in founding the National Land League. In some instances he has been the leader, and as one of the triumvirate he has held the position as outside director, of this movement.

As a speaker and organizer Michael Davitt has been perhaps the most powerful factor in the Irish party. He has appeared at times to be in antagonism to other leaders, but not for long. Michael Davitt has often been invited to enter Parliament. Hitherto, however, he has wisely refused to contest any seat; for were there no barrier existing to his sitting in the house, many others may easily be found to do the work there, whilst none can so well accomplish what he is doing outside that assembly.

THROUGH THE STORM.

BY NORA PERRY.

I HEARD a voice, a tender voice, soft falling
Through the storm;
The waves were high, the bitter winds were calling,
Yet breathing warm

Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond;
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond;

Sometimes, indeed, like clash of armies meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,
"I shall not fail."

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LIFE AND LOVE.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

ONCE, in the long ago, when Life and Love
Walked ever hand in hand,
They came to earth from some fair realm above,
And wandered through the land.

Much they did find whereon their art to try,
For then the world was new.
They shook the sunbeams from the bended sky,
And steeped the ground with dew.

Upon the fields the emerald turf they spread,
And clad the hills in green;
They laid the meadows in the vales, and led
The glittering streams between.

Life lifted up the flowers throughout the land
By woodland slope and fen;
Love stooped and touched them with her glowing hand,
And they have bloomed since then.

Life taught the birds to build within the brake,
And clothed each fledgling's wing;
Love lifted up her voice but once to wake
The songs which now they sing.

Thus ever hand in hand they journeyed on,
From sea to sunlit sea.
Their garments had the freshness of the dawn
Which wakes the flowering lea.

And journeying thus, at length they found a child
New risen from the sod.
Life frowned, and said, "*He is a beast.*" Love smiled,
And said, "*He is a god.*"

Then were their hands disjoined, and from the ground
Betwixt the twain arose
A dark and shadowy figure, sorrow-crowned,
And draped in sable woes.

Because that Nature's tenderest demands
Did seem of little worth,
From henceforth Life and Love their parted hands
Shall join no more on earth.

For this the flowers shall haste to fail and fade,
The wood and field turn sere,
And all the songsters of the summer glade
Fly with the changing year.

Life lifted up the child and gave him breath,
And he did walk between—
Love on the right, Life on the left—and Death
Did follow, all unseen.

"What wilt thou give," said Life, "and I will show
Thine eyes the path of fame,
And lead thee there, that after-years shall know
And wonder at thy name?"

"All," saith the child, "that Fate shall bring to me,
And all that Fame can give
To heart and mind—all will I give to thee,
If I shall always live."

But Love stooped low and gently drew his head
Against her broad white breast.
"What wilt thou give to me," she softly said,
"And I will give thee rest?"

"Alas!" he answered, "I am now bereft
Of all I might control.
One gift remains—myself alone am left—
To thee I give my soul."

Love put her sandals on his naked feet,
And in her tender care
Gave him her broidered garment, soft and sweet,
Such as a god might wear.

She girt his body with the golden zone
Loosed from her own warm breast;
And on his lips the imprint of her own
She passionately pressed.

And in his heart she lit the deathless fire
Which rests not night nor day,
But still doth turn the soul with fond desire
To Beauty's path alway.

So they did journey, and the land was fair;
Each day was like a dream
In which the soul moves with moving air
Along some crystal stream.

But Life began to weary of the way,
Such fickle heart hath she,
And though Love plead with tears, she would not stay,
But shook her fair hand free.

Then Death came swiftly up in silent might,
With arms outstretched and cold,
And bare the child back to the land of Night,
To mingle mould with mould.

But Love still journeyed on from scene to scene,
To find some land of rest,
And ever at her side a soul did lean
Close to her faithful breast.

Long ages have rolled by. Earth's children find
Life false and fickle still;
Her promises are fair, but she, unkind,
Forsakes them all at will.

The path is sweet and blooming still the same
As in that ancient day,
And sable Death still follows hard, to claim
The soul-forsaken clay.

And still she lives whose dear divine control
Nor Life nor Death can sever;
And journeying still the unimprisoned soul
Goes on with Love forever.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE SOUTH.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

II.—IN MOBILE.

WHILE they were in Alabama our tourists visited some of the large cotton plantations, and found them equipped with the most modern and costly machinery.

"But the dwelling-houses of the planters," said Colonel Mocquard, as they were returning from one of these excursions, "must strike you as bare and comfortless. Yes; pardon me. I know that it is so. I have been in the North recently, and I saw how the love of art and house decoration was growing among you with each year. Compare our plantation dwellings with the house and lawns of a wealthy Pennsylvania or New York farmer! But we—we are too busy trying to live. If the South had the money and leisure she once had," he continued, with a lofty complacency, "she would, I suppose, have long been the foremost in the modern dilettante race."

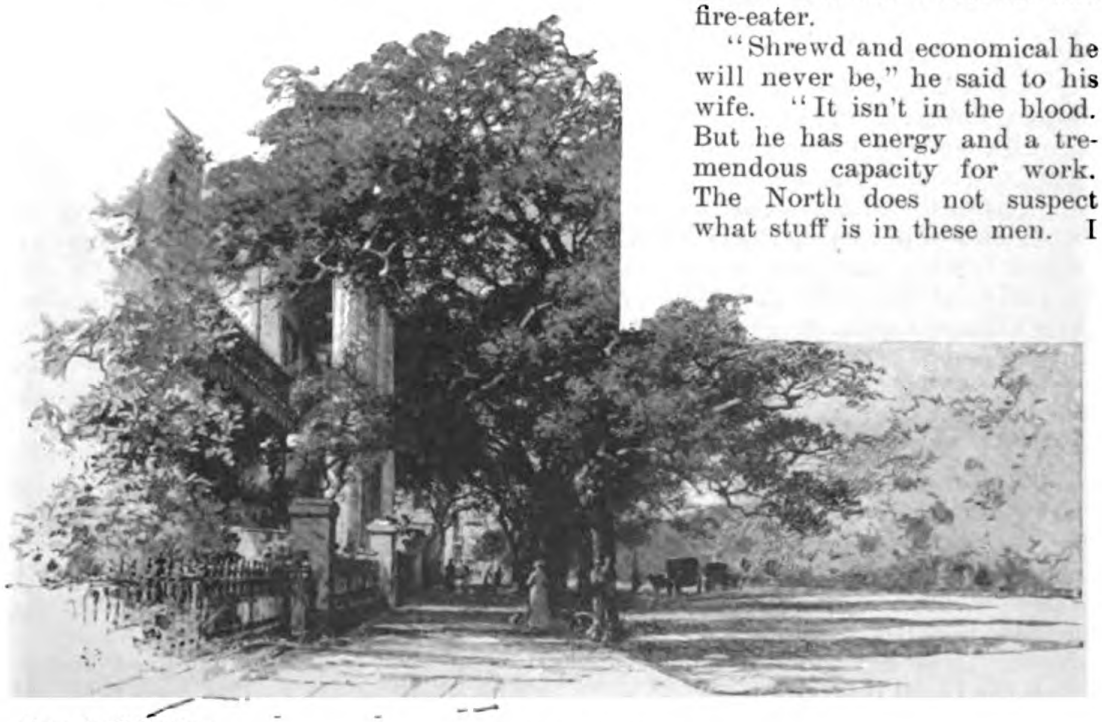
Mrs. Ely controlled a smile of amused superiority. Her husband said, hastily, "The South is learning a higher lesson than any which bric-à-brac or pictures could teach her."

"We will hope so," replied Mocquard, dryly. "It is certain that there is now a very small number of men among us who are wealthy enough to indulge luxurious tastes. The great mass of our people have been forced to go to work."

"Yes, and it is better for them, Mocquard," said Major Pogue, who was in the carriage. "But the great error they make is in giving their whole efforts and thought to one kind of work—that of raising cotton. It is the road to a competency with which we are most familiar, and we are apt to think it the only one; so we neglect a thousand other industries which in the North are common and lucrative. Now this plantation, for instance, which we are passing. A little time and care would give the planter the finer fruits and vegetables for his table and for the market, would surround his house with flower-gardens and well-kept lawns, and fill it with comforts if not elegance. But he turns his back on everything but cotton. That one crop disposed of, his duty for the year is over."

Colonel Mocquard frequently went with them on these exploring journeys. Mr. Ely was impressed with the business qualifications of the ex-soldier and fire-eater.

"Shrewd and economical he will never be," he said to his wife. "It isn't in the blood. But he has energy and a tremendous capacity for work. The North does not suspect what stuff is in these men. I



Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

GOVERNMENT STREET, MOBILE.

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have been looking over some industrial statistics to-day, and I find that over three and a half millions have been invested already in this year right here in Alabama in new enterprises, principally in coal-mining and lumbering. I heard you and Mocquard bemoaning the lack of pictures and bric-à-brac. Stuff and nonsense! They are laying solid foundations of prosperity now; they will put on the gilding by-and-by."

Colonel Mocquard drove them one morning through the business streets of the city, showing them the manufactories of ice and soaps, and the ginneries where cotton-seed oil was made.

"Ready," laughed Lola Pogue, "to be exported to Italy, and returned to the North as *L'huile de Lucca*."

They came home through the "new town"—a suburb filled with pretty cottages (not cabins) belonging to the negroes. It was a warm evening, and they were out sunning themselves on the galleries, the women and children in gay print gowns. Many of them, who had been his slaves, ran down to speak to "de Boss" as Mocquard passed. There was evidently hearty good-will on both sides.

Down the narrow street, as the sun was setting, came a procession of blacks and mulattoes reverently following a hearse. They marched with linked fingers, and were dressed in black, both men and women wearing a bright purple cape edged with gold braid.

"It is a beneficiary society," explained Major Pogue. "The freedmen have formed them everywhere throughout the South. They very seldom are political or religious in their aim, but are based solely on the idea of mutual help in time of sickness or death. Each has its secret device or password, however, and they gratify their dramatic sense by some bit of color in the dress or badge."

"To me," said Mocquard, "the tendency of the negroes to co-operate is one of the most significant signs of their progress."

The party were to have separated the next day, Colonel Mocquard going back to the plantation, while his friends went on to Mobile. He insisted, however, on accompanying them for at least a few days longer. Mrs. Ely nodded significantly when she heard this offer.

"Depend on it," she said to her husband, "Miss Pogue is the cause of his courtesy to us. And a very good thing that match would be. He is poor, a widower, with a houseful of children, and she would make an economical, managing Yankee wife."

"No doubt when you die, my dear, you will be sent out as a match-making angel," was his only reply.

Although the spring was the latest known in the South for forty years, the change in latitude was abruptly marked as they neared the Gulf. They left all traces of snow behind; the grass was rank. They passed through close forests of scrub pines springing out of white sand, as on the New Jersey coast. Below the pines came heavy thickets of live-oaks, sycamores, hickories, pecans, and the bur trees, bare but for their brown knobs, while near the lagoons rose impenetrable jungles of undergrowth, knit together by thick trunks of wild grape. The road everywhere was walled in by ramparts of vegetation, to which the dwarf palmetto, sharp-bladed and defiant, and masses of bristling cacti, gave a tropical aspect.

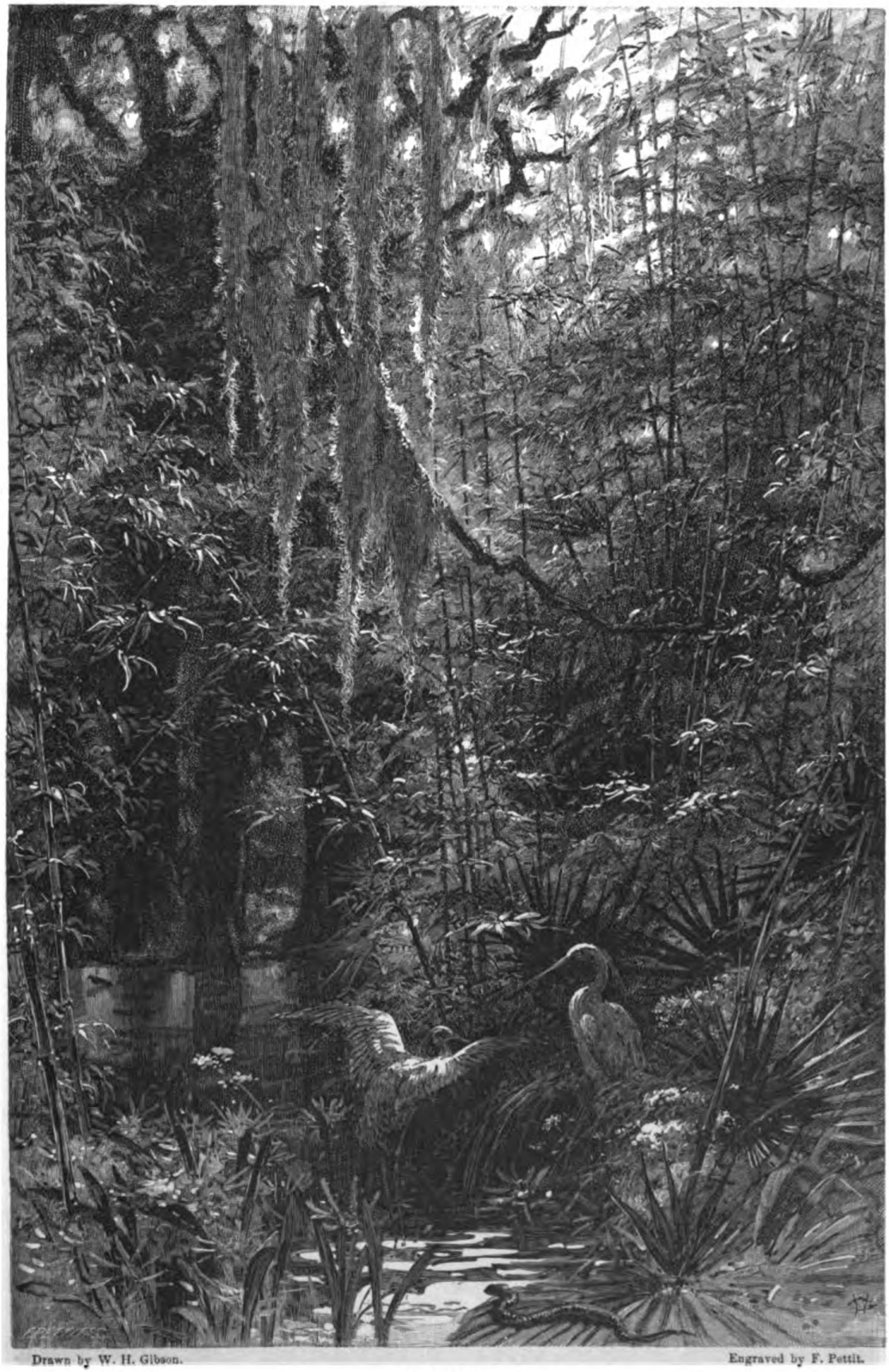
A heavy thunder-storm darkened the last part of their journey, but as they entered Mobile the clouds rolled back, heaping themselves in vast folds upon the horizon, while a soft tender sunset glimmered through, throwing into the foreground the shaded streets of the quaint old town, the dripping, glistening magnolias and camellias in the gardens, the airy church spires, while far in the back the masts at the levee drew sharp black lines against the red sky.

They found the Battle House crowded with people returning from the Carnival at New Orleans. Mobile, French and Catholic, also had kept Mardi-Gras, and the house fronts were still gay with flags and wreaths of flowers. Half a dozen old-fashioned carriages were ranged before the hotel. The horses nodded, and the negro drivers dozed in the warm light.

"Father," said Miss Pogue, "there is 'Mosheer,' who drove us and instructed us so mightily last Mardi-Gras. Let him take us out the Bay Road. Call him. There will be time before dark."

The beautiful little Georgian had by this time insensibly assumed control of the party, managing shrewdly to save all odd ends of time, to drive good bargains with shopkeepers, and to keep hotel bills down, to the cordial approval of Mrs. Ely, who, like most women, was penny-wise.

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson. Engraved by F. Pettit.

A JUNGLE.

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The Major beckoned to a greasy mustached old Frenchman with a wooden leg, wearing a coat and high hat a world too big for him. "What is your name, my good fellow?"

"Mosheer Dechiré. I drive all ze strangers who come to Mobile. Carr'ge, zare," waving his whip toward a shabby open barouche. "Ver sheap."

Lola nodded approval, and they all crowded into it. No sooner had they started than "Mosheer" turned sideways, abandoning his horses to Providence, the most eager of ciceroni.

"I know Mobile, zare. Mobile knows Dechiré. I trow in my lot here tirty year ago. V'là Government Street, madame. Ze most grand boulevard in ze Souf, zey tell me. Ve zall not drive zere now. To-night you zall see ze Shell Road. Ah-h! Eef you could zee dat Shell Road in de old times! On zis side de beautiful houses on ze pleasure-grounds; on zat, ze bay; and going to an' fro, to an' fro, ze fine carriages fill' viv lovely ladies an' les messieurs on horseback. And ah! ze horses! Mobile have horses zen zat all ze vorld know by name."

He stopped for them to see a famous grove of huge live-oaks draped with the trailing Spanish moss. They saw here, too, for the first time, the great green knobs of mistletoe, white with waxen berries, high on the yet leafless tree.

The sun was warm, the salt wind bracing; on their left hand the waters of the bay stretched, rippling and glittering, until they were lost in low silvery mists; on the right lay plantations and dwellings, many of which bore traces of old magnificence. Mosheer scrambled zealously up and down, bringing the ladies bunches of moss, of scarlet berries, of the brown seed-vessels of the bur tree. He overheard Mrs. Ely's remark that a little care would make comfortable dwellings of some neglected houses.



BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

"Ah, madame," he cried, "you zall see no such grand mansions in ze Norf! Mobile vas a gay, rich, happy city, but ze var took her by ze troat. She begins but to breathe again. She have many rich men who push her on an' on. Ze young men zey vill make great harbor, great railroads; zey vant to hear no more of ze var"—shrugging his shoulders.

"Did you take any part in the war?" asked Mrs. Ely.

"Oui, madame. A little. Yonder"—pointing with his whip—"jus' under zat speck of cloud, I vork forty days at ze eartvorks at Fort Powell. I leave my shop. Madame Dechiré, and ze leetle chil-

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THE SHELL ROAD, MOBILE.

dren zey have small portion to eat zose days. I vas shoemaker by trade. Mais que voulez-vous? I vas *man*, aussi. Ah! every day ve vork, vork, and ve say, 'Notting can take zis fort!'" He had stopped the horses by this time, and was gesticulating toward the bay from his high seat, his flabby face distorted with excitement. "You see, zare? you see, madame? zat black line in ze mist is ze island, Dauphin. Jus' vhere I point my finger is Fort Morgan, von great fort, many guns. At zat side is Fort Gaines. Up ze bay—ah, it vas von day in August, ver' hot—up ze bay come ze Yankee fleet, two by two, lashed togezzer like von pack of hounds. Close to ze shore vas ze great Monitors, ze *Tecumseh* in front."

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A WAY-SIDE GROUP.

"The *Tecumseh!*" exclaimed Mr. Ely. "My dear, was not George on the *Tecumseh?* A lad of whom we were very fond," he explained to the Major—"an orphan, the son of a dear friend. But go on, my good man; go on."

"Here," continued Mosheer, "vas Admiral Buchanan and our fleet. Under ze vater jus' in ze path of ze Monitors vas ze torpedoes."

"Just in the path of the Monitors," whispered the old clergyman, nervously, turning his face away quickly from them toward the bay, reddening now in the low, peaceful light.

"Yes, zare," eagerly rejoined Mosheer. "Ah-h, it is very clean vater now, you tink? Notting in it but ze fish? Look, zare; look, madame. Jus' vhere I point, your *Tecumseh* struck a torpedo an' vent down—down! I see ze water boil an' choke; zat is all. Presently it rush over an' lie smooth again. Ze great Monitor gone, like a leetle pebble sunk!"

The old clergyman did not answer; his eyes were fixed on the rippling, smiling water. His wife, who was less excitable, slid her hand under her shawl, unseen, into his, and pressed it.

"And that," she whispered, "is poor George's grave."

The Major raised his hat. "There were brave men buried there that day," he said, gently.

Mosheer broke the silence. "Yonder our Admiral attacked Farragut. Ze bay vas black viz ze smoke an' ze roar of ze cannon. An' in ze middle of it ze Yankees creep in—in on Dauphin Island. Vell"—with a shrug, gathering up his reins—"ze end had come! In four days Fort Powell vas blown away. An' our eartvorks—all gone. Mon Dieu! how my back did ache building zose eartvorks! All gone!"

"Then, I suppose," said Lola, indignantly, "you gave up the cause, and went back to your shoemaking?"

"No," with a sheepish grin. "I vas in hospital. I lose my life for dem eartvorks. Madame Dechiré et les petites zey vor hungry many days. Mais que voulez-vous? Every man had his trouble. I no vorse zan ze oders."

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Mr. Ely turned his distressed face to the man, full of pity and sympathy. "The war never seemed so real to me before," he said; "that is, your side of it."

"But, my good man," interrupted Mrs. Ely, severely, "why did you go into the war at all? You were a foreigner: had you no respect for the flag or the constitution of your adopted country?"

"Perhaps he believed in State rights?" suggested Miss Pogue, slyly.

"State rights an' ze constitooshun? I know notting about dem. But here vas my home--here in Mobile. I trow in my lot here tirty year ago. Mine leetle house vas here, an' mine vife. So I fight. Eef I had live in New York, viv my leetle house, an' ze Souf come to fight, I—I cannot tell. It may be I zall be Yankee—moi!"

The men laughed, but both the ladies were indignant.

"Northern men went into the war with a principle!" cried the older woman.

"And Southern men," exclaimed Lola, "gave their lives for a great cause! But this man talks as if patriotism was a matter of geography."

"Hush-h! I am afraid, my dear, that Mosheer speaks for a large party on both sides," said her father.

After the first day, the travellers had no more occasion for Mosheer's services. Major Pogue and Colonel Mocquard had a few friends in the city, and as soon as it was known that they were at the hotel,



THE OLD BONE MAN.

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson.

RED-SNAPPER FISHING.

they, with the clergyman and his wife, were welcomed as though they were visiting princes, and overwhelmed with invitations to dine, to drive, to spend evenings, days, weeks, with their new friends.

Good Mr. Ely was in raptures with this cordiality. "It renews one's faith in human nature," he said to his wife as they were dressing for dinner, brushing his thin gray locks up to cover his bald pate. "I told you how it was in Virginia, my dear. And to think how we have fought them since and ruined them, and that they are the first to hold out their hands in friendship! I wish all Northerners could come down and see these people as they are. Great heavens! what injustice we do them!"

"My dear!" said his wife, reprovingly. She had not quite made up her mind in this matter. She was very silent when with her new acquaintances, and could not enter, as her husband did, with fervor into their pride in the "stately buildings," the "magnificent streets," etc., of Mobile, described in guides to the Exposition. Secretly she thought the Southerners a good deal like children, as vain, and as thin-skinned to criticism, and suspected that the war had probably been useful as discipline in lowering their self-conceit. Like many other Northern visitors to the Exposition last winter, she was always startled to find among "our enemies" the same good sense, feeling, or knowledge that she expected as a matter of course from her own people. Her husband, on the contrary, criticised nothing. "Why should I?" he said. "Because we had the most money and the most men twenty years ago, does that give me the right to come down here and sneer at their cows, their horses, their manners; or even to pat them approvingly on the head?"

He urged all of his new friends to visit him in Pennsylvania. He preached on Sunday in one of the city churches on "human brotherhood" out of so full a heart that the tears rose to the eyes of many a prejudiced hearer. Everybody accepted and trusted the old man. "I shall think better of the world because he was born in it," said Colonel Mocquard.

But even Mrs. Ely at last confessed that Mobile was a beautiful city, unlike any other. She is charming, rather than stately. Like Savannah, Charleston, and the French quarter of New Orleans, she still remains characteristically Southern. Her avenues are broad and well shaded; the

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dwellings large and airy, and half hidden in exquisite gardens and sloping lawns. Even in the poorer streets roses, magnolias, camellias, and jasmine fill the air with fragrance. The pretentious brick houses with Mansard-roofs and colored glass, so common in Eastern cities, which the Northern and Jewish new-comers are beginning to erect in some of the Southern towns (quite unconscious, apparently, that they are not only ugly, but totally unsuited to a warm, damp climate), have not as yet vulgarized Mobile's old-time grace. She turns to the stranger a quiet, home-like, friendly face, with that undefinable gracious air of good-breeding in it which only generations of ease and hospitality can give even to houses. No money or architect can impart it to blocks of magnificent mansions built for display.

Among their new friends was a Madame de Parras, a bent, white-haired old lady of eighty, who was lodging in a cheap house in St. Joseph Street.

"Over a bakery, my dear," explained Mr. Ely to his wife, who had not then seen her. "But she might have been a duchess, in the days of the Bourbons, from her manners. With her brilliant black eyes and white hair, leaning on her ebony cane with its floating ribbons, you could not imagine a more picturesque figure. She is a descendant of a Marquis de Parras, who came to this country with the French refugees in 1816, and settled in Marengo County."

"You find so many black swans!" complained Mrs. Ely. "Why does this princess lodge over a bakery?"

"Because she is a dethroned princess, I suppose," said Mr. Ely. "An old friend of Mocquard's. She reigned in New Orleans in her days of power, and she is on her way there now from a poor plantation on the Tombigbee. She has a little granddaughter with her. I don't think," he added, hesitating, "that the war or poverty has inoculated them with any Northern energy, as they have your friend Miss Pogue."

"Lola might have been a New-Englander," said Mrs. Ely for the twentieth time. "She is just the woman to help on Colonel Mocquard's fortunes. Pushing, close—"

"Men don't usually look first for those qualities in a wife," said Mr. Ely, impatiently. "And I suspect that Southern women will gain such virtues out of their poverty much sooner than Southern men will learn to admire them in their wives and sweethearts."

"Probably. I don't pretend to understand *men*," said Mrs. Ely, with calm superiority.

The next day they went on an exploring expedition to Point Clear, with the Major and his daughter, Colonel Mocquard and some friends from Mobile, among them Madame de Parras.

"Is that her granddaughter in the brown flannel dress?" asked Mrs. Ely, when they were on the little steamer *Annie*.

"Yes; and a lovely little creature she is," replied the clergyman.

"I do not agree with you," she answered, quickly. "I should call her positively homely. She is nothing but a child. I must say I like some style in a girl. You would not find a Northern young lady cling to her grandmother's side and blush when she is spoken to in that way. Yet she sent Major Pogue on an errand just now as calmly as I should a servant."

"Southern women are taught to believe that they are born with a sceptre in their hands. I suspect, my dear," he added, slyly, "that Mocquard agrees with me in my opinion of this little girl."

"Absurd! I give him credit for too much hard common-sense. He wants a capable manager as a wife, with his children and straitened means. What could a chit like that, made up of eyes and a smile, do for him?"

Mr. Ely shrugged his shoulders, and strolled to the end of the boat to listen to Major Pogue, who was descanting on the merits of Point Clear as a winter resort for Northerners. The Major, with many other shrewd capitalists in the South, had foreseen the large profits to be made by the growing habit of migration among invalids, and had invested a little money and much thought and time in building up different resorts in Florida, Georgia, and the North Carolina mountains.

"The time for drugs is over," he was saying now, while a group of sallow, coughing travellers wrapped in furs gathered close, listening eagerly. "A famous physician in the North once said to me, 'Give me the air I want for my patients, and I will not give them a dose of medicine.' Well, sir, now he can have every kind and quality of air he wants, from the warm damp breezes off the Gulf, in Flori-

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da or Louisiana, to the bracing dry winds in the piny woods in Georgia or northern Alabama or the Carolinas. Our people understand now what is wanted. You will find well-kept hotels at all these places. Point Clear is a little jut of land running out into Mobile Bay, about halfway between the city and the Gulf, and it is claimed that the climate is equal to that of Florida. Any of the resorts on the Gulf frequented by Southerners in summer ought to be suitable for invalids from the North in winter."

Lola, who was sitting by Mrs. Ely, laughed. "I suppose the South may count your invalids among her new 'industries,' just as your farmers, they tell me, reckon summer boarders a more profitable crop than potatoes. Of course one is sorry for the poor creatures, but these migrating invalids papa talks of are becoming quite too marked a feature of Southern travel, it seems to me."

Little Betty de Parras turned with quick assent, her brown eyes wide with pity.

"Oh, we have met them everywhere! So pale and weak, some of them just ready to die. And one can do nothing—not even speak."

"Dear me! I don't want to speak," answered Lola. "They mass themselves together in cars and hotel parlors, and discuss their pills and symptoms. 'Did you try Aiken?' and 'How did Pensacola suit you?' It is horrible: the poor spectres racing from point to point catching at every hope. The Dance of Death is cheerful to it."

"If one could do anything!" said Betty, under her breath, the tears coming to her eyes.

"It sounded very heartless in Lola, I confess," said Mrs. Ely to her husband afterward, when the girls walked away; "yet no doubt she would be the most efficient nurse of the two, if put to the test. She has a remarkable skill in giving drugs, her mother told me—doses all the negroes on the plantation."

"Perhaps so. But that little girl's pitying eyes and soft pat of the hand would go farther than drugs to cure me," he persisted, obstinately.

There is a large hotel at Point Clear, the porches of which overlook the bay. The men of the party went out fishing, bringing in drum, red-fish, and a red-snapper caught by the old clergyman, to his great delight.

They came back to the city in high spirits the next morning, a brisk west wind feathering the waters of the bay, and driving bright flakes of cloud across the sky with sudden jubilant gusts.

During the fortnight that followed, Mr. Ely and Colonel Mocquard explored every quarter of the quaint old city. A singular *camaraderie* had sprung up between the old clergyman and the Confederate soldier. They spent whole days fishing together at the Snapper Banks in the Gulf, or hunting among the lagoons which empty into the bay, sitting sometimes for hours on some sunken log in the wild tangle of vines and bushes, with blazing colors in every weed about them, in eager talk, their guns idle at their feet; or they loitered along the wharves or through the cotton-mills. The older man had keen perceptions and sympathies, and at every step he was moved and excited by some dramatic revelation in the lives of these people who were struggling to their feet after savage disaster. They often drove out through the groves of magnolias and live-oaks which hedge in Mobile. The environs are full of quiet beauty; pleasant country-seats are set on the crests and in the valleys of the wooded hills which rise in low ranges behind it. Spring Hill contains the prettiest of these homes, and is to Mobile what Bryn Mawr is to Philadelphia, or the shores of the Hudson to New York.

Here lives the most famous woman, probably, of the South — Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of *Beulah*, *Macaria*, etc. She is held in as proud regard by the mass of Southern people as was George Eliot by the English. Her beautiful home on Spring Hill is a kind of Mecca to which her admirers make pilgrimages.

"All American authors," said Mr. Ely, "should be born in Boston or the far South."

"The South never neglects her gifted children," replied Colonel Mocquard, gravely, "when they are true to her."

The Colonel never tired of hunting out with Mr. Ely traces of the first settlers on the coast. The old clergyman took a keen interest in the romantic story of the three noble brothers who discovered and colonized the coast for France. He insisted on going down to Dauphin Island. "Just here, I fancy," he said, after long consideration, "the lad Bienville first

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leaped on shore, and here was the heap of human bones which made him call it the Isle of Massacre."

Colonel Mocquard showed him the point on the island on which tradition states young Bienville, coming back from Biloxi two years later, with his younger brother and La Salle, built a warehouse for their stores, and the location of the fort, St. Louis de la Mobile, at the mouth of Dog River.

"The Quaker botanist, old William Bartram," he said, "found the ruins of the fort here in 1777. But it was at the mouth of Mobile River that the two brothers built their principal forts and huts of unbarked trunks of trees covered with earth and palmetto leaves. Close by their fort was the temple of the tribe of the Mobilians, in which a light burned that never was suffered to go out. All the Southern tribes of Indians came here for their holy fire. It was in one of these huts that De Sanvolle, the younger of the lads, died, and when D'Iberville, the eldest of the brothers, sailed up the bay a week afterward, he found Bienville standing alone on the shore to welcome him. The tradition is that he took the boy in his arms and they wept aloud. D'Iberville died soon afterward, and Bienville was left alone."

"The whole story of that man is tragic to me," said Mr. Ely, enthusiastically. "I always believed him to be a true knight by nature as by birth. Conceive the horrible solitude of life here for such a man, chivalric, sensitive, in a miserable little colony on the edge of a wilderness that covered the continent, peopled by wild beasts and savages, and the colony made up of men who for forty years hated and maligned him! Yes, sir, Bienville was one of those gentle, heroic souls that grew and flourished in the hardships of the early history of the Southern colonies. We do not pay them honor enough. Look what New England has done for her grim, bigoted forefathers!"

The Colonel laughed. "No doubt Bienville was a courageous and tough fellow. He certainly persisted in founding trading sites throughout the wilds and jungles of lower Louisiana at the risk of his office and his life. But the proofs of his gentleness are not so clear to me. It was owing to his obstinate whim, you remember, that the capital of the State was placed in the mud flats where New Orleans now stands, below the level of the river, rather than on the dry sandy height of Biloxi. And he had a habit of chopping off the heads of men who displeased him, which was eccentric even in that day. Eighteen at once, here in Mobile, if I remember rightly."

Mr. Ely laughed feebly, and hastily turned his inquiries to the truth of the legend that the wife of Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, had escaped from her brutal husband and fled to the French settlements on the Gulf, becoming one of the pioneers in the little hamlet of Mobile.

"It may be true," said Mocquard. "The history of the early French and Spanish colonies along this coast is full of romance. Love and jealousy and a mad passion for adventure had more to do with bringing Bienville, De Cadillac, and even De la Salle half round the world into these bayoux and jungles than any hope of gain."

"Those ancient traditions, with the background of this tropical scenery, are a fine untrodden field for some American novelist," said Mr. Ely, and hinted that a cousin of his own, a promising young journalist in Massachusetts, was just the man to use this "material."

But Colonel Mocquard dryly observed that probably only a Southern hand could do justice to it, and suggested that it was not too late for an afternoon's fishing.

Mrs. Ely became impatient with this idle loitering. She had gone through Mobile with the energy of the intelligent American sight-seer, had visited the Medical College, the ice factory, the markets, the Marine Hospital, had astonished the Sisters with extraordinary questions in the Academy of Visitation, and was familiar with all the handsome houses on Government Street. She was urgent now that they should go on and see something else, and told Mr. Ely so when he came in from one of his long expeditions.

"I wish we could stay," he sighed. "I am in love with this quaint old town. If I could breathe this balmy, warm air for a year or two I should be as indolent and ready to let the world wag its own way as the old-time Southerner ever was. I don't blame him. If Sumner or Garrison had been born on one of these sleepy plantations, with a thousand darkies to earn his living and wait on him, breathing the bay air loaded with the scent of

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magnolias all his life, he would have been as conservative as Mocquard. Character is much more a matter of the thermometer than you think, my dear."

Mrs. Ely, who was knitting at some soft woollen stuff, listened with the patience that she felt was always due to a man's whims.

"I think we had better go on," she said, quietly. "You will probably be quite as enthusiastic about New Orleans."

"We shall never see Mobile again as it is now, I am convinced," he persisted. "The charm of its quiet and calm will soon be gone. The whole South is fast losing its repose and identity. It used to be delightful to drop out of the hurry and struggle of the North into this sunny, drowsy calm, where nobody was in a hurry. But they are beginning to drive and push here everywhere just as we do."

"Time for them!" ejaculated his wife.

"As for Mobile," he continued, earnestly, "it must be the chief sea-port of the Gulf States. That is inevitable. And when these new industries are developed, here is their outlet. Consider the enormous advance made by this State in the last ten years--the opening up of her coal and iron regions, the lumbering trade, the capital invested in manufactories! Why, the State is as rich as Pennsylvania in her natural resources. Here in Mobile must be the centre of her foreign trade. A very few years will make it the New York of the South. But its charm will be gone then for me."

"I am sure I hope you are right," she said. "But I think we had better go on. You and Colonel Mocquard would poke about hunting up historical points for months. Major Pogue proposes that we shall stop at one or two quiet little villages between here and New Orleans that he is interested in as winter resorts. We have seen everything here but the cemeteries, and we will go to them this morning. Lola says we had better take the noon train to-morrow."

"Oh! if you and Miss Pogue have decided it, there is no more to be said. But *I* don't want to see your cemeteries."

"I never feel that I have done a town properly until I see where they put their dead," said his wife, placidly snapping off a thread.

Late that evening, accordingly, a stout lady in black, accompanied by two slight girlish figures, strolled down the grassy avenues of a large burying-ground in the outskirts of the city. She stopped to read the inscriptions on all the more costly monuments, while the girls glanced impatiently toward the carriage waiting at the gate. The wind from the bay blew sharp and damp; the sky had sunk down overhead flat and lead-colored; the sun hung like a fiery ball ready to drop out of sight.

"Yes, yes; I'm coming. It is late. I feel quite ready for tea. But look at this shaft. It must belong to a family of importance. Have you no idea of the cost, my dear? Dear me, there is a carriage coming along the road. Who can it be?"

"It is Mosheer bringing Mr. Ely and Colonel Mocquard," said Betty, with a gurgle of delight. "Thank goodness! I thought they would come to take us home safely."

"Safely? What on earth could happen to you, child?"

"Oh, it is nearly dark. We ought to have a gentleman to take care of us," lisped Betty, in her soft cooing voice, as she ran forward and caught the old clergyman by the arm.

Mrs. Ely glanced significantly from the Colonel's approaching figure to Lola. "I don't know how much devotion girls expect nowadays, but when I was young such watchful care of me would have touched me very much."

Lola gave an astonished glance at Mrs. Ely and the Colonel. "I don't know what you mean," she stammered.

"Do you not? then you are duller than I thought you," said the old lady, calmly, going forward to meet her husband.

Lola stood motionless, staring at the lichen on a head-stone, a red heat rising slowly to her face underneath the chalk and touch of rouge, with which, like too many Southern girls, she usually covered her pretty skin.

Care of her?

Could this be true? Miss Pogue was not the kind of woman who in any circumstances would give all for love and count the world well lost. But the circumstances of her life had kept the idea of love and marriage further in the background than with ordinary women. She had shared in her father's struggles for the necessities and at last the luxuries of life. These were the sharp realities which kept her shrewd, practical brain busy. But Lola was not a mercenary woman.

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The idea that Dupré Mocquard, after all his hard fight in the world, loved her, and wished to make her his wife, touched her. A deep wave of feeling seemed to surge up in her brain and heart. It startled herself. Was it possible that she was in love, and with this man? She looked at him keenly as he came toward her between the cypress-trees and white shafts. He was not a young man, but he had the face and figure to which a Southern woman, however practical, would pay homage. One of Arthur's knights might have looked like this overseer.

"He need no longer be overseer—if—papa could take him into partnership in the mills. He lives in the Mocquard house, and I could keep it up in its old state for one-half the money he wastes with a house-keeper and lazy negroes. As for the children — are there four or five?" Her eyes kindled as these thoughts flashed through her mind. The untidy house, the children, the lazy servants, quickened and warmed her blood as the sight of a disorderly regiment would kindle the wits of an energetic drill-sergeant.

Colonel Mocquard, when he came up, fancied that Miss Pogue, for whose blond beauty he had a fervent appreciation, appeared embarrassed and irritated.

"Do let us go home," she said, turning shortly away. "I want to get among living things again. I have no sympathy with dead people. Come, Betty."

She walked quickly toward the carriage; but Betty, all of whose motions were slow and gentle, looked at the graves, her brown eyes full of pity. "Suppose they could hear her?" she murmured, with a scared, nervous laugh. "Not sorry for them! To think of them alone here, and that we cannot reach them or do anything for them never again!"

"There are the living still for you to help, Cousin Betty," said Colonel Mocquard, offering her his arm, and bending over her with a wistful face as they went down the avenue.

"That child's heart is full of longing to comfort and work for others—even the dead," said the clergyman, as he followed with his wife.

"Ah," she snapped, sharply, "I would rather see a little work with the hands than all these heart-longings. She cannot button her own shoes. Why, poor as that girl and her grandmother are, she must have a negro maid to dress her like a baby. Help others, indeed!"

"Madame de Parras clings to the old usages," stammered Mr. Ely.

"A pretty wife for the Colonel!" grumbled Mrs. Ely. "But it's no affair of mine."

"No, my dear," said her husband, plucking up courage. "It is not, happily. And, after all, a man does not want the work of her hands from his wife so much as sympathy and companionship. You," he added, earnestly, "gave both, Jane."

Her old face was warm and smiling as she entered the carriage, and she beamed graciously even on little Betty as they drove back to the city.

MEXICAN NOTES.

V.—TCZINTCZUNTCZAN—URUAPAN.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A LITTLE company of Americans and Mexicans, attended by a single *mozo*, or servant, rode on the 15th of March, on horses and mules, from Patzcuaro to Tczintczuntczan, four leagues Spanish, or about fifteen miles. The trip might have been made on the lake in the long Indian dug-outs, but at this season of the year the strong wind from the southwest which invariably rises before noon renders the lake very rough for row-boats.

The day was glorious and the ride thoroughly exhilarating. Nothing else that I know equals the pleasurable excitement of being on horseback on a sparkling morning, and setting out on a journey every step of which is full of novelty. We took at first the paved road toward Morelia, but soon turned off across fields, the ancient way to Tczintczuntczan, which is one of the oldest of Indian villages, and was formerly the capital of the state of Michoacan. In the low foreground, when we turned off, we had the lake, and beyond, high, pointed, irregular, silvery mountains.

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We crossed a shallow arm of the lake on a causeway and an ancient bridge. Thousands of black ducks, and now and then a white crane, enlivened the lagoon, and at the bridge stalwart Indian fishermen were hauling a seine, their dug-out moored to the bank. This boat, hollowed out from a tree trunk, was thirty feet long, deep, broader at the bottom than at the top. Some of the Indian boats are much longer than this, and their size testifies to the noble forest growth. They are propelled by poles, and by paddles shaped like a warming-pan, and are said to be perfectly safe. We skirted the lake by a very stony road for some distance. On the way we constantly met Indians, bare-legged and bare-breasted, wretchedly clad, the men bending under enormous crates of pottery, and the women moving with the quick trot peculiar to them, on their way to market. In old days this was a sort of royal road, and it is now so much travelled by footmen that women find it profitable to set up shelves along the way for the sale of food. We crossed another long causeway, through a lagoon, sedgy, silvery, swarming with ducks; the scene was very pretty and peaceful, and the view combined the elements of loveliness and grandeur.

Winding up and around slight elevations, through a country little tilled, we came in sight of Tczintczuntczan, nestling beside the blue lake, a cluster of brown flat roofs amid trees, with two old church towers rising out of the foliage. On a height to the right are the ruins of the palace of King Caltzontzi, now a mere heap of unburnt bricks on the rocks. This royal residence of the King of the Tarascons, before the arrival of the Spaniards, overlooked a lovely domain of lake and hills and sloping fields, and had gathered about it in rude adobe huts a population of fishermen and potters, whose descendants practise the same arts, and have no doubt the same appearance and manners, except as they are modified by the forms of the foreign religion.

The interior of the town does not keep the promise of the exterior for picturesqueness. The streets are broad, but full of rubbish, uneven, and mere lanes between blank adobe walls, with now and then a door opening into a garden or a miserable tenement. We alighted under sycamore-trees in front of the jail and court-house. The jail has two apartments, half-dark rooms, partly excavated out of the hill, a floor of earth, one small grating of wood in front, which serves for door and window, and furnished with a jug of water and a mat or two on the ground for a bed. At this grating two patient women sat talking with a couple of stupid-looking young men who were locked up for theft. The prisoners seem to depend upon their relations for food. The court-room is a decent apartment, and has hanging on the wall several badly painted portraits, and a very curious ancient picture, representing the arms of the city of Zinzunzan (as it is here spelled), and contains the portraits of three kings—El Rey Cigauagau, El Rey Sinzicha Tangajuan Bulgo Caltzontzi, and El Rey Characu—in one quarter arms and banners, in the other several heads, three castles, a man in ermine, swords, and crown.

The city has no hotel or place of entertainment, and most of the houses into which we looked are mere adobe sheds, with little furniture. But the place has a school-room, where the education seems to be very primitive. We ate the luncheon we had carried in the best house in the place, in a large room, displaying some taste in decorations, having some specimens of the Uruapan wooden ware and painted plates on the walls. In this house there was one of the red jars manufactured here having an excellent head in high relief on the side, Egyptian in its noble serenity, and yet graceful—the only decoration of so high a type that I saw.

The chief business of the village, except fishing, is the manufacture of pottery. This is carried on entirely in private houses and gardens. The clay is obtained from a hill near the town, and is brought by the men, who also fire the kilns for the baking, and they usually tote it to market. The women do the rest of the work. They knead the clay and mould the pottery, a labor at which their small hands and pliant fingers are exceedingly deft. No wheels are used. All the utensils are made in half-moulds and joined before baking. Seated on the ground, the woman has at her side a heap of clay, and before her a composing-stone. The clay she kneads and rolls and spats in her hands until it is of proper and uniform thickness (and the women are exceedingly skilful at this), and then it is pressed into the moulds. As this ware is very cheap in the distant market, a wo-

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man must make a good deal of it in a day to support her family. A house here generally consists of an enclosure in mud walls, perhaps a shabby garden with some fine roses and other flowers, an open adobe hut where the pottery is made and baked, and an equally rude hut where the family sleep on mats spread on the earth. At one of the pottery places was a small chapel to St. Helena, with a bedizened figure of the saint, and hung with votive offerings. A penitent, a young woman bearing a lighted candle, and attended by an elderly dame, stood in front of the altar. At this house, where we were received with entire courtesy and politeness, though all the eyes of the women, children, and boys followed us with a little suspicion, as if the presence of strangers was unaccountable, I had a curious illustration of the morals of the community. I had in my hand a fine rose, which came from the garden where we lunched, and as an acknowledgment of the courtesy of the house, and when we were saying good-by, I offered it to one of the young girls. She refused it with indignation, or rather took it and cast it angrily on the ground, while all the group looked at us with suspicion. I could not imagine what was wrong, but my Mexican friends explained afterward that it was an insult to offer a flower to a maiden in that way, for the inference was that I had a bad motive.

The Indians of this village are industrious, virtuous, and exceedingly poor, judging poverty by the standard of our wants. The women are short in stature, broad, and sturdy, but with small feet and hands, and much resemble our Northern squaws in features, but they have a mass of thick black hair, which has in it a red glint in the sun. On the shore, where we went to see the fishermen drawing their nets, and where the view of the blue water and the mountains is very pretty, the women and children all ran away and squatted in the bushes at our approach. The presence of a lady in our party even gave them no confidence.

The present attraction of this village is not the ancient palace of the native king, nor the descendants of his people, who mould the antique pottery and burn candles to St. Helena. It is the romance of the Spanish ecclesiastical dominion. It is finding in this remote Indian village the remains of a splendid hierarchy, which counted no labor too much, no sacrifice too costly, no prodigality of money too free, to secure the salvation and the tribute of the Western world. Tczintczuntczan was the capital of this province and the natural centre for the display of the magnificence of the Church. The name was well known in Spain; the village and its people were favorites with Philip II., who seems to have had an exaggerated notion of its importance. Here arose churches and convents, here learned and saintly devotees of the faith gave their lives to the cause of the cross, and to these poor savages Philip made a gift that any monarch or any city might envy.

When we entered the walled church enclosure we seemed to have stepped back into the sixteenth century. The scene is more Italian than Spanish in character. This large enclosure, now neglected and run to waste, was once a beautiful garden, cultivated by the monks, who liked, in their exile, to surround themselves with something to remind them of home. There are evidences that it was formally laid out and planted, but the paths are overgrown, and only stray lilies and roses remain to attest the former care. That which most vividly recalls the Spanish missionaries and their taste is the olive-trees that entirely surround the enclosure within the walls. Judging by their appearance, they must have been planted three centuries ago. They are the largest olive-trees I ever saw, and bear unmistakable marks of great age. Most of them are mere ruins of trees, many of them mere shells of bark, but all of them, with the tenacity of the olive, still putting forth verdant sprouts on their decayed summits, and bearing fruit. Twisted, gnarled, fantastic, hollow, with recesses where one may sit, and cleft so that one can pass through the trunk, they yet stand like shapes of vegetation in an artist's dreams of the Inferno. I doubt if the world can show elsewhere a more interesting group of these historic trees. In the centre of the enclosure some men and boys, in a leisurely and larkish mood, were digging a grave. A few other graves are there, but no head-stones. Some of the mounds were very fresh, suggesting a sudden access of mortality in this healthful region; some one remarked that March was probably the time to die, the very aged being shaken off by the rude, persistent winds of the season. A wretched beggar or two followed us. One of them, who

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was much deformed and had been very clinging, made a specialty of fits. I had already given him something, but it was not enough for his deserts, and when we were about to enter the house for our lunch, he threw himself on a heap of rubbish in the street and went into convulsions, foaming at the mouth. When he saw that nobody paid any attention to him, he got up and went away.

In the enclosure are two ancient churches, one with a tower and bells, the parish church, gaunt and plain, the other the chapel attached to the monastery. Both have an appearance of decay and non-use, the religious accommodations being now in excess of the dwindled population. The monastery, with its outer stairway, gallery, and courts, is a decidedly picturesque old pile, with color subdued but not much faded. The adjoining chapel is large, and above the average of Mexican church interiors in interest, and the cloisters are beautiful. In the centre, walled by a low parapet and open to the sky, is such a garden as one finds in the decaying monasteries of Italy, with orange-trees and a tangle of vines and a cat asleep in the sun. The cloister is of two stories, with round arches, one above the other; the ceiling corners are of wood carved in arabesque, as in Moorish architecture. On the walls are very rude and high-colored paintings, representing the rites of baptism, confirmation, confession, and so forth. It is altogether a bit of the Old World, and one has here an indefinable sense of peace and repose.

The aged priest who has charge of the premises and lives in apartments above the cloisters, the only intelligent man in the village, was unfortunately absent, and we had difficulty in persuading the girl who answered our call from the upper gallery to come down and unlock the sacristy door. In the sacristy is the treasure of Mexico. The room is oblong, and has windows only on one side, toward the west, broad windows closed with wooden shutters. On the walls are several so-called sacred daubs and a number of uncouth and rubbishy images. But across, and filling one end over the vestment chest, hangs "The Entombment," by Titian. The canvas, which is enclosed in a splendid old carved wooden frame, is fifteen and a half feet long. It contains eleven figures, all life-size. In the upper left-hand corner is a bit of very Titianesque landscape, exactly like those which Titian was fond of introducing into his pictures, and which his contemporaries attributed to the influence of his birthplace, Pieve di Cadore; on a hill are three crosses in relief against an orange sky. In the lower left-hand corner is Mary Magdalen seated on the ground, contemplating the nails and crown of thorns. In the lower foreground, very realistically painted, are an ointment box and a basin.

The figure of Christ, supported in a sheet, is being carried to the tomb—a dark cavern in the rear. Two men, holding the sheet, support the head, and one the feet. Aiding also in this tender office is a woman, her head bowed over that of the dead Christ. Behind is St. John, Mary the Virgin, Mary whom Christ loved, and St. Joseph. There are two other figures, partially in shadow at the right, spectators of the solemn scene, and one of them is said to be a portrait of Philip II.

The flesh-painting of the central figure is marvellously fine in imitation of the rigid pallor of death, while that of two of the figures carrying the body is equally true to robust life. The St. John is exquisitely beautiful in drawing and color, conveying the traditional grace and manly tenderness of the beloved disciple. The vestments are in Titian's best manner, the reds and deep blues harmonious and beautiful in tone.

The grouping is masterly, natural, free, and as little academic as such a set scene well can be. Indeed, composition and color both proclaim the picture a great masterpiece. As you study it you have no doubt that it is an original, and not a copy. It has the unmistakable stamp of genuineness. The picture, thanks to the atmosphere of this region, is in a perfect state of preservation, the canvas absolutely uninjured.

Is this great picture really a Titian? It seems incredible that a work of this value and importance should be comparatively unknown, and that it should be found in a remote Indian village in Mexico. But the evidence that it is a Titian is strong. It was sent to this church by Philip II., who seems to have thought that no gift was too costly or precious for the cause of the true faith, and who no doubt was deceived by the exaggerated Spanish narratives of the native civilization and taste. Titian, we know, visited at the court of

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"THE ENTOMBMENT."—From a pencil sketch.

Philip, and executed works to his order. It is possible that this picture is a replica of one somewhere in Europe. I think that any one familiar with the works of Titian would say that this is in his manner, that in color and composition it is like his best pictures. I trust that this description of it will lead to some investigation abroad that will settle the question.

We staid in the village several hours, and returned again to look at the picture before we left. The western sun was shining into the broad windows, illuminating the shabby apartment in which it hung. And in this light the figures were more life-like, the color more exquisite, the composition lovelier, than before. We could not but be profoundly impressed. I cannot say how much was due to the contrast of the surroundings, to the surprise at finding such a work of art where it is absolutely lost to the world and unappreciated. I say unappreciated, for I do not suppose there is a human being who ever sees it, except at rare intervals a foreign visitor, who has the least conception of its beauty. And yet these ignorant natives and the priest who guards it are very much attached to it, attributing to its presence here, I think, a supernatural influence. They will not consent to part with it, perhaps would not dare to let it go. A distinguished American artist was willing to pay a very large sum of money for it; the Bishop of Mexico made an effort to get possession of it and carry it to the capital; but all offers and entreaties have been refused and resisted. How long it will be safe in a decaying building, in the midst of a population that have no conception of its value as a work of art, is matter of conjecture.

We rode home partly on another road, through lanes densely bordered with vegetation and amid plantations under the mountain and by the lake shore. Everywhere are signs of a former ecclesiastical vigor. In the midst of one luxuriant plantation close to the lake we passed a very old church, with a detached campanile of adobe, having a bell, the only access to which was by a ladder. The evening was lovely, and as we climbed the winding, rough, and stony paths to Patzcuaro we had a charming view of the lake and its islands.

Our curiosity had been excited by the curiously decorated wooden ware of Uruapan, and we heard so many contradictory reports about the charms of this village, which is famous for its coffee, that I determined to ride over there. The shortest distance is forty-five miles, but for the sake of better roads we made it fifty. The journey must be on horseback.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning as we rode through the arch out of the court-yard of the inn. The morning-star

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was a diamond point in the rosy dawn. The mozo led the way, a sword strapped to his saddle, a pannier containing bread, cold chicken, and cheese, while the necks of a couple of bottles of wine peeped out of the basket. The wine was in case of sickness. The sword was for war. Mr. Pablo Plata, Mexican gentleman, wore leather leggings, a linen coat, and a serape over his shoulders. The white horse of the writer was a fast walker, with an easy gait, single foot or canter, and entirely bridle-wise, guided by a touch of the rein on the neck or by the pressure of the knees. The Mexican horses are small, but they have endurance, and are generally agreeable under the saddle.

The soft bells were ringing for matins as we rattled over the stone pavement, came out into the country lanes, and left the town in its repose. The air was deliciously fresh; birds sang in the hedgerows; there was the exhilaration of spring, of young love; every sense was delighted. A mile beyond the town, at the parting of the paths, and in the point of a hill, we passed a cave. It used to be a lurking-place for bandits: only two years before, robbery and murder had been done there. The sun touched the mountain-tops as we passed the grewsome place. In an hour the lake was in sight; in two hours we had descended into and crossed the plains at the foot of the lake, and passed through a couple of Indian villages; at the end of three hours, after a considerable ascent, the lake was still in view, a lovely object in its mountain setting, the end of a vista of fertile slopes and luxuriant valley. The day was lovely, but at nine o'clock the wind began to blow.

Coming up the mountain through a noble growth of pines, and reaching the crest, suddenly a grand prospect burst upon us—double rows of mountains on the Pacific coast, and miles and miles below, down the mountain, a vast valley, away off in the *tierra caliente*, swooning in a dense atmosphere. The sky was very clear, but the mountains were hazy blue, and the valley stretching into purple distance slept in the sun. The country was for the most part untilled, and the inhabitants were few; trains of pack-mules were met carrying sacks of sugar and bales of cotton, occasionally a gypsy-like encampment by the road-side was seen, and we passed two collections of huts called ranches, and a pueblo of Indians of the Tarascon tribe. Leaving on our right the village of Tingambato, its church tower conspicuous in the trees, we went down, down the mountain over an intolerably stony path, and came at noon to Ziracuaritiro, a warm village hidden in plantations of bananas, oranges, and all sorts of fruits of barbarous names and insipid taste, cane fields, irrigated, and general tropical luxuriance of vegetation. The village had a sort of centre, with a rude plaza and a primitive church; but it is mainly a town of lanes, gardens, and small plantations, in the midst of which the inhabitants live in thatched huts of adobe or cane, semi-African in appearance.

We turned into a garden to eat our luncheon. I call it a garden; it was merely a tangle of shrubbery, without flowers, and with few fruit trees and no grass. In the enclosure was an adobe hut, only half roofed, that served as a kitchen, another small adobe hut where the family slept on mats on the ground, and an open-work hut of cane, with a rude bedstead—a couple of boards laid on trestles—for all furniture, the residence of a married daughter. The visible family was the mother, a woman evidently of good sense and sterling character, a well-grown lad, asleep in the middle of the day on a mat, a couple of young girls, the young married daughter, aged twenty-five, who had, nevertheless, a daughter aged thirteen, and a friend of the family, a rather pretty woman, of modest demeanor, who had married an old man, and lived in a neighboring thicket. These people were wretchedly poor, but exceedingly civil and friendly. They set out a table for us in the shade, but, except some cooking utensils of pottery and a few coarse plates, table furniture they had none, not even knives and forks. Fruit they could not furnish. During our siesta, while the horses were resting—the Mexican horses are allowed no food on a journey from morning till night—I made the acquaintance of this amiable family. They all had the curiosity of children, and were never tired of looking at my watch, compass, ring, and the antique coins attached to the watch chain. What interested them chiefly, however, was the cost of everything. The prices invariably brought from these feminine lips the softest profane exclamations of surprise. They all had low-pitched, sweet voices. The sole reply of the married daughter to any question was "Se-

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fior," in a rising or falling inflection, never "Si, señor," or "No, señor." When it was time to go, the simple souls were as reluctant to have us depart as if we had been life-long friends. The comely lad, who acted as our guide on the way to show us some of the finest fruit plantations, of pines, oranges, and bananas, was very reluctant to accept the two-real piece of silver I forced into his hand. Evidently a kindly, gentle-natured people.

Our way for miles lay through hot lanes and cane fields, with everywhere the sound of running water. At the foot-hills we stopped to see a large sugar hacienda, a characteristic establishment, half civilized, half barbarous; a mingling of mill, office, kitchens, terrace, yard, store, store-houses, lodging-rooms, dogs, mules, parrots, and mongrel men and women. And then up, up the mountain, through open pine forests, with occasionally trees of giant size, and from the ridges glorious views under the trees of great mountains and the extensive hot country, with its towns and green plantations. At length, after a long pull, we reined up on the summit, on the edge of a precipice overlooking the great plain of Uruapan. The view was a surprise. Below was the valley, five or six miles broad, plentifully irrigated, green with maize, barley, cane; at its further side, in the foot-hills, the city of Uruapan, shining in the rays of the withdrawing sun; below it, in the luxuriant plain, two lakes like mirrors; and beyond, noble mountain-peaks, stretching away to the Pacific, enclosing high valleys smoking with charcoal burning. All this lovely panorama projected on a background of pink sunset.

After we had picked our way down a precipitous path, and passed the large hacienda of St. Catherine, encountering droves of mules and cattle on the dusty roads, we entered the very broad and straight street, cut all the way longitudinally by deep ruts, that leads to the town. The way was terribly long to us and to our somewhat jaded beasts, and it seemed as if we never should reach the town. It was seven o'clock and dark when we came to the first houses, and then we had a long ride over the paved hilly streets, between blank walls of houses, houses with window-shutters and no glass, to the hotel St. Antonio. We had been warmly recommended to this as an excellent hotel, and tired, dusty, and hungry as we were, we rode into the court-yard with great expectations. It was a miserable fonda of one story about a shabby court. No one appeared to welcome us. After calling and waiting some time, a *nonchalant* boy, who represented the indifference of the establishment, appeared, and said that we could have rooms. In the course of ten minutes more of shuffling about he showed us an apartment, and by means of a tallow candle, which he procured after another long absence, we saw that it was a barrack of a room, containing two cot beds, a wooden horse for the saddles, and a rickety wash-stand. The window had no glass, and the shutter was tightly closed. I asked for a separate room—a request which the boy did not even take into consideration—and when he had brought a pitcher of water he seemed to think his whole duty was discharged, for when we asked about supper he went away without any reply whatever, and we saw him no more. I wandered out into the court to the family apartments. A woman with a lot of children about her was seated on the ground; she made a surly reply to my salutation, evidently regarded me with suspicion, and to my inquiry about supper deigned no answer. It was a real Spanish fonda reception. In the mean time the mozo had discovered that there was no food for the horses; and as they were ready at the door, we left the candle burning in the stately apartment, and no man or woman opposing, mounted our tired horses and rode away in the moonlight to another fonda on the plaza. The situation of this was better, the fonda worse if anything than the other, except that it had a kitchen, kept by a couple of old women, and financially distinct from the hotel. The court was sunken, an untidy place, having a few tattered banana plants, where mules were tied at night. Our mozo looked after the horses, having to go out and buy food for them, and the proprietor contented himself with showing us a room, the only one not occupied. It had two beds and a tightly barred window. As my comrade objected to opening even a crack to let in the deadly night air, I had a headache in the morning. It seemed to me that a hot bath, after such a long weary ride, would be refreshing, but my proposal was met with an exclamation of horror. Almost on his knees Mr. Plata begged me not to think of such a suicidal performance.

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Fortunately for his views, it turned out that there was no public bath in this city of nine thousand inhabitants. The next day, when I searched the town for one, the women in charge of an establishment to which I was sent said that if I would order one they would prepare it for next day.

The demesne of the old women consisted of a small room with a couple of rude tables, without table-cloths, and benches, and a smaller kitchen. The earthen vessels for cooking hung on the walls, and all the centre was occupied by a stone range having several little holes for charcoal fires. These women were exceedingly good-natured, promised a supper in time, and sent off their slatternly serving-maid to buy beer and bread. While the meal was in preparation I went out to see the town.

The night scene was lively. The town has a double plaza, each surrounded by arcaded dwellings and shops, all more or less shabby, but appearing well in the moonlight. The shops were open; half the town seemed to be getting its frugal supper in the open air, and the place was quite illuminated by the flaring torches of the dealers, who squatted on the ground, and offered their fragrant but uninviting cooking to the hungry. Beyond the plaza is a very pretty paseo, a lovely promenade, well-kept walks among the trees and beds of bloom, an enchanting place in the moonlight, with the plash of the fountain and the odor of night-blooming flowers. Fronting it is the chief church of the place, a very good specimen of Spanish architecture. The town itself, I found next morning, is an out-at-the-elbow sort of place, but I know few others anywhere that have a prettier little paseo. It was nearly nine o'clock before our supper was ready—a nondescript meal, and I suppose not bad for those who like the ordinary Mexican cooking.

We waited in the morning an hour for a cup of coffee. The traveller in Mexico has to learn that he must order his coffee the night before. Its preparation is a slow process. The berry, burned black, is ground to a fine powder, and water is let to drip through it drop by drop. The liquid, real essence of coffee, is black as ink, and a table-spoonful suffices in a cup of hot milk. As commonly made it is too much burned and bitter. But the Mexican coffee, when the berry is properly cured, and not let to acquire an earthy flavor by drying on the ground, is, I think, as good as any in the world. This raised in Uruapan is equal to the better-known Colima, the selected small round berries resembling Mocha in appearance and flavor.

I had made the acquaintance the night before of a drifting American named Santiago, one of the adventurers who give the Mexicans their idea of the people of the United States. Born on our frontier, he had never seen a city nor much of civilized life, but had been cowboy, Texan rover, and associate of the lawless, and gravitating to Mexico and picking up the language, had acted as interpreter for cattle buyers and railway surveyors. He was now selling sewing-machines on the instalment plan in Michoacan. The business ought to be good, for a machine costing fourteen dollars in the United States sells for seventy-five in Mexico. Santiago's business was to sell the machines, teach the women how to use them, and then collect the seven dollars a month instalments. Often the machines revert, after the payment of a couple of instalments, and they are often also taken out of pawn by the agent and sold over again. Santiago had another still more interesting business. This is the selling of enlarged and colored photograph likenesses. Finding a photograph, taken by a strolling photographer, he persuades the owner to have it enlarged. Santiago sends this to a firm in a remote town in New York, with a description of the subject, complexion, color of hair, and eyes. This is thrown up to life size, properly colored, and returned. The noble picture costs Santiago about twenty dollars delivered, and he sells it for forty. Thus the fine arts are slowly sifting into Mexico.

We explored the town that morning in search of good specimens of the Uruapan lacquered ware. It is famous the world over; it has taken the prize of gold medals at Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia. As usually happens in like cases, it was impossible to find good specimens in the town where the article is made. We visited the family whose work has taken the prizes, but it had no finished work; indeed, the artist whose work won the gold medals had recently died. The ware of other makers was decidedly inferior, and I found nowhere, in shops or private houses,

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specimens of the best. The work is either gourds or shallow dishes of wood cut out with a jack-knife, brilliantly decorated in colors. In the genuine ware a ground-color is first put on, gold or olive, or some low tone; on this the drawings, usually of flowers, are made; the figures are then cut out deeply with a knife, something as in wood-engraving, and the intaglio is filled with paint, each color being laid in separately and left to dry thoroughly before another is added. As there are as many colors as may be in a bouquet of various flowers, the process is slow. When the paint is perfectly dry the whole surface is rubbed with a paste made of tree-caterpillars. This gives an enduring lacquer to the surface that resists grease and hot water. The ware therefore retains its brilliant color and beauty, no matter how hard the usage, till it is literally worn out. The market value of this worm paste is two dollars a pound. As the finest ware is only made by one family, a small amount is produced, and the price is high. The drawings in this family are all done by a stupid-looking girl of sixteen, and her designs are all mechanically copied. The former draughtsman always drew his flowers from nature.

While waiting for breakfast I visited the old church on the paseo. The most notable thing about it is a fine flower-garden, occupying all the ground at one side. Within I found the usual bare white walls, but a highly decorated and gilded chancel and altar, a wood floor, a ceiling of wood carved and painted in lozenge patterns, and cornices prettily painted in blue and brown. A row of men on their hands and knees were scrubbing the floor with soap and water, using the painted wooden bowls, and groups of women were kneeling about the confessionals, either confessing or waiting for the priests.

In the garden I was accosted by a very respectable man, who offered to show me the town. He was, I afterward learned, one of the first citizens of the place, a planter, dealer in iron, and a man of means. Uruapan, lying in the foot-hills, is splendidly watered, a noble though artificial stream (at least with artificial banks) rushing through the suburbs, and pouring abundant life into the blooming valley. Indeed, it is the water of Uruapan that makes it widely famous as a garden of delight. We went down to the river, and followed it where it is diverted into several channels through the coffee plantations. Here, in the dense shade of bananas and other fruit trees, gleamed the red berries, and here were the African huts embowered in the luxuriant foliage. In these cool retreats life was simple, men, women, and children were bathing in the canal, regardless of a censorious world.

We found also on our walk a thriving cotton-mill, conducted by a Scotchman, employing some two hundred operatives, and turning out common sheeting, which sells here for a much higher price than fine cotton cloth in the States; the cotton costs the manufacturer much more than he would have to pay for a much better quality in New Orleans. I understood him to say that the Mexican cotton was generally inferior to ours.

My very civil and obliging guide invited me to his house—a substantial residence, half dwelling-house and half shop, the court bright with flowers and decorated with specimens of the Uruapan lacquered ware—and introduced me to his family. I was informed that the house and all it contained was mine. It was a very warm day, and after our long stroll one of the cooling Mexican drinks, say an orange sherbet, would have been enjoyable. But my hospitable entertainer did not offer me even a glass of water.

Santiago was a character. I do not know what his Mexican speech was, but his American was the most curious mosaic of slang and profanity I ever heard. He informed me, as we sat that evening in the paseo listening to the music in the lighted and thronged church—it being the eve of St. Joseph's Day—that he was on that sort of thing himself: he had just been baptized. His reasons for this step, since he had no respect for the priests and no knowledge of the Catholic religion, were not clear; but as he had been ill recently, for the first time in his life, and likely to die, I suppose he thought he might as well take all the chances. The ceremony had not changed his conversation or his mode of life, which he freely opened to me, but he appeared to think there might be safety in it. "The priest told me," Santiago rambled on, "that if I would be baptized I would be just as if I had been born over; all that I had done would be clean rubbed out. He gave me a lot of Spanish to learn, catechism and all that; but I couldn't do it,

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and I just told him that I couldn't get on to all that Bible racket. Never mind, he said, if I only believed so and so [it was the substance of the Apostles' Creed that was required], and I told him I reckoned I did. When I was going to be baptized I said, 'Look a-here, I can't go this confession business; I don't want to tell you all the mean things I've done—and I've done some mighty mean things—or all the mean things I'm going to do.' He said I could make it general; I'd already owned up I was a big sinner; if I was baptized, all that would be taken away. Then I happened to think, and I said, 'There is one little thing that is on my mind: there's a Jew dealer up here in Zamora that I owe seven dollars and a half for clothes.' I guess I was cheated, but I felt kind of uneasy about it when I was sick. And the priest said, 'That don't count; when you are baptized you are a new man, just as if you had been born again, and you don't owe that Jew any seven dollars and a half.' That is what the priest said. I don't know anything about it."

Notwithstanding his varied life, Santiago had the cow-boy's notion of "square dealing," and I found that he had a reputation among the merchants of the town for business integrity. It was this, in his opinion, that distinguished him from the Mexican community. Nor did this borderer altogether lack sentiment. "The place of all the world I'd like to see," he said, as we looked at the moonlight through the lace-like foliage, "is Italy. I've just been reading *The Last Days of Pompey*. I'd like to go to Italy."

The next morning we were to start surely at five o'clock, in order to pass the hot plain before the sun beat down on it, and to be well on our fifty-mile ride in the cool of the day. Mr. Pablo Plata insisted on that, and arrangements were made accordingly. When I awoke it was half past six, the mozo had the horses saddled, but Mr. Plata was still asleep, and there was no sign of coffee. When Mr. Plata was aroused he said that he would start at once, but while I was getting my coffee, he and the mozo, San Francisco, would step across the plaza to mass. It was St. Joseph's Day, and it would be very unlucky, indeed dangerous, to those on the journey without mass.

The morning was fresh, a breeze stirred the trees in the plaza, birds were singing; women had set up their coffee and bread stands for those early astir, women with ribosas over their heads were going to mass, servants were sauntering to market to buy a few centavos' worth of milk, meat, and vegetables. At the fonda the horses and mules were being saddled. In the court-yard, out of their close apartments, appeared muleteers, drummers, a party of sleepy Mexican ladies who had taken refuge there the night before, and a big Indian in Mexican costume, heavy-faced, surly, but looked up to with immense respect as the richest man in all that region. It was nearly an hour before my comrades returned from mass, and eight o'clock when we clattered over the rough pavements out of town.

We returned by the way we came, a route much travelled by horsemen, and long trains of burros and mules, each with two big packs of sugar or cotton. The only vehicle seen was the creaking cart, the heavy wheels of which were solid, constructed of three pieces of wood wedged together, the axle turning with the wheels. As the mozo had neglected to put up a lunch, we breakfasted with our friends at Ziracuaritiro. The whole of the hospitable family assisted in preparing this meal, scraping the cheese, mashing the corn, and stirring the tomato and other ingredients, and I very unwisely witnessed the operations. But the result was a capital breakfast. When it was over, the mother asked me to change the two-real piece of money I had given her son, as she thought it was too smooth to pass readily. A touch of thrift makes all the world kin.

At sundown we rode into the streets of Patzcuaro, thanks to the easy gait of our horses, very little fatigued by the ride.

Here, as well as anywhere else, these random notes on Mexico might as well end. It is a country with a marvellous climate, extraordinary natural beauty, full of novelty and interest to the traveller. It is a land of much politeness, amiability, and graciousness of manner. Its civilization has many points worthy of imitation. Its government, however, is, as I said, the most purely personal of any with which I am acquainted, and offers, as at present conducted, the least invitation to foreign capital or enterprise. And if any one desires to see the depressing outcome of miscegenation, he will do well to travel through it.

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HYPNOTIC MORALIZATION.

BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

NO little stir has been made recently in England by an attempt on the part of certain men of science to produce moral states of mind upon people when asleep. This latest psychological discovery, we know, is called hypnotic moralization, or a moral polarization or electricity induced when the patient is asleep.

In a very interesting essay upon this subject in the *Fortnightly Review* of November, 1885, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the well-known writer (author of *Psychical Research*, *The Phantasy of the Living*, and the poem of "St. Paul"), uses these words:

"For my part, I believe that many questions which the religious world deems to be already closed in one sense, and the materialistic in the other, are really only just beginning to come within the purview of science. I maintain that we are but just learning to understand the first elements of problems which so many preachers have solved with a peroration, so many philosophers with a formula, so many physiologists with a smile or a sneer. It is, as I hold, to experimental psychology, to an analysis whose growing power we can as yet hardly realize, that we must look for a slow but incontrovertible decision as to whether man be but the transitory crown of earth's fauna between ice age and ice age, between fire and sea, or whether it may truly be said that his evolution is not a terrestrial evolution alone, not bounded by polar solitudes nor measured by the sun's march through the heavens, but making for a vaster future from a remoter past."

Into this world science is entering eagerly and enthusiastically, with plumb-line and measuring-rod, and with all the certainty of the inductive method. But this etherizing of men and women, and more recently, as the latest reviews have indicated, the treatment of vicious and depraved children, and then boldly planting a certain amount of will power in their brain, is an experiment that may work either way, for good or for evil. If I put to sleep some very bad criminal, and then project into his sleeping brain a certain amount of moral nerve force and will power, so that when he awakens he will become at once a philanthropist, the result is delightful. But if by exactly the same process the criminal hypnotizes or puts me to sleep, and then puts murderous thoughts in my brain, so that when I awake I am seized with a desire to kill my neighbors, the result is the reverse of pleasant.

But on any hypothesis this problem of hypnotism, which is at present the leading subject with all those who are interested on the border-land of spiritualism, is an interesting one, leading as it does to that fact which is, after all, the basis of all true religion, the capacity of man to receive directly spiritual impressions, or the nature and the meaning of the Godward impulse in man.

Sooner or later in life we find out that in the matter of success in the struggle for survival we practically believe at times in imparted tone to our nature, and believe that this power comes to us from without. There are periods in life when we are brought face to face with some grave crisis or responsibility in which we are conscious of some outside power coming to us in a way which we can neither analyze nor describe. What this alien force may be we know not, but none the less does this element of determinism, this strange, mysterious something outside of self, move the will and give bulk and body to it.

We may use the language of religion or the language of poetry about this occult and subtle phenomenon, but to-day the language of science, we find, best explains the mental and moral process which has taken place. A definite bolt of conscious will power has been injected into our inner life: a silent moralization has taken place by the action of some stronger will upon us. Something has started us, and we feel that we are living, willing beings plus some newly added force made evident in our lives.

We can get a glimpse of this unknown will power upon us by a certain familiar yet subtle experience of our everyday life. Perhaps we are all familiar with it, though we may not all have been able successfully to analyze it or explain it. The experience referred to is as follows:

Suddenly some morning, it may be, one wakes up and finds that his mind will be fixed, will be intent upon some distant friend or relative; we think of the person in the house; we see his face in our mind continually. We walk the streets of the city, and in the midst of the city's throng we meet our friend, who greets us with his old familiar smile. Or we wait

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at home, absorbed in our home duties, when suddenly the door-bell rings. We think for a moment, as by a flash, of our absent friend, and a moment afterward the friend crosses the threshold and embraces us.

Now the subtle and disputed point in this psychological phenomenon is that we are not sure whether we will our friend to appear to us, or whether our friend wills us unconsciously to think of him. Of one thing at least we are sure: some unknown, undiscovered principle of occult telegraphy has put our mind, *irrespective of our will* or our bodily organism, into direct mental communication with our friend. Time, distance, material obstructions, are nothing to this conquering principle of mental affinity. A common mental impulse touches two hearts and minds alike, and sooner or later forces them together.

From first to last, in itself and in its deductions, this problem of hypnotism, or the silent moralization of the human will, is an interesting one. No wonder that the papers are full of it, that it furnishes a new clew to the illusive phenomena of spiritualism, and that medical experts are beginning to look upon it as a region which they may reclaim from quackery!

But perhaps the crowning interest of this subject is felt by the theologian of to-day. For this subtle phenomenon of mental polarization or mental telegraphy throws no little light upon the Christian doctrine of prayer. If you can pass a battery of thought and impulse through a human brain or a human life, cannot God do the same?

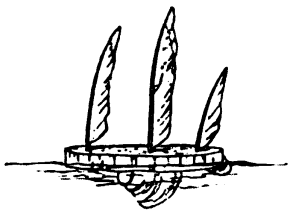
The silent power of gravitation rules the starry skies. Planets and systems are willed into obedience and harmony by some great dominating law. Is it too much to believe, in the light of science to-day, that a like moral law from a like Central Source of will rules all conscious spiritual intelligences, and that this moralization of all creaturely wills is from the Father of Spirits?

NOON IN A NEW ENGLAND PASTURE.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

WITH scattered birch the pasture's slope is crowned;
The sunburnt grass that clings to mountain-sides,
Cropped by small mouths of timid sheep, scarce hides,
Like a scant coverlet, the hard dry ground,
Through which, with stony ledge or rocky knee,
The strong world breaks. The ragged ferns that fill
Each dimple on the shoulders of the hill
Rustle with faint sharp sound if but the bee
Slips through their stems to find his mossy nest.
With soft, thick, wilted leaves the mulleins grow,
Like tall straight candles with pale yellow glow,
Their stalks star-flowered toward the cloudless west.
The crooning cricket with an endless song
Jars the hot silence. The crumbling fence is grayed
By the slow-creeping lichen, held and stayed
By arms of wandering rose, that, tough and strong,
Bind firm its slipping stones. The rusty brier
And scarlet fingers of the bitter-sweet
Cast a light shade that shelters from the heat
A thousand voiceless little lives. Higher
Than maiden birch or solitary pine,
Poised in the brooding blue, on speckled wings,
A hawk hangs motionless: so straight he flings
His shadow to the earth, like plummet-line
It drops through seas of air. As in a swoon
Of light, the great world lies, and life stands still,
Wrapped in a breathless hush; till up the hill
Drift dappled shadows of the afternoon.

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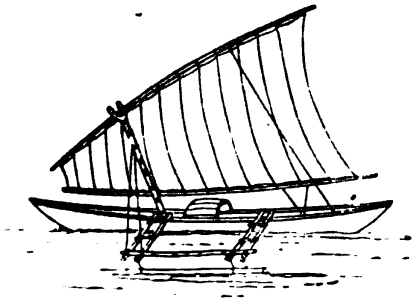
Sea-urchin's Ship or Pinnace.

SEA WINGS.

BY ROBERT C. LESLIE.

UNDER the article "Sail" in my encyclopædia, I am told that "the principal problem connected with the motion of vessels [under sail] on the water has for its object the determination of the relation between the velocities of the wind and of the vessel, and its solution consists in finding algebraic expressions for those pressures, and making them equal to one another," etc. This almost makes me giddy, and I am glad to find in the next sentence that "many practical difficulties present themselves in investigating that relation." When I cannot find anything worth knowing about a word in my encyclopædia, I turn to an old Johnson's Dictionary, being sure of finding something there, however little that something may be, which I can understand. One of the meanings given there to the word sail is "wing," Spenser being referred to as the authority.

I fancy the first Penacchio or wing of the kind must have been like this, found

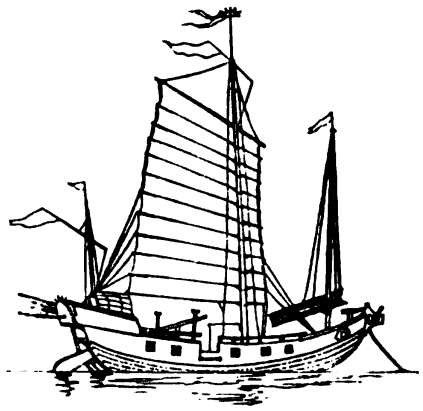


Flying-proa of the Friendly Islands.

among the natives of the Friendly Islands by the Dutchman Tasman, when, unluckily for them, he first sailed their way in 1643.

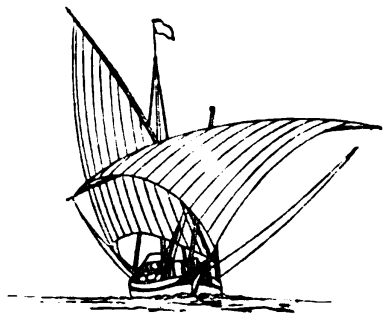
This is a far more homely form of proa than that of the Ladrone Islands, so well described by Lord Anson. But though a much less perfect sailing machine, it is more interesting from the way the yard is supported by the mast raking forward, like the "trinchetto" or foremast of an Italian felucca.

The fine race of sea-loving men of these islands are, I believe, all of Malay origin, and as the lateen-sail is the sail of the Indian Ocean, it would seem to have travelled east into the Pacific through the Malay islanders.



Chinese Junk.

Among the more northern Japanese and Chinese longer masts and shorter lug-sails are found. Is there any connection between lorcha and lugger?



Lateen-sail with Sheet forward.

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With her ribbed dragon-wing-like sails, heavy rudder, or rather exaggerated form of steering oar, held in place and controlled by many "rudder bands," her strange windlass projecting outside her bows (cathead and windlass in one), the junk of China is perhaps the oldest link left between the over-sea ship of the past and present. But it is a mistake to look upon Chinese vessels as all dull sailers or poor sea-boats. Those who have



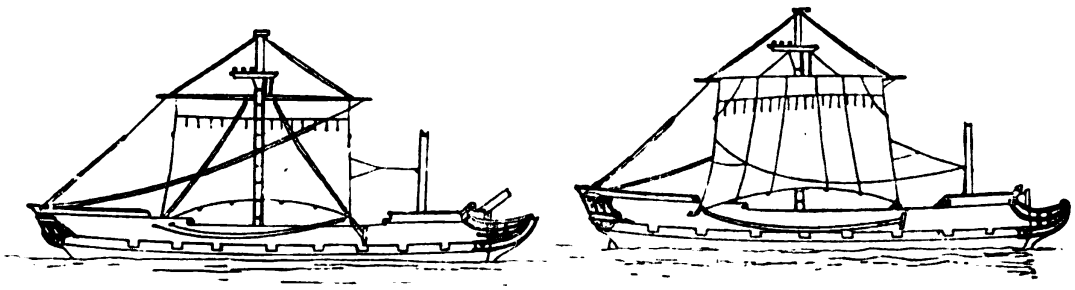
Jib-tack as Sheet.
Jib set as Spinnaker or Studding-sail.

spent years cruising among them, in ships built with especial view to work in Chinese waters, know better. There are piratical junks and fishing-boats which in a strong breeze can keep their distance from some of her present Majesty's gun-boats.

Roughly speaking, sails are all either squares or triangles. The oldest form of square-sails are those called courses or running-sails. In old times there were but two of these, a main and fore course. Of these two oldest square-sails it may be noted that the lower corners, or sheet and tack clews, change their names with their place each time the ship tacks. With four-sided lug-sails this is not the case, nor with the square-topsails set above the courses, nor with any of the triangular sails, unless the sheet of a lateen-foresail may be called the tack when brought forward in running before the wind, or when sometimes a jib is hoisted by a cutter as a studding-sail.

The two sketches of a main-course with some leading ropes show how the change from sheet to tack is practically carried out, each corner or clew being divided among three blocks—the sheet, tack, and clewline blocks.

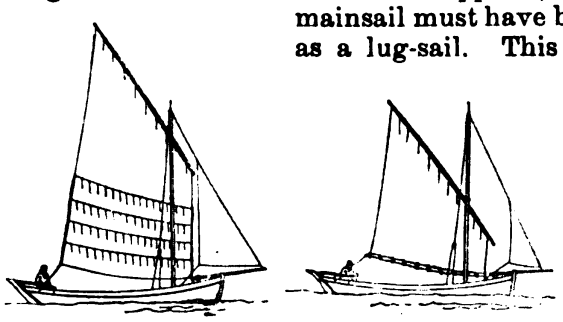
Compared to the courses,



Windward Side. Lee Side.

MAINSAIL AND SOME OF THE ROPES.

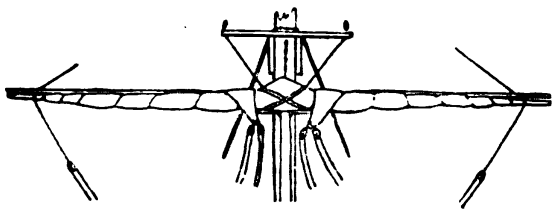
topsails are of recent date, and even when quite square, both clews, whether used to windward or leeward, remain topsail-sheets. It appears, therefore, that the old mainsail must have been first set and used as a lug-sail. This sail varies in shape from nearly square to one which when close reefed is almost a lateen-sail. Some lugs in fact are called by English sailors "macaroni lugs." Perhaps, however, the name was merely given to this rig in contempt, as easier to handle than other lug-sails, and so suited to a macaroni or blockhead.



Full Sail. Close Reefed.

SCOTCH SKIFF (Type of Macaroni Lug).

Besides the tacks and sheets, the windward view of a mainsail shows the clew-lines, and the lee view the buntlines and leech or side lines, by the combined action of which the sail is hauled up to the yard, and the wind "spilled," as sailors

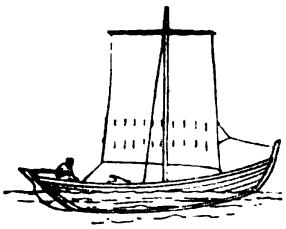


Mainsail hauled up to the Yard.

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say, or squeezed out of it ready for furling. A course is always hauled or clewed up, never lowered; and when furled the position of the buntlines and clewlines upon opposite sides gives the form of the sail best known to landsmen, with the triangular ends of the clews and their blocks pendent, with the ropes of sheet and tack on either side the great mass or bunt of the sail, as shown on page 456.

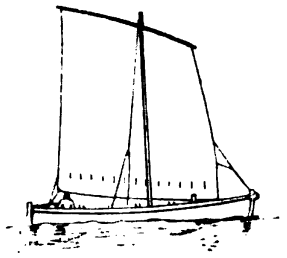
Other ropes used for controlling a square-sail and its yard are the braces, lifts, and bowlines. These last are for tightening the windward edge, or weather leech, when the sail is used near the wind; hence the term "on a bowline" for a ship close hauled. The bowline no doubt was originally made fast to the bow or stem, as in this Norwegian skiff. The knot called a bowline, though it may have been used to connect the span or bridle on the edge of the sail with the bowline, probably took its name from being the knot used for the loop at the loose or sliding end of a bowstring.



Norwegian Skiff.

All these names and details about the gear of a mainsail are pretty much with us to-day as they were in the time of Queen Elizabeth; how much older, it is hard to say. But in one thing the modern mainsail, bent to its iron yard, differs from that of a hundred years ago, which is that the yard is permanently slung by a chain and pivots upon an iron gooseneck in front of the mast, always remaining aloft, like the yards of some of the larger lateen-rigged vessels (in fact, I have heard that these lateeners have seldom men enough when at sea to hoist or lower their great yards). There is no doubt from entries in the logs of old ships a hundred years ago that it was quite common then to "lower ye main-yard on deck," and the old sailors had a vast assemblage of slings, jeers, etc., for this purpose, besides rolling tackles and trusses to confine the yard to the mast. Owing to the ease with which these if shot away could be repaired at sea, this old way of slinging lower yards was retained in the navy long after it was out of date in the merchant service.

As I said before, the sail of the Northern races was and is a square-sail, either slung simply like a ship's mainsail by the middle, or a very square-headed lug, like those used by the Deal men in their "galley-punts." These boats sail very near the wind, and are out in all weathers. They seldom reef, but shift both sail and mast according to the force of the wind.

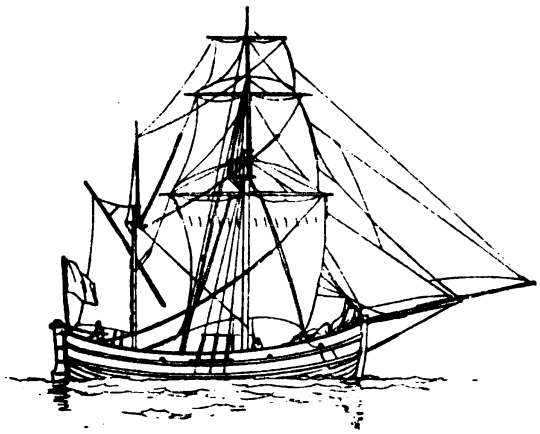


Deal Galley, or Galley-punt.

Like many powerful sails, this shape of lug requires great skill and care in handling (I had nearly said a knowledge of algebra), for it has to be lowered and hoisted each tack. This is done so rapidly that the sail is down and up again as the boat shoots up in the wind, and before she has lost her way. They are long, deep boats, and carry much ballast, and, like their namesakes the old galleys, row as well as sail fast. They are now mostly employed for tending vessels on their way through the Downs, taking off or landing pilots. The boatmen will charge with one of them a screw-steamer passing nearly at full speed. The big sail is dropped in an instant, and, protected by a large permanent fender forward and others amidships, the monster is grappled with a short boat-hook to which a strong warp is lashed. A turn of this taken round a stout bollard fitted in the boat, like that in a whale-boat, enables the men to ease away or hold on as required. As these galleys are entirely open, one of their crew of five or six is in bad weather constantly at work with the pump. Among other Northern square-sailed boats are the "keels" used upon the Humber. There is a large French fishing-boat of thirty tons and over rigged thus, used in the bay of Cancale, Normandy. These vessels, which sail well, are locally known as carrés, an old rig left among these people perhaps by their Norse ancestors.

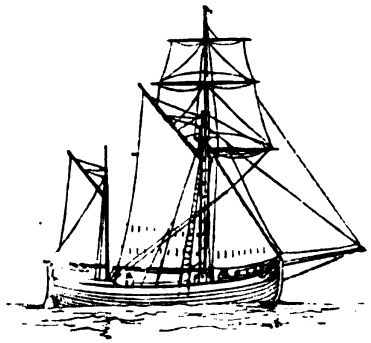
The next illustration is another type of old French square-rigged coaster, which, except that she wants the gaff-mainsail or try-sail, reminds one of a Yorkshire Billy-boy. She is a longshore craft, able equally for work in deep or shoal water. I have called her a "bilandre," a name I find given in Johnson to a class of small vessels capable of navigating inland waters, hence I suspect our name

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French or Flemish "Bilandre," 1780.

Billy-boy, which, like the Thames barge, survives among us in all her original colors and form, the largest *clinker*-built class of vessel in England, or perhaps in Europe. These Dutch-looking craft all hail from Goole, and are built with their flat sides to fit certain canal locks, just as the Dutch galliot is, while the mast is stepped above-deck in what sailors call a "tabernacle," or strong trunk, built up through the deck from the kelson, so that the whole mass of spar and rigging can be lowered like a barge's from the fore-stay



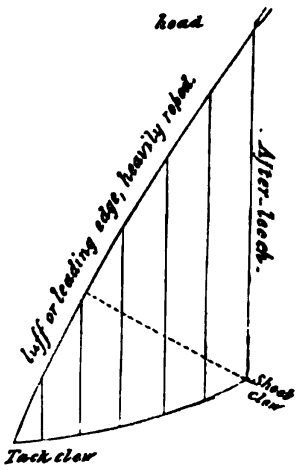
Yorkshire Billy-boy.

for passing bridges. The Billy-boy carries a large cargo, and is often manned and officered by the owner and his family only. Nothing about her has been changed for centuries, yet, wonderful to say, spite of steam, she still holds her own commercially, especially for the carriage of grain and other things requiring a tight dry hold.

It is time to leave awhile these Northern square sails, with their bowlines, braces, clewlines, buntlines, tacks, and sheets, and turn to the triangles, the stay-sails, jibs, and gibbous lateen-wings of the South.

Like a bird's wing, the first need for all effective sail is a rigid leading edge or weather leech; obtained in the square and lug sails by the drag of a bowline, in the lateen-sail by the yard or bone of the sail-wing itself, in stay-sails by the rigidity of the mast or supporting stay, and in jibs by the powerful hoisting purchase and use of chain for halyards. Before the introduction of chain, the jib, like the first string of a violin, was constantly getting out of tune, and in want of setting up.

Another point in a good sail is that the after-edge, when held in place by the sheet, should be as nearly upright or vertical as possible. This edge is always parallel to the seams of the sail, and, like the after-edge of a wing, unconfined by anything more than a hem or lightest of rope, save where a reef-band requires strength. The cloth at this edge of a jib is at times seen shaking while the rest of the canvas is as still as though frozen, and it is better the wind should pass it freely so than be girt in or held by it. Here are the cloths of a jib, showing how it is cut a little convex upon the leading edge, and the position of the sheet with respect to this convexity, without which the luff of a jib would be concave instead of straight when roped and hoisted.



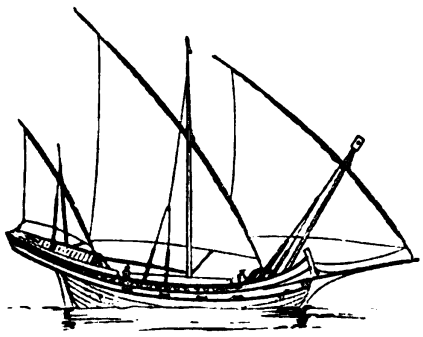
Jib as cut for making.

There is an old sea saying, often used too by landsmen without knowing why, viz: "I knew him by the cut of his jib," a jib really having more cut about it than other sails.

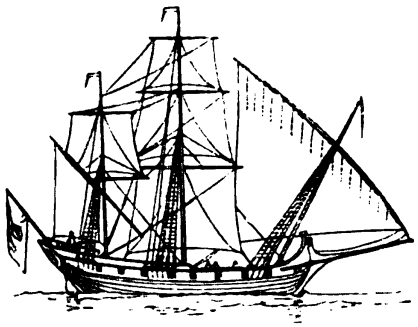
Though few practical sail-makers, or users of them, know really much of algebraic formula, they have their rules, handed down to them from old time, for cutting out sails, and as wind and water are very conservative elements, they seldom go far wrong. Among these rules is that of working by thirds, that is, when at a loss as to the best proportion for one thing toward another, to take a third. The boat always takes her third of the fish caught, a yard of a lug-sail is slung a third from

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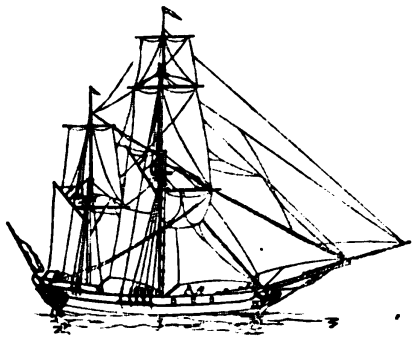
the end, the most convex part of the jib is at one-third of the luff from the tack, and the sheet exactly opposite this point. A pious adherence to this old mystery saves much calculation and trouble, and when ship-builders thought a third a good proportion of beam to length, a fair amount of stability was insured to our ships. Sailors speak of a sail as lifting or pressing quite independently of its power of driving a vessel ahead. All jibs are lifting sails, which do their work with least tendency to force a vessel's lee side down. They are safe sails to jibe or veer round under before the wind; hence perhaps the term "jibe." The angle at which the weather edge of a jib stands has much to do with this lifting quality, for a cutter's foresail, though triangular, is not found a lifting sail. Next to a jib, the sail which has most of this power is no doubt the lateen (latin?) sail of the South, particularly as set upon the foremast of a felucca, while the splendid lifting power of the lateen-sail may have led to its being retained as the head sail in the strange combination of rigs given here, and which I think is Turkish or Arab, and known, I believe, as a xebec. In many respects the rig below, of an old French man-of-war ketch, with her stay-sail and two jibs in place of the



Old Felucca of Barbary Coasts and Spain.

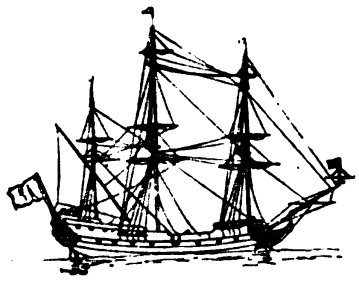


Transition between Lateen and Square Rig.



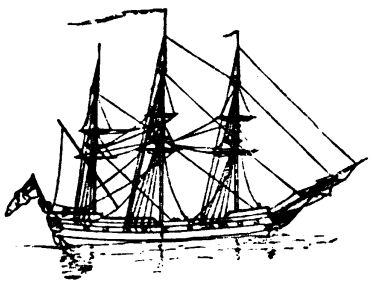
Old French Man-of-war, Ketch Rig.

foremast and great lateen-sail, is an improvement, her stay-sail and jibs being lighter to handle, though in a seaway her long bowsprit would be an objection, and with the wind a trifle free, the single spread of canvas of the lateen-sail would give more speed.



Old French Frigate with Lateen-Mizzen.

I have always been at a loss for the origin of the name "ketch." Did it come from a class of vessels rigged like this old French man-of-war, hailing from the old free port of Kertch in the Crimea? Another strange retention and combination of a lateen-sail with the square rig is the mizzen or spanker, which until 1670, and

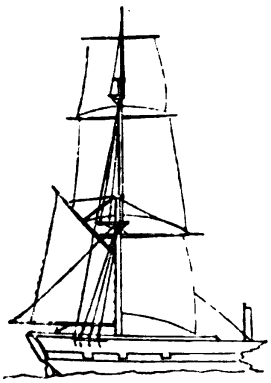


Frigate of Early Part of Eighteenth Century.

years afterward no doubt, was a complete triangle. Subsequently the forepart of the sail disappeared, but the end of the old lateen-yard kept its place until the beginning of the nineteenth century, found useful no doubt in balancing and keeping up the lofty peak. The name of this fore-and-aft sail, still carried abaft the mizzenmast, is suggestive, "spanker" or "driver," and in Drake's time this great lateen-mizzen must have been both a "spanker" and "driver" as it swelled out above the lofty poop, the forepart of the long yard and sail running sharply down at a suitable angle with the sheer of the hull.

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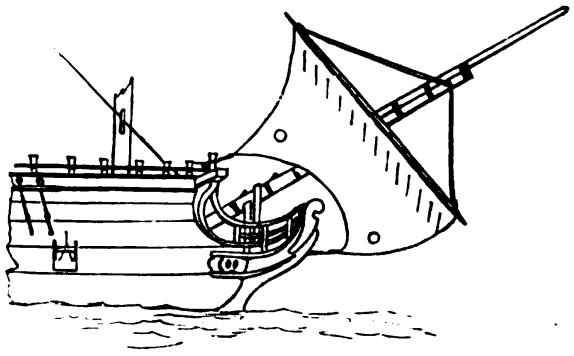
The lateen-mizzen-yard, about the year 1800, became a gaff, but the lower yard upon the mizzenmast, which should have succeeded to the title, never did so, but remains a "crojack" or "crossjack" yard, and never had a sail on it until about forty years ago, when a Yankee captain set what he called a crojack or mizzen-course upon it. But old English skippers only shook their heads when they saw one, and knew the ship ten miles off for a d——d Yankee.



Crojack and Spanker, 1842.

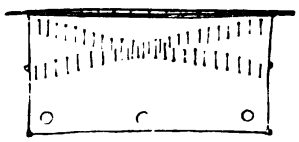
The clipper-ship of to-day carries so many masts, and so many kinds of yards upon them, that they have almost lost their identity, and, like the streets in an American city, have numbers instead of names, so that a man may be ordered aloft upon No. 10 yard, 5th mast, etc.

In nearly all old lateeners the "trinchetto" or foremast rakes forward almost as much as in the Malay proa, and for the same reason, namely, that in this way it supports the yard and sail so as to give it the lifting qualities of a jib. But long after ships ceased even to be luggers, and all necessity for this rake was past, a trace of it remained, a sort of fashion among old world skippers, who were never satisfied unless their foretop-gallant-mast looked down almost upon the figure-head. The old bowsprit, or "bolt-sprit" (sprit sometimes kept in place by a bolt), was almost a fourth mast, and the sails carried below it, the sprit-sails, were by our old seamen valued as a means of retaining command over a ship by veering her round before the wind in case of losing a foremast by shot or tempest.



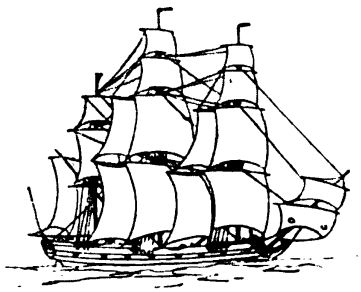
Sprit-sail.

These square-sails were not only used before the wind, but on a wind, by topping up the yard, while the reef-points were arranged diagonally, so that when reefed the lower part of the sail was narrower than the upper; and the lowest sail, or sprit-sail proper, had holes in each corner to allow the water caught by the sail as the ship plunged to escape instead of splitting it.

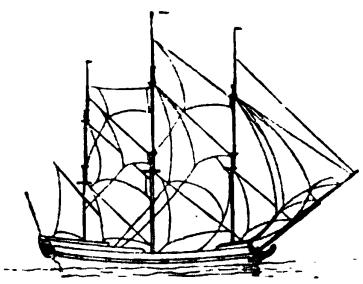


Reef-points of Sprit-sail.

Until within the last fifty years, the square-sails, stay-sails, and jibs of a full-rigged ship were, sail for sail, pretty much as shown in the next two diagrams, which go back quite a hundred years.



Square-sails, 1780.

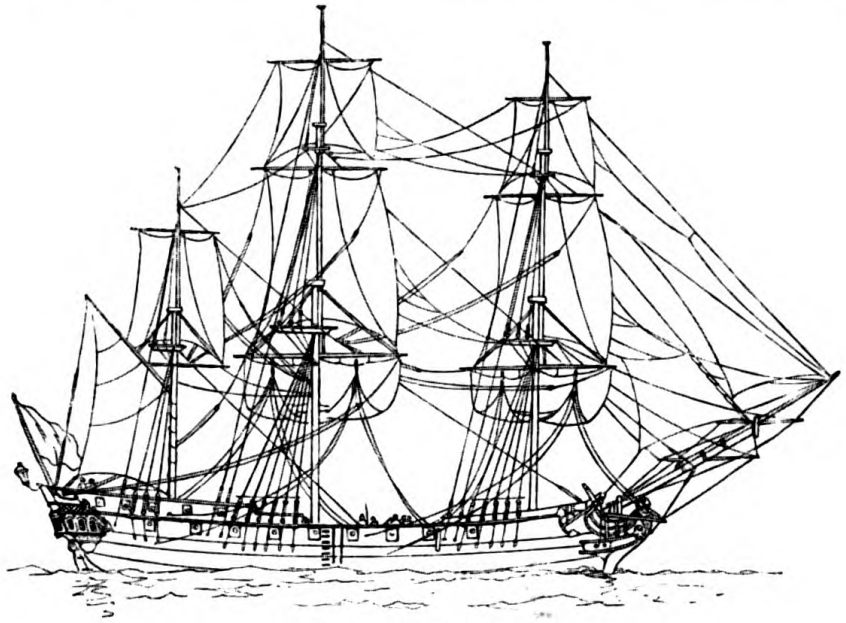


Stay-sails and Jibs, 1780.

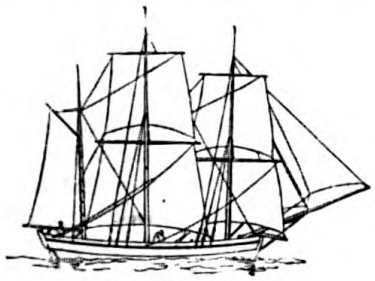
There were thirty sails all told. (Note the number, three tens.) It was under these sails that England's line-of-battle was formed, and her ships handled, by men like Benbow, Anson, Rodney, Howe, Hawke, Jervis, Nelson, and Collingwood; while of English cruising frigates and sloops we could say then what we hardly can now, namely, that nothing afloat could overtake or get away from them. This was especially the

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case with those English frigates captured from the French, or built upon their models of that time. I have therefore given a drawing to scale of the principal sails and gear of one of those old French corvettes as a good type of fast cruiser and sea-keeper of 1785. The rig of this corvette, with her three-storied masts, tops, caps, and cross-trees, is a long step from the simple three-masted xebecs and feluccas; but the polacca, or pole rig, often still seen in Mediterranean ports, forms a link in the chain.

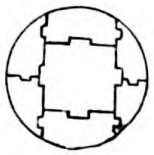


French Corvette, 1787.



Polacca-rigged Bark.

In general arrangement of sail this polacca is not unlike the old Genoese carrack which brought the wine and silks of the South to the "South Hams" of England in the fifteenth century—ships with long pole masts of a date when large pines were plenty. The lateen-yard is of two taper spars fished together, because the strength of a spar lies in the outside circles of wood. But the polacca's masts are in one piece, the natural form and size of the forest pine. As good spars became scarce, the art of mast-making grew, until it reached perfection in the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship, built up of many pieces hooped together thus. Most big masts, and yards too, are tubes of iron now.



Section of Line-of-battle Ship's Mast at Deck.

One cannot help being struck in this Genoese carrack by the audacity of the little candlestick arrangement of mast and top at the end of her bowsprit.

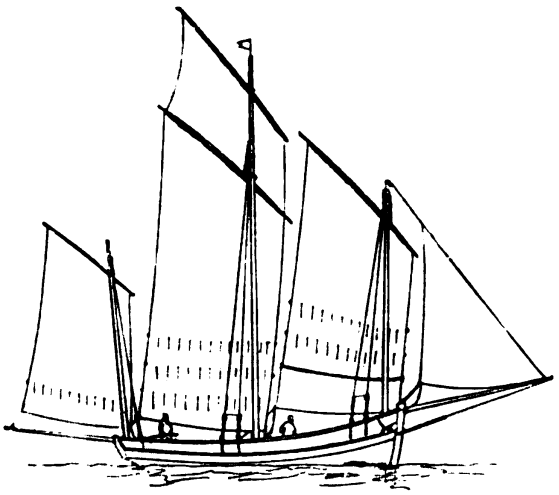


Genoese Carrack, 1500.

Such a mast is seen in pictures of ships of a later date. The seamanship of these old Genoese shipmen must have been taxed to carry safely this strange little mast

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across the Bay of Biscay. As one of these richly laden, richly carved carracks came rolling up channel, a good lookout was no doubt kept from her roundtops for a very different type of pole-masted ship—the heavy, Norman-built chasse-marée, a vessel which is with us to-day pretty much as she must have been in the twelfth century, her square, lofty bow rising sharply, as though to face a sea, rather than for passage before the wind in fine weather, still with some trace of the lateen rig about her, in the heavily fished yards, high-peaked

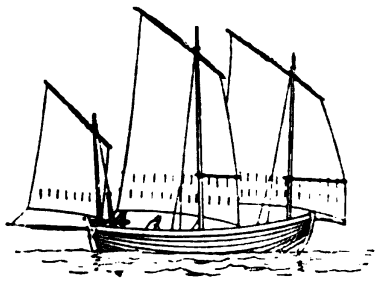


Norman Chasse-marée (about 100 Tons).

sails, and foremast close to her stem. A "bonnet-piece" is laced upon the foot of her foresail, which is removed in bad weather instead of reefing, so lessening the mass of rolled-up wet canvas, which when struck by a sea is apt to split the sail. Every day these Norman luggers get scarcer, replaced by the handier ketch rig, and the ponderous hull of one is often seen which has had her foremast moved further aft, and mizzen a little forward, and so been roughly refitted as a ketch. These vessels bring across the English Channel many of the commoner sorts of vegetables, and are able to earn enough with such cargoes to return home—usually with ballast of old brickbats or other heavy refuse. But when at her best, with ten or fifteen men to handle her, it took a smart vessel to overtake or escape from Chasse-marée in a breeze.

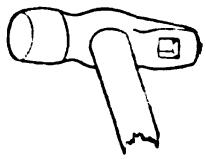
Upon the English coast, nearly opposite the ports these vessels hail from, is a little fleet of some eight or ten fishing-boats nestled together under Beer Head, a type of early ship not unlike the chasse-marée, very fast boats, but from the character of the sails requiring care and skill to handle. In place of bowline, a small spar like a clothes prop, called a "fore-girt," is used to twig out the weather edge of the sail, while, as in the old ships, the fore-tack goes to a bumpkin. They carry no bowsprit, the foresail, like a lateen-sail, taking the place of a foresail and jib. These are sharp-bottomed open boats, used for trawling, drift-nets, and line fishing, and are run broadside on to the steep wall of beach at Beer. When there is a sea on the sails are kept up, and hauled to windward, to press the boat inward, while her crew toss out the big stone ballast before hauling her up. Like nearly all English boats, they are clinker or clinch built.

It is noteworthy that of "carvel" or smooth-built English fishing-boats the



Beer-Head Fishing-boat, Devon.

Brixham trawlers were among the first. But these cutters have much in common with some French cutters which will be spoken of in another place. As long ago as the time of the Armada, the Brixham trawler was mentioned as a fast vessel, suitable for carrying news. It was the Brixham men who first taught the North Sea fishermen deep-sea trawling, and I suspect they learned it from the French. As showing the size of clinch-built vessels with us years ago, I may mention that not six miles from Beer I had a boat-builder working with me who used a hammer which had been in his family for three generations at least, and which had driven the nails of a clinch-built ship of a hundred tons. This old tool weighed five or six pounds, and had a hole in the tail rather over half an inch square, for pushing on the washers or "roves," and breaking off the ends of the iron nails before riveting them;

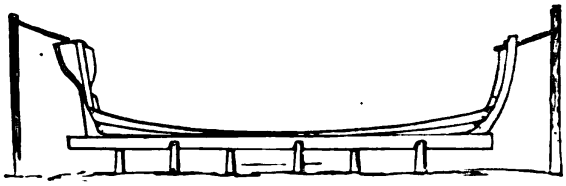


Old Hammer used by a Beer Boat-builder.

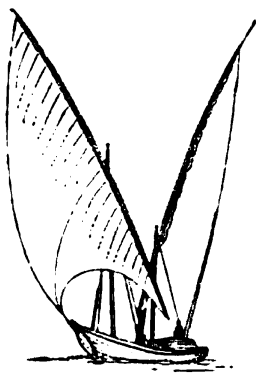
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somewhat such a hammer as the vikings must have used about their galleys.

As I just said, English boats are mostly clinch-built, while the French, Italian, Spanish, and even many of those of Holland, are not. This would not be surprising if England's boats were the only ones that landed or were kept upon open beaches; but this is not so. Clinch work is lighter and stronger for small boats than the carvel, the outer skin giving nearly as much strength as the ribs, which are most of them steamed in and fitted after the boat is planked. The form of a clinch-built boat depends more upon the eye of the builder as plank by plank the boat unfolds from the keel than upon lines laid off beforehand. Indeed, experienced builders can finish the planking of a boat without putting a single mould or pattern into her. On the other hand, in the carvel work every frame or timber is cut out from patterns, and sometimes not set up in place until all are ready. It was with a view to this kind of boat-building that about twenty years ago some Americans started a company in London for boat-building by machinery; but it came to nothing, as it was found that most English customers require the basket-like, tough, clinch-built boats, which could be planked and riveted together by hand as fast as in any other way. In the United States, as upon the Continent, clinch-built boats are seldom used. And so, owing to "insular prejudices," etc., this company wound itself up, and when a lot of strong boats to go Arab-shooting in are wanted, orders have to be sent to boat-builders all round the country, which of course is very sad and unprogressive.

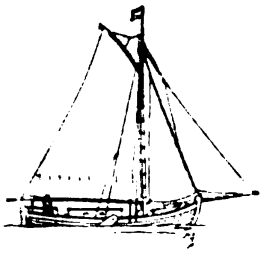


First Stage of Clinch-built Boat on the Stocks.

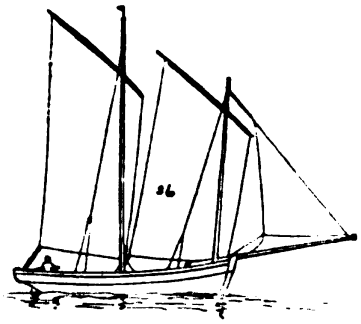


Dahabeeyah of the Nile.

But drifting south in this digression about boat-building among the dahabeeyahs of the Nile, these long pinions, suited for catching every breath of air above a river-bank, remind me that I have not said enough about the extreme value of a high-peaked sail, especially in steady winds. No doubt wherever sails of this type are found dependable leading winds are the rule. But when these long pinions are clipped, and yards and gaffs grow short, like the stumpy guillemot wing of the Dutchman, such wings are seen oftenest beating dead to windward.

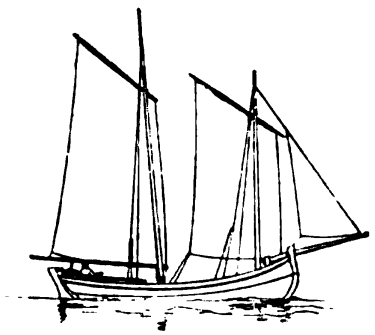


Dutch Sloop.



Channel Island Boat.

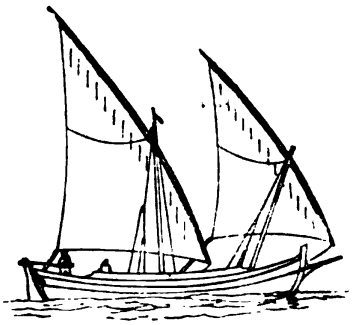
An instance of this may be seen without going so far north as Holland, in the craft of the northern ports of the Adriatic,



Coaster, North Adriatic.

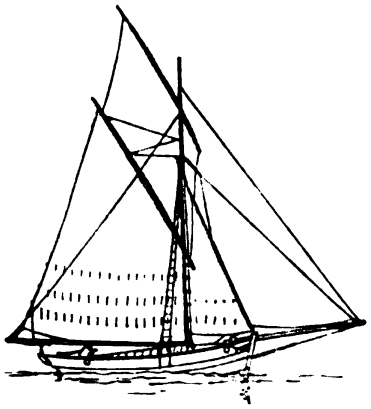
which are nearly all of the clipt lateen or else lugger type, so that these two boats, one an ordinary Jersey fisherman and the other a vessel belonging to the little port of Rimini, have really more in common than with the two-masted lateener. These luggers of the Adriatic are splendid models, with handsome elliptical sterns, rather of the wherry type, the rudder all outside. They rise well forward, with a springy sheer and rather swan-like bow,

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Two-masted Lateen Rig.

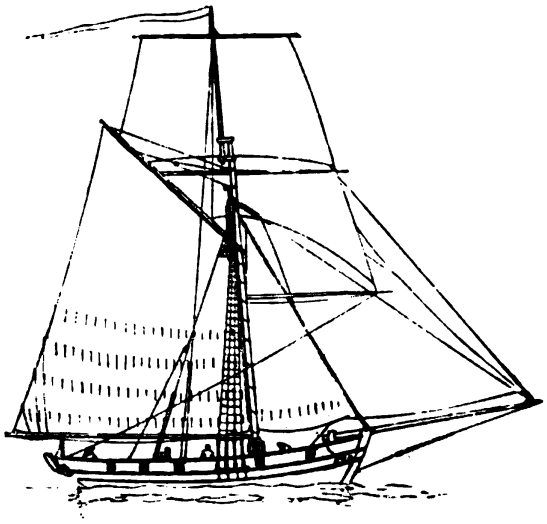
more elegant, but reminding one of the big Norman luggers. Nothing, in fact, can speak plainer of hard winds and short heavy seas than the build and sails of these boats. The cautious Dutchman in his sloop is, however, the only boatman quite content to entirely give up the advantage of a peak of some kind to his sail, choosing for pattern the wing of a diver rather than that of the tern or swallow. This may be for want of sea-room, or for working under sail among buildings, and up the streets of his towns. Both English and French men, in their cutters and luggers, have always retained as much of the valuable lateen peak as possible. This is well seen in one of the oldest forms of cutter still found at Rochelle. These ves-



Cutter of Rochelle, West France.
Thirty Tons.

sels, though they carry a topsail, are pole-masted, and the enormous size and low position of the jaws of her gaff remind one very much of the sprit of a Thames barge. This is an exaggerated type of other cutters in some northern French ports, while the Brixham trawler of some years ago had many points in common with her. The trawl-nets of Rochelle are unlike the English or those of northern France, the net being simply an oblong bag open only at the mouth, and in place of iron "trawl-heads," or runners at the ends of the beam, a pair of large stones, about the size and shape of an American cheese, are linked to the ends of the beam, literally stone "trawl-heads."

A very different and now quite extinct form of early cutter is the old English packet, revenue cruiser, and dispatch-boat of Nelson's day. Her rig is that of the

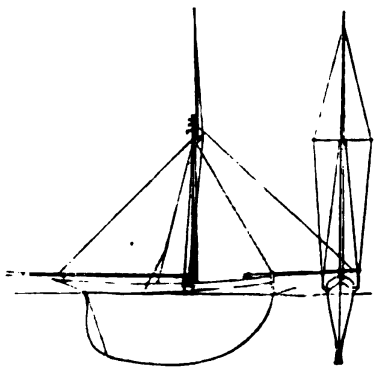


English Cutter of Nelson's Time.

old Margate hoy, the Leith sloop, and English Channel packet-boat that Turner has shown us "coming in" in his Calais pier.

These old cutters were mostly clinch-built up to the deck, and the topmast was stepped abaft the mast-head. How it stood the strain of the great square topsail is a mystery. Perhaps the raking aft of the mainmast may have had something to do with this position of the topmast. In all old ships the mast-heads and heels, or doublings, were shorter than they are now, and topmasts must have been almost always struck in bad weather or lost.

One feature in the English cutter has



Racing Cutter with Eighty Tons of Lead on Keel.

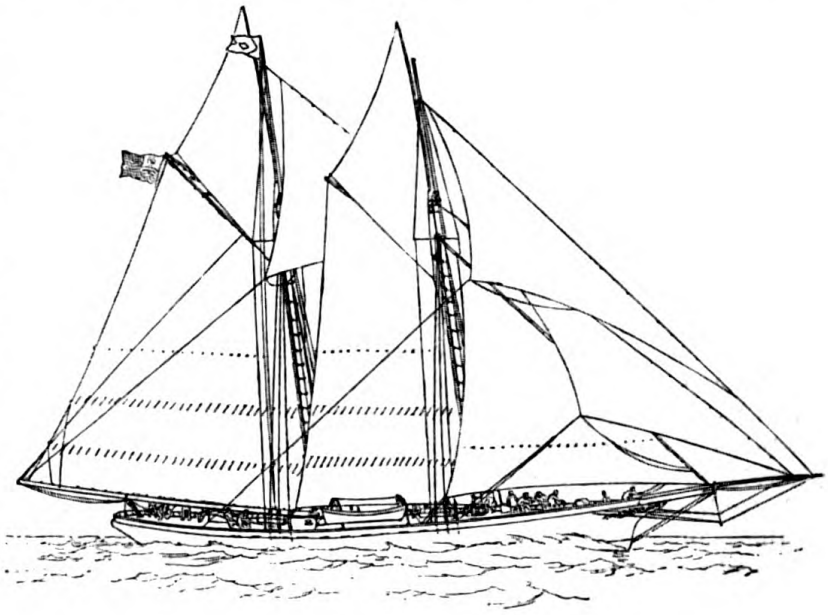
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always been her draught of water aft, or a deep heel. This is still the character of a modern racing cutter, which with her deep leaden keel is in model little more than an axe blade set on edge. Of course such vessels do not rise at a sea, but go through it like a fly-wheel of eighty tons weight. It was formerly said of horse-racing that it improved the breed of English horses, and of yacht-racing that it led to improvements in naval architecture.

Of late this has certainly not been the case with either sport, for our racers are good for nothing else, and our yachts up to a certain size are mere sailing-machines. I say up to a certain size, because there is a point at which excessive draught of water acts as a check upon the use of lead and leverage, so that very large yachts must still be built with some kind of ship-shape form about them.

Some years ago, when the New York pilot-boat (for she was nothing more) the *America* came to England and beat our best yachts, there was one man who seemed to thoroughly understand the situation, and this was Mr. Weld, of Lullworth Castle, a first-rate amateur yachtsman and builder. He soon made alterations in his yacht, the *Alarm*, which enabled her to meet the new-comer. My old friend Mr. John Nichols was Mr. Weld's sailing-master, and chancing one day to be looking over some prints of the lines of old French war ships, said: "Why, here is exactly the *Alarm's* middle section! Squire Weld must have seen this book." I mention this merely to show how far advanced naval architecture was in France a hundred years ago, for very few men know a good sailing model better than that old yachtsman Captain John Nichols, the longest-headed man in Southampton.

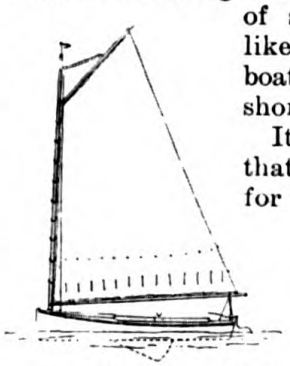
But to give the yachts and their wings their due, I believe it would be hard to find a finer instance of efficient fore-and-aft sail-power, with every inch doing its work, than is shown in this portrait of the schooner *Henrietta*, winner from two other schooners of a race from New York



The *Henrietta*.

to Cowes Roads, the distance, some 3000 miles, being sailed in fourteen days.

These American schooners owed much of their speed and success to the wonderful fit and cut of their sails, for which the New York river craft and coasters were remarkable, and I believe that the New York sail-makers owed this knack of making sails set flat to their Dutch and Swedish ancestors, every inch of whose low, stumpy canvas was and is always set to the greatest advantage. This yacht *Henrietta*, like the *America*, was simply a glorified New York pilot-boat, a class of little schooners built expressly for speed, and cruising in all weathers in the Atlantic. Our Liverpool pilot-boats, which work in St. George's Channel, are a class of schooners not unlike the New York boats, but built to meet shorter seas.

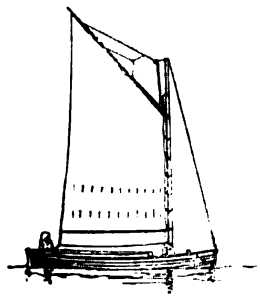


American Centre-board Boat.

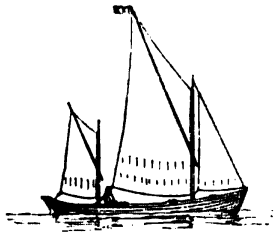
It is to the Americans that we are indebted for the centre-board or Una-boat—a sort of skimming-dish that has produced a large crop of second-rate amateur boat sailers;

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in fact, these boats are so handy in smooth shallow water that they may be called the landlubber's boat. Here is another and much older type of smooth-water craft, the Norfolk wherry. Her single high-peaked sail looks as though it may have been once a lateen-sail, which is indeed a favorite sail for pleasure-boats upon the Norfolk Broads. These wherries, some of which are of thirty or forty tons, have the mast weighted at the heel, and arranged so that it can be lowered like a steam-boat's funnel in passing a bridge. Among the old wherries or passage-boats the Portsmouth and Ryde wherry, the gondola of Spithead, still contrives to hold her own, and ply for hire from the common hards of Portsmouth and Southampton.



Norfolk Wherry.



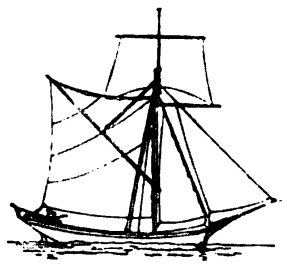
Portsmouth Wherry.

It is the same old sea cab that tended our fleet day and night, winter and summer, out among the short punishing seas and tide-rips of Spithead in Nelson's time, while before steam the larger Ryde wherries worked the ferry between the main and the Isle of Wight.

For all sound good qualities no boats exceed them. The masts being short, the long sprit has only to be taken out, and with the mainsail rolled up, and her fore-sail and mizzen all inboard, the boat is under storm canvas at once, yet still well under command. When the sprit is down the low mast makes a wherry extremely handy for going alongside a man-of-war with her projecting boats and booms. Besides sailing well, the wherry rows splendidly, and built of oak and copper-fastened, she is nearly imperishable, descending from generation to generation of watermen. Though I have lived among these boats for years, I never saw a new one, or one that was thought past work.

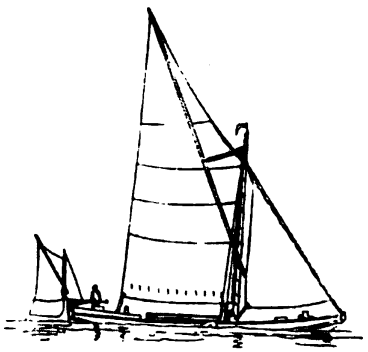
The model of the wherry is rather like that of a Scotch herring skiff, and one of these skiffs chancing somehow to wander south among the Southampton watermen, was at once recognized by them, and rigged as a wherry, and was found to sail as well as the best wherry of her length.

The sprit-sail is essentially the sail of the Dutch and English, for though the Turks have a vessel which carries a sprit, it is not used, as in our Thames barge and wherry, to gain a lofty peak with a short mast, but to extend the head of a kind of square fore-and-aft sail. I have never seen the rig, but believe the vessel is called a Turkish caïque.



Turkish Sprit-sail.

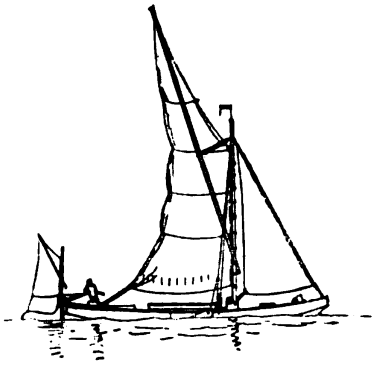
The Thames sailing barge, with all her bright color, dates back, like the wherry, for centuries, and is really a very flourishing old world craft indeed, and spite of steam-lighters, tugs, etc., is still found economically well adapted for the carriage of bricks, manure, straw, hay, etc., and for the winding navigation of the lower Thames. Her small draught of water enables her to work her way close inshore, and take advantage of every eddy, and this, with the splendid set of her perfectly wind-tight sails, dressed with ochre and fish oil, and power of holding her way as she shoots up in the wind



London Barge, or Dumpy.

in tacking, makes it a hard matter for a fast-sailing boat to hold her own with one. The sail of a Thames barge, owing to the fixed position of the head, cannot be reduced by reefing beyond one row of reef-points, tied up at times to allow a load of straw to be carried. This is one drawback of a large sprit-sail, which, as the wind increases, instead of being reefed, is gathered back foot by foot by brails.

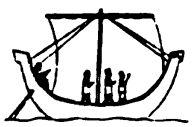
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London Barge, Mainsail brailed in.

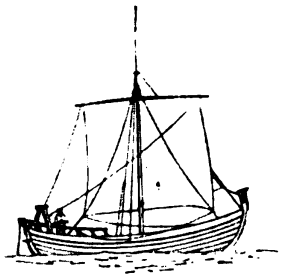
The barge's tiny mizzenmast is stepped upon the rudder-head, and the mizzen-sheet made fast to the after-end of the broad rudder, so that this little mizzen is really a second rudder in the air, acting in unison with the one below. I can never see one of these great sailing barges in an upper reach of the Thames or Medway without admiration and respect for the ingenuity which contrived a vessel that, with a draught of some three feet, can, handled by two men, carry sixty or seventy tons of bricks or coal to where she lies, far up among the fresh-water weeds and lilies; with all that tangle of rope, mast, and brown sail now flat upon her deck, yet so easily raised or lowered as she passed a bridge; and with scarce any free-board, and no hold of the water below, yet able with her great lee-boards to hold a fine wind, or turn in her length, and make long sea-voyages far out round stormy headlands, almost out of sight of land.

In truth, if the shipping of the Middle Ages was as well found and fitted for its work as this London barge, naval architecture was not far behind that of the land. And yet one is asked to accept something like this quaint heraldic device as a portrait of a sea-going ship of the thirteenth century.



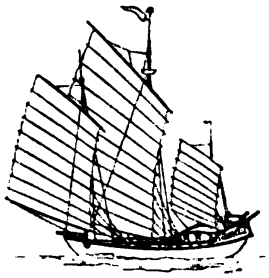
Sailing Ship of the Thirteenth Century.

Until the introduction of steam, nothing connected with the sea was ever disposed to advance in a rapid or striding way, and it is most unlikely that sailing vessels leaped, so to speak, in two hundred years from this curious old manuscript and nondescript craft to ships like the Genoese carrack and others of the fifteenth century. It is true that Southern seamen were very likely rather in advance of the Normans, but I suspect that we need not go farther back than the present single square-sailed craft of Norway for a true picture of the small square-sailed ship of the thirteenth century. I regret not being able at present to give a better idea of this vessel. They sail wonderfully well, and English yachtsmen who have met them in a seaway have found them hard to beat.

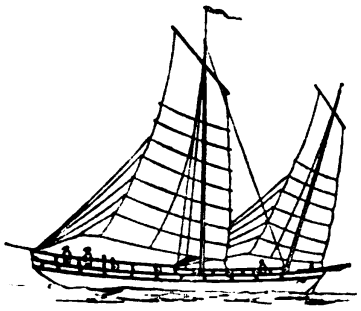


Norway Boat.

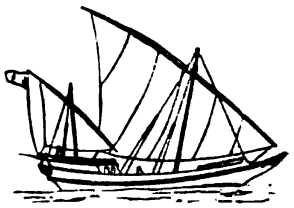
I mentioned before that the Chinese, besides their fair-wind or monsoon trading junk, know how to build fast weatherly sailing craft, like this piratical junk and the smuggling craft below it. Now we have been always told that the Chinese are, or were until quite lately, exactly where they were in all things a thousand years ago. Therefore these vessels may be taken as fair representative types of the naval architecture and sail-power among the barbarians of northeast Asia much earlier than the thirteenth century. An Arab dhow is another ship representing splendid sail-power, combined with a hull the lines of which agree pretty much with the "wave-line theory" that was fussed over and said to have been discovered by naval architects some thirty years



Chinese Pirate Junk.



Chinese Smuggler.



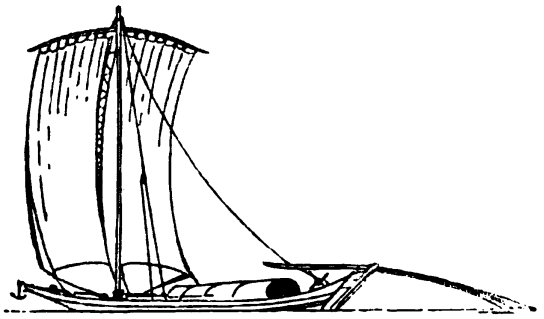
Arab Dhow.

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back, but which is common to a number of outlandish old world craft. Like the Chinese, the Arab himself of to-day and all his belongings is the Arab of a thousand years past, and I believe that in one of these dhows we see pretty much the ship, only smaller, in which St. Paul was wrecked.

Like many old lateeners, these vessels are sharp and low forward, and high aft, so that it is possible that when the four anchors were cast out of the stern, they really rode the ship stern to the sea and bow to the shore, ready for the final rush landward when daylight came. There is especial mention that the rudder was triced up or secured, for they "loosed the rudder bands, and hoised up the mainsail to the wind," "and falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground."

Owing to being nearly entirely cut off from the world's broad highway, craft upon many of the large Italian lakes are



Italian Lake Craft.

of a very early type, the rudder retaining the form of a simple steering oar slung loosely over one quarter, or to the head of the stern-post.

An early modification of this rudder occurs in boats which, though much of the same general type, are, in navigating the Rhine, brought into direct communication with sea-going craft. In such boats, though the tiller still extends aft beyond the rudder-head, the rudder itself is either hung by pintals or hinges to the stern-post, or passes through the overhang of the after-end of the boat or counter. The Italian word "timone," the helm of a ship, means also the pole of a carriage and the beam of a plough, and the old sea term "timoneer," or steersman, is of course derived from this word, which is also used by the Italians in this sense to distinguish the wheeler, or horse upon which the actual steering of a carriage depends, from the leaders. The following passage from Falconer's "Shipwreck" shows how this word was used in his time:



Lake Constance Rudder.



Rhine Barge Rudder.

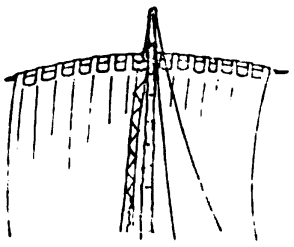
"'Starboard again!' the watchful pilot cries.
'Starboard!' the obedient timoneer replies."

The Italians and Spaniards have, in fact, no word, I think, which expresses the rudder as distinct from its tiller, the old word "rother," so spelled by us as late as 1678, and tiller, evidently being of Teutonic origin, while the sea term "helms-a-lee," used in tacking ship, and meaning that the rudder itself is to windward when the tiller is put over or down to leeward, would be nonsense if one word stood for both rudder and tiller.

In these primitive lake boats we have also a very early form of square-sail, slung so that it can be dropped instantly when struck by a gust from between the mountains, but which, like most sails used for inland navigation, has a great hoist, and is very square aloft. These sails are divided down the centre, the mast being so arranged that it can be rapidly lowered forward, not aft, in a squall before the wind.

The way these sails are attached to the yard throws a light, I think, upon the old word "robands," the name of the short tyers formerly used to secure a square-sail to its yard.

In these boats the sail hangs to the yard upon a series of bands or loops made in the head of the sail, through which the yard passes. A handy plan, no doubt, in inland navigation, where a sail left permanently bent, would be a strong temptation to the first poor peasant that might board a boat in the absence of her owner—that sacred feeling about robbing a vessel of her tackling not often extending far above high salt-water mark. Like all very early types, these lake boats are much higher aft than forward, having a look about them of the coot and some other diving water-



Head of Sail, Italian Lake Boat.

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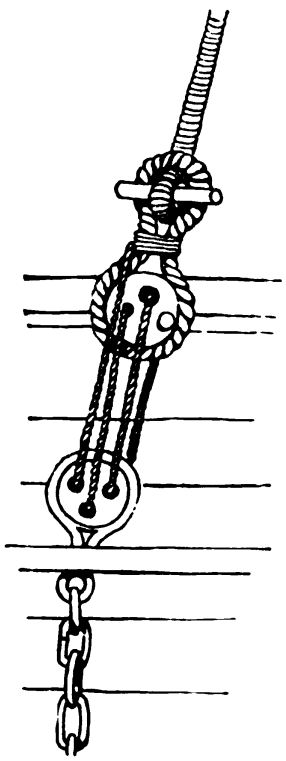


Lake Boat without Sail.



The Coot.

birds in the way they sit upon the water. Poetical writers about the sea are fond of dwelling upon the viking and his influence in early English naval history. But though the personal of England's navy, no doubt, owed much to these hardy Northern boatmen (for they were little more), all the earliest and more important material improvements in naval construction came from Southern nations; and when cannon began to supersede older weapons in Henry Eighth's time, he at once called in the assistance of Italian shipwrights to help him build that fleet of small ships which was destined, under his successors, after repelling the powerful attack of Spain upon our coasts, to make England mistress of the sea for many years. The fact is, these hardy Norsemen were as far behind the architects of the South in matters naval as their rude wooden structures on land were below the fortified cities, castles, and dwellings of the inhabitants of Italy, Greece, or Spain, who were indeed the earliest civilized rulers of the waves. Among the interesting collection of models in the ancient arsenal at Venice is a splendid sixteenth-century model upon a large scale of a three-masted lateener, mounting many guns, including of course some well-arranged bow chasers. She is fitted with regular banks of oars, and though in this comparatively large vessel the masts are stayed with stout standing rigging, like a modern ship, yet each shroud is fitted with a movable toggle or oaken pin above the dead-eye, by knocking out which her rigging could easily be cast adrift in case of its being desirable to have recourse to oars in chasing dead to windward.

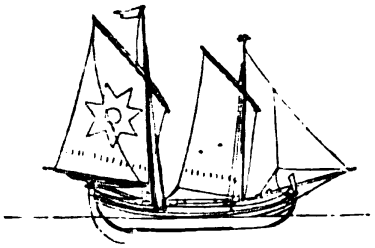


Movable Toggle-pin above the Dead-eye on a Venetian Three-masted Lateen of the Sixteenth Century.

These are small matters, but they show how far advanced in resource these early shipmen were.

I may here remark, while speaking of dead-eyes, that the word was originally written "dead-men-eyes."

In craft plying among the Venetian lagoons the rudder is so arranged that it



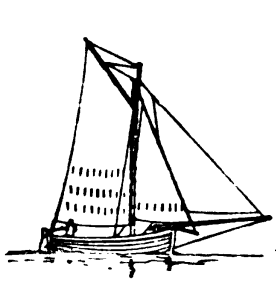
Venetian Craft with Rudder below the Keel.

acts, when lowered in deep water, very much like a centre-board, the form of the hull and position of the after-canvas causing its action to coincide nearly with the centre of effort of the boat's sails. These deep curved rudders, which much resemble those of the Yorkshire cobles, are hung with great care, and fitted with a purchase or tackle for hoisting them clear of the ground in shoal water; and the lagoon sailor, who no doubt often owed his safety in by-gone times to the light draught of these vessels, still keeps all the splendid iron-work about them not only well oiled, but even brightly polished, while the rudder-heads are lovingly enriched with carving and pictures of patron saints, etc.

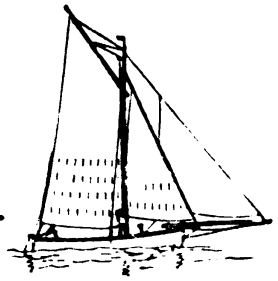
So far as I can learn, there are no records of sails and rigging of any value earlier than the fifteenth or end of the fourteenth century, and we owe the little that we do know of shipping before that time to the work of the monks and nuns, who could not know much about a ship and her tackling, or got their ideas at second-hand; it is not surprising, therefore, especially when one sees the hash at times made of such subjects by modern land artists, that their work should give us but a faint notion of the ships of Norman times. If we go back to Roman, Greek, or Egyptian art, the case is much the same, for though we can form a good idea of the look of any class of these people, there is no record of the rig, sails, or look of the

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ships they sailed or fought, beyond some conventional odds and ends of their beaks and tails or poops upon coins. What sort of notion should we get of our four hundred feet of ocean steamers, or even of an *Inflexible*, from a contracted image of her upon a penny piece? And when, a thousand years hence, these vessels have all turned again to oxide of iron, and the photos of them faded away, less may perhaps be known of them than some of us know to-day of this old Brighton hoggy, or of the Itchen Ferry shrimper.

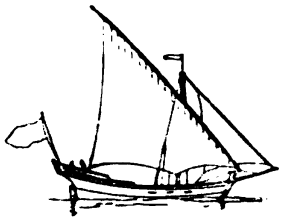


Brighton Hoggy.



Itchen Ferry Shrimper.

With their high-peaked, boomless mainsail and wide foresail, both these boats have much in common with the lateen rig, but no lateener would take care of herself when struck by a squall as one of these boats will, the foresail, which is really the forepart of a lateen-sail, being easily eased by the sheet or lowered altogether, which is equal to two reefs less sail at once. The little one-masted lateen-rigged boat shows how, I believe, the idea must have first occurred to some old sail-maker of cutting the sail in the line of the mast, and giving the forepart a sheet of its own.



Old Single-masted Lateener.

The rig of the old Brighton boat is, I think, a very early rig among the men of the South Hams. She is not a true cutter, nor exactly a sloop. Her fore-stay and fore-tack go to a strong bumpkin some feet beyond her stem-head. This was made of oak or ash, and wide enough to stand upon, projecting in fact beyond her stem independently of the bowsprit proper, as the beak of a lateener does. She was almost as wide as she was long, with a flat floor and great bilge-keels, clinch-built, and strong enough to take the sand among breakers upon a falling tide, so giving plenty of time for hauling her up.

The Itchen boat is of the same rig, but smaller, and her bumpkin is of iron. She is half-decked and heavily ballasted, being used upon inland waters and never hauled up. I have kept company with one of these boats for the last fifteen years, and found her the most comfortable and handiest one-man craft I ever had to do with.



Skiff of the Duck Pond.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE daily newspaper is as absolute as a Legislature, and the only appeal against it lies to the tribunal of public opinion. Its especial function is to report the news, which seems to be a very simple and easy office. But the significance of a report depends very much upon what is called its coloring, and the reporter is the skilful artist who supplies color. The photographer is a reporter whose business it is to describe faces by the use of light. He does nothing himself but regulate the conditions of the sun's action. But what extraordinary reports he submits! How often he gives the faithful outline, but no portrait! The fairest blonde smiles a brunette from the bewitched plate. The wondering spectator does not recognize his bosom-friend in the countenance upon which he gazes. Yet there are the lines as in the person, and the excellent photographer assures him that the sun cannot lie.

The newspaper gives the outline of the fact, but the impression made upon the mind of the reader may be as far from the truth as the photograph from a likeness. Undoubtedly the play was produced as the reporter says, the very persons took part whom he mentions by name, and the audience filled the house as he truthfully asserts. Here are half a dozen photo—that is to say, reports of the

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same event in as many newspapers. The facts are certainly the same, but the reader gathers from one that a lovelier and more pathetic Ophelia was never seen, and from another that a more ludicrous travesty of a beautiful character could not be imagined. This is perhaps a mere difference of opinion. But the third newspaper assures him that the enthusiasm was indescribable, and the fourth that the coldness of the audience was unspeakably arctic. Is this also a difference of opinion?

The original newspaper was a paper of news, a record of incident. Its aim was to state simply what had occurred, to hold the mirror up to nature, and to reflect events without distortion. But the newspaper of to-day is not such a mirror. Its object, like that of every other business enterprise, is to make money for its proprietor, but to achieve that pleasant result by taking a side or by not taking a side, by supporting a policy, or a party, or a sect, or a particular interest, or purpose. The temptation to adjust reports of news or statements of fact so as to promote the special object of the newspaper is almost irresistible. The sectarian organ does not allow the interests of the sect to suffer by any want of glow in its narrative of sectarian movements, meetings, and action of every kind. The free-trade organ finds the protection meeting last evening to have been spiritless to the last degree, and the threadbare arguments were droned forth feebly and fell perfectly flat upon listless ears. But in the protection organ the same meeting was animated by phenomenal enthusiasm, and the resistless arguments and self-evident truths thundered forth by eloquent orators fell like mighty trip-hammers upon the wretched and brittle assertions and so-called arguments of fantastic free-traders and pulverized them into their original nonsense. The bewildered reader concludes that there was a meeting, but he perceives that he knows nothing more.

Reporting of news is thus made to give a blond or a brunette complexion to the face of facts, according to the preference of the photographer. He heightens and depresses the light as he chooses, and the likeness emerges accordingly. A famous orator makes a speech in which he mentions the name of his rival. The *Daily Truthteller*, which reports the speech, prefers the rival, and straightway it appears in the record that the tempest of acclamation with which his name was received was the most significant thing in the speech. But Newspaper No. 2, which greatly prefers the orator himself, apprises us that the faint cheers which greeted the rival's name must have been painfully depressing to his friends. Each paper is using every resource at its command, especially its record of news, to serve its own side and advance the interests of its friends, and the remark "I saw it in the newspaper" has ceased to be proof even of the fact, much less of its significance as shown by circumstances.

This was illustrated recently by a letter from Canada describing the incidents of Mr. O'Brien's visit to one of the Canadian cities. The story as told in some of the papers, whose ideal function is to hold the mirror up to nature, gave an impression of a tumult of delighted excitement and whirlwinds of popular joy such as might have surrounded Masaniello in Naples, or Lafayette when he was welcomed to America in 1824. Whatever the reader's sympathies may have been, the narrative showed a movement of the popular heart which was of the utmost significance, and of which her Majesty's government could not wisely fail to take notice. Colonies are generally more warmly loyal even than the mother country, and the "uprising" of the sentiment of a colony against the home government was an unmistakable sign of the necessity of action. Doubt? But here it was recorded at length in the newspapers, and the newspaper is the impartial chronicle of the times.

Yet a gentleman whose office in the city commanded the scene of the impressive demonstration, who had not been sent to "write up" the incidents in order to promote some cause other than that of plain truth-telling, wrote an account of what he saw. The "surging multitude" of the reporters was some two or three hundred persons of the kind that any unusual incident readily assembles in a street, a crowd far smaller than one which the observer had seen a few days before gathered in the same place to hear a street band. The cheer was the feeblest that ever tried to rend the welkin. Half a dozen enthusiasts shook hands with Mr. O'Brien, and one large lady was effusive in demonstrations of personal regard. This was the reception. The departure drew no crowd of adherents, but a group of unfriendly spectators groaned as Mr. O'Brien drove away. The central fact originally reported was the same: Mr. O'Brien came and went. But the fact was so decorated and distorted in a burst of rhetorical pyrotechnics that the truth was utterly consumed. The newspaper was not a newspaper. Doubtless the account was read with ardent sympathy by thousands, and the truthful narrative would have been very tame. But the newspaper did not give the news. It gave, not the truth, but what its readers wanted the truth to be.

Even the scriptures of the reporter therefore must be read with incredulity and suspense of mind until we ascertain what the news really is. And it is droll that in that case it is not the regularly organized machinery of the newspaper that gives it to us, but some chance observer whom the love of truth compels to undertake to do the work of the newspaper. This is an abuse of which the reader may justly complain. Whatever the party or the sympathy of the newspaper, and with whatever force it may editorially advo-

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cate or oppose views and men, its readers are entitled to know the news, that is, to have a truthful report of the facts. The paper may make what use of the facts it can, but unless it deals with facts it merely confuses the public mind. Arguments drawn from immense enthusiasm and universal approval are pointless if enthusiasm is not immense nor approval universal, and when a paper is proved to manufacture its facts, its arguments are useless.

THE Catholic cathedral upon Fifth Avenue in New York is a large and notable building, whatever may be its strict architectural character and excellence. The Catholic Church buildings in this country are generally ineffective imitations of foreign edifices, and have a certain cheap and tawdry air. But a great cathedral always open and accessible freely to everybody, a sanctuary of silence and meditation and repose, except when

"—through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

is a building of the highest public service. Nothing impresses the American traveller in Italy more pleasantly and freshly than the churches, cool, still, spacious, with the service murmuring at some side altar, and the peasant or woman or child sitting quietly, or kneeling in devotion. It is a constant and soothing retreat from the hot and bustling activity of the street and city. It is a perpetual suggestion of the repose and exaltation of the religious life. It is the eternal witness of the omnipresence of divine grace and order, a symbol of the ceaseless and all-comprehending embrace in which they hold the world.

The Protestant and especially the Puritan spirit was hostile to symbolism, and striking at the image and the picture, at the crucifix and Christmas, it stripped the church building of ornament and the church service of splendor. Seeing ecclesiastical magnificence blended with what it held to be paganism and sensualism, it felt that amid a gorgeous ritualism the central truth of Christianity was obscured; that those who worship must worship not with glittering and resounding pomp, with shining vestment and obsequious genuflection, but in spirit and in truth. Puritanism was the natural reaction against the Medicean Vatican and the tendency which, turning the basilica into the cathedral, had felt the renaissance to be a siren voice wooing Christendom backward to the faith that fell with Pan.

The Puritan meeting-house, which in the more sequestered parts of New England still lingers in the bare, unhandsome building, and which in the last generation was a mortification to the flesh in every form, was the symbol of the far extremity of that reaction. But the return movement began even while the Puritan ascendency was still supreme. Judge Sewell's diary records his grief and horror at the prospect of the English service in Boston, and he groans in 1681 when the law prohibiting the observance of Christmas was repealed. But he remarks, with grim satisfaction, four years after, "The Body of the People profane it, and blessed be God!" The reflux wave has now generally overspread the Puritan commonwealth of New England. The church, of whatever denomination, is now apt to be the prettiest building in the village or the town. The grounds around it are green and flowery and carefully kept. There are memorial windows of stained glass. Alas! there are even chimes in the tower. It is no longer possible to distinguish the sect by the plainness of the edifice. The religious children of John Wesley do not disdain a beautiful house in which to sing Charles Wesley's beautiful hymns; and even the followers of George Fox, while still mindful of plain language and of plain clothes, maintain the plain building with some alleviation of the angles, but with no least concession to a ritual.

The erection of a Protestant cathedral in New York would mark the complete reaction. All that the genius of Michael Angelo did for the Roman Church in St. Peter's, the best genius of this time would do in the proposed cathedral for the Christian faith which does not accept the Vatican tradition and decrees. According to the admirable and eloquent manifesto of Bishop Potter, it would not be the cathedral of a sect, but a home of the Church universal as conceived by Protestant Christendom. Its open doors would welcome to its spacious fold for rest and thought and praise and prayer every man and woman and child whom the common faith of Christendom unites in one vast general assembly. Necessarily its distinctive service must be, as becomes such a temple, stately, impressive, sonorous, ritualistic, and therefore Anglican.

But it should not be and would not be in any offensive sense sectarian as among Christian denominations. Nor would it exclude any adherent of Rome, or any Jew or Gentile, who sought a sanctuary of religious reflection or spiritual elevation. Amid the roar of material activity it would bear witness to the supremacy and power of the unseen world. In the eager strife of interests that concern the body it would stand for the welfare of the soul. Perpetual monitor amid perishing humanity of the eternal life in man, it would awaken and refresh and inspire that life in the community.

There are those, and they are many, to whom the pomp of St. Peter's on its most resplendent day is as dust and ashes, and whose spiritual life it does not help but hinder. There are those also who sing with Emerson:

"I like a monk, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowled churchman be."

But none the less Emerson gladly went to church on Sunday, and no man could have

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owned more earnestly than he that the great cathedral was a portal to the higher life of thousands and thousands of men.

It is not surprising that English authors occasionally complain that while their works seem to be very popular in the United States, they receive a very small honorarium even from the most honorable American publishers. The authors would understand the reason if they could see the many different issues of their works in this country. Each issue is a totally uncertain venture, and it is impossible for the publishers who are generously and honorably disposed toward the foreign authors to do more than remit a sum which is both an acknowledgment and a regret. It is more than a year since the members of the committees of Congress heard the pleas of authors and publishers upon the subject of an international copyright. Nothing was done at the late session, but the question has not slept. There has been a great deal of reflection and quiet discussion. The bill known as the Hawley bill is also known as the authors' bill, and the Chace bill is also known as the publishers', or, more strictly, the manufacturers' bill.

Senator Hawley introduced a bill which briefly and simply provided for granting to the foreign author in this country the copyright which was granted to the American author in the foreign country. This bill declared a principle, and left all details to be settled by legislation. Senator Chace's bill granted copyright upon certain conditions of the manufacture of the books in this country and the exclusion of all foreign-made copies. Both bills, however, secured copyright to the foreign author. This was an important point. The authors largely represented in the Copyright Club were naturally disposed to assert their right to their own intellectual productions. But the Constitution of the United States briefly declares copyright to be a grant made to authors and inventors for a limited time and for a public purpose. The abstract right of property in literary productions, and the consequent absolute and continued control of them, however sound in principle, is not acknowledged by the laws or by the public opinion either of Great Britain or of the United States, and in the present condition of the public mind would certainly not be admitted. This was frankly conceded by Professor Huxley in the inquiry of the English Copyright Commission a few years since.

It follows inevitably from the conceded situation that there are but two courses open to authors: one is to institute a general agitation to enlighten and stimulate public opinion to the point of recognizing the right of the author's property in his book as in his house or his land, and to postpone legislation until that conversion shall be accomplished; the other is to waive the assertion of this right, and to secure at once such recognition of copyright as is practicable in a way which would not necessarily obstruct further and fuller recognition. If, for instance, copyright for the foreign author should be granted upon certain conditions of publication which would unquestionably abridge his complete choice of such conditions, would it not be worth while to acquiesce in the proposition as a first step toward a desirable result? Must the author's uncompromising cry be "Everything or nothing?"

On the other hand, if the author, to secure so much that he desires, should yield some things which he deems his just rights, the manufacturer, in view of the concession, should also concede certain points which might be needlessly objectionable. The promise of the present situation seems to be that we are approaching this willingness. The actual American persons in interest are the author, the manufacturer, and the reader. A very important person also is the legislator; but his action will be largely determined by the agreement of the others. All these persons are naturally interested in the development of American literature, and they are consequently averse to promoting foreign literature in the country at the expense of our own. The printer, the stereotyper, the pressman, every branch of the book manufacture, is as much interested as the author in the prosperity of a genuine Americanism which is greatly the product of a native literature. To this end he must be assumed to be patriotically willing to concede to the American author an equal opportunity with the English author by agreeing to recommend with him a fair and practicable scheme of international copyright.

If, however, the author should insist that his abstract right shall be in every detail acknowledged and enforced by law, and the manufacturer should insist, on his part, that every particular which he holds to be advantageous to him shall be secured, the present situation, which is a disgrace and a serious injury to the country, must continue. The American is a lover of liberty, and therefore of justice and fair-play. But it is not justice and fair-play to maintain a condition of things which enables us to enjoy the benefit of the labor of others without paying them for it. That is especially something which is not American, and the promise of the situation lies in the disposition to a common understanding. Senator Hawley has stated his willingness to entertain the question of details of manufacture, if for no other reason than that his bill cannot be even considered without the discussion of that question. The manufacturers by favoring the general scheme of Senator Chace's bill cease to regard the proposition of international copyright as essentially hostile to their interests. What remains, then, but a frank council to harmonize details upon which differences may exist? The situation is, in fact, a waiver, with a common purpose of good understanding, and that is the most favorable situation for inter-

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national copyright that has been ever known in this country.

Henry Clay, Edward Everett, and other distinguished American statesmen have been deeply interested in the question, but the conflict of interest was too powerful to permit action. A sagacious Secretary of State listened attentively to the urgent representations of a friend of the project, and then said to him, urbanely, "There seems to be some difference of opinion, but if you would bring the parties to an agreement, the way to definite action would seem to be quite clear." The friend of the project thanked him warmly, and hastened to secure the agreement. But it was supposed that he did not immediately succeed. His labors, however, were not lost, and it is by no means impossible that the agreement may soon be reported. The fact that it is impossible for the American publisher to pay to the English author the former large honorarium is regarded with as much disfavor by the American author as by his English brother. It is a common misfortune. But the discredit is all our own. With good temper and a sincere desire to take a first sure step forward, the prospect is certainly most encouraging.

When Goldsmith sang,

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made,"

he moralized upon the transitory nature of human grandeur. A recent incident in New York pointed the same moral. Mr. O'Brien came to the city as the hero who had arraigned the Governor-General of Canada before Canadian public opinion. He was invited to be the guest of honor at a huge open-air popular demonstration in the city to show the universal approval of American public opinion of "the cause of Ireland," which he was held to represent. There was a vast assemblage which gathered, full of enthusiasm for him and eager to salute him. There were music and banners and torches, and heaving excitement and anticipation. Everything was ready for Mr. O'Brien, but Mr. O'Brien did not appear. It was whispered that he would not appear, that there were reasons which made it unwise and impossible for him, with due regard to the purpose of his voyage to America, to appear at the meeting. In a moment the feeling of the great multitude was reversed. Groans, shouts, curses of the renegade, the coward, the false Irishman, rent the air. The orators denounced him and his counsellors, and the immense demonstration to honor Mr. O'Brien was instantly transformed into a demonstration of contempt and animosity for Mr. O'Brien. A breath unmakes them "as a breath has made."

It is the applause of such a crowd which many conspicuous men devote their lives and labors to win. It is their condemnation which many and often good men fear. The evening and the meeting were an impressive lesson in the nature of popularity. Mr. O'Brien was perfectly consistent and correct in his conduct. He is a devoted friend of home rule for Ireland. It may or it may not be a desirable object. None the less it is his object. He came to this country to promote it, and not to promote other objects which may be equally good. Now the chief allegation against Irish home rule is that it is a cause of false pretences; that while professing to seek home rule, or what we in America call local government, it really aims at state confiscation of the land and at dissolution of the British Empire by assassination and crime. The conduct of the leaders of the cause is jealously watched, and every act of theirs is misrepresented and belied by hostile papers and orators. Fidelity to their cause requires the strictest circumspection and care not to identify themselves with movements that demand explanations which cannot satisfy.

In New York the friends of the nationalization of land proposed the O'Brien demonstration, and selected for their chairman a man who had presided at a recent meeting addressed by a dynamiter. To this Mr. O'Brien properly objected as necessarily injurious to his cause. But, beyond this, the demonstration proposed to defy the Vatican, while Mr. O'Brien is a devout Catholic, and to declare that the cause of Ireland is not the home rule for which Mr. O'Brien contends, but the repeal of laws that make land private property, which is not Mr. O'Brien's aim. Moreover, the object of the demonstration was to propagate this doctrine, and to use Mr. O'Brien as a stalking-horse for that purpose. He could not honorably come, and he staid away.

The vehement denunciation of him was ludicrously unreasonable. It signified that if he judged for himself what his cause was, he was a poltroon, and if he did not agree that it was what it was not, he was a renegade. The moral improvement of such an incident seems to be that the applause of such an assembly is not a prize worth working very hard to obtain, and that its disapproval is not a doom which need disturb a sensible man. The sympathy and approval and support of honest and intelligent people must be the strongest encouragement to a public man. But the angry roar of a crowd because he does not echo its opinions or flatter its prejudices will not shake the clear conviction of a man of steadfast mind. It is, of course, perfectly easy to be a Vicar of Bray. But a Vicar of Bray is a laughing-stock, and the name of his cure classifies him unmistakably.

Carlyle and other caustic social philosophers decry government by tale or count instead of weight. Why should the rule of a hundred fools, they ask, be thought better than that of one wise man? The answer is that it is not thought to be better. Nobody supposes that a crowd is wiser than the wisest man in it. But as there has never been any

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practicable method of ascertaining the wisest man in a multitude, the best plan which experience has provided is government by the average wisdom. To leave the decision to the individual, results not in the selection of the wisest and best, but of the strongest. Marat or Robespierre may flatter and delude the multitude. But the multitude does not prefer deception, and denounces its deceiver when he is exposed. The rule of the majority, however, although practically the best rule, has its perils, and among them is the tendency to destroy its excellence by flattery and servility. This is the crime of the demagogue. The pander to popular passion and prejudice is the deadly enemy of liberty and the commonwealth. The demagogue is not only contemptible, he is dangerous; and he is dangerous because he tampers with the mainspring of social order in a free country.

An American demagogue's servility to the majority is as base as the crawling sycophancy of a Siamese courtier. Mr. O'Brien's refusal to receive under false pretences the applause of a great crowd was a lesson to be heeded, even if it were not a lesson greatly needed. It is not the man who despises servility and who defies a mob who distrusts the people. When the hostile crowd tried to storm Wendell Phillips into silence he pointed to the reporters, and said, "Here I speak to millions." He scorned the tyrannical mob trying to gag him, but he reposed with perfect confidence upon the people. Even when the people themselves disapproved, he said, with the soldier to General Thomas at Lookout Mountain, "Give them time, General—give them time."

That is the true democratic spirit. Confidence in democracy means faith in the sound brain and the good heart of the people, which in the long-run respond to reason and right feeling.

When the British army marched out of New York in 1783 the New-Yorkers who watched their departure, and who saw the British flag lowered from a supremacy which in New York it would never hold again, hardly thought that in a little more than a century from that time the Jubilee of the granddaughter of George the Third would be celebrated in the city by her subjects whose present homes are here, and celebrated with the warm sympathy of Americans. But that event will have occurred before these words are printed.

The occasion will recall the American celebration of the Fourth of July in London, in which eminent Englishmen have often taken part; and in both celebrations there is one common thought. For whether America or England has more securely advanced the limits of liberty, there is no doubt that liberty, as understood both in America and England, is an English tradition. It is not only American independence which the Fourth of July commemorates, nor only the advance of liberty, but the development of English liberty —liberty, that is to say, under forms peculiar to the English race. The great muniments of freedom here as there are the same. Freedom of speech and of the press, representative government, trial by jury, the habeas corpus—they are the family jewels, the heirlooms; they go with the family name and language and tradition.

It was the fact that the men of a hundred years ago were so largely of English blood that independent America began as a greater Britain upon a larger scene. The original American impulse was English. "God sifted three kingdoms" for the seed with which the new continent was planted. It is politically fashionable to sneer at England, but probably few intelligent Americans wish that the colonial planting had been French or German or Spanish rather than British. The story of our relation with England since the Revolution, however, is not very friendly. The war of 1812, the border troubles, and the civil war did not illustrate fraternal feeling, and at the very moment of the Jubilee regard for the Irish voter in America produces a prodigious disapproval of the English position upon the Irish question.

There has been always a strong traditional anti-English feeling in the United States, derived from the Revolution, and fostered by British policy. John Quincy Adams cherished it, and it constantly betrays itself in his writings. The feeling has never been universal, but still general enough to make sneers at England and truculent defiance of Britain popular and effective political tricks. "British gold" has been always a convenient cry. The antislavery movement was denounced as a British agitation. The revenue-reform movement was stigmatized as subsidized by British gold. Reform in the civil service has been ridiculed as an English scheme, although the truth is that the "spoils system" is the last lingering relic of monarchical privilege in the country, and the reformed system in England was aimed at aristocratic control of patronage. Another illustration of the general consciousness of an anti-English feeling in the country is the angry partisan assault upon political independence as an imitation of British indifference, as if to identify a tendency or a party or a person with England would discredit it fatally.

But this procedure, however amusing it may be, is not very harmful. To say that a man whose arguments you cannot answer, and whose character you cannot successfully assail, is a supercilious snob and a flunky of the British aristocracy proves that you have lost your temper, but it proves nothing else. Plainly it does not prove that his views are unsound and his objects unpatriotic, and to allege that respectable Americans are bought with British gold is merely comical. A certain American jealousy and dislike of England are not to be denied, but there is something else also not to

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be denied. It is that the great impulse of American life was derived from England, and that so long as it obeys that impulse America is safe, while its disappearance would leave a doubt and obscurity which no sagacity could pierce. The Horatian line could never be more fitly applied than to the Pilgrims fleeing from English intolerance, but not from the English tradition or spirit, *Cœlum, non animum, mutant.* Take from the beneficent American civilization which we see to-day the English impulse and tradition, and its glory would vanish; and if there are clouds that peer like thunder heads above the American horizon—clouds of social and political disturbance—their threatening crests do not arise from the white cliffs of Albion.

The Jubilee of the Queen was a festival of sentiment. It has also another significance, for it marks the prosperity of the form under which the mother country has chosen to maintain liberty. In England that form is rich with accumulated and historic association, picturesque with pageant, and endeared by venerable tradition. To us in America the simple majesty of the republic is preferable to the decorated splendor of the monarchy. But it would be an error to hold that the Englishman is less free than the American. The Queen is a symbol, like her crown and her sceptre. She is not the government, and her power is less than that of the President. The executive government of England is a committee of Parliament—a committee more immediately responsible to public sentiment than our own administration. The real and noble rivalry of the two English-speaking races is that of ever extending and ever securing liberty. Their methods are different, but the great purpose is the same. Each nation maintains its own honor and dignity, but nothing is more unworthy of both than the jealous spirit which carps at differences of method as if difference were hostility.

Editor's Study.

I.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests inquiry into a subject on which many others must have an opinion, or the materials for an opinion. "I believe," he writes, "that our best readers, the most appreciative, the most sympathetic, are not among the critics of the press, nor among the rich (who might be idle, but usually are not, and have too many occupations to read), nor among our leading lawyers, but among our parsons and teachers (teachers in a large sense) and clerks, and the officers of our army and navy. It is a fact that literature, imaginative literature, is supported by men and women of limited incomes."

If this is all true, it would be interesting to know how many and what kind of books are read in the enforced leisure of ward-rooms and garrisons, and whether the army and navy take to the literature that kills time merely, or to the robuster sort which is the supposed extremity of desolate islands. In the mean while some phases of the wide-spread passion for literature in civil life which our correspondent touches are such as no one can ignore. We think it is particularly true that, in America at least, rich people read very little, and they have still less to do with making literary reputations. Their social pleasures, or duties, or cares—whichever they are—leave them no time, as our correspondent says, for reading, and in this, as in everything else, most rich people are people of fashion. They read what gets talked about in their own set, what has vogue with persons known to them as persons of taste; the popularity, the fame of a book does not commend it to them unless it has this sanction; and their praise in turn does not penetrate beyond their own necessarily narrow circle. The rich buy pictures and statues and bric-à-brac; and some of them collect libraries, or *éditions de luxe*, or rare copies of books. But literature has nothing to hope or fear from them; they can do nothing toward making or marring the fortune of a new book.

We are inclined to think, however, that lawyers are fonder of imaginative literature than our correspondent seems to believe. We have been surprised to find how often jurists, even eminent jurists, are great novel-readers; they read novels for relaxation, and perhaps because they find a complete relief from the realities of life in the gross improbability of most of them. But the critics of the press are, as our correspondent justly affirms, not among the most sympathetic readers. In a certain way they may be said not to be readers at all. They are book-tasters; and as the tea-taster becomes indifferent to the cup that cheers in proportion to the growing skill of his palate in distinguishing flavors, the book-taster is finally no lover of literature, though he may have begun with a real passion for it. Yet he has a vast influence in hastening or retarding the success of a book, at least temporarily, especially he of the daily press, as any librarian will testify. Probably he cannot ultimately decide its fate; in some cases he quite fails to affect it; and still his influence is vast. Most people do not know what to read; they are glad to be told, and he tells them promptly. His opinion is not to be undervalued because it would be so easy to overrate it; and he is undeniably a power.

He is so great a power that it might be well not to supersede him, perhaps, but to supplement him. This could be done by giving voice in print to the real lovers of literature, to those parsons, teachers, clerks, through-

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out the country, and above all to those intelligent and sympathetic women forming the unquestionable majority of the people of limited incomes who buy and read most of the new books.

In every community large enough to support a country printer there are three or four persons—oftenest women—whose acquaintance with such books is an intimacy almost unknown where the interests and amusements are more varied. In these places they read intensely, almost passionately, and they think and talk much of what they read. This is so not only in well book-clubbed New England, but throughout the whole North and older West; and it is a pity that their thinking and talking about books should not be invited into print. Much of it would be crude—very crude; but it would not differ in that from much of the other criticism now printed. Some of it would be good; we believe that most of it would be sincere; and we should hope (with no doubt an even chance of disappointment) that it would try books less and less by literary standards, which are necessarily unjust and inadequate, if the books are alive as well as new, and would test them by personal knowledge and experience.

There can be no doubt of the vastness of our reading public. In spite of all lamentations to the contrary, it is now not only positively greater, but relatively greater, than ever before. Not only are more newspapers and magazines read, but more books, and more good books. The general expression of his readers' minds about him would form a body of critical comment which, however imperfect, would still incorporate the public to the author, and confront him with those to whom he is such a living interest. The sum of it, the whole effect, we do not believe would be mistaken; it would be the same verdict which now silently utters itself in failure or success. There is not a sufficient outlet for this opinion in the city press, but if the country newspapers made themselves its vehicle, if they accepted and encouraged it, there is no question but they could become a literary influence, and add indefinitely to their own interest and value. Publishers now lavish their new books upon the city press with the chance of comment upon one out of three or four; they rarely or never send to the country press, for the reason that the chance of their books receiving intelligent notice would be still less. But if the country editor who had no time or taste for the work had the habit of turning over any new publications he received to those persons known in every community for their love of reading, the field of criticism could be made commensurate with the map of the United States.

II.

The immediate result would not be ideal, and the ultimate result might not be ideal; but the present system of criticism is not ideal either. What is to be chiefly desired is the expression of real feeling about books, and it seems as if this might come from the people whom books most interest; it would not matter how broken or formless the expression was, or how brief. It is to be desired also that the tests of literature should not only be more and more practical, but more and more ethical. The notion of art for art's sake has probably never had any deep hold upon the popular fancy, and none at all upon the popular conviction; and if ministers are lovers of literature, there seems no reason why they may not also be its censors, on the moral side. They already concern themselves with the reading of their people in some degree; they encourage the circulation of sectarian newspapers and books among them; but the great body of literature is non-sectarian; and with this, as we understand, they do not concern themselves; they practically ignore the enormous influence which fiction, for example, has upon the young. Yet if a pastor knew a large portion of his flock to be feeding upon a certain popular book, why should he not taste it too, and tell them whether he thought it wholesome or unwholesome if a novel or a poem, and right or wrong if a work of polemics or metaphysics? Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, has lately done something of this sort in regard to the ethical writings of Count Leo Tolstoï, and he has been the first to discuss before his people, so far as we know, those wonderful books *My Confession* and *My Religion*, which are such a potent appeal to the conscience of all Christendom. Mr. Savage considers them from the stand-point of radical Unitarianism; and when Tolstoï repeats the precepts of Christ, and insists that each man and the whole world should be ruled by them till the life of the race realizes the Saviour's ideal of meekness, of forgiveness, of charity, of humble toil and contented poverty, Mr. Savage answers him: Yes; these are unquestionably the precepts of Christ; but Christ believed that even in His own time the world was near its end; and His precepts were never meant for the founding of a civilization, but for the government of the little body of His immediate followers. Christ, he says, was a supremely good soul, but He was an inferior intellect; and Tolstoï, in attempting to rehabilitate Him as a practical reformer, is a still lower intellect. The world would be dull and ugly if they could have their way, and for himself he would prefer another planet, with our present diversity of aims and interests, even our present diversity of miseries and crimes. We wish merely to state Mr. Savage's position, of which Mr. Lowell might long ago have prophesied when he wrote,

"John P.
Robinson, he
Says they didn't know everything down in Judee."

Mr. Savage believes that the world just as it is, with struggle, toil, sin, suffering, and death

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in it, is not only the world that God made, but the world that God meant; and that struggle, toil, sin, suffering, and death are to continue forever the school of the race, whose heaven is to be a perfect union of perfectly developed individualities. His position is entirely respectable for its honesty and courage, and no one can assail it on these grounds. But we suggest that the world could hardly be duller and uglier for those who now do the most of the hardest work in it even if it conformed to Christ's ideal.

III.

Tolstoï declares that he found its splendor and prosperity dull and ugly, and so devoid of real joy, so unsatisfying to his soul when his soul one day asked itself *What for*, and *What then*, that life became intolerable to him, and he meditated suicide. But, as we have already reminded our readers, in treating of Russian literature, the conditions of life here in this republic are so different from those of life there in that despotism as to be almost those of a better world in comparison. We have human nature and its temptations, and its passions and follies, as well as the Russians, but our civilization knows no such extremes as theirs; it has not their misdeeds, and need not have their remorse and despair. One should keep these facts in mind when reading Tolstoï's books, which fascinate by their right-mindedness and searching truth, and should use a reasoned conscience in regard to the ways and means of ameliorating life. We are still far from justice in our social conditions, but we are infinitely nearer it than Russia, and we have but to recognize that equality and fraternity in everything are the sole hope of the race in order to approach justice more and more.

One of the few points in which we resemble the Russians is in a multiplicity of religious sects; and we commend to the reader wishing to know something of the spiritual state of the community to which Tolstoï's primitive Christianity addresses itself Mr. Albert F. Heard's volume on *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent*. The chapters on the Erratic Sects are especially interesting, and a people who have produced Mormonism, Shakerism, and Materialization will recognize a kindred aspiration and chaos in the vagaries of those far-off fanatics. What seems strangest is that in the presence of an inflexible political despotism, which is also the framework of the Orthodox church, there should be so much religious liberty in Russia. Possibly the Russian rulers have found that human nature cannot be repressed at every point, and that its safest vent is in the direction of the other world. In any case, one cannot help feeling that not only the religion which Christ taught, but His political economy, which Mr. Savage thinks so ignorant and mistaken, might be tried in Russia with some hope of better things than now exist there. An argument which Tolstoï makes in favor of trying them somewhere is that they have never been tried anywhere. But, as we pointed out in speaking of *My Religion*, this seems an error. They have been tried by the Quakers and the Moravians, in whom they produced a high type of rather colorless and unpicturesque goodness. If these sects are now evanescent, the world is undoubtedly better for their past existence, and Mr. Savage, who likes diversity, would no doubt gladly keep them in his real-ideal world, at least in quality of contrasts. Tolstoï's word is evidently not the last word on this vital matter.

Even he does not accept the gospel *in toto*, as it is interpreted to us, for he doubts the immortality of the soul, while his bold critic strenuously affirms it. Perhaps here lies the great difference: we can endure much that is wrong and hideous here if we believe that it is merely temporary and disciplinary, and that it will be all right and beautiful hereafter.

IV.

An interesting confirmation of the theory that the direction of thought and its expression in literature is contemporaneous in places so widely separated as to be beyond one another's influence offers itself in Mr. Frank Wilkeson's *Recollections of a Private*. Mr. Wilkeson was an enlisted soldier of the Army of the Potomac, and although he won promotion long before the close of Grant's great campaign, he preferred to fight through it in the ranks. His story of the war, therefore, is the enlisted man's story, and it agrees with Tolstoï's *War and Peace* and *Scenes of the Siege of Sevastopol* in recognizing a battle, when once begun, as the work of the men fighting it, and not as the effect of generalship. The private soldiers, acting from individual intelligence and collective impulse, win the battle or lose it; the generals seldom realize their "plans" or carry them out after the first encounter. This was especially the case with our troops, in whom the grade of intelligence was so high, and who, Mr. Wilkeson seems to think, were seldom ably generaled. He makes it a reproach to the generals of our side that so few of them, in comparison with the Confederate generals, were killed; but this criticism is hardly just; the generals might retort that Mr. Wilkeson was not killed either. But the metal of the men on both sides, he says, was the same, except that on ours it was shamefully debased by the large alloy of bounty-jumpers, coffee-boilers, and bummers. Some passages of his book are not pleasant reading for those who believe that all the union soldiers were as good as their cause, or all the rebels as bad as theirs; but it will not offend patriots who mix common-sense with their love of country. He teaches that it was the common Americans—the American people—who fought the war through on both sides, and that the honor belongs to them. His book is well written—

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very simply, very vividly, very graphically, and very, very frankly. In these times, when generalship is remembering and recording so much of the war, it is interesting, at least, to find the private soldier neither forgetful nor unable to speak. In the traits above mentioned this is one of the best books about the war which we have read; it would not perhaps be well to say it was the very best, though we do not know exactly why. The strain which runs through it is that which we hear from the beginning to the end of Tolstoï's *War and Peace*. "He knew that it was neither the plans of the commander, nor the placing of the troops, nor the number of guns, nor the amount of the slain, which decided the victory, but that imponderable force called the Spirit of the Army."

V.

In other words, that democracy which is the inspiration of our political frame asserts itself in Mr. Wilkeson's pages as the force which informed and guided the military life of the nation throughout the war. It is not for a civilian to decide whether Mr. Wilkeson is right or wrong in his doubt of generalship; there must be a great deal to say on the other side, and we merely note the temper of his book in its coincidence with that of the Russian soldier's, and as a sign of the times. The half-gods are going; will the gods arrive? Or is it the men who are to take their places, the plain, simple, common people, whom Lincoln thought their Creator must have loved because he made so many of them? At any rate hero-worship, in which this generation was dry-nursed, if not suckled, is a creed pretty well outworn. If it was a purely pagan superstition, we have not much to dread from it any more; we may approach it with sentiment, with a tenderness in which a measure of respect may safely mingle. It was not altogether a bad thing; it served its time. The great apostle of it, who became himself a sort of hero in his devotion to it, has been shown to be so wholly human by the records which have survived him that the heart must be hard indeed which does not now long to take Thomas Carlyle back to it, which does not welcome every word and fact casting a kindlier gleam upon his memory. It is droll, perhaps, for greatness to come to this effect; but no doubt greatness would often be found to end so if we knew it well. Because we have been so unsparingly acquainted with the greatness that was Carlyle, we have passed from the stupid and cruel stage in which we meaner men exulted to find him full of like frailties and errors with ourselves, and have come to that better mind about him in which we see that his defects were those common to the race, and that he had in high degree the uncommon will to live and to speak truly. He was not the prophet that many thought him; he was a Scotch peasant in blood and breeding who achieved the highest literary distinction without ceasing to be a Scotch peasant. For our own part we think this was as well for him as to start a Scotch peasant and end a Scotch lord; but that is a matter of taste upon which we do not insist. The inalienable peasant in him was ancestral, and what he did and wished to do was personal. The two were divinely mixed up in him; they formed his character, and together made Thomas Carlyle what he was; and we find that we cannot eliminate the peasant and bow down to the poet; but, again, for our own part, we have no desire to do this. We were glad of Professor Norton's labor in the publication of his *Letters*, not so much because they controverted Mr. Froude's defective biography as because they supplemented it; and we are glad now of the same conscientious editor's *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, because Carlyle's share in it makes us know him still better without making us know him differently. What Mr. Froude revealed (or exposed, if the reader finds that word more descriptive) remains Carlyle, but it no longer remains the whole of Carlyle. In this correspondence we find him taking an attitude manfully modest and self-respectfully reverent toward a man whom he regarded as truly great, and keeping it throughout an exchange of letters which must have had its disillusions and discouragements. The great Goethe as he shows himself here might oftener be called the good Goethe in the worst sense of that epithet, so wanderingly, putteringly benevolent are some of his letters. But only once, so far as we noted, does Carlyle suffer himself a cry of impatience and sardonic humor. This is when he has got Goethe's reply to a request for some expression to be used in his behalf as candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. "The old Sage," Carlyle writes to his brother John, then in Germany, "fills a whole sheet with his *Aeusserungen;* of which not quite one leaf belongs to me, the rest being, as it were, *Erklärungsbetrachtungen*..... To a certainty you must come round by Weimar and see this World's-wonder, and tell us on your sincerity what manner of man he is, for daily he grows more inexplicable to me. One letter is written like an oracle, the next shall be too redolent of twaddle..... Is he greater than man, or in his old days growing less than many men?"

Carlyle had of course answered himself this question in asking it: Goethe's letters are those of an old man. There is abundant kindness and good-will in them, and a sort of reflected glow from the writer's past; but there is little edification, and the reader must largely bring his own interest to them. They are much occupied with cataloguing the contents of boxes and parcels which he sends the "wedded pair" in Scotland, and with mild and friendly comment on the Englanders who keep turning up in Weimar; they are not, of course, without literary importance, and they are full of pater-

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nal affection for the Carlyles. They have their charm, and the situation on which the correspondence casts its light at Craigenputtock, whither Carlyle had gone that he need not be forced "to tell lies," need not be obliged to write for bread, has its dignity as well as its pathos. The humility with which Carlyle receives Goethe's letters, and the eagerness with which both he and his wife meet the great German's recognition of them in their poor proud life, as yet unconsoled by fame, are very touching. For how much neglect the maundering sage's goodness must have revenged them, of how much hope deferred must it have seemed the fruition, insipid and vacuous as it is to the reader! How hard those two keen wits must have striven to keep up the zeal of their gratitude to the end! The situation is one that no one would have thought of inventing, yet how interesting, how moving, how humorously suggestive, how natural and probable, it is when life has once framed it for us! Professor Norton, who arranges our point of view, has used unfailing skill and taste in his task. Every word of his own, and every word that he quotes from others, is luminous.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of June. —Two United States Senators were elected: Samuel Pasco, from Florida, May 19; William E. Chandler, from New Hampshire, June 14.

James W Hyatt, of Connecticut, was appointed Treasurer of the United States, May 11, to succeed Conrad N. Jordan, resigned.

The public debt of the United States was decreased $8,888,998 during the month of May.

The French (Goblet) Ministry resigned May 17, following the rejection of its financial policy by the Chamber of Deputies. A new cabinet was announced May 30, as follows: M. Rouvier, Premier and Minister of Finance and of Posts and Telegraphs; M. Fallières, Minister of the Interior; M. Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Mazeau, Minister of Justice; General Ferron, Minister of War; M. Barbey, Minister of Marine; M. Dautresme, Minister of Public Works; M. Barbe, Minister of Agriculture.

Urgency on the French Army Bill was voted in the Chamber of Deputies June 11, by 359 to 206.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt's amendment to the Coercion Bill, exempting from secret inquiry all proceedings relating to public meetings or agrarian movements, including combinations to obtain reductions of rents, was rejected by the House of Commons, May 17, by a vote of 242 to 180. Thereafter the first clause of the bill was adopted by a vote of 171 to 79.

The convention between England and Turkey provides that the British shall evacuate Egypt three years hence. If after that time internal troubles arise in Egypt, British and Turkish troops shall reoccupy the country jointly or separately, as the two governments may agree. No other power shall be allowed to intervene in Egyptian affairs.

The Sultan of Turkey has ceded the island of Cyprus to England.

A ukase has been issued forbidding foreigners to acquire estates on the western frontier of Russia, which is aimed chiefly against the Germans. There are many German factories, workshops, warehouses, and farms there, and most of those who live by them are members of the German Army Reserve.

The Dutch Parliament, June 14, passed a bill providing for a temporary extension of the franchise pending a complete revision of the Constitution. The bill raises the number of electors from 130,000 to 300,000, and gives the right to vote to lodgers and others who pay a personal or land tax of ten florins. All proposals looking to a further extension of the franchise were rejected.

DISASTERS.

May 25.—The Opéra Comique, Paris, burned. Estimated loss of lives over one hundred.

May 28.—Explosion in Udston Colliery, near Glasgow, Scotland. Seventy-five men killed. —Loss of the steamer *Sir John Lawrence* in a typhoon off the Indian coast. Seven hundred and fifty passengers drowned.—Eight persons killed in a collision between trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near the Horseshoe Bend.

June 5.—Panic during a circus performance at Neschen, Germany. A number of persons burned, some trampled to death, and three hundred injured.

June 8.—Fifty miners killed by a fire-damp explosion in a coal-pit at Gelsenkirchen, in Westphalia.

June 10.—News of earthquakes in Turkestan. Town of Vernome almost entirely destroyed, and over one hundred persons killed.

June 17.—Lake steamer *Champlain* burned, at the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay. Twenty-two lives lost.

OBITUARY.

May 14.—In Washington, D.C., Chief Justice William B. Woods, of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged sixty-three years.

May 18.—In Warrenton, Virginia, ex-Governor William Smith, aged ninety years.

May 19.—In New York, William H. Macy, President of the Seamen's Savings-bank, aged eighty-two years.

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May 29.—In Washington, D. C., Major Ben: Perley Poore, journalist, aged sixty-seven years.

June 4.—In Malone, New York, William A. Wheeler, ex-Vice-President of the United States, aged sixty-eight years.

June 6.—In Wallingford, Delaware, Chief Justice Ulysses Mercur, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, aged sixty-nine years.—In Hampton, Connecticut, ex-Governor Chauncey F. Cleveland, aged eighty-eight years.

June 11.—In Philadelphia, William Bacon Stevens, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, aged seventy-two years.

June 16.—At South Somerset, near Fall River, Massachusetts, Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York, aged seventy years.

June 17.—In Williamstown, Massachusetts, Rev. Mark Hopkins, M.D., D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Williams College, aged eighty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.

MANY people regard the keeping of a diary as a meritorious occupation. The young are urged to take up this cross; it is supposed to benefit girls especially. Whether women should do it is to some minds not an open question, although there is on record the case of the Frenchman who tried to shoot himself when he heard that his wife was keeping a diary. This intention of suicide may have arisen from the fear that his wife was keeping a record of his own peccadilloes rather than of her own thoughts and emotions. Or it may have been from the fear that she was putting down those little conjugal remarks which the husband always dislikes to have thrown up to him, and which a woman can usually quote accurately, it may be for years, it may be forever, without the help of a diary. So we can appreciate without approving the terror of the Frenchman at living on and on in the same house with a growing diary. For it is not simply that this little book of judgment is there in black and white, but that the maker of it is increasing her power of minute observation and analytic expression. In discussing the question whether a woman should keep a diary it is understood that it is not a mere memorandum of events and engagements, such as both men and women of business and affairs necessarily keep, but the daily record which sets down feelings, emotions, and impressions, and criticises people and records opinions. But this is a question that applies to men as well as to women.

It has been assumed that the diary serves two good purposes: it is a disciplinary exercise for the keeper of it, and perhaps a moral guide; and it has great historical value. As to the first, it may be helpful to order, method, discipline, and it may be an indulgence of spleen, whims, and unwholesome criticism and conceit. The habit of saying right out what you think of everybody is not a good one, and the record of such opinions and impressions, while it is not so mischievous to the public as talking may be, is harmful to the recorder. And when we come to the historical value of the diary, we confess to a growing suspicion of it. It is such a deadly weapon when it comes to light after the passage of years. It has an authority which the spoken words of its keeper never had. It is *ex parte*, and it cannot be cross-examined. The supposition is that being contemporaneous with the events spoken of, it must be true, and that it is an honest record. Now, as a matter of fact, we doubt if people are any more honest as to themselves or others in a diary than out of it; and rumors, reported facts, and impressions set down daily in the heat and haste of the prejudicial hour are about as likely to be wrong as right. Two diaries of the same events rarely agree. And in turning over an old diary we never know what to allow for the personal equation. The diary is greatly relied on by the writers of history, but the Drawer doubts if there is any such liar in the world, even when the keeper of it is honest. It is certain to be partisan, and more liable to be misinformed than a newspaper, which exercises some care in view of immediate publicity. The writer happens to know of two diaries which record, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, the circumstances of the last hours of Garfield, and they differ utterly in essential particulars. One of these may turn up fifty years from now, and be accepted as true. An infinite amount of gossip goes into diaries about men and women that would not stand the test of a moment's contemporary publication. But by-and-by it may all be used to smirch or brighten unjustly some one's character. Suppose a man in the Army of the Potomac had recorded daily all his opinions of men and of events. Reading it over now, with more light and a juster knowledge of character and of measures, is it not probable that he would find it a tissue of misconceptions? Few things are actually what they seem to-day; they are colored both by misapprehensions and by moods. If a man writes a letter or makes report of an occurrence for immediate publication, subject to universal criticism, there is some restraint on him. In his private letter, or diary especially, he is apt to set down what comes into his head at the moment, often without much effort at verification.

The Drawer has been led to this disquisition into the fundamental nature of this pri-

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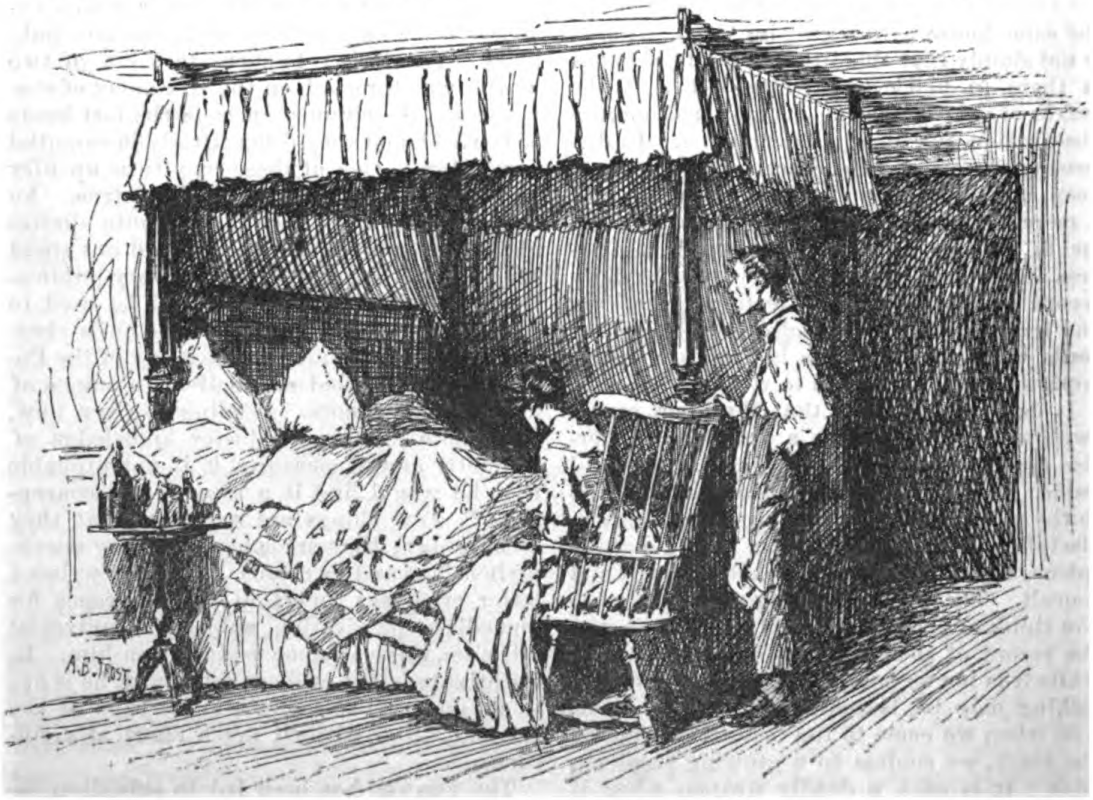
vate record by the question put to it, whether it is a good plan for a woman to keep a diary. Speaking generally, the diary has become a sort of fetich, the authority of which ought to be overthrown. It is fearful to think how our characters are probably being lied away by innumerable pen scratches in secret repositories, which may some day come to light as unimpeachable witnesses. The reader knows that he is not the sort of man which the diarist jotted him down to be in a single interview. The diary may be a good thing for self-education, if the keeper could insure its destruction. The mental habit of diarizing may have some value, even when it sets undue importance upon trifles. The Drawer confesses that never having seen a woman's private diary (except those that have been published), it does not share the popular impression as to their tenuity implied in the question put to it. Taking it for granted that they are full of noble thoughts and beautiful imaginings, the Drawer doubts whether the time spent on them could not be better employed in acquiring knowledge or taking exercise. For the diary forgotten and left to the next generation may be as dangerous as dynamite.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

Good Deacon Stout was ill in bed,
With poulticed stomach and bandaged head;
What his disease was none could say.
The deacon's wife sighed every day:
"The deacon's very sick, no doubt,
But just what's the matter I can't make out."
The deacon himself could say a deal
As to what he did and he didn't feel;
But precisely the organ most affected,
Whither plaster and dose should be directed,
He couldn't tell, only shook his head.
"If I don't mend, I'm as good as dead,
Fur I feel a dreadful givin' way,
A sinkin'—a goneness, one might say;
And I feel a whirlin' in my brain,
A confused, unstiddy kind o' pain
In my legs, a flutterin' at my heart,
Dissolution nigh in every part;
In short, though I can't tell how or why,
I've fixed in my mind I've got to die."
"He's a-dyin' now!" shrieked the deacon's wife.
"Run, Jim, fur the doctor—run fur yer life!"

The doctor came, and with ready art
Investigated every part
Of the suffering deacon: tapped his chest,
Felt of his pulse, made every test
That then was known to medical skill,
To find out of what the deacon was ill.
Then taking a chair, and casting an eye
Toward the anxious wife who was standing by,
He solemnly said: "It isn't fever,
My friend, of which you're goin' to leave her;
It ain't yer lungs, it ain't yer liver,
That's bound this mortal link to siver;
It ain't yer throat, nor bowels, nor brain,
That 'll cause our loss and cause your gain—
It's *Hysterico Vaporous Hypo Megrims*."
Groaned the deacon: "O God, forgive my sins!
My lamp o' bein' is nearly out;
To-day's my last, without any doubt."

Said the doctor aside to the deacon's brother:
"I've told you my plan—there ain't no other.
You needn't inform his wife just why;



"GOOD DEACON STOUT WAS ILL IN BED."

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"IT'S HYSTERICO VAPOROUS HYPO MEGRINS."

You can fix it up with a kind o' lie
O' the easy sort; you might p'r'aps say
We thought that taking the deacon away,
And givin' him change o' scene and air,
The waste in his system might repair.
It's the only plan, sir, that 'll sarve us,
For the trouble is the deacon's narvous."

The deacon's horses were led to the door,
A mattress was laid on the wagon floor—
Horses for years the deacon's delight;
None but himself could drive them right.
Then slowly and gently is carried out
All that is vital of Deacon Stout.
He is painfully, heavily breathing his last;
He is lost to the present; the future and past
Loom up before his half-closed eyes.
If this hope fails, the deacon dies.

With measured pace the good steeds stepped,
They hardly moved, they half-way crept,
While at the deacon's door his wife
With tears prayed God for her husband's life,
And watched and wailed, as women will,
Till the wagon sank behind the hill.
"We're out o' sight, now put 'em to it.
My word, the deacon he'll live through it."
The doctor spoke, and quick as a flash
The whip descends, and the horses dash
Down the hill with rattle and din and clatter.
Quoth the deacon, feebly, "What's the matter?"
For rudely the good man is jostled about,
His chin bobs down, and his heels fly out.
Now the wagon strikes on a heavy stone,
And forward the suffering deacon is thrown;
Now up a hill it follows the track,
And the deacon helplessly tumbles back.
More rapidly still the horses fly;
The trees and the fences go swimming by:
The deacon's night-cap sails through the air;
Along behind it the bed-spreads tear,
The deacon's pillows fall with a thump,
The mattress rolls itself in a lump.
A saint or a martyr dying here
With no kind of dignity could appear.
The solemn, the infinite, and the eternal
Collapse in a hubbub so infernal.
Screams the irate deacon, "What's to pay?"
Shouts the frantic teamster, "Hip, hooray!
Git up, you Charley! G'lang, you Bill!
Git up, both on ye! We'll drive until
There's nothin' left but the deacon's bones."
Then thunder forth the deacon's tones
"Ye think so, do ye? But I'll show you
Before that happens a thing or two."
Then forward he springs at a single stride,
Knocks doctor and driver both aside,
And seizes the reins. Far out behind
The deacon's gown floats in the wind,
And wildly streams his straggling hair.
The wondering passers shout and stare.
He fiercely tries, with tightened rein,
To check his steeds, but tries in vain.
He spreads his feet, his back he braces,
But still in vain. He onward races
Past school-house, shop, the old church steeple,
Through scattering herds and frightened people,
Until he stops at his own home door,
With limbs all bruised and back all sore,
But, full of life and hot with rage,
Unheeding dignity, health, or age,
Down from the wagon he nimbly bounds.
"I'll have the law o' ye, ye hounds,"
He cries; "ye villains, to yer losses,
I'll teach ye how to drive my hosses.
I'll pay *you*, doctor, fur yer pains,
Fur all yer larnin' and yer brains
Ye've spent on me. I ain't so dead
But that I see revenge ahead.
Next time ye'd better *know* I'm dyin'
Afore ye set yer schemes a-flyin'."

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"I'LL HAVE THE LAW O' YE, YE HOUNDS."

The deacon's wife stood by astounded,
As loud the deacon's tones resounded.
The doctor whispered in her ear:
"I told you, ma'am, I didn't fear
The deacon's death; still wasn't sure
That I'd effect a perfect cure.
'Twas just a chance I'd struck a plan
'D make the deacon a well man.
But even if I happened to strike it,
I didn't say the deacon'd like it.
'Twas my opinion then, as now,
If he come to there'd be a row.
If 't's thanks I want, next time he'll die.
That's all, and quick too Ma'am, good-by!"

G. A. K.

THE WHIPPING-POST.

A DELAWAREAN moved to Ohio, and was elected to the Legislature there. A bill relative to the Penitentiary being before the House, he took occasion to compare the penal system of his former State to that of his adopted one, giving preference to the order of things to which he had formerly been accustomed. Among his arguments in favor of the whipping-post, he said that the same culprits were seldom whipped a second time, the disgrace of the punishment causing them to leave the State and begin life anew elsewhere. At this point of the new member's speech a voice from the opposite side of the Chamber called out, "Is that the reason why we have the gentleman from Delaware among us?"

PURE ANTIQUARIANISM.

IF looking for an illustration of antiquarian spirit pure and simple, one could hardly find a better one than the following incident:

A few years ago the writer was invited by Professor McN——, as a special favor, to see a collection of curiosities which the latter had

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gathered and stored away in a dingy rented room in a back street of New Orleans. Ascending a rickety stairway, he led me to his repository, threw back a window-shutter to let the light in and the musty air out, and then placed in my hands a dilapidated quarto. I carefully placed my open palms under it, fearing it would fall to pieces. "Ah!" said he, "I see you know how to handle a treasure."

"What is this, professor?" I asked, as the old tome lay opened before me, written in a language of which I did not even know the characters; "what is the title of the book? What is it about? Who wrote it? In what language is it written?"

The professor hesitated as I asked these questions, one after another, evinced great pleasure at the interest I was manifesting, and finally slowly answered, "Well, Mr. ——, I—I—I don't know; but *it is a great comfort to have it.*"

AMERICAN tourists abroad, as we have seen in several well-known instances, do not always carry with them intense feelings of reverence for what they go to see. Sometimes this is rather painful to sensitive souls, and sometimes it is very amusing. Two or three summers ago I was in a railway train going down through Italy, and we had just reached the point where the branch line strikes off for Rome. I was looking out at the window, lazily contemplating the sign "A Napoli," which was over the other side of the station, when a voice, with all the fine nasal resonance of the most vigorous of our Yankee brakemen, rang out through the train: "Na-a-ples Junction! Pahsengers for East Rome and Rome Centre change cars here!" The peal of laughter that followed showed me that I had many compatriots in the other carriages. Everybody took the joke.

ANECDOTES OF SAM HOUSTON.

WHILE sitting socially with some friends in his room at Willard's, General Sam Houston was intruded upon one night by a stalwart army officer, who bolted in unceremoniously, stalked across the room in full regimentals, and demanded of Houston an apology for insult.

"You labor under some mistake, sir; I am not aware of ever having had the honor of meeting you, or of ever seeing you, before this moment," said the General, in his quiet, courtly manner.

The intruder angrily rejoined: "You brushed your elbow against mine to-day on Pennsylvania Avenue, and never stopped to beg pardon. I felt grossly insulted, and told my friends that I should demand an apology, though I did not expect to get it. Nothing is left me but to seek the satisfaction due to a gentleman."

Houston now rose from his chair, stood with that imperial dignity which he could assume at will, and said, in a tone clear and satirical, as he pointed the door to the visitor, "Commend me to the man who demands an apology when he don't expect to get it!"

[*Exit* officer amid roars of laughter.]

The vote of General Houston in the United States Senate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise rendered him temporarily unpopular in Texas. In the political campaign following he drew large crowds as usual wherever he spoke on the hustings, but was sometimes interrupted. On one occasion a local politician, Colonel —— (call him Thompson), gave the old veteran the lie direct in the middle of a speech. The General paused; all eyes were upon him, and every one was curious to see how the hero of San Jacinto would resent the wanton insult. He said, promptly and very deliberately: "Colonel Thompson calls me a liar. [Profound silence.] I cannot truthfully say that in my long life I have never told a falsehood; but, fellow-citizens, I will now tell the biggest lie I ever told in all my life—*Colonel Thompson is a gentleman!*"

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

A YOUNG lady in an Episcopal Sunday-school one Sunday told her class the story of the good Samaritan. One small boy went home and related it to his mother, as follows: "Well, mamma, a sick man fell by the way-side, and a Catholic priest came along, looked at him, and paid no attention to him, and walked on. Then a Republican came along. He did not ask him any questions, and went on. Then a good American came along, stopped, asked him how he felt, and took him to a hospital, and told the doctors not to charge him heavy."

CORNELIA DENVER.

AN ORIGINAL VERSION.

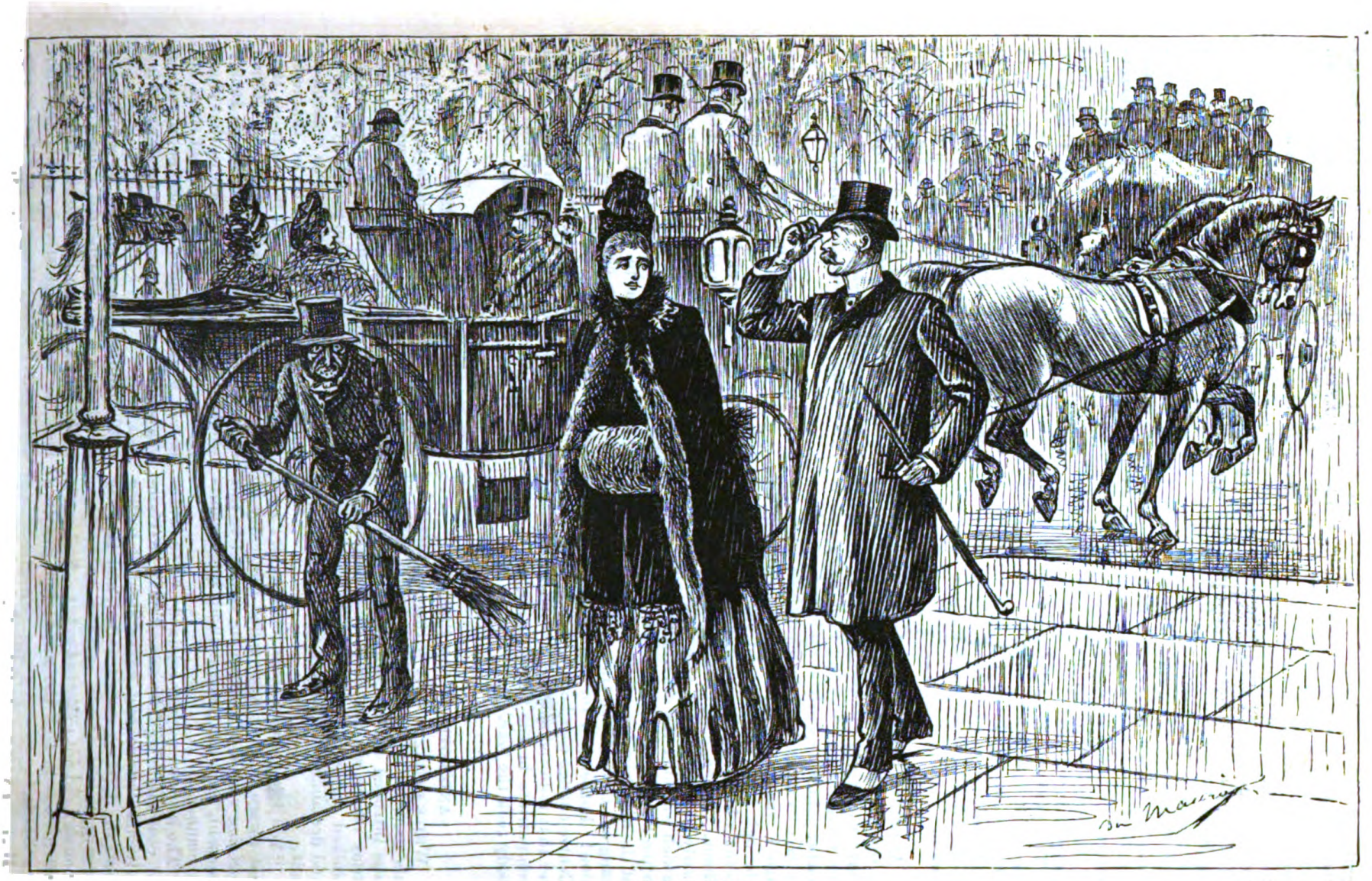
THERE lived near Alexandria, in Virginia, an old colored man and woman, whom their acquaintances called Daddy and Mammy Williams. He had had educational advantages, and could read in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his wife, although lacking as regards erudition, possessed great force of character, which she often displayed in a manner that was very irritating to her husband. When she became particularly fractious, Daddy would take the Bible, and open to that chapter in Revelation beginning, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet," etc.

With impressive solemnity he would read as follows: "An' dere 'peared a great wonder in heben, a woman!" Slowly closing the book, he would gaze sternly at his now subdued wife, for the passage never failed to produce the desired effect. IDA H. H. GABIE.

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CONSOLATION.

DE SNOOKKE: "There goes Mrs. *Gatherum!* She never asks *me* to her parties! I suppose I'm not *swell* enough!"
SYMPATHETIC LADY-FRIEND: "Oh! It can't be *that!* One meets the most rowdy people in London there!"

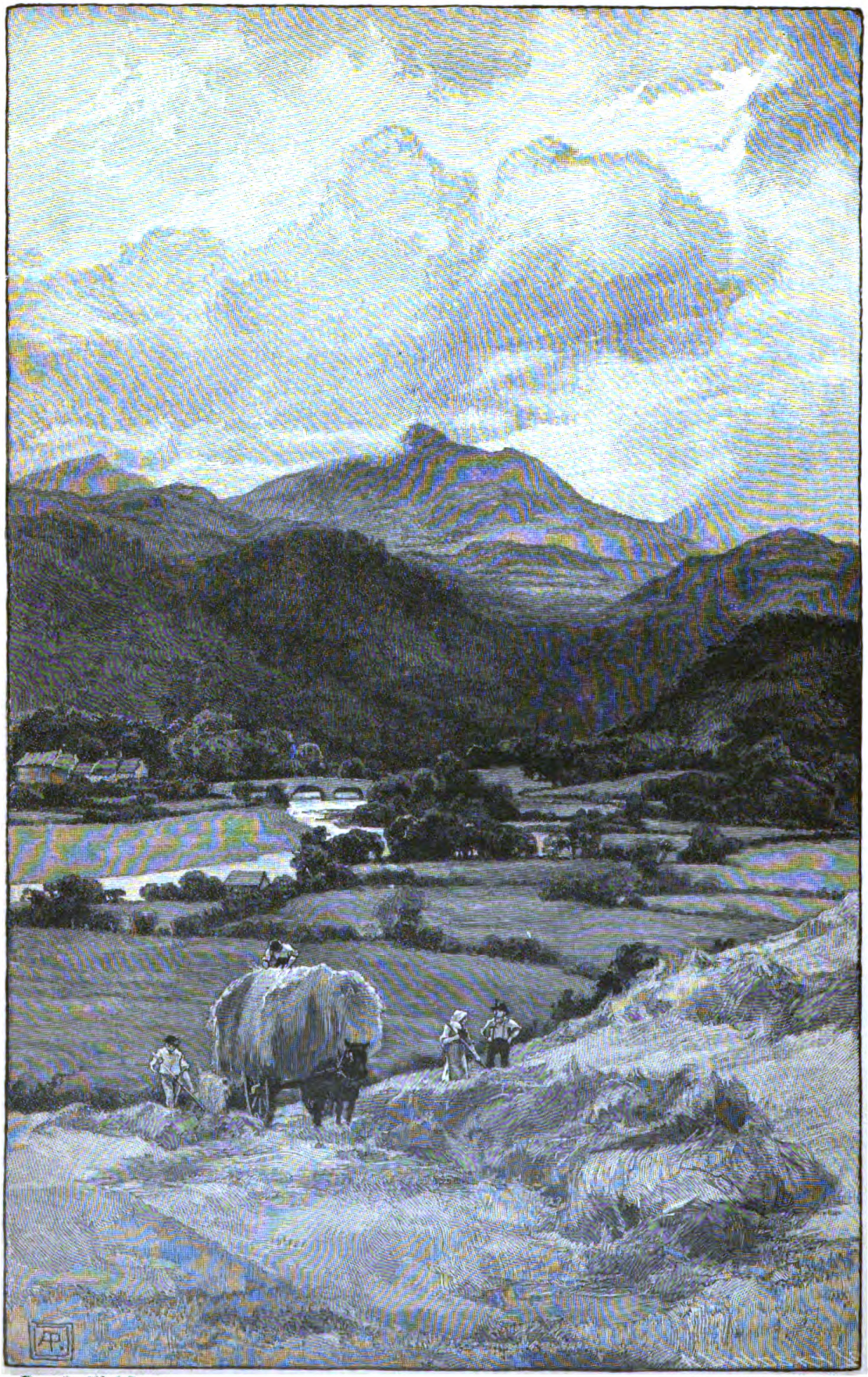
—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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Drawn by Alfred Parsons. Engraved by A. Lindsay.

"STILL GLIDES THE STREAM, AND SHALL FOREVER GLIDE."
See Wordsworth's Sonnet "The River Duddon."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. SEPTEMBER, 1887. No. CCCCXLVIII.

RIDING IN NEW YORK.

BY A RIDER.

THE Central Park had been open for pleasure some years before it became evident that its bridle-path had not been made in vain. Even yet, astonishing as the progress of the last decade has been in the diffusion of knowledge about the uses of the bridle-path, there is no reason to believe that riding in New York has by any means reached its limit. Each new riding-school finds itself full of business without perceptibly diminishing the business of its older rivals. Fifteen years ago there was but one riding-school. Now there are four considerable, not to mention the Riding Club, which includes among its functions those of an academy.

There were horsemen in New York before the riding "fad" set in. One well known and now venerable physician has ridden in the suburban roads for fifty years, and may even yet be seen of sunny afternoons in the Park, or of stormy afternoons in the ring, taking his constitutional on a cob that is quite capable of throwing younger horsemen. He informs the present writer that when he began to ride in New York, during the remote thirties and under the consulate of Van Buren, at least one of his fellow-physicians made his professional rounds on horseback. It was a good many years after this, early in the fifties, in fact, that a riding-school was established "opposite the Hay Scales." How many of the readers of this paper know as much about the site of the Hay Scales as about the site of the choragic monument of Lysicrates? Yet the Hay Scales stood where the Cooper Institute now stands, and opposite, at the foot of Fourth Avenue, was "Disbrow's," which migrated twice afterward, and in its latest habitat subsisted until the war, when it was merged in another school that again migrated and still flourishes. The late William B. Astor was a rider in those days, and built a riding-hall on his own grounds for his use in bad weather. In good weather, though the Park was not, the unpaved roads were more accessible than now from the heart of the town, and along the Bloomingdale Road, now the dusty Boulevard, horsemen might have been seen as regularly, and in about the same numbers, as in the opening chapters of the then famous G. P. R. James.

Before the Park was fairly opened, and while its main lines were laying through a region of rocks and shanties, compounded of a goat pasture and a mining camp, the equestrian pioneers were exploring its untrimmed surfaces, and making the goal of their rides one of the road-houses to which the trotting men, then as now, resorted in much greater numbers. One little band of these was known to the keeper of the hostelry they frequented as the "literary cavalry." Mr. Charles A. Dana is, I think, the sole survivor of this informal club, which included, besides, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, whose white pacer was known to his companions as "The Little Villain," in allusion to an amenity of journalism current in those days, Mr. Frey, remembered as the stalwart and emphatic musical critic of the *Tribune*, and Edmond O'Flaherty, known then and long afterward in New York as William Stuart. There were already women who rode also, though for the most part they had learned to ride elsewhere, and there was the same scarcity of well-broken saddle-horses for ladies of which Fanny Kemble had complained years before, upon her first visit to these shores. Even after the Park was completed, the ordeal of riding to it attended by a company of

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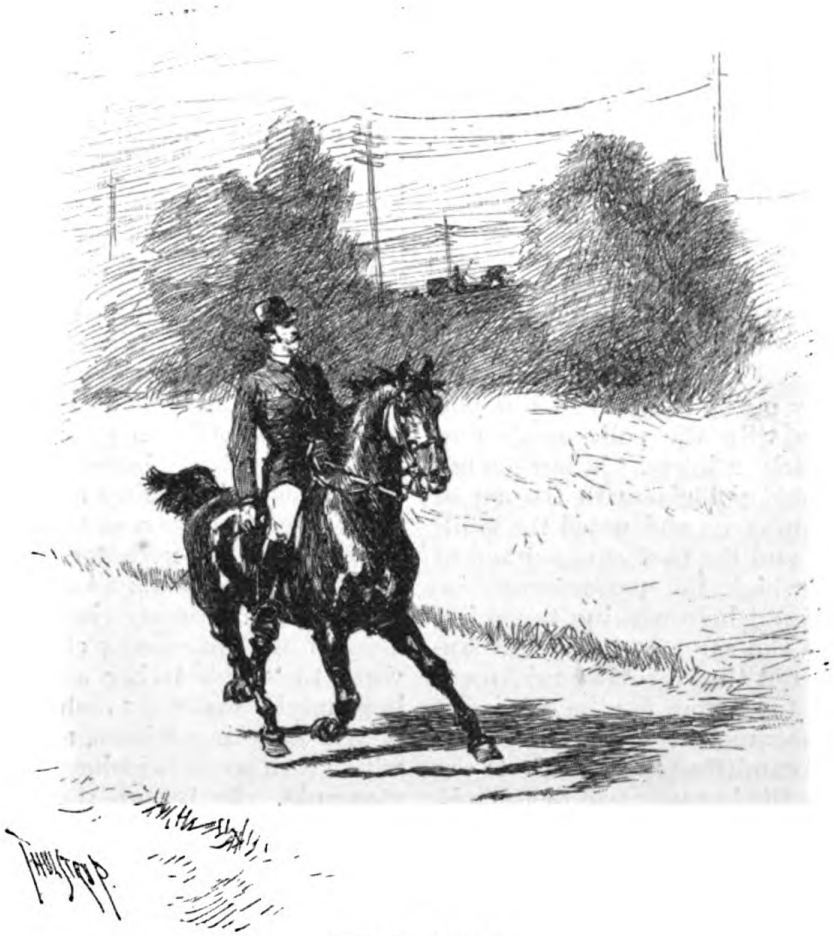
grinning and hooting boys was very trying to the nerves of the weaker sex. Now the riding-schools have all been moved to the immediate neighborhood of the Park, and "a lady on horseback" is so familiar a sight that even the most excitable of the circumjacent small boys is not moved to make proclamation of it. Perhaps the strongest proof that riding had not become a fashionable amusement until a good many years after the facilities for it had been provided by the Park Commissioners is that the late Horace Greeley addicted himself to it during his latter years. Of course he rode in a sad sincerity, and because he thought it was good for him, but he submitted himself to a regular course of instruction, and he proved so plastic in the hands of his riding-master that those who have seen him ride declare that, if he did not precisely witch the world with noble horsemanship, he looked at all events considerably less irregular on horseback than he did on foot. Another candidate for the Presidency was an even earlier and a much more constant horseman. Twenty years ago, at least, Samuel J. Tilden used to disport himself in the Park on horseback, and he continued his riding until he was forced to abandon it by physical infirmity. Most of us remember among the cipher despatches the admonition, "Tell Russia saddle Blackstone," and this was in the crisis of November, 1876. When he was Governor of New York it was Mr. Tilden's habit to do his official reviewing on horseback, and once or twice this practice led him into perils from which it was a feat of horsemanship to extricate one's self. Nevertheless there are those who disparage his horsemanship, and not on political grounds. "He rode single-footers," says my informant, more in sorrow than in anger.

It is only fair to say that my informant is a German, and that in Germany, as for the matter of that in England, the walk, the trot, and the gallop (the latter subdivided in England into the canter and the gallop) are the only gaits permitted to a well-regulated saddle-horse. The single-foot and its variant, the rack, are cultivated only in regions, like our own Southern States, of which the horsemanship is ultimately derived from Spain. So that it is perhaps a piece of too Teutonic stringency to put a man out of court altogether as a rider because he prefers the languors of the single-foot to the strenuous joys of the German trot. For Germans there be who despise him who rises in the trot even as him who rides single-footers, and are prepared to maintain that he only rides who merely bobs and bumps. This view prevails chiefly, it is true, among those Germans who immigrated some years ago, and before rising in the trot had been enjoined upon the German cavalry as a proved preventive of sore backs. It is none the less held as an article of faith, and as it is well known that there is no other being on earth quite so uncompromising as a German professor of anything, it is inculcated by those who hold it in all its rigor.

This leads me to remark upon the vulgar error that riding in New York is mainly a phase of Anglomania, an error which appears in the scornful treatment of the equestrian dudes of the metropolis by a fearless Western press. In point of fact it is quite as much an importation from the land to which we owe our culture in beer and Beethoven, if not rather more. The proportion of Germans who ride for pleasure is at least as large as that of natives. Three of the four principal riding-schools are owned and managed by Germans, and at one of them German is the prevailing language. At another there is a Reitclubb, composed mainly of Germans, who pursue equitation with a German thoroughness, and have attained in it, perhaps, a greater proficiency than any other like body. Even in horseflesh German ideas have made their way, and horses imported from the great Prussian breeding establishment at Trakene, or their progeny, are preferred by many riders, Americans as well as Germans, for the work of an all-round saddle-horse, to the weight-carrying hunter or the half-bred Park hack which is the ideal of the Anglomaniac. In its effect upon horsemanship here the German influence is distinctly greater than the English. The German teachers outnumber the English probably three to one, and leave their impress upon their pupils, while the land of Baucher and the *haute école* is scarcely represented at all. Even at "the Club," which is commonly supposed to be the centre and citadel of Anglomania, the head riding-master is, or lately was, a German. Along with the vigor and rigor which, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, characterize the German professorial mind in general;

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go the systematic and exact methods of German instruction. Apart altogether from the much-discussed question of the superiority for general purposes of the military seat or the hunting seat—a question not to be mooted here—the superiority, for the purposes of teaching, of the systematic instruction which the Germans have received, over the more or less happy-go-lucky way in which Englishmen learn to ride without knowing how they learned, is scarcely to be disputed. Inasmuch as almost all the German teachers "have served," and transmit the military seat which they have learned, it is not surprising that their pupils should sit rather like German cavalrymen than like cross-country riders, notwithstanding the English hunting man's sneer that the three men who cannot possibly ride horses are "a sailor, a tailor, and a cavalry officer." The Englishman who has learned to ride by riding, and not by being taught to ride, thus has his disadvantages in teaching and in training. It must be owned that he is apt to have his revenges also when there is "a downright nasty brute" to be mounted, or an obdurate refuser to be jumped. As for American riding, one may occasionally see in the Park the actual cow-boy in his deep saddle astride of his loping broncho, but he does not commend himself as a model for Park riding. The West Point seat, again, may be seen as exemplified not only by casual graduates of the Academy taking their pleasure, but also by the mounted policemen, many of whom are old troopers. Seats, however, as the excellent and entertaining Major Dwyer has shown, depend upon saddles, and as it is only with stirrups hung well forward that the characteristic hunting seat can be attained, so it is only in the McClellan saddles that are used by the mounted Metropolitans out in Seventh Avenue and the region beyond Macomb's Dam, but have



DER REITMEISTER.

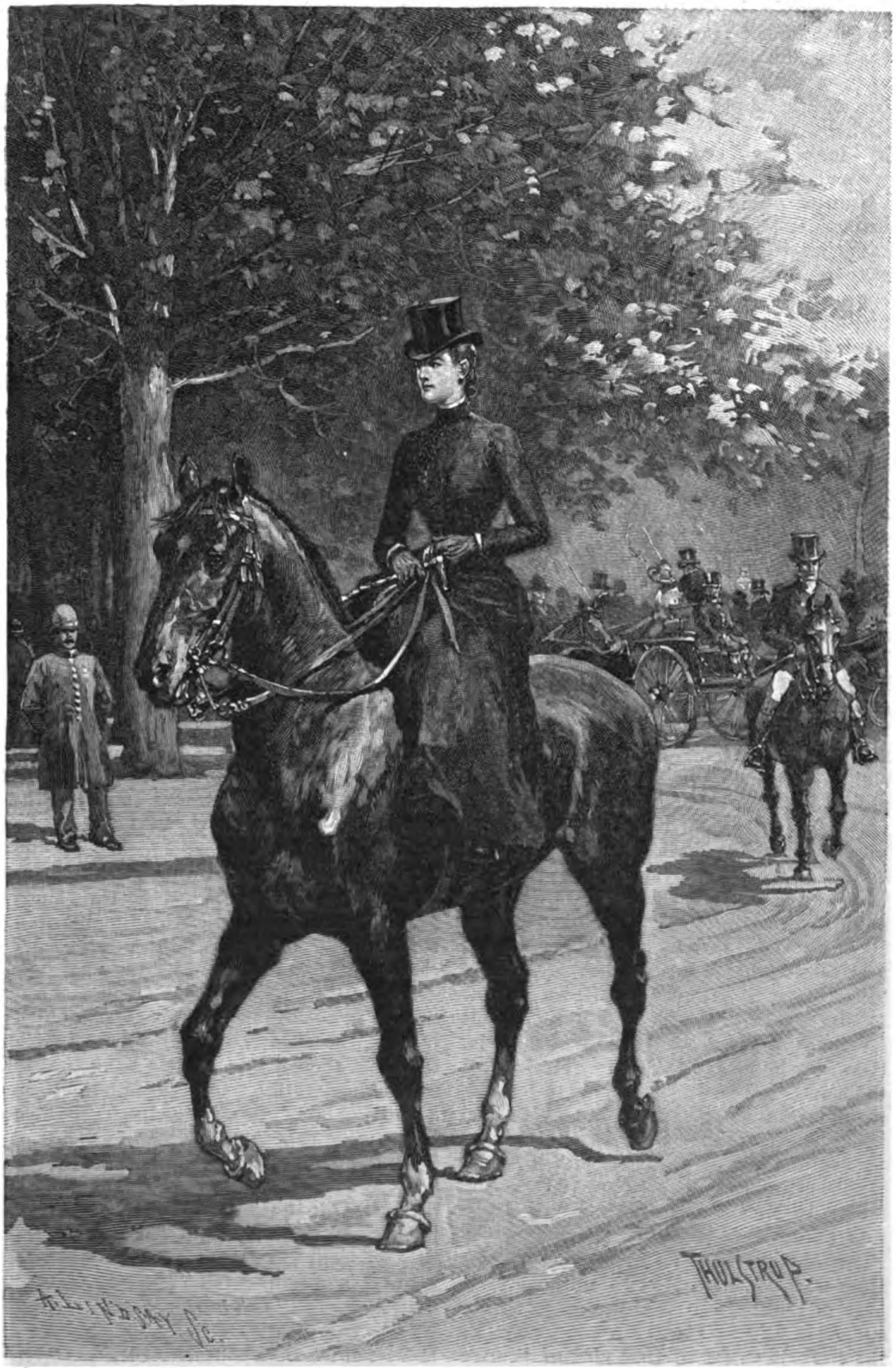
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been discarded for the Whitman by the Park police proper, that the fork seat and the straight leg with the toe rather down than up can be seen in perfection. The cross-country man and the *Reitmeister* agree in disapproving this seat, though they are both aware that men may ride horses well in many ways. Their disapproval rises to frantic intolerance when it is transmitted to their respective disciples, who are not aware of this important truth. The well greaved and buttoned Anglomaniac, whose own person makes a violent angle at the waist, whose feet lie out on his horse's shoulders, and between whose legs, when he trots, the following horseman gets really panoramic views of the landscape, declares that the policeman "cawn't ride." The vigorous and rigorous and procrustean German, who would rather fall off by bumping than stay on by rising, will tell you that no man with the policeman's seat "gan mannitch" a horse. Whoever has seen a mounted policeman in the act of catching a runaway, and noted the skill, the coolness, and the perfect command of his animal which the performance involves, could not help wishing to subject his critics to the same test of horsemanship, were it not that capital punishment is somewhat too severe for the offence of rash and incompetent criticism. It is not to risk committing this offence to say that, whether the hunting seat or the military seat be the better, the former lends itself the more readily to exaggeration, and that German riding cannot be so successfully caricatured as the riding even of an English groom is unconsciously caricatured by his complacent disciple when he takes a "kenter in the Pork."

These differences of horsemanship are very much softened when the question becomes of horsewomanship. They are not enforced by so widely different theories and practices of saddlery, and the male German who insists upon bumping for himself concedes to the weaker vessel the privilege of rising. The Kentuckian or Virginian equestrienne reveals her training mainly by holding her left hand with the reins in it level with the elbow and across the body, cavalry fashion, while the fair Anglomaniac can testify her devotion no otherwise than by exhibiting a crop instead of a whip, and by carrying both elbows as nearly as may be on a level with her shoulders—a posture which, she will be pained to learn, is regarded by British horsemen as characteristic of the British cad. To Anglomania used to be imputed the banging of horses' tails, which has no longer anything distinctive, since a long-tailed saddle-horse has become an exceptional object, either on the road or in the ring. Where a long tail is seen, unless its beauty be its own excuse for being, it is commonly brandished as a patriotic protest against the manners and customs of the English.

It cannot be denied, however, that Anglomania has had its influence. The hunting in this country is, of course, English in its origin, and the humorists of the press hold it up to ridicule by pointing out that it is an anise-seed bag that is hunted—as if fox-hunting were anywhere a cheap and expeditious method of destroying foxes, or anything beyond a means, like "steeple-chasing," in its literal sense, of getting a gallop across country. The ridicule, however, is gradually ceasing as it is coming to be understood what riding across country involves. A man risking his neck for the sake of an exciting exercise may be reprehensible, but he is not properly ridiculous. Young men of the increasing class that is devoted to "high living and plain thinking" might make a much worse use of their abounding leisure, and be infected with much more injurious phases of Anglomania. In Boston the cross-country riders avowed Anglomania and anticipated ridicule by boldly calling themselves the Myopia Hunt Club, and possibly by glazing an eye each when they rode to the meet. There is no need of such an avowal on the part of the gilded youth who ride to hounds in Long Island and in New Jersey, and whose dock-tailed horses and pink coats and buckskin breeches and "hunt balls" to the neighboring yeomanry so excite the risibility of one class of patriots and the wrath of another. It is not quite true, by-the-way, that all fox-hunting, even in the Northern States, is imported. In Chester County, Pennsylvania, there is an indigenous hunt, with a pack of hounds and horses of native breed. The farmers ride after foxes as their fathers before them rode, and they would be as astonished to hear that they were imitating the English as was Molière's hero to learn that he conversed in prose. Nevertheless they have what to the scorners is one of the chief "notes" of

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Drawn by T. de Thulstrup. A TAILOR-MADE GIRL. Engraved by Lindsay.

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Anglomania, in that they do not pretend to hunt for the sake of the game, but only for the sake of the hunting. With them, as with the gilded youth of the suburban hunts, it is "not the conquest but the battle" that allures. "We cannot afford to kill foxes," said one of them to the present writer, implying, of course, that a fox that is hunted and runs away may live to be hunted another day, but explaining that early in the season it was customary to give one fox to the hounds in order to encourage them thereafter. But for our immediate purpose fox-hunting may be regarded as an importation, with all the modifications it has induced in horses, seats, and equipment, and these are many and considerable.

The seasons for riding in the Park are the spring and the autumn, and year by year the habitual rider notes the progress of riding by noting the increasing throng in the bridle-path. Mr. Olmsted, in his notes on the proposed suburban park of Boston, observes that by the opening of the Central Park, among other things, the number of saddle-horses kept in New York has increased a hundredfold. If we limit the statement to horses kept exclusively or mainly for the saddle, it is doubtless literally true. The Club alone houses 250 saddle-horses. The four principal riding-schools have together about 700 more. There is also another school, which is scarcely in the competition, being as yet but a small beginning, though it testifies in a powerful and pathetic way to the steady growth of the interest in riding, having a ring the size of a large drawing-room, in which sensitive persons may take secluded lessons and have their initiatory contortions veiled from the unfeeling and critical experts who lie in wait for them in the more frequented schools. Here we have a total of not far from a thousand horses, and to this is to be added the number of saddle-horses, not so easily ascertainable, kept in the private stables of their owners. In all, it seems safe to estimate that there are 1200 saddle-horses in New York, and it is not likely that there were a full dozen before the Park was opened. To help the reader realize how considerable this number is, it may be pointed out that the entertaining author of *Living Paris* cites as a proof of the luxuriousness of that city of luxury that there are at least 8000 private horses kept in Paris,—meaning kept for pleasure. Comparing the number of those who drive and those who ride in New York, rapidly as this latter number increases, it seems likely that in this article of luxury the American "metropolis" surpasses the capital of the world. The number of riders, at any rate, like the expenses of one of the departments in Washington, according to a memorable report of its chief, has "exceeded the most sanguine anticipations." The projectors of the bridle-path were censured at the time of laying it out for allotting so much space to so little purpose. Since the Park was opened the bridle-path has been extended across the foot of it, and has already become in some respects inadequate. Experience has shown that some of the turns are dangerously sharp, and to avert the danger, so far as possible, signs are now put up to forbid "running or galloping" on the bridle-path, except around the reservoir, where the road has long straight stretches, and a horse approaching can be seen around the turns. Frightened horses, however, pay no heed to these warnings, and reckless horsemen, whether boys or "Sunday riders," pay little more, and there is an evident necessity that some of the sharper turns shall be straightened and made gradual against the increased chances of accident that increased numbers bring. The number of riders apt to be encountered at any point is not as yet so great as in Rotten Row during the London season, where the equestrians are often brought to a walk. If the suggestion made a short time since in the press for the establishment of a Rotten Row in Central Park were carried out, there might before long be danger of a like engorgement. This suggestion, it is not unfair to suspect, emanated from those equestrian visitors to the Park to whom their own visibility is an important consideration, but it is not likely to be carried out. In spite of the "Carriage Concourse" that was provided in the original plan of the Park, it is fortunate for the comfort of visitors in general that there is no one point in the circuit of it, as there is in Hyde Park, that is consecrated by usage to a general assembly. Both "carriage people" and equestrians can be conveniently observed from Mount St. Vincent, where the bridle-path joins the East Drive, which thence becomes the common highway to the upper end of the Park. The most eligible coigne of vantage for

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THE HUNTING MAN.

seeing the riders alone is perhaps the east side of the reservoir, where fast riding is permitted, and where from five of a fine afternoon there is for nearly an hour a passage of horsemen and horsewomen so constant as to assume the character of a procession. The procession includes many men whose names are known throughout and beyond their own country—men eminent in all the professions and in nearly all the great industries. There are physicians, whose profession notoriously induces a fondness for horseflesh, and who here at least show a creditable willingness to take their own prescriptions; there are lawyers, men of letters, artists, "railroad men";

> "Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
> An abbot on an ambling pad"—

for riding is so far from being regarded as an unclerical recreation that among many clergymen who ride there is at least one prelate, by no means recognizable from the poet's description, but apt to be seen bestriding an animal much less episcopal of aspect and action and much less easily manageable than "an ambling pad," which I take to be mediæval for a single-footing cob.

It is no disparagement to these dignitaries to say that they do not compose the most attractive part of this daily procession. The "troop of damsels glad," under escort of a riding-master, or the family party of the same, personally conducted by paterfamilias, or the solitary horsewoman followed at a respectful distance by a belted groom, or accompanied by a more interesting male—these are the objects which the judicious spectator deems it worth while to retain his perch alongside the reservoir to see. The fashion in riding-habits abjures anything that suggests romance. The trailing robes and sweeping plumes of the last generation of horsewomen are banished to remote rural parts of the Southern States. A "silk hat" on man or woman seems the negation of romance, and nothing can be more prosaic and severely business-like

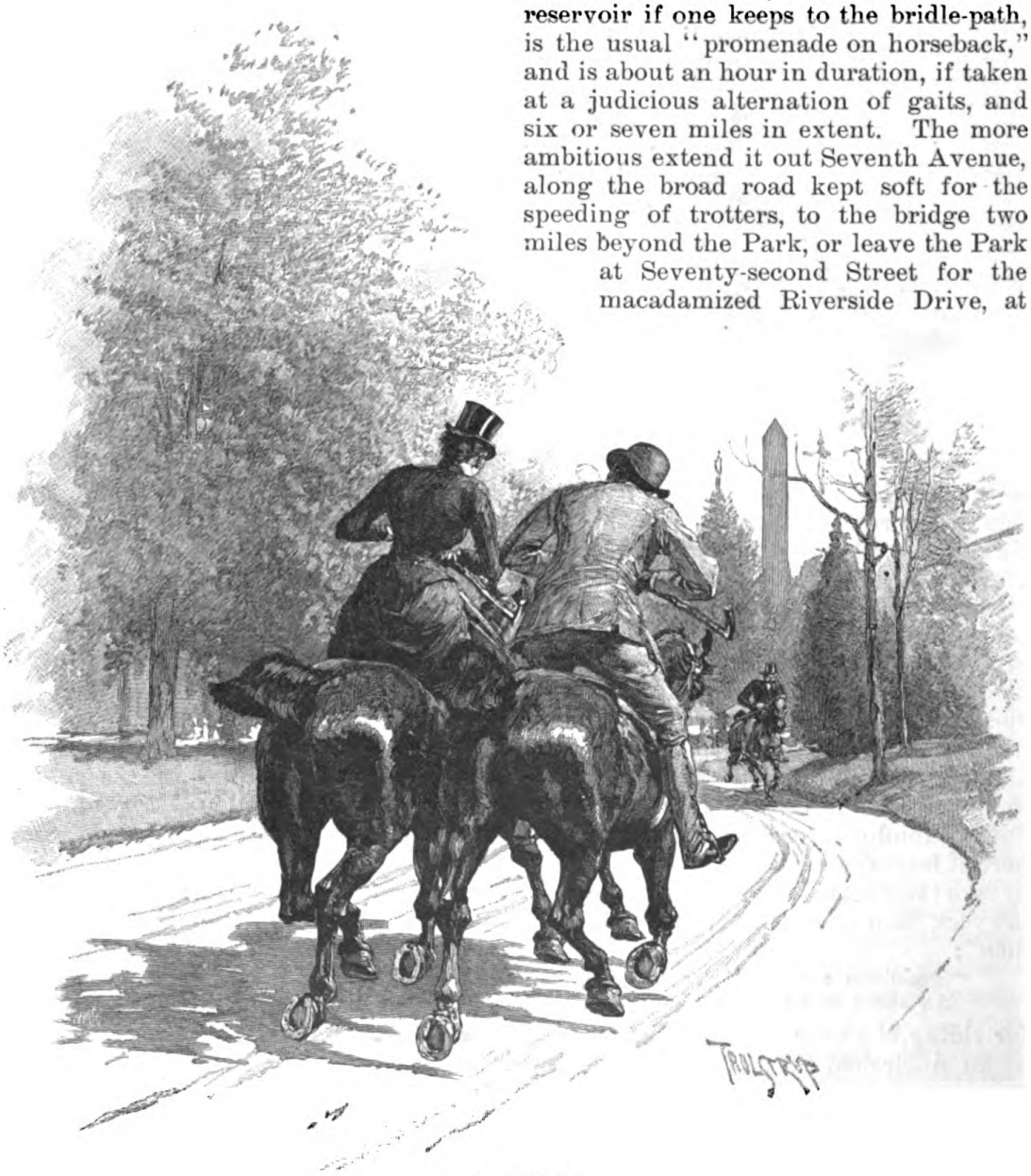
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than the habit which it surmounts, the absolutely plain garment in dark monochrome, of which the requirements are that it shall be without ornament, and that it shall fit and hang without a wrinkle. It is a fact as familiar as it is consolatory that no fashion can make a pretty girl look otherwise than pretty. The looker-on is inclined to believe, as Simplesse Munditiis passes him at a canter, that there was never any equestrian costume so exquisite, and that Queen Guinevere, with her gown of grass-green silk and her golden clasps and her light green tuft of plumes closed in a golden ring, was dressed very inappropriately for the saddle compared with his tailor-made vision of loveliness. If of a romantic mind, he may drop again into Tennyson:

> "As she fled fast through sun and shade
> The happy wind upon her played,
> Blowing the ringlet from the braid;
> She looked so lovely as she swayed
> The rein with dainty finger tips"—

we need not go on, though we may have every reason to suspect that the young man who escorts her has "gone on," under the friendly shade of the grove at the turn, where it is the custom of young couples of assorted sexes to pass at a walk before they come into the unsheltered straight stretch and break into a canter.

Around the Park, or twice around the reservoir if one keeps to the bridle-path, is the usual "promenade on horseback," and is about an hour in duration, if taken at a judicious alternation of gaits, and six or seven miles in extent. The more ambitious extend it out Seventh Avenue, along the broad road kept soft for the speeding of trotters, to the bridge two miles beyond the Park, or leave the Park at Seventy-second Street for the macadamized Riverside Drive, at



ANGLOMANIACS.

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MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

the upper end of which there is half a mile or so of straight bridle-path. If the project is executed that was authorized by the last Legislature to connect the upper end of the Central Park with the upper end of Riverside Drive, by paving the connecting streets like the driveways in the Park for pleasure traffic, there will be a continuous driveway of some nine miles. To complete the felicity of the riders it will be necessary only to carry the bridle-path along the whole extent of the Riverside, for which there is ample room.

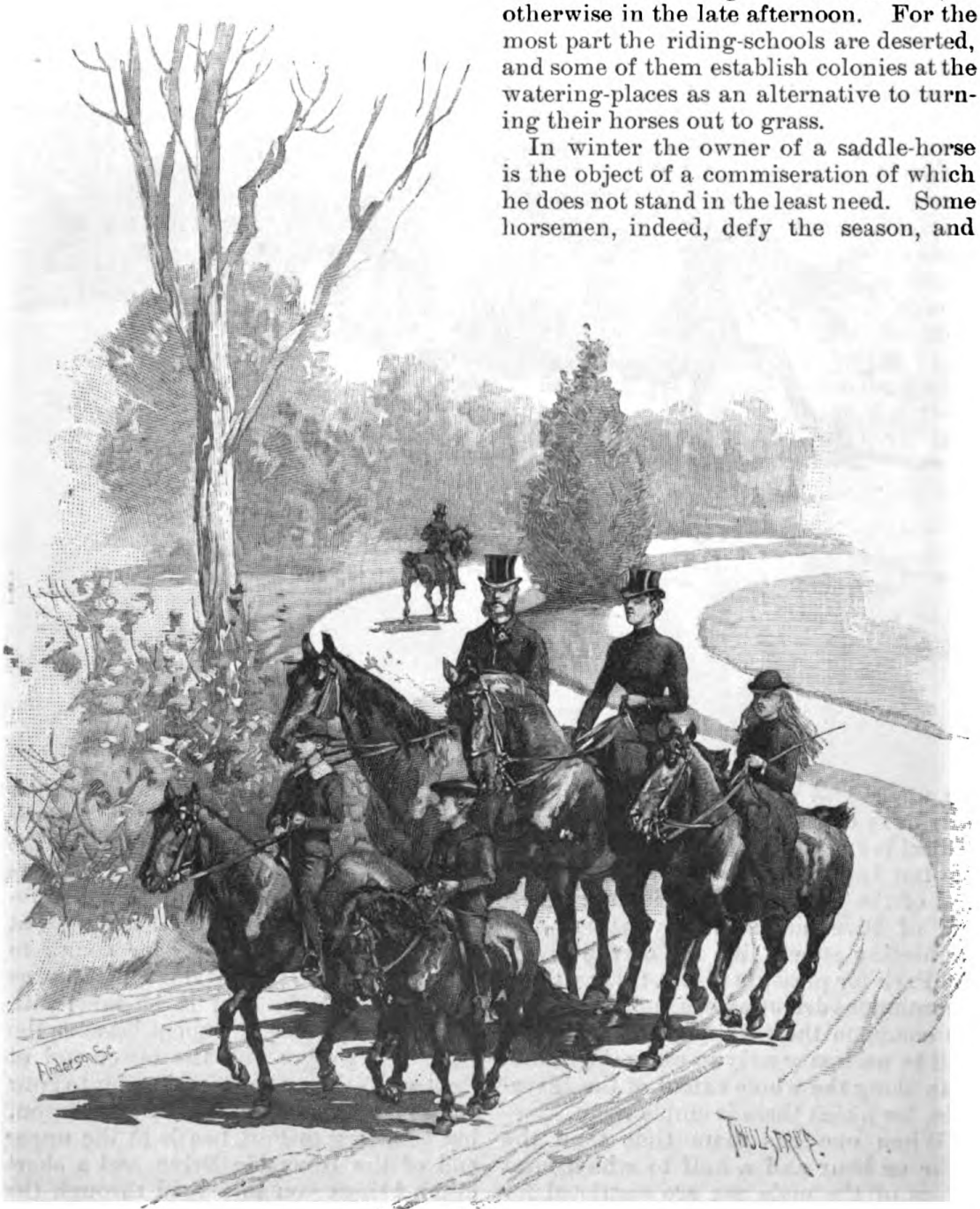
When one has more time than the hour or hour and a half to which most riders of the male sex are restricted for their constitutionals, there is a choice of suburban excursions, though the choice is not so large as it should be, and as it is to be hoped it will be when it comes to be recognized that people who ride or drive for pleasure have rights as to the paving of a limited number of streets which drivers of drays are bound to respect. The bridging of the East River at Blackwell's Island, if it ever comes to pass, will make Long Island accessible, as it can scarcely be said to be now, with four miles of block pavement between the Brooklyn Bridge and the lower end of Central Park. The lower ferries to New Jersey are impracticable for a like reason, but the ferry to Fort Lee is at the upper end of the Riverside Drive, and a short climb brings you to a road through the woods at the top of the Palisades. Jerome Park, too, at the end of another stretch of soft road which the riders owe

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to the trotting men, is the goal of a pleasant afternoon's ride.

In the summer, of course, the Park and the city are deserted by them that drive in chariots, although they sometimes leave their chariots behind in the keeping of their charioteers. In that case John Thomas drives Mary Jane daily in the Park, and excites the wonder of the mid-summer pilgrim from the country concerning the manners and customs of rich New-Yorkers. It was one of the annual absentees who opposed the planting of a shrub that was fragrant and beautiful in midsummer upon the ground that in midsummer nobody ever went to the Park. Such of the horsemen as cannot get away take their constitutionals as usual—in the early morning, if they be of heroic mould and able to do things before breakfast, or otherwise in the late afternoon. For the most part the riding-schools are deserted, and some of them establish colonies at the watering-places as an alternative to turning their horses out to grass.

In winter the owner of a saddle-horse is the object of a commiseration of which he does not stand in the least need. Some horsemen, indeed, defy the season, and



A FAMILY GROUP.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIDER.

ride out-of-doors all winter long, although in midwinter it is to less hardy souls and bodies an abuse of language to call such riding riding for pleasure. At least one horsewoman there is who pursues the same courageous practice, and for whom no weather that a man can ride in is too severe. Most riders, after the winter has fairly set in, and until it has fairly broken, know the bridle-path only once or twice a month, when the weather relents for a day and the ice disappears from the roadway. But these enjoy their exercise little less for being compelled to take it under cover. This is the season for teaching, and the "rings"—the rectangles of riding-schools are always rings—are at their busiest. The timid and awkward girl who is hoisted upon a horse for the first time in December, and totters there in a state of highly unstable bodily equilibrium and of keen mental anguish—this autumnal grub bursts the chrysalis of the ring in April, and appears upon the bridle-path as a fully developed horsewoman. All the morning is given over to lessons, but at the usual riding hour, between business and dinner, in the afternoon, the ring is shut against them, and opened for class riding. There are so many horses that some order has to be observed. At least everybody must ride in the same direction until a change is ordered by the ring-master. Even with this minimum of order riders going each his own gait are sure to obstruct one another, and it is for the general comfort that the riders shall form a line, and ride at the same gait by the word of command, the tedium of walking being relieved by the performance of such simple manœuvres as require only a moderate horsemanship. This is the daily practice during the winter in the larger schools. In addition to this daily

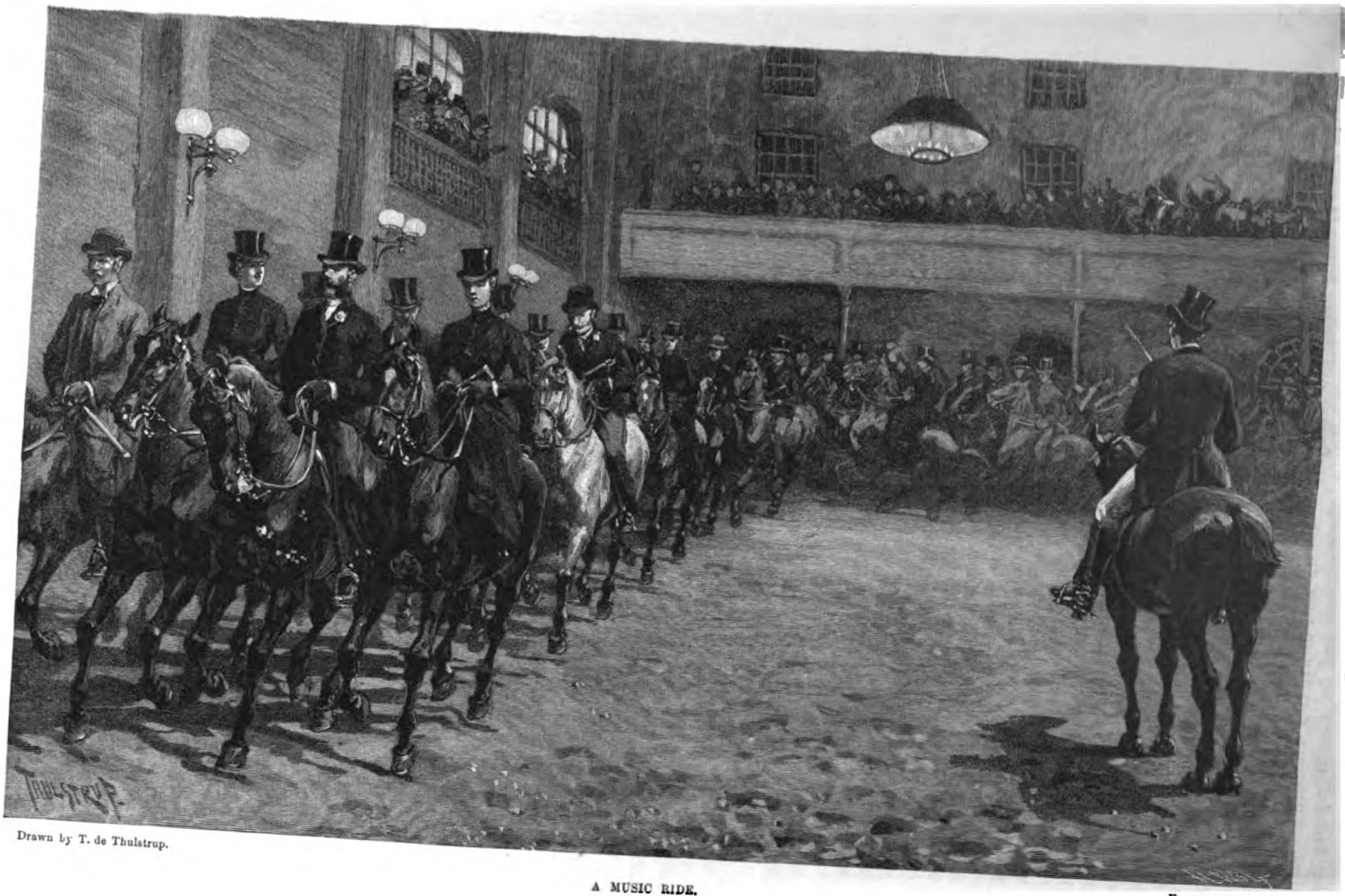
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ride, there is once a week, or oftener, a "music ride" in the evening, and last season one of the schools set the excellent example of a daily music ride—an example that will no doubt be followed.

Those riders who are ambitious to carry their horsemanship beyond the standard required at the music rides associate themselves in clubs for that purpose, and one of these clubs has for several years made an excursion of a fortnight on horseback. It is not defamatory to suggest that "The First Hussars," an independent military organization recently founded, with its head-quarters at one of the riding-schools, is in the nature of a riding club, and that its objects are rather equestrian than warlike.

Of course these clubs are not to be confounded with *the* Club, the objects of which may be said to be equestrian and social, and which, though not yet five years of age, has had a very powerful influence in developing the practice of riding and in giving it a status in "society." The New York Riding Club was founded by a few owners of saddle-horses who constabulated, so to speak, at one of the riding-schools, and to whom it appeared desirable that there should be a school in which they could select their own associates. No sooner was the project formed than it became evident that it met that long-felt want to which the projectors of new enterprises invariably appeal. Already it has nearly five hundred members, and one honorary member, I know not by what merit raised to that lonely eminence. Of the active members more than half are actual horse owners and riders, and all of them may be supposed to cherish more or less definite aspirations toward horsemanship. The actual membership is much larger than the figures indicate, since by the constitution of the club the ladies of a member's family and his minor sons are entitled to its privileges, the daughters forfeiting their privileges when they marry, unless they marry into the club, as it were. There must thus be quite twice as many virtual members of the club as appear upon the club list, and it is to these unenrolled members that the club is most nearly indispensable. Its male members might find their own requirements very nearly as well met in all essentials at one of the public riding-schools. But a place of instruction and exercise to which ladies and children can resort unattended, and about the associations of which they may be quite secure, has the same advantage over even the most carefully conducted public school that an ordinary club has over a restaurant. As has been hinted, the club is regarded by outsiders as a citadel of Anglomania, nor is the charge without some plausibility. The attendants are habited in plush and small-clothes, and exhibit those balustraded calves that are the trade-mark of the British flunky. When the visitor has got over his aversion to this grewsome spectacle he will find little else to offend his patriotic sensibilities, unless he considers a high degree of luxury in the living-rooms of the club, and an absolutely flawless neatness in the stables, corrupting to the simplicity of republican manners. The club-house is within a few hundred feet of the Fifth Avenue entrance to the park. Its area is about 200 feet by 125, and gives room for a ring in the centre 107 by 94, with a range of rooms along the street front, and spacious stables for some 300 horses in the rear. The dimensions of the ring, when it was built, were the largest in New York, though they have since been exceeded by one or two of the public schools, and of course by such a monument of capricious extravagance as the famous subterranean riding-hall of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. It is proposed to enlarge it still further, but it is now ample for the music rides, or, as they are called at the club, the "drills," which occur during the winter twice a week in the afternoon, and in which some sixty or seventy horsemen and horsewomen usually take part. There are few prettier sights to lovers of horseflesh and horsemanship than one of these drills, exhibiting practised riders, on the best and best-looking saddle-horses that can be bred or bought, executing more intricate evolutions than the schools for the most part venture on, with admirable precision, and upon occasion at a smart pace. There is not one of the riders who is not deriving physical benefit from an exercise for which very few of them would find any substitute if this were not at their command. If riding in New York be, as with many of its votaries it must be owned to be, a matter of fashion mainly, the philanthropist may be well satisfied if fashion inspires nothing less useful or less delightful.

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Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

A MUSIC RIDE.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle. Engraved by Aikmann.

AVARY SELLS HIS JEWELS.

BUCCANEERS AND MAROONERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

Second Paper.

IN a preceding paper a brief account of the doings of the buccaneers was given. In that paper was also told how the home governments, stirred at last by these outrageous barbarities, seriously undertook the suppression of the freebooters, lopping and trimming the main trunk until its members were scattered hither and thither, and it was thought that the organization was exterminated. But so far from being exterminated, the individual members were merely scattered north, south, east, and west, each forming a nucleus around which gathered and clustered the very worst of the offscouring of humanity.

The result was that when the seventeenth century was fairly packed away with its lavender in the store chest of the past, a score or more bands of freebooters were cruising along the Atlantic seaboard in armed vessels, each with a black flag with its skull and cross-bones at the fore, and with a nondescript crew made up of the tags and remnants of civilized and semi-civilized humanity (white, black, red, and yellow), known generally as marooners, swarming upon the decks below.

Nor did these offshoots from the old buccaneer stem confine their depredations to the American seas alone; the East Indies and the African coast also witnessed their doings, and suffered from them, and even the Bay of Biscay had good cause to remember more than one visit from them.

Worthy sprigs from so worthy a stem improved variously upon the parent methods; for while the buccaneers were content to prey upon the Spaniards alone, the marooners reaped the harvest from the commerce of all nations.

So up and down the Atlantic seaboard they cruised, and for the fifty years that

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marooning was in the flower of its glory it was a sorrowful time for the coasters of New England, the middle provinces, and the Virginias, sailing to the West Indies with their cargoes of salt fish, grain, and tobacco. Trading became almost as dangerous as privateering, and sea-captains were chosen as much for their knowledge of the flint-lock and the cutlass as for their seamanship.

As by far the largest part of the trading in American waters was conducted by these Yankee coasters, so by far the heaviest blows, and those most keenly felt, fell upon them. Bulletin after bulletin came to port with its doleful tale of this vessel burned or that vessel scuttled, this one held by the pirates for their own use or that one stripped of its goods and sent into port as empty as an egg-shell from which the yolk had been sucked. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston suffered alike, and worthy ship-owners had to leave off counting their losses upon their fingers and take to the slate to keep the dismal record.

"Maroon—to put ashore on a desert isle, as a sailor, under pretence of having committed some great crime." Thus our good Noah Webster gives us the dry bones, the anatomy, upon which the imagination may construct a specimen to suit itself.

It is thence that the marooners took their name, for marooning was one of their most effective instruments of punishment or revenge. If a pirate broke one of the many rules which governed the particular band to which he belonged, he was marooned; did a captain defend his ship to such a degree as to be unpleasant to the pirates attacking it, he was marooned; even the pirate captain himself, if he displeased his followers by the severity of his rule, was in danger of having the same punishment visited upon him which he had perhaps more than once visited upon another.

The process of marooning was as simple as terrible. A suitable place was chosen (generally some desert isle as far removed as possible from the pathway of commerce), and the condemned man was rowed from the ship to the beach. Out he was bundled upon the sand-spit; a gun, a half-dozen bullets, a few pinches of powder, and a bottle of water were chucked ashore after him, and away rowed the boat's crew back to the ship, leaving the poor wretch alone to rave away his life in madness, or to sit sunken in his gloomy despair till death mercifully released him from torment. It rarely if ever happened that anything was known of him after having been marooned. A boat's crew from some vessel, sailing by chance that way, might perhaps find a few chalky bones bleaching upon the white sand in the garish glare of the sunlight, but that was all. And such were marooners.

By far the largest number of pirate captains were Englishmen, for, from the days of good Queen Bess, English sea-captains seemed to have a natural turn for any species of venture that had a smack of piracy in it, and from the great Admiral Drake of the old, old days, to the truculent Morgan of buccaneering times, the Englishman did the boldest and wickedest deeds, and wrought the most damage.

First of all upon the list of pirates stands the bold Captain Avary, one of the institutors of marooning. Him we see but dimly, half hidden by the glamouring mists of legend and tradition. Others who came afterward outstripped him far enough in their doings, but he stands preeminent as the first of marooners of whom actual history has been handed down to us of the present day.

When the English, Dutch, and Spanish entered into an alliance to suppress buccaneering in the West Indies, certain worthies of Bristol, in old England, fitted out two vessels to assist in this laudable project; for doubtless Bristol trade suffered smartly from the Morgans and the L'Olonoises of that old time. One of these vessels was named the *Duke*, of which a certain Captain Gibson was the commander and Avary the mate.

Away they sailed to the West Indies, and there Avary became impressed by the advantages offered by piracy, and by the amount of good things that were to be gained by very little striving.

One night the captain (who was one of those fellows mightily addicted to punch), instead of going ashore to saturate himself with rum at the ordinary, had his drink in his cabin in private. While he lay snoring away the effects of his rum in the cabin, Avary and a few other conspirators heaved the anchor very leisurely, and sailed out of the harbor of Corunna, and through the midst of the allied fleet riding at anchor in the darkness.

By-and-by, when the morning came, the captain was awakened by the pitching

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

MAROONED.

Engraved by Wolf.

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and tossing of the vessel, the rattle and clatter of the tackle overhead, and the noise of footsteps passing and repassing hither and thither across the deck. Perhaps he lay for a while turning the matter over and over in his muddled head, but he presently rang the bell, and Avary and another fellow answered the call.

"What's the matter?" bawls the captain from his berth.

"Nothing," says Avary, coolly.

"Something's the matter with the ship," says the captain. "Does she drive? What weather is it?"

"Oh no," says Avary; "we are at sea."

"At sea?"

"Come, come!" says Avary: "I'll tell you; you must know that I'm the captain of the ship now, and you must be packing from this here cabin. We are bound to Madagascar, to make all of our fortunes, and if you're a mind to ship for the cruise, why, we'll be glad to have you, if you will be sober and mind your own business; if not, there is a boat alongside, and I'll have you set ashore."

The poor half-tipsy captain had no relish to go a-pirating under the command of his backsliding mate, so out of the ship he bundled, and away he rowed with four or five of the crew, who, like him, refused to join with their jolly shipmates.

The rest of them sailed away to the East Indies, to try their fortunes in those waters, for our Captain Avary was of a high spirit, and had no mind to fritter away his time in the West Indies, squeezed dry by buccaneer Morgan and others of lesser note. No: he would make a bold stroke for it at once, and make or lose at a single cast.

On his way he picked up a couple of like kind with himself—two sloops off Madagascar. With these he sailed away to the coast of India, and for a time his name was lost in the obscurity of uncertain history. But only for a time, for suddenly it flamed out in a blaze of glory. It was reported that a vessel belonging to the Great Mogul, laden with treasure and bearing the monarch's own daughter upon a holy pilgrimage to Mecca (they being Mohammedans), had fallen in with the pirates, and after a short resistance had been surrendered, with the damsel, her court, and all the diamonds, pearls, silk, silver, and gold aboard. It was rumored that the Great Mogul, raging at the insult offered to him through his own flesh and blood, had threatened to wipe out of existence the few English settlements scattered along the coast; whereat the honorable East India Company was in a pretty state of fuss and feathers. Rumor, growing with the telling, has it that Avary is going to marry the Indian princess, willy-nilly, and will turn rajah, and eschew piracy as indecent. As for the treasure itself, there was no end to the extent to which it grew as it passed from mouth to mouth.

Cracking the nut of romance and exaggeration, we come to the kernel of the story—that Avary did fall in with an Indian vessel laden with great treasure (and possibly with the Mogul's daughter), which he captured, and thereby gained a vast prize.

Having concluded that he had earned enough money by the trade he had undertaken, he determined to retire and live decently for the rest of his life upon what he already had. As a step toward this object, he set about cheating his Madagascar partners out of their share of what had been gained. He persuaded them to store all the treasure in his vessel, it being the largest of the three; and so, having it safely in hand, he altered the course of his ship one fine night, and when the morning came the Madagascar sloops found themselves floating upon a wide ocean without a farthing of the treasure for which they had fought so hard, and for which they might whistle for all the good it would do them.

At first Avary had a great part of a mind to settle at Boston, in Massachusetts, and had that little town been one whit less bleak and forbidding, it might have had the honor of being the home of this famous man. As it was, he did not like the looks of it, so he sailed away to the eastward, to Ireland, where he settled himself at Biddeford, in hopes of an easy life of it for the rest of his days.

Here he found himself the possessor of a plentiful stock of jewels, such as pearls, diamonds, rubies, etc., but with hardly a score of honest farthings to jingle in his breeches pocket. He consulted with a certain merchant of Bristol concerning the disposal of the stones—a fellow not much more cleanly in his habits of honesty than Avary himself. This worthy undertook to act as Avary's broker. Off he marched with the jewels, and that was the last that the pirate saw of his Indian treasure.

Perhaps the most famous of all the pi-

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ratical names to American ears are those of Captain Robert Kidd and Captain Edward Teach, or "Blackbeard."

Nothing will be ventured in regard to Kidd in this paper, nor in regard to the pros and cons as to whether he really was or was not a pirate, after all. For many years he was the very hero of heroes of piratical fame; there was hardly a creek or stream or point of land along our coast, hardly a convenient bit of good sandy beach, or hump of rock, or water-washed cave, where fabulous treasures were not said to have been hidden by this worthy marooner. Now we are assured that he never was a pirate, and never did bury any treasure, excepting a certain chest, which he was compelled to hide upon Gardiner's Island — and perhaps even it was mythical.

So poor Kidd must be relegated to the dull ranks of simply respectable people, or semi-respectable people at best.

But with "Blackbeard" it is different, for in him we have a real, ranting, raging, roaring pirate *per se*—one who really did bury treasure, who made more than one captain walk the plank, and who committed more private murders than he could number on the fingers of both hands; one who fills, and will continue to fill, the place to which he has been assigned for generations, and who may be depended upon to hold his place in the confidence of others for generations to come.

Captain Teach was a Bristol man born, and learned his trade on board of sundry privateers in the East Indies during the old French war—that of 1702—and a better apprenticeship could no man serve. At last, somewhere about the latter part of the year 1716, a privateering captain, one Benjamin Hornigold, raised him from the ranks and put him in command of a sloop—a lately captured prize—and Blackbeard's fortune was made. It was a very slight step, and but the change of a few letters, to convert "privateer" into "pirate," and it was a very short time before Teach made that change. Not only did he make it himself, but he persuaded his old captain to join with him.

And now fairly began that series of bold and lawless depredations which have made his name so justly famous, and which placed him amongst the very greatest of marooning freebooters.

"Our hero," says the old historian who sings of the arms and bravery of this great man—"Our hero assumed the cognomen of Blackbeard from that large quantity of hair which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face, and frightened America more than any comet that appeared there in a long time. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons into small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wig, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters like bandoleers; he stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, and his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury from hell to look more frightful."

The night before the day of the action in which he was killed he sat up drinking with some congenial company until broad daylight. One of them asked him if his poor young wife knew where his treasure was hidden. "No," says Blackbeard; "nobody but the devil and I knows where it is, and the longest liver shall have all."

As for that poor young wife of his, the life that he and his rum-crazy shipmates led her was too terrible to be told.

For a time Blackbeard worked at his trade down on the Spanish Main, gathering in, the few years he was there, a very neat little fortune in the booty captured from sundry vessels; but by-and-by he took it into his head to try his luck along the coast of the Carolinas; so off he sailed to the northward, with quite a respectable little fleet, consisting of his own vessel and two captured sloops. From that time he was actively engaged in the making of American history in his small way.

He first appeared off the bar of Charleston Harbor, to the no small excitement of the worthy town of that ilk, and there he lay for five or six days, blockading the port, and stopping incoming and outgoing vessels at his pleasure, so that, for the time, the commerce of the province was entirely paralyzed. All the vessels so stopped he held as prizes, and all the crews and passengers (among the latter of whom was more than one provincial worthy of the day) he retained as though they were prisoners of war.

And it was a mightily awkward thing for the good folk of Charleston to behold day after day a black flag with its white skull and cross-bones fluttering at the fore of the pirate captain's craft, over across

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the level stretch of green salt-marshes; and it was mightily unpleasant, too, to know that this or that prominent citizen was crowded down with the other prisoners under the hatches.

One morning Captain Blackbeard finds that his stock of medicine is low. "Tut!" says he, "we'll turn no hairs gray for that." So up he calls the bold Captain Richards, the commander of his consort the *Revenge* sloop, and bids him take Mr. Marks (one of his prisoners), and go up to Charleston and get the medicine. There was no task that suited our Captain Richards better than that. Up to the town he rowed, as bold as brass. "Look ye," says he to the Governor, rolling his quid of tobacco from one cheek to another—"Look ye, we're after this and that, and if we don't get it, why, I'll tell you plain, we'll burn them bloody crafts of yours that we've took over yonder, and cut the weasand of every clodpoll aboard of 'em."

There was no answering an argument of such force as this, and the worshipful Governor and the good folk of Charleston knew very well that Blackbeard and his crew were the men to do as they promised. So Blackbeard got his medicine, and though it cost the colony two thousand dollars, it was worth that much to the town to be quit of him.

They say that while Captain Richards was conducting his negotiations with the Governor his boat's crew were stumping around the streets of the town, having a glorious time of it, while the good folk glowered wrathfully at them, but dared venture nothing in speech or act.

Having gained a booty of between seven and eight thousand dollars from the prizes captured, the pirates sailed away from Charleston Harbor to the coast of North Carolina.

And now Blackbeard, following the plan adopted by so many others of his kind, began to cudgel his brains for means to cheat his fellows out of their share of the booty.

At Topsail Inlet he ran his own vessel aground, as though by accident. Hands, the captain of one of the consorts, pretending to come to his assistance, also grounded *his* sloop. Nothing now remained but for those who were able to get away in the other craft, which was all that was now left of the little fleet. This did Blackbeard with some forty of his favorites. The rest of the pirates were left on the sand-spit to await the return of their companions—which never happened.

As for Blackbeard and those who were with him, they were that much richer, for there were so many the fewer pockets to fill. But even yet there were too many to share the booty, in Blackbeard's opinion, and so he marooned a parcel more of them—some eighteen or twenty—upon a naked sand-bank, from which they were afterward mercifully rescued by another freebooter who chanced that way—a certain Major Stede Bonnet, of whom more will presently be said. About that time a royal proclamation had been issued offering pardon to all pirates in arms who would surrender to the King's authority before a given date. So up goes Master Blackbeard to the Governor of North Carolina and makes his neck safe by surrendering to the proclamation—albeit he kept tight clutch upon what he had already gained.

And now we find our bold Captain Blackbeard established in the good province of North Carolina, where he and his Worship the Governor struck up a vast deal of intimacy, as profitable as it was pleasant. There is something very pretty in the thought of the bold sea-rover giving up his adventurous life (excepting now and then an excursion against a trader or two in the neighboring sound, when the need of money was pressing); settling quietly down into the routine of old colonial life, with a young wife of sixteen at his side, who made the fourteenth that he had in various ports here and there in the world.

Becoming tired of an inactive life, Blackbeard afterward resumed his piratical career. He cruised around in the rivers and inlets and sounds of North Carolina for a while, ruling the roost, and with never a one to say him nay, until there was no bearing with such a pest any longer. So they sent a deputation up to the Governor of Virginia asking if he would be pleased to help them in their trouble.

There were two men-of-war lying at Kicquetan, in the James River, at the time. To them the Governor of Virginia applied, and plucky Lieutenant Maynard, of the *Pearl*, was sent to Ocracoke Inlet to fight this pirate who ruled it down there so like the cock of a walk. There he found Blackbeard waiting for him, and as ready for a fight as ever the lieutenant himself could be. Fight they did,

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and while it lasted it was as pretty a piece of business of its kind as one could wish to see. Blackbeard drained a glass of grog, wishing the lieutenant luck in getting aboard of him, fired a broadside, blew some twenty of the lieutenant's men out of existence, and totally crippled one of his little sloops for the balance of the fight. After that, and under cover of the smoke, the pirate and his men boarded the other sloop, and then followed a fine old-fashioned hand-to-hand conflict betwixt him and the lieutenant. First they fired their pistols, and then they took to it with cutlasses—right, left, up and down, cut and slash—until the lieutenant's cutlass broke short off at the hilt. Then Blackbeard would have finished him off handsomely, only up steps one of the lieutenant's men and fetches him a great slash over the neck, so that the lieutenant came off with no more hurt than a cut across the knuckles.

At the very first discharge of their pistols Blackbeard had been shot through the body, but he was not for giving up for that—not he. As said before, he was of the true roaring, raging breed of pirates, and stood up to it until he received twenty more cutlass cuts and five additional shots, and then fell dead while trying to fire off an empty pistol. After that the lieutenant cut off the pirate's head, and sailed away in triumph, with the bloody trophy nailed to the bow of his battered sloop.

Those of Blackbeard's men who were not killed were carried off to Virginia, and all of them tried and hanged but one or two, their names, no doubt, still standing in a row in the provincial records.

But did Blackbeard really bury treasures, as tradition says, along the sandy shores he haunted?

Master Clement Downing, midshipman aboard the *Salisbury*, wrote a book after his return from the cruise to Madagascar, whither the *Salisbury* had been ordered, to put an end to the piracy with which those waters were infested. He says:

"At Guzarat I met with a Portuguese named Anthony de Sylvestre; he came with two other Portuguese and two Dutchmen to take on in the Moor's service, as many Europeans do. This Anthony told me he had been amongst the pirates, and that he belonged to one of the sloops in Virginia when Blackbeard was taken. He informed me that if it should be my lot ever to go to York River or Maryland, near an island called Mulberry Island, provided we went on shore at the watering-place, where the shipping used most commonly to ride, that there the pirates had buried considerable sums of money in great chests well clamped with iron plates. As to my part, I never was that way, nor much acquainted with any that ever used those parts; but I have made inquiry, and am informed that there is such a place as Mulberry Island. If any person who uses those parts should think it worth while to dig a little way at the upper end of a small cove, where it is convenient to land, he would soon find whether the information I had was well-grounded. Fronting the landing-place are five trees, amongst which, he said, the money was hid. I cannot warrant the truth of this account; but if I was ever to go there, I should find some means or other to satisfy myself, as it could not be a great deal out of my way. If anybody should obtain the benefit of this account, if it please God that they ever come to England, 'tis hoped they will remember whence they had this information."

Another worthy was Captain Edward Low, who learned his trade of sail-making at good old Boston town, and piracy at Honduras. No one stood higher in the trade than he, and no one mounted to more lofty altitudes of blood-thirsty and unscrupulous wickedness. 'Tis strange that so little has been written and sung of this man of might, for he was as worthy of story and of song as was Blackbeard.

It was under a Yankee captain that he made his first cruise—down to Honduras, for a cargo of logwood, which in those times was no better than stolen from the Spanish folk.

One day, lying off the shore, in the Gulf of Honduras, comes Master Low and the crew of the whale-boat rowing across from the beach, where they had been all morning chopping logwood.

"What are you after?" says the captain, for they were coming back with nothing but themselves in the boat.

"We're after our dinner," says Low, as spokesman of the party.

"You'll have no dinner," says the captain, "until you fetch off another load."

"Dinner or no dinner, we'll pay for it," says Low, wherewith he up with a musket, squinted along the barrel, and pulled the trigger.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

BLACKBEARD BURIES HIS TREASURE

Engraved by Kruell.

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Luckily the gun hung fire, and the Yankee captain was spared to steal log-wood a while longer.

All the same, that was no place for Ned Low to make a longer stay, so off he and his messmates rowed in a whale-boat, captured a brig out at sea, and turned pirates.

He presently fell in with the notorious Captain Lowther, a fellow after his own kidney, who put the finishing touches to his education, and taught him what wickedness he did not already know.

And so he became a master-pirate, and a famous hand at his craft, and thereafter forever bore an inveterate hatred of all Yankees because of the dinner he had lost, and never failed to smite whatever one of them luck put within his reach. Once he fell in with a ship off South Carolina—the *Amsterdam Merchant*, Captain Williamson, commander—a Yankee craft and a Yankee master. He slit the nose and cropped the ears of the captain, and then sailed merrily away, feeling the better for having marred a Yankee.

New York and New England had more than one visit from the doughty captain, each of which visits they had good cause to remember, for he made them smart for it.

Along in the year '22 thirteen vessels were riding at anchor in front of the good town of Marblehead. Into the harbor sailed a strange craft. "Who is she?" say the townsfolk, for the coming of a new vessel was no small matter in those days.

Who the strangers were was not long a matter of doubt. Up goes the black flag, and the skull and cross-bones to the fore.

"'Tis the bloody Low," say one and all; and straightway all was flutter and commotion, as in a duck pond when a hawk pitches and strikes in the midst.

It was a glorious thing for our captain, for here were thirteen Yankee crafts at one and the same time. So he took what he wanted, and then sailed away, and it was many a day before Marblehead forgot that visit.

Some time after this he and his consort fell foul of an English sloop of war, the *Greyhound*, whereby they were so roughly handled that Low was glad enough to slip away, leaving his consort and her crew behind him, as a sop to the powers of law and order. And lucky for them if no worse fate awaited them than to walk the dreadful plank with a bandage around the blinded eyes and a rope around the elbows. So the consort was taken, and the crew tried and hanged in chains, and Low sailed off in as pretty a bit of rage as ever a pirate fell into.

And now woe upon woe to the Yankee or the Englishman who fell into his hands. One after another succeeded a string of horrible barbarities, until even his own vile crew of cutthroats grew sick of the smell of blood, and refused to carry out his orders when he commanded them to disembowel a harmless coasting captain off Gardiner's Island, grinning as he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage.

The end of this worthy is lost in the fogs of the past: some say that he died of a yellow fever down in New Orleans; it was not at the end of a hempen cord, more's the pity.

Here fittingly with our strictly American pirates should stand Major Stede Bonnet along with the rest. But in truth he was only a poor half-and-half fellow of his kind, and even after his hand was fairly turned to the business he had undertaken, a qualm of conscience would now and then come across him, and he would make vast promises to forswear his evil courses.

However, he jogged along in his course of piracy snugly enough until he fell foul of the gallant Colonel Rhett, off Charleston Harbor, whereupon his luck and his courage both were suddenly snuffed out with a puff of powder smoke and a good rattling broadside. Down came the "Black Roger" with its skull and cross-bones from the fore, and Colonel Rhett had the glory of fetching back as pretty a cargo of scoundrels and cutthroats as the town ever saw.

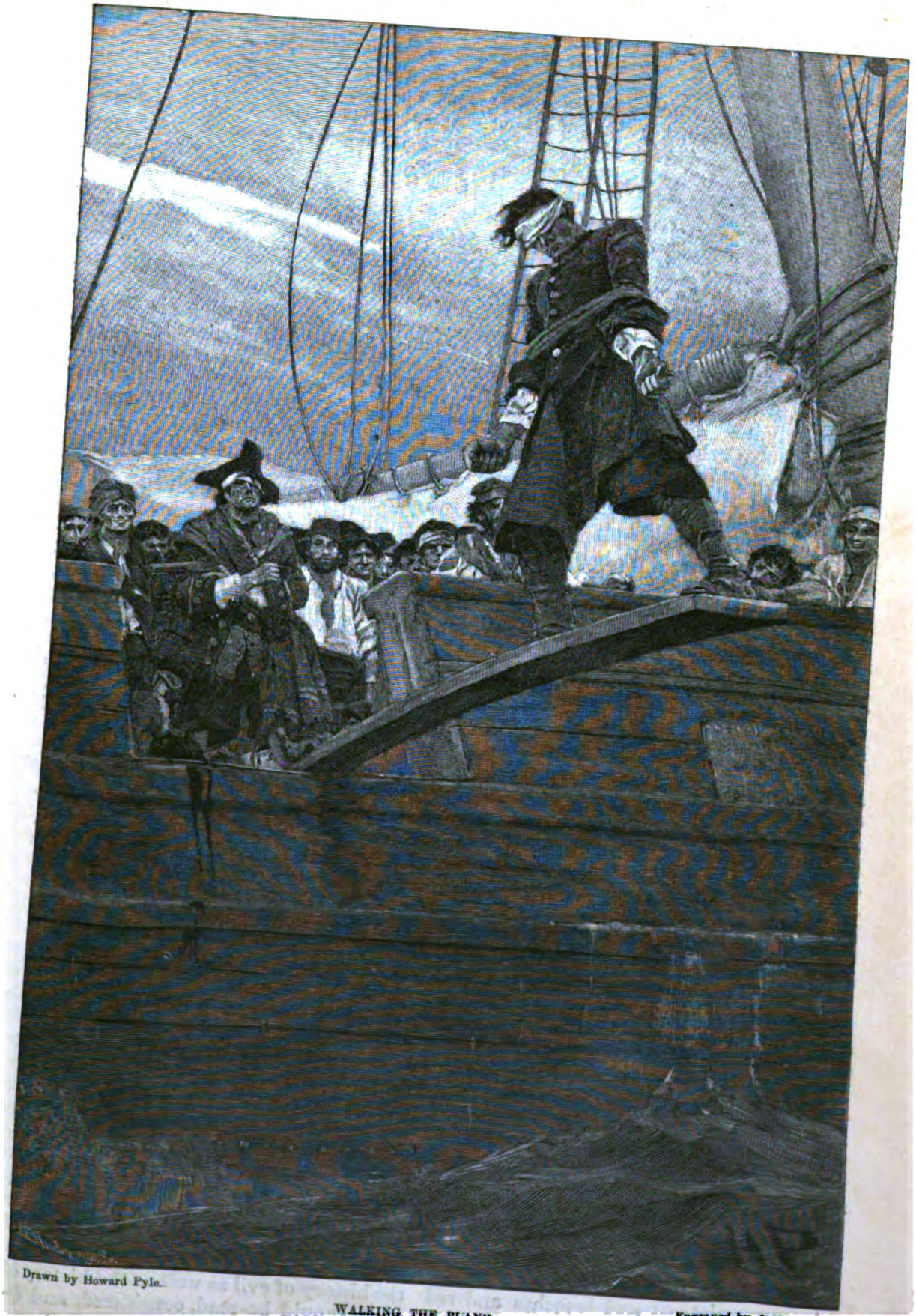
After the next assizes they were strung up, all in a row—evil apples ready for the roasting.

"Ned" England was a fellow of different blood—only he snapped his whip across the back of society over in the East Indies and along the hot shores of Hindostan.

The name of Captain Howel Davis stands high among his fellows. He was the Ulysses of pirates, the beloved not only of Mercury, but of Minerva.

He it was who hoodwinked the captain of a French ship of double the size and strength of his own, and fairly cheated him into the surrender of his craft with-

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

WALKING THE PLANK.

Engraved by Anderson.

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out the firing of a single pistol or the striking of a single blow; he it was who sailed boldly into the port of Gambia, on the coast of Guinea, and under the guns of the castle, proclaiming himself as a merchant trading for slaves.

The cheat was kept up until the fruit of mischief was ripe for the picking; then, when the Governor and the guards of the castle were lulled into entire security, and when Davis's band was scattered about wherever each man could do the most good, it was out pistol, up cutlass, and death if a finger moved. They tied the soldiers back to back, and the Governor to his own arm-chair, and then rifled wherever it pleased them. After that they sailed away, and though they had not made the fortune they had hoped to glean, it was a good snug round sum that they shared amongst them.

Their courage growing high with success, they determined to attempt the island of Del Principe—a prosperous Portuguese settlement on the coast. The plan for taking the place was cleverly laid, and would have succeeded, only that a Portuguese negro among the pirate crew turned traitor and carried the news ashore to the Governor of the fort. Accordingly, the next day, when Captain Davis came ashore, he found there a good strong guard drawn up as though to honor his coming. But after he and those with him were fairly out of their boat, and well away from the water-side, there was a sudden rattle of musketry, a cloud of smoke, and a dull groan or two. Only one man ran out from under that pungent cloud, jumped into the boat, and rowed away; and when it lifted, there lay Captain Davis and his companions all of a heap, like a pile of old clothes.

Captain Bartholomew Roberts was the particular and especial pupil of Davis, and when that worthy met his death so suddenly and so unexpectedly in the unfortunate manner above narrated, he was chosen unanimously as the captain of the fleet, and he was a worthy pupil of a worthy master. Many were the poor fluttering merchant ducks that this sea hawk swooped upon and struck; and cleanly and cleverly were they plucked before his savage clutch loosened its hold upon them.

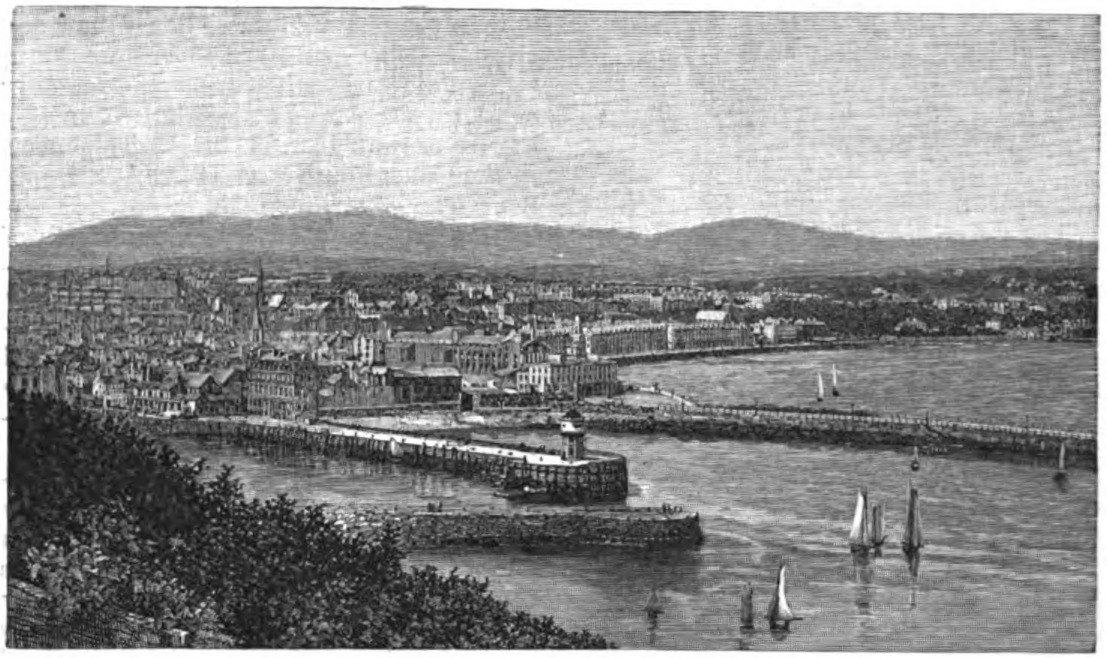
"He made a gallant figure," says the old narrator, "being dressed in a rich crimson waistcoat and breeches and red feather in his hat, a gold chain around his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over his shoulders according to the fashion of the pyrates." Thus he appeared in the last engagement which he fought—that with the *Swallow*—a royal sloop of war. A gallant fight they made of it, those bull-dog pirates, for, finding themselves caught in a trap betwixt the man-of-war and the shore, they determined to bear down upon the king's vessel, fire a slapping broadside into her, and then try to get away, trusting to luck in the doing, and hoping that their enemy might be crippled by their fire.

Captain Roberts himself was the first to fall at the return fire of the *Swallow;* a grapeshot struck him in the neck, and he fell forward across the gun near to which he was standing at the time. A certain fellow named Stevenson, who was at the helm, saw him fall, and thought he was wounded. At the lifting of the arm the body rolled over upon the deck, and the man saw that the captain was dead. "Whereupon," says the old history, "he" (Stevenson) "gushed into tears, and wished that the next shot might be his portion." After their captain's death the pirate crew had no stomach for more fighting; the "Black Roger" was struck, and one and all surrendered to justice and the gallows.

Such is a brief and bald account of the most famous of these pirates. But they are only a few of a long list of notables, such as Captain Martel, Captain Charles Vane—who led the gallant Colonel Rhett, of South Carolina, such a wild-goose-chase in and out among the sluggish creeks and inlets along the coast—Captain John Rackam, and Captain Anstis, Captain Worley, and Evans, and Philips, and others—a score or more of wild fellows whose very names made ship-captains tremble in their shoes in those good old times.

And such is that black chapter of history of the past—an evil chapter, lurid with cruelty and suffering, stained with blood and smoke. Yet it is a written chapter, and it must be read. He who chooses may read betwixt the lines of history this great truth: Evil itself is an instrument toward the shaping of good. Therefore the history of evil as well as the history of good should be read, considered, and digested.

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DOUGLAS, CAPITAL OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

HOME RULE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

HOME rule does exist, after a fashion, in the Isle of Man. The fashion of the fact, and not the rightfulness of the fact itself, is the bone of contention between Irish Nationalist and British Imperialist, Gladstonian and Churchillian. With their measure of home rule the Manx folk seem to be so far satisfied that whatever modifications may be desired are of form, but not of spirit or principle. It works with them in willing subordination to imperial supremacy. They have no representative vote in Parliament, nor do they crave any. "We want nothing of the House of Lords," remarked a typical Manxman. When his people do want something, they know how to utilize the services of a legitimate lobby, and by means of retained legal agents to lay their requests before "my lords of the Privy Council," and the honorable and distinguished members of either House. Informal are at times quite as useful as formal instrumentalities. Acts of the imperial legislature do not affect Man unless it be specially mentioned in them. Content with dependency on the empire, the Manx largely control all local matters, and leave national and international affairs to the management of the government at Westminster.

Home rule is the desideratum of Hibernian nationalists, the favorite or unwelcome topic of discussion among British subjects and American citizens, the crucial test of statesmanship, the *quæstio vexata* on whose decision the destinies of Britain, and even of the Greater Britain, may turn. Will the experiences of *Ellan Vannin Veg Veen* (the dear little island) be of any service in the settlement of this great controversy? *Quien sabe?* Anyhow, they are worth considering.

Some American citizens are of Manx antecedents, and indeed of Manx speech. They at least know that the ancestral isle lies in the middle of the Irish Sea, between 54° and 55° north latitude, and 4° and 5° west longitude, and that England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales may be seen, in clear weather, from the breezy summit of mountainous Snaefell. What further memories of tailless cats and tailless chickens, of samphire pickles and kippered scadden, of *phynnodderee*, *buggane*, and *moddy dhoo* (spirit beings these), of fragrant heather, golden gorse, and blooming fuchsia, they may have, it boots us nothing to

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GOVERNOR WALPOLE.

inquire, albeit very interesting. Steamship lines, available by the curious, connect Mona with the sister lands. About 130,000 statute acres, one authority says, or, to be very particular, like the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 145,325 acres, or about 227 square miles, are embraced within its limits of 33¼ by 12½ linear miles. Small bodies are often least accurately known. Only 17° of temperature differentiate the mean annual winter of 42° from the mean annual summer of 59°. Population increased 13,447, or 33.6 per cent., between 1821 and 1881, but decreased 484 between 1871 and 1881. The popular tendency is to residence in towns. Three of these enlarge their numbers, while the rural districts do not mourn over depletion. In the latter the aboriginal language and literature linger. Manx is said by linguists to be a sub-dialect of the ancient Celtic, and a dialect of the Irish branch to which the Scottish Gaelic belongs. Orthographically but not orthoepically different from other varieties of the old Celtic tongue, it is still spoken in the northwest parishes, and in a few localities on the west coast. Not taught in the schools, and rarely used in the churches, it is slowly dying out. Nearly all the natives converse in English.

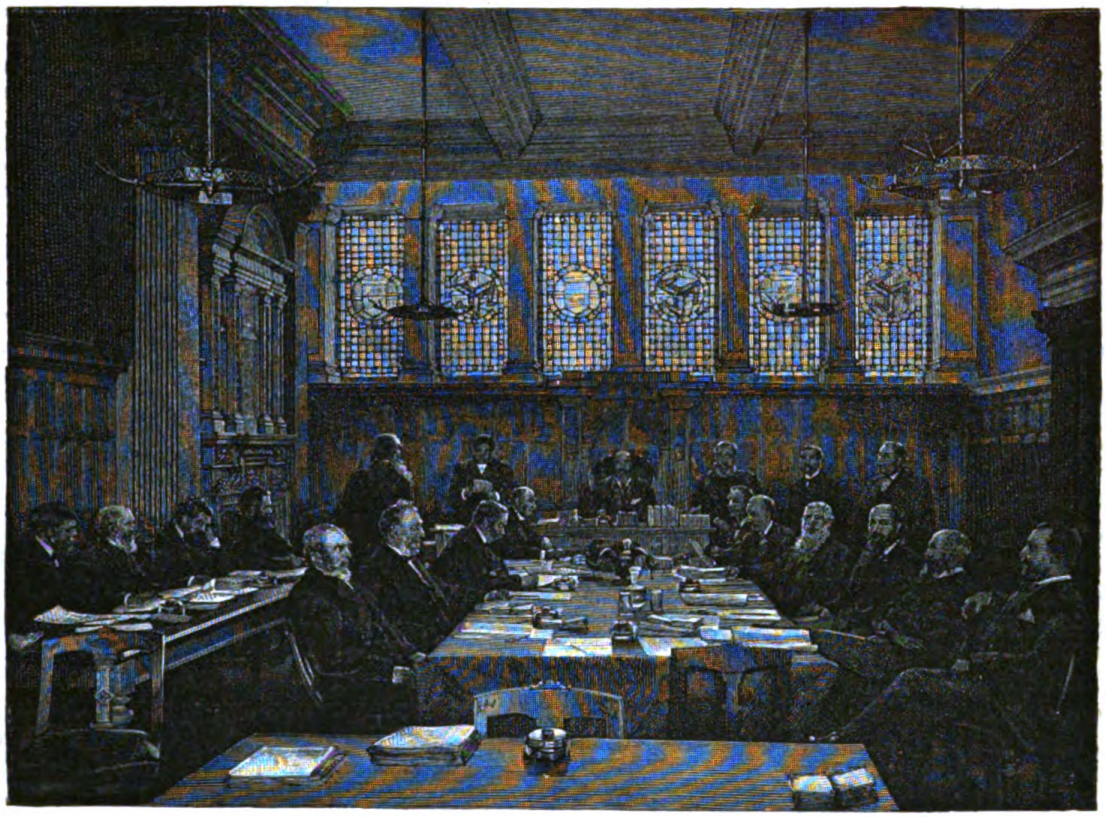
English and Manx have been and still are employed in the discussion of the organization, history, and working of home rule in the Isle of Man. The ruling body consists of the Lieutenant-Governor, Council, and House of Keys, who together constitute the Manx Legislature, locally known as the Tynwald Court. This meets in the Court-house on Athol Street, Douglas. The government buildings, formerly those of the Mona Bank, a branch of the City of Glasgow Bank, are the handsomest on the island. Douglas is not only the chief town, but is also the seat of government. The latter distinction, until late years, appertained to Castletown, the ancient capital, and residence of the Governor.

His Excellency Spencer Walpole, Governor since April 25, 1882, is appointed by the crown — that pleasant fiction which denotes the imperial government—holds office at its pleasure, and enjoys a salary of £1800 and an official residence. He is a curious exemplification of the union of all governmental functions—the legislative, judicial, and administrative—in his own person. This is all right, so long as it satisfies the governed. Constitutions, when satisfactory, are growths, not mechanisms.

The Council, in addition to the Governor, includes the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose salary is about £2000, and who has an episcopal mansion; Attorney-General Sir James Gill, £1000; Clerk of the Rolls, Alured Dumbell, £1000; First Deemster, Sir W. L. Drinkwater, £1000; Second Deemster, John F. Gill, £1000; the Receiver-General and Water-Bailiff, £230; Archdeacon J. C. Moore, £700, glebe, and residence; and Vicar-General Samuel Harris, £500. Acts of the Governor and Council, to be valid, must be the acts of the Governor and at least two members of the Council. All these comfortably paid officials are appointed by the crown; except the vicar-general, who is appointed by the Bishop, and all hold office at the pleasure of the appointing power. The union of church with state, but not the supremacy of the church over the state, is real in this insular and conservative commonwealth.

The House of Keys is composed of twenty-four members: three for each of the six sheadings, or counties, of Glanfaba, Michael, Ayre, Garff, Middle, and Rushen; one for each of the three towns of Ramsey, Castletown, and Peel, and three

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THE HOUSE OF KEYS IN SESSION.

for Douglas. Two government chaplains, salaried at £140 and £100 respectively, pray for them, the other branches of the government, and the adjacent islands. They also expound the doctrine of personal responsibility with as much clearness and force as former legislators, denominated Keys, because so often called upon to unlock or explain the laws and customs to the reigning sovereign or his deputy, expounded the mysteries of an ancient legislation whereof no full authentic records have been preserved. The Keys are elected for seven years; but the Governor may dissolve the House in case of pronounced disagreement with the Council, and then appeal to the country. Property qualification in the shape of insular real estate worth £100 annually, or of similar estate worth £50 and personal estate worth £100 yearly, is required of every member.

Mona moves slowly. Electors must possess property qualification of £10 occupancy or £8 ownership in the sheadings, and of £4 occupancy or ownership in the towns. Spinsters and widows regularly vote on the same terms as the men. Lodger franchise is similarly conditioned. Party lines are not deeply drawn. The Manx do not acknowledge an inexorable necessity of two or more parties, but in severe simplicity are wont to band themselves in committees for the election of candidates selected in view of general fitness for the work of legislation. Voters are registered yearly, and if not on the lists, are debarred from casting their ballots early, or often, or at all. Council and Keys vote separately; a majority of each must concur to pass a measure, and must also sign all bills to be submitted for the royal assent. All members appointed to serve on committees are bound to do so, and particularly in select cases, in which they are empowered to subpœna witnesses, examine them under oath, and compel the production of documents and records. The Governor presides at all sessions of the Council or Court, is entitled to talk without interruption at any time during a debate, and to choke off an irrelevant or repetitious speaker. He answers questions relative to public affairs, directs Council or Keys to retire to their respective Chambers, and adjourns the Court by

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virtue of his prerogative. Strangers may by vote be excluded from any session of the Court except that on the Tynwald Hill. All proceedings are duly recorded, and, as beseemeth the majesty of so great a realm, every member must sit uncovered, and never fail to make an obeisance to the Governor in passing to or from his seat. Conferences between the two branches of the Legislature may or may not end in harmony, but are held to secure it.

All public petitions to the Tynwald Court are required to be in writing, and if in Manx, to be accompanied by an English translation. The expense of taking evidence, translating into Manx, printing, and distributing is imposed upon the promoters of private bills. If these involve the taking of land, as in the instance of gas or water works, rail or tram ways, the most minute instructions must be followed out to insure equity to all parties concerned, and five per cent. of the estimated cost of such undertaking be deposited by the promoters in the Chancery Division of her Majesty's High Court of Justice of the Isle of Man, subject to the law, or to the action of the Tynwald Court. The fees in connection with any bill do not necessarily amount to more than from £7 to £20.

The business of the Court is printed in a paper of *Agenda*, sent to each member at least three days before the commencement of a session. Notices of motions or of questions, duly given, are entered on the Agenda. Unspecified business is considered only by special permission of the Governor. Government affairs take precedence of any other. Rules of debate are similar to those of all free assemblies.

Acts of Tynwald, subjected to examination by law officers of the crown, become laws when they have received the royal assent, and go into operation at once when the fact is certified in writing by the Governor and the Speaker of the Keys. Formerly they did not take legal effect until promulgated from the ancient and famous Tynwald Mount, at St. John's, on the 5th of July—Tynwald Day—of each year, or on the 6th if the 5th happened to fall on Sunday. Special sessions of the Court may be held at the Tynwald Mount, but the annual one on Tynwald Day is that which all loyal Manx folk feel in patriotic duty bound to attend.

The Manx laws retain many of their ancient peculiarities. The general tenure of land is the customary freehold. Its descent follows the same rules as that of the English crown. The right of primogeniture extends to females in default of males in the direct line. Liberal provision is made for widows. By statute of the year 1777 landed proprietors cannot grant leases for more than twenty-one years without consent of the wife. Womanly honor is jealousy protected. In case of its violation the law is, or was, that "the Deemster shall give her" (a single woman) "a rope, a sword, and a ring," and that she "then shall have her choice to hang him with the rope, cut off his head with the sword, or marry him with the ring." The annals of this unique specimen of criminal jurisprudence do not specify the number of times this alternative choice has been exercised, or with what results.

Tynwald Day is a general insular festival. Cronk-y-Keillown, *i. e.*, St. John's Church Hill, or the Tynwald Hill, is about 200 yards from St. John's Church, near the centre of the island, and on the highroad between Douglas and Peel. Around it the Manx people have gathered since 1577 to hear the reading of the laws enacted by the Tynwald Court throughout the previous year. It is said to be formed of earth brought from the seventeen parishes, is 256 feet in circumference, and rises by four concentric circular platforms, each three feet higher than that below, to the level on which the dignitaries stand, while the First Deemster (successor to Druid priest and to the following officials, who, until the fifteenth century, judged according to the unwritten "breast laws," of which they were the depositories), reads in English and then in Manx the titles and side notes of all the recent statutes. Newspapers give the details, and relieve the reader of what once was necessary labor. Seventeen ropes hold taut the canvas shelter from sun and rain, and are fastened to as many rings let into stones at the base of this primitive construction.

Bishop Wilson held this mount to have been the *forum judiciale*, or Hill of Justice. Cumming and other antiquarians regard the name Tynwald, written Tingualla in the *Chronicon Manniæ*, as identical with the Thingwall of Iceland and the Thingvöllr of Denmark, and as derived from the Scandinavian *thing*, a

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VICTORIA STREET, DOUGLAS.

court of justice or popular assembly, and *völlr*, a field or *vold*—a bank or rampart. The courts of the ancient Scandinavians were held in the open air, generally on natural hills or artificial tumuli. The Tynwald Court is the only one adhering to the primitive custom. It is said to have been established in the tenth century by the Icelandic Viking Orry, who conquered Man and the Isles, introduced the legislative House of Keys, divided the island into sheadings or shires, and caused the laws to be committed to writing.

The ceremonies on Tynwald Day begin at 11 A.M., when Governor, Legislature, and citizen magnates celebrate divine worship in the Church of St. John's. This concluded, a procession is formed, headed by three policemen abreast. The six coroners, captains of the seventeen parishes, clergy in file, four high bailiffs, members of the House of Keys, Council, sword-bearer judiciously carrying his Excellency's sword, point upward, the Lieutenant-Governor, his chaplain, and the surgeon to the household, and lastly the chief constables, follow in due and solemn order, through lines of soldiers with presented arms, to their allotted stations. The Glanfaba, who is chief coroner of the island, now "fences" the assembly by warning the multitudinous and joyous spectators against any disturbance.

After the reading of the laws the procession returns to the church, and attests by signature of the Court members present the fact of promulgation. The business accounts of King William's College, the lunatic asylum, and the Highroad Fund are next audited, elections of public committees effected, and the asylum rate fixed. All transactions are usually completed by 1 or 2 P.M.

Judicial organization is of the same quality as that of the Legislature or administration. Simplified by the Judicature Act of 1883, which merged the Chan-

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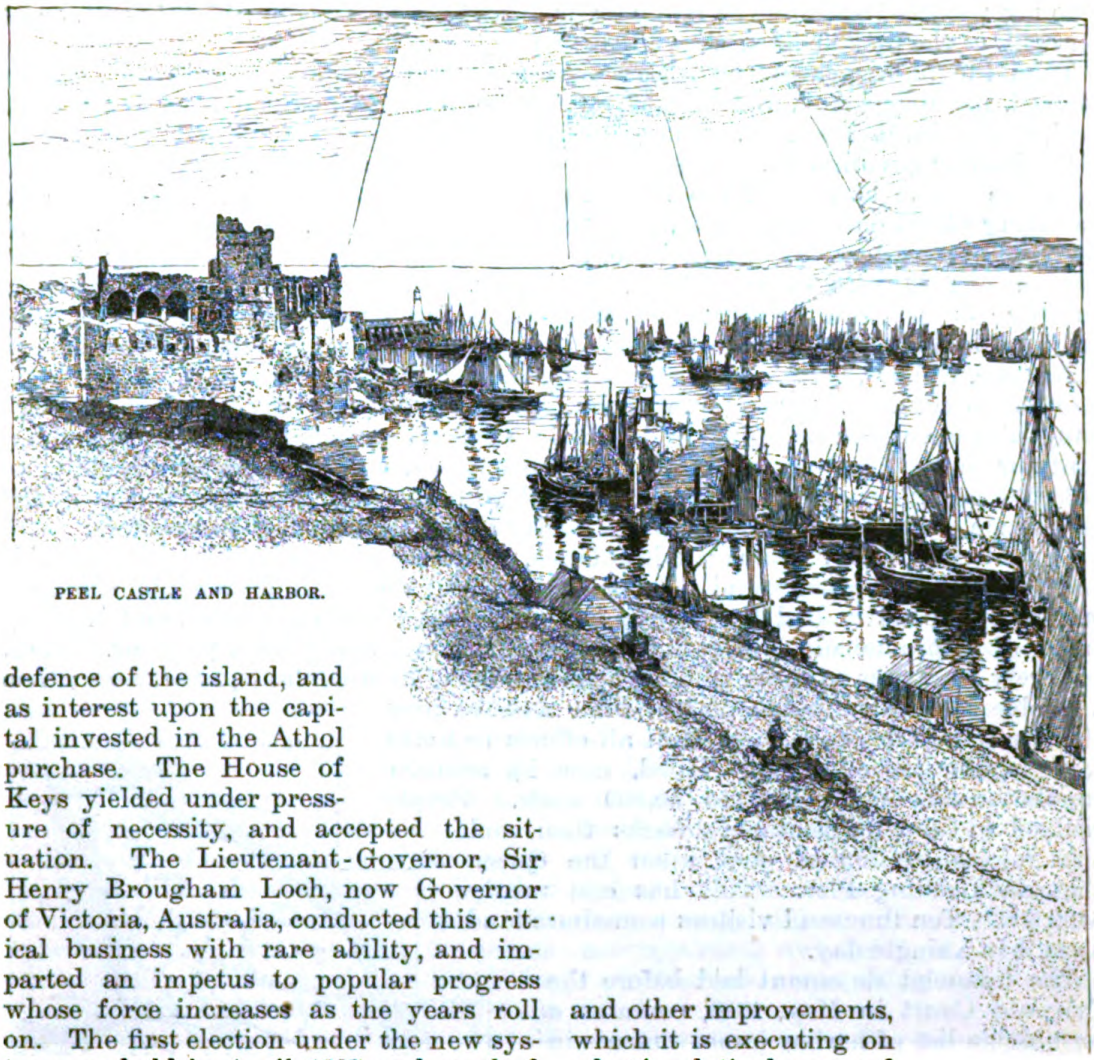
cery, Exchequer, Staff of Government, Common Law, Deemsters, and Admiralty courts into the High Court of Justice, it now consists of the Chancery, Common Law, and Staff of Government divisions. In 1884 the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts in respect to testamentary administration and matrimonial matters was also transferred to the High Court. The Rolls Office is the office of record to the court. Means of justice are certainly abundant, cheap, speedy, and impartial. The Court of General Jail Delivery, ecclesiastical, high bailiff's, justice of the peace, and licensing courts, from most of which appeals may be taken, ought to insure domestic tranquillity, and especially when assisted by thirty-nine gentlemen in the commission of the peace, appointed under the great seal of England, a law society, thirty-nine advocates in practice, twenty notaries public, fifty policemen at a yearly cost of £3500, a detachment of regular troops, and the sufficiently disciplined militia of seventeen parishes, to say nothing of manorial courts with seneschals and stewards, sergeants and parochial officials for "settling quests" of the Lord's and abbey lands and baronies of the island. They do, in fact, succeed so well that criminals are marvellously few. It costs less than £200 a year to board the prisoners, and most of that sum is paid by their enforced labor.

Education insures progress. Every town and parish must have a school committee, which reports to the Board of Education appointed by the Tynwald Court. Imperial inspectors examine schools and teachers, and on their certificates grants in aid are made from the Manx revenue. The total expenditure on account of public education in national, board, denominational, and industrial schools in the last fiscal year was £6045. Religious, moral, conservative, the Manx have always been. Private and public enterprise adds cultured scientific intelligence.

History faithfully records the origin and modifications of the home rule government as it exists in the many-named isle of Druid, Scot, Welsh, Norse, and English rulers. Forty Runic crosses remind of the fierce sea-kings, of whom Orry, in some shape or other, established the House of Keys. The "three legs" device, which is the national emblem, is the work of Alexander of Scotland, in memory of his conquest of 1270. The Stanleys, Lords of Man, remodelled the Legislature and laws of the island. Royalty, manorial rights, revenues, patronage of the bishopric, and fourteen advowsons eventually became the property of the crown by purchase from the Duke of Athol, in 1765 and 1829, at a cost of nearly £490,000. Legislative institutions remained intact until 1865.

Discourtesy of the Keys toward the Douglas Town Commissioners, whom one of them styled "mere tradesmen," in 1864 brought on the political agitation which resulted in the conversion of the House of Keys into a popularly elective body. James Brown, editor and proprietor of the leading journal, *The Isle of Man Times*, commented in severe terms on their action, and was by them adjudged to be guilty of contempt of the House and breach of its privileges. Refusing to purge himself thereof by apology, and thoroughly vindicating his own procedure, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the jail of Castle Rushen, and was there placed among the criminals. The legality of his arrest and imprisonment was speedily tested. The eloquent and forcible letters of his son and successor, John A. Brown, roused the British press to indignant protest, and the Manx public to generous and practical sympathy. The political prisoner was transformed into the popular hero. He and his associates proved that the House of Keys was anciently an elective body, and that its extant self-elective constitution was an innovation and a usurpation of the public rights. The Court of Queen's Bench decided against the Keys, who yielded to the inevitable, and ungraciously released their victim. Mr. Brown received a splendid ovation on his return to Douglas, and in his following suit against the twenty delinquent Keys for damages was awarded the sum of £518 and costs. The people now took up the fight, and petitioned the House of Commons to restore the ancient representative constitution of the Keys. Local circumstances strengthened their demand, and in 1866 the imperial government consented to self-taxation by the island, and the expenditure of the revenue upon necessary harbor works and other improvements, after deducting the cost of collection and insular administration, together with a fixed sum of £10,000 to be annually paid into the imperial exchequer as a return for the military and naval

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PEEL CASTLE AND HARBOR.

defence of the island, and as interest upon the capital invested in the Athol purchase. The House of Keys yielded under pressure of necessity, and accepted the situation. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Brougham Loch, now Governor of Victoria, Australia, conducted this critical business with rare ability, and imparted an impetus to popular progress whose force increases as the years roll on. The first election under the new system was held in April, 1867, and resulted in the return of a conservative majority. Since that epoch political action has been vigorously directed to legal, ecclesiastical, and municipal reforms, and has resulted in the magnificent development of internal resources.

With the working of home rule, as it exists in the Isle of Man, the citizens have just cause to be tolerably content. The ordinary revenue for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1886, was £55,552. The expenditure was £50,308, including £2984 for cost of collection, £16,049 civil list, £2543 harbors, £224 volunteers, £849 public buildings, £6045 education. Interest and sinking fund on debt, etc., £10,375; imperial exchequer, £10,000; and lunatic asylum, £875. The insular government at that date was creditor for £23,000, being the balance of loans advanced from revenue. It also had a surplus of £12,345 at its disposal, and on which, as customary, it could borrow money for harbor and other improvements, which it is executing on what is relatively a grand scale at several different points.

More interesting for many reasons than the Lilliputian republic of San Marino in Italy, or the smaller republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees, the old Norse *Maun* is deservedly a favorite with its own people, and with the variously multitudinous British public. Its death rate in 1880 was 21.9 per 1000; its birth rate, 28.6. Its religious condition is sufficiently exalted to delight the heart of St. Patrick, by whom it was converted to Christianity. The Established Church of England is firmly grounded in the commonwealth, and enjoys some degree of independence, being exempt from the penalty of præmunire. Methodism overshadows it, and flourishes luxuriantly. Other denominations are also represented. Religion is reality to the Manx. Ethics are singularly sensible, and morals superior and severe. Agriculture, by means of English and Scotch farmers,

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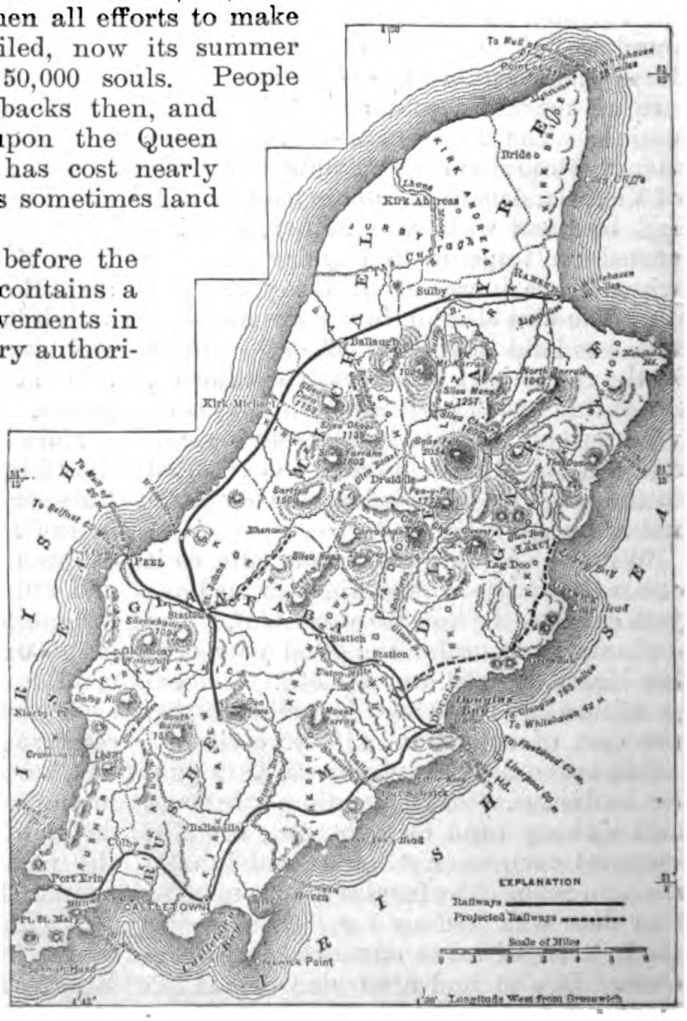
who use sea-weed and lime as manures, is exceedingly creditable: 97,494 acres, or 67 per cent. of the insular area, were cultivated in 1882.

Than the highways of the island none are more excellent. Railroads, single-tracked, narrow-gauged, and worked on the baton system, extend from Douglas to Peel, Port Erin, Ramsey, etc. In one instance construction was assisted by guarantee of the insular government. Mines worked by 1258 miners in six localities are rented from the Queen as lady of the manor, and yielded in 1881 5675 tons of lead ore, including 84,865 ounces of silver, together valued at £76,513. Copper and zinc are also profitably extracted. Fisheries of mackerel, cod, and herring occupied much of the time of 2293 Manx men and boys, navigating 330 vessels, in 1881. Since then the number has increased. Peel alone has about 200 boats, manned by nearly 2000 men and boys, and about £100,000 employed in the herring fishery. The mackerel fishery at Kinsale, Ireland, is mainly prosecuted by about 2000 Manx men.

Of manufactures Man has none whereof to boast. Nearly fifty "limited liability" companies have been organized and gone into operation since 1886. Money is abundant for prosecuting all enterprises. Three banks, with an aggregate capital of £480,000, provide enough for current uses. The Isle of Man Bank for Savings by the magnitude of its deposits evidences the thrifty characteristics of the depositors.

Douglas Bay, with its romantic headlands, crescentic shore, edged by the admirable Loch Parade and background of near houses and distant hills, reminds some observers of the unrivalled Bay of Naples. Douglas has no lazzaroni, and is justly proud of its promenade, breakwater, landing pier, and newly built portions. These it largely attributes to home rule. In 1846 it had 8000 inhabitants, now 18,000; then a ratable annual valuation of less than £40,000, now of more than twice that sum; then all efforts to make it a popular watering-place failed, now its summer population is from 45,000 to 50,000 souls. People disliked to land on boatmen's backs then, and now rejoice to step at once upon the Queen Victoria Landing Pier. This has cost nearly £100,000. Ten thousand visitors sometimes land upon it in a single day.

The financial statement laid before the Tynwald Court in May, 1886, contains a formidable list of harbor improvements in the several towns. The necessary authority to undertake these, if obtained through committees of the House of Commons and the passage of suitable bills, would have cost in each instance several thousand dollars at least, and this after long and tedious delays. Now the requisite powers are readily obtained from the Manx Legislature at a cost of less than five hundred. Taxes for all purposes are less than £1 on every £1000 of real and personal property, and in point of magnitude are in startling contrast with those of Great Britain and Ireland. Those in towns are regulated by public improvements. General rates, for education, etc., do not exceed sevenpence per pound.



THE ISLE OF MAN.

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NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE *émeute* lasted six days. Then came peace and the day of reckoning. La Villette was cowering in its kennel like a whipped hound. Numbers who had been taken fighting on the barricades and in the streets were in prison; but greater numbers still had escaped, and amongst them many of the ringleaders, and these were skulking in holes and corners, nursing their wounds, and dodging the police, who were in hot pursuit of them.

The white cornettes had been the confidantes of the people all through. Every day before dawn wives and mothers were to be seen waiting at the gate of the House, asking for help and shelter for husbands and sons and brothers; "mon homme" had held a barricade for ten hours, and was a dead man if the police caught him; and so on with scores of others.

Marguerite's wish had been disappointed. She had been a martyr only in spirit and in self-sacrifice; but in the eyes of the people she had won the palm branch as fully as if she had shed her blood for them. They had loved her before; they now worshipped her; and Narka, who had been her companion through those terrible days, shared in the prestige that surrounded her. Early on the morning of the seventh day they went out together on their stealthy round of illegal visits of mercy through the district, and it was a fresh wonder to Narka to see how Marguerite rose to the new and strange difficulties of the position. Sometimes she spoke to the culprits in a tone of severe command so amusingly at variance with her little figure and her sweet young face that it raised a smile; but this unconscious air of comedy in no way detracted from the impressiveness of what she said. To those who were expiating their criminal folly in bodily pain, suffering from wounds and from remorse, her compassion was boundless; her voice was full of pity and healing balm, and her smile had a pathos that is seldom seen except on lips that have quivered with pain. As Narka went with her through the reeking slums and tenements, and saw her exorcising the evil spirits, subduing impotent rage to humble penitence, making the haters ashamed of their hate, she bethought her how feeble were her own passionate theories for reforming the world compared to this simple philosophy of love.

They came presently to the door of Antoine Drex's house. Antoine was hiding. He had been recklessly prominent all through the riots, and the police were actively searching for him. The Sisters had brought him food secretly, and Marguerite came to dress his wounds. He had left his own lodging and taken refuge with his old mother in this miserable tenement, recently inhabited by a man who had fallen on a barricade, and whose idiot child was now moaning on its bed with fever, while la mère Drex tried to soothe it.

Narka assisted Marguerite in dressing Antoine's wound; it was a bad one in the head, but not dangerous; then she went to see if the child wanted any help. "Santez! santez!" wailed the little creature, staring at her with mindless eyes, now glittering with the light of fever.

"What is she calling for?" Narka asked.

"She wants me to sing to her," said the old woman: "poor Binard used to sing the child to sleep of a night; a good thing it was for him too; it kept him from the cabaret ever since his wife's death. I can't, *ma petiote*—I can't," she repeated, as the child kept on her monotonous cry: "Santez! santez!"

In the excitement and busy exertions of the last week Narka had forgotten all about her lost voice, but this piteous supplication of the sick child reminded her of it, and smote her with a new regret. With the intense desire there came to her a sudden vivifying inward force, swift and potent as the touch of an electric spring. She cleared her throat and began to warble, first in a soft undertone, as if trying an instrument that she was not sure of, whose strings might snap; but she soon grew reassured, and her voice rose, and gained in volume, and rang out in clear, sweet tones.

Marguerite could hardly believe her ears. It seemed like a miracle—one of

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those miracles of charity that she herself performed day after day in the desolate places. She crushed the sugar noiselessly in the tisane she was preparing for Antoine Drex, and kept murmuring to herself, with a smile: "God is love! God is love!"

Antoine's eyes were fixed on Narka as if she were some visitant from another world. She looked like one, as she sat singing by the poverty-stricken bed, the flush of a pure emotion on her face, a light of joy in her luminous dark eyes.

When the song—a Russian ballad—was ended, the child called out, "Enco'! enco'!" And Narka, stirred by that *encore* as she had never been by the applause of a salon, sang again; this time, in French, Mignon's lament, "Rendez-moi la patrie, ou laissez-moi mourir!" The child grew calmer, and ceased to toss on her pillow; by the time the song was ended she had fallen asleep. La mère Drex lifted up her hands in a gesture of wonderment and admiration. Narka rose and moved softly out of the room after Marguerite. When they were out on the landing, by a common impulse the two friends turned and kissed one another. Their hearts were too full for speech.

On reaching the bottom of the stairs they found that a crowd had assembled before the house. Marguerite at once guessed that the police had tracked Antoine, and stepped bravely forward to meet the enemy.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"Ma sœur," answered a *blouse*, "we wanted to see whether it was you or the Virgin Mary that was singing up there."

"It was neither one nor the other, you silly people!" said Marguerite, intensely relieved; "it was my friend"—pointing to Narka. "Hush!" she cried, seeing they were going to cheer. "There is a sick child up there that has just fallen asleep. Don't wake her!"

Obedient to Sœur Marguerite as usual, they walked on silently, making an escort to her and Narka across the court, and accompanying them to the end of the lane beyond it. Then, as by a common accord, they raised a ringing cheer: "Vive le rossignol! Vive l'amie de la Sœur Marguerite!"

The ovation brought the wild roses into Narka's cheeks, and made her heart swell with a sense of victory unlike anything she had ever felt before.

It had been an exciting morning, and she was very tired as she walked home. On reaching her own door it occurred to her that this was the tenth, the day of the meeting. At this very hour it was in full swing, and Ivan Gorff was wondering why she had neither written nor met him at the trysting-place.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JUST as Narka had shut herself in and sat down to realize the happy fact of her voice's return, the main street of the Place was thrown into excitement by an accident. A cab containing two men was coming quietly up the street, when the horse took fright and rushed blindly on, struck against a cart and fell, overturning the cab. One of the travellers, who was in the act of jumping out, paid for this want of presence of mind by an ugly cut in the head; the other in attempting to follow him had hurt his leg, and lay groaning in the bottom of the overturned cab. Two *gamins* jumped up on the wheel to look in at him.

"It is the Commissary of Police!" cried one of them, turning to the by-standers. His face was a picture; it expressed a keen sense of the humorous side of the situation, with a dread of "catching it" if he were overheard by the still powerful though prostrate functionary. For it was, in truth, no less a person than the mighty Commissary who lay trapped in the upset vehicle, groaning with a sprained ankle like a common man. A crowd had gathered in a moment. No one recognized the man on the pavement, but all shrewdly suspected him to be a police agent come to participate in some important arrest. Anyhow, the pair were after no good. It was clearly a judgment of Providence that had overtaken them, in favor of the poor wretch they were after, and the fun of the thing was delicious. People came from the neighboring shops and volunteered help. The cab was soon set on its wheels.

"I have hurt my foot badly," said the Commissary. "Is there a doctor anywhere near?"

"We are close to the Sisters' House, monsieur," said a workman; "you had better let us take you there while the doctor is fetched." Another cab was called,

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and the two injured men were helped into it and driven off.

Sœur Marguerite was in the dispensary, and saw the cab stop at the gate with its procession of ragamuffins. Presently the two Commissaries were assisted across the court into the House.

In a moment several Sisters were in attendance. The injuries proved more painful than serious, and the Sisters were quite capable of dealing with them without the doctor. As soon as the Commissary's sprain had been attended to, and he was made comfortable on an improvised sofa, with pillows at his back, he asked for writing materials, and wrote a short note. Then beckoning to Marguerite, "Ma sœur," he said, in a confidential tone, "I want you to do a little commission for me. I want you to take a cab and drive to the Préfecture, and ask to see M. le Préfet—you will send in my card—and then give this note into his hands."

"Ah!" Marguerite's look of intense curiosity was irresistible.

"I will tell you what it is about," whispered the Commissary. "I and my colleague came here to arrest a scoundrel named Drex—Antoine Drex; but we have been hindered as you see. Now it is most necessary they should know this at once at the Préfecture, and send on two others to do it, or the fellow may get wind of the matter and slip through our fingers. You understand?"

"Oh yes, monsieur, I understand." Marguerite's heart was thumping so that she wondered the Commissary did not hear it and suspect. "I don't think they would let me see M. le Préfet," she said, turning the letter in her hand; "had I not better say you want some one to be sent up here to you?"

"No, no; that would lose too much time," he said, impatiently. "They will let you in at once when you show my card with that word written on it."

"Is he suspected of anything very bad, this Antoine Drex?" she inquired, with an idea that every minute's delay might help Antoine.

"He is not suspected—he is known to be a dangerous villain. Go, ma sœur; not a word to any one here, but go!"

Marguerite slipped the letter up her sleeve and went out. Once in the street, she stood debating. It was a hard task that was set her. Must she execute it? Poor Antoine! She knew he was more sinned against than sinning. But a voice whispered, "*You are bound to obey the law.*" She heard it; still she hesitated. Suddenly another voice whispered: "Charity is the greatest commandment of all. Charity is the law of God." She agreed with this voice; still she hesitated; but after a moment's delay she glanced quickly, furtively, up and down the street, and then started off in the direction of the Cour des Chats, walking as fast as she dared, and quickening her pace to a run when she turned into the dirty laneway that led into it. Antoine was sitting as she had left him, only smoking a pipe. His mother had gone out to the *lavoir;* the idiot child, lulled to rest by Narka's song, was still fast asleep.

Marguerite closed the door, and then, dropping her voice, "Antoine," she said, "the police are in pursuit of you. The Commissary was on his way here when he met with an accident; he is now at the House, resting, and I am going to the Préfecture with this letter from him desiring some one to be sent to arrest you."

Without waiting to see the effect of her information, she turned quickly away, and closed the door after her.

An hour later two police officers drove up to the entrance of the Cour des Chats, and crossed over to the house where Antoine was lodging. They went up and knocked at the door, guided by the instructions contained in the Commissary's letter. Some one said, "Come in." But on opening the door they found, instead of Antoine Drex, Sœur Marguerite, knitting by the window.

"Pardon, ma sœur," said one of the agents, taking off his hat; "we are looking for Antoine Drex. We have come to arrest him."

Marguerite's heart was beating like a hammer on an anvil, but she looked at him, and said, composedly, "You had better go to the House and tell M. le Commissaire that you found me here in place of Antoine Drex."

The two police-officers looked at her as if they doubted her sanity. Presently they began to understand. They were young, they were brave, they had hearts of men.

"Ma sœur, I have the honor to salute you," said one of them.

They both bowed and walked out of the room, and she heard the sound of smothered laughter on the stairs.

But there remained now the Commis-

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sary to face. Marguerite knew there would be no sympathetic laughter there. The Commissary, indeed, flew into a great rage when he heard the trick that had been played him, and sent for the Superior, and whipped Marguerite on her unoffending back; he threatened to denounce the community as accomplices of all the rebels and rascals of the district, to have the House shut up, etc., etc.

Marguerite meantime had followed the agents to the House, and walked bravely in to receive her reward. She was very frightened, but she did not show it, and this assumption of coolness made matters worse.

"So, ma sœur, this is how you respect the law!" cried the angry Commissary; "before you went to the Préfecture you gave that scoundrel a hint to skedaddle."

"Monsieur le Commissaire, I am incapable of anything so mean," replied Marguerite; "I told him plainly that I was going to the Préfecture with a message from you for his arrest."

"And you are not ashamed of helping a blackguard like that to evade the law?"

"Antoine Drex is not a blackguard, Monsieur le Commissaire. He is an honest man; he has been very unhappy; he was cruelly and unjustly treated, and he is exasperated. He was falsely accused of murdering his drunken wife, and kept ten months in prison with thieves and homicides before he was put on his trial and acquitted. He came out of prison with his health broken and his heart maddened, and he has never got back into his right heart since. The injustice and cruelty of the law turned him into a rebel. And so it would have done you or me, M. le Commissaire."

"I'll tell you what," said the Commissary, "I will report you to the Minister as a rebel more dangerous than a score of Antoine Drexes." He was furious; but as he vented his fury something in her young face, an expression at once timid and dauntless, reproachful and beseeching, went to his heart. He turned away with an angry grunt, and remained silent, while Marguerite picked up and replaced at his back the pillow that, in his agitation, he had sent rolling to the floor.

A cab was now waiting to take him and his colleague away. Before he left he spoke civilly to Sœur Jeanne, and told her to look after Sœur Marguerite, and see that she played no tricks with the law in future, for she might fall next time on some one who would be less ready to overlook her misdemeanors than he was.

Sœur Jeanne scolded Marguerite; but the community had a merry time of it at recreation that evening, nor were they to be checked in their fun over the Commissary's misadventure and the sorry figure he made in his official discomfiture by Sœur Jeanne's attempt to frown and look aggrieved.

Narka had heard nothing of the event, not having left home since she had parted from Marguerite. At ten o'clock that night she was a little startled by some one knocking at her door. She supposed it was the concierge with a letter; but before opening she asked who was there.

A voice that she did not recognize answered, "A friend of Sœur Marguerite."

Narka drew back the bolt. She did not know what fear was, but she was conscious of an unpleasant sensation when she beheld a huge man, with his head and shoulders concealed by a shawl, step quickly in and close the door behind him. He threw back the shawl, and Narka recognized Antoine Drex. He told her what had happened, and how he had been hiding in a wood-yard all the afternoon and evening, and now implored her to shelter him till morning and give him some food. She fetched him bread and wine and some cold meat, and he rolled an arm-chair into the little kitchen, which was the only addition to the salon bedroom in her apartment. But Antoine declared he was lodged like a préfet.

Narka was glad to harbor a hunted fellow-creature, to give sanctuary to a victim of that long-armed and cruel tyrant, the law. Very likely Antoine was deep-dyed in plots against the government; but Narka was not the one to think worse of any man for that. Every political criminal was dear to her for Basil's sake. Nevertheless, though she was glad to open her door to Drex, she felt that in doing so she was incurring a great personal risk, and if Antoine rested easily, she did not. All night long she lay awake, listening to every sound; a dog that barked, a cart that rumbled, made her start. She was up before Antoine gave signs of stirring. Then she prepared some food for him, and, with his shawl drawn round him, he stole out in the early morn, and went down to the House just as the gate was opened.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

NARKA never gave a thought to the possible consequences to herself, from the moment she saw Antoine Drex safe out of her house; but the event had excited her extraordinarily. She forgot that his coming to her for shelter was the natural enough result of her visit to him with Marguerite in the morning, and she magnified the incident into a portent. She must be destined to play some part in this great revolutionary drama that was being enacted all over Europe, or else why did these chances pursue her? Some event was at hand, she said to herself, some great event in which a rôle was surely reserved to her by fate or by Providence.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" she said to Marguerite, when they met that afternoon.

"Certainly!" was the emphatic rejoinder; "I believe them to be a sign of indigestion." Marguerite knew that Narka was morbidly fanciful at all times. and she made a point of snubbing her fancies. Just now she seemed *exaltée* and overwrought.

Nothing occurred during the day to justify Narka's presentiments, but at about ten o'clock that night she was again startled by a visitor. This time it was a ring, a very light ring, but to her imagination, on the watch for signs and portents, it sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness. Could it be Antoine come back? Marguerite had said they would shelter him at the House until he could get away to Calvados, his native place. Narka went to the door and asked who was there.

A voice answered in Russian, "It is I, Narka."

Her heart gave a great leap, a low cry rose to her lips, the bolt flew back—she never knew how—and then she was in Basil Zorokoff's arms. For one long moment life seemed over; she was conscious of nothing but the wild rapture of possessing him; his strong arms were clasping her, his cheek was pressed against hers. Was it some sweet madness, or was she in heaven?

"Are we alone?" he whispered, raising his head and glancing round the dimly lighted room, while he relaxed his hold of her.

"Yes, quite alone. Oh, Basil, is it you, or am I dreaming?"

She trembled and clung to him as if she was afraid he would escape if she let him go. He drew her to the little couch, and they sat down together.

"I frightened you," he said, laughing. "I ought to have given you warning, and not come down on you like a thunder-bolt; but there was no time, unless I telegraphed on the road, and that would have been a risk."

"I am not a bit frightened, only beside myself with joy. Oh, Basil! Basil! my love! my love!" She looked up into his face, sobbing for happiness.

He bent down and kissed her tenderly. She could see that he was aged; but he was grander and handsomer than ever.

"Where have you come from?" she said; "have you escaped, or did the Prince consent to your coming away?"

"Consent?" Basil threw back his head with the gesture she remembered so well. "I escaped in disguise by the same train that took him to Berlin in attendance on the Emperor, who is gone to visit his brother Kaiser."

"Then he does not know that you have escaped?"

"He knows it by this time, and he is on his knees, tearing his hair, and swearing by St. Nicholas that Basil Zorokoff is the greatest wretch under heaven. Oh! it is a fine thing to be a loyal subject, and hate one's own flesh and blood for love of the Emperor."

"When did you get here?" asked Narka.

"An hour ago. I have come on here from the train."

"Then you have not seen Sibyl? You did not know she is in town?"

"I did know it; but I came straight to you."

"My own, my own—" She locked her arms round his throat, and let her head drop on his breast. "You came first to me!"

"Of course I came first to you. Let me look at you." He put his hand under her chin, and held up her face so that the light from the shaded lamp fell upon it. "My poor Narka," he said, gazing at her with great tenderness, and then kissing her, "you are grown thinner, but you are as beautiful as ever. And in spite of all you have gone through—the prison—" He felt her shudder in his arms, and she nestled closer to him.

"Don't let us talk of that," she said, in

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a low voice; "it is all past, and we are together. I want to hear about you. Tell me everything; tell me all that has happened since we parted. Remember how little I know—only hints from Sibyl in her letters first, and since then stray news of you through Ivan Gorff. Tell me the story yourself now."

And Basil, with his arm round her, and her hands locked about his neck, told it rapidly, passing lightly over all that was too painful and humiliating, so as not to lacerate her loving heart, but enlarging complacently on the work he had done, the results he had achieved, the brilliant hopes he cherished. Narka saw with pride that he had ripened greatly during the interval of their separation; his mind had gained in shrewdness and insight, his faculties had evidently grown in power of concentration; she was amazed at the vigor and quickness with which he summed up the situation, weighed chances, forecast probabilities, and arrived at practical conclusions. It was clear that he had thrown his whole soul and his whole energies into the service of patriotism. He looked a patriot and a hero every inch, so strong and straight and bold in his manly beauty—a lover for a queen to be proud of. And Narka was proud of him; her heart swelled with pride in him, she admired him more than she had ever done, and she loved him with her whole soul. And yet—she was conscious of a disappointment somewhere. It was noble in him to be absorbed in this grand impersonal object, to have cast away, for the sake of serving his oppressed fellow-countrymen, all the pleasures that his youth and rank might have claimed; she admired and applauded the nobleness that this choice evinced, and yet there was a vague disappointment somewhere. Schenk's cruel words recurred to her with a sting that even the joy of Basil's presence could not allay. "He does not love you; he only loves his ambition. If he marries you, it will be from a sense of honor." Yet Basil was her affianced lover, and she was beautiful, and he had come to her before he went to the sister whom he loved so dearly. How could she doubt but that he loved her best? If only he had lingered a little longer on the joy of their meeting, and then entered eagerly on the question of their approaching marriage!

"And Sibyl?" he said; "she has been true to you?"

"In what sense true? Does she know of our engagement?"

"I took for granted she did."

"She never let me suspect it if she did. And, dear Basil, I am afraid she will resent our marriage as bitterly as the Prince."

"I hope not, when she knows the whole truth—when I tell her how dear you are to me, and how much I owe you. I hope to win her consent without great difficulty. She will be so glad to see me, it will be easier to persuade her."

Narka's heart sank a little. Was Sibyl's consent, then, essential?

"You see," Basil went on, "we are still in my father's power. I am absolutely penniless if he does not relent, and I could not ask you to marry a beggar. I have brought trouble enough already on you, God knows, without that."

"Oh, but I am going to make our fortune," Narka said, with a sudden thrill of exultation. And she told him of Zampa's offer, and the splendid career that was ready waiting for her.

"And I am to live in idleness while you work?" Basil said, with a laugh; and he caressed her.

"You will be working for the great cause, while I work for bread. Don't you love me well enough to eat my bread?" She drew herself up, and keeping one hand round his neck, she laid the other upon his breast. "Say, Basil, do you love me well enough to eat my bread?"

He took her hand and kissed it, and held it clasped. "The husband ought to work for the wife," he said, "not the wife for the husband."

"That is the philosophy of pride and of your aristocratic traditions. A patriot should be above such prejudice. Marguerite was glad when she heard this chance of helping you was in store for me."

"Marguerite! Ah! how is she?" There was a tender cadence in his voice as he said the name; it struck cold on Narka's heart.

"She is very well. I see her every day."

"Does she seem happy?"

"She is perfectly happy. She loves her vocation."

"Ah! That vocation is a wonderful thing. But she was an angel always—Marguerite."

Nobody knew this better than Narka, yet to hear Basil say it, and pronounce

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Marguerite's name in that soft undertone, burned her like the sting of a wasp.

"Good heavens! is that midnight?" he exclaimed, as the little clock on the mantel struck the hour. "How the time has sped! I have kept you up so late, dearest. I have not slept myself for four nights."

He made a movement to rise, but Narka clung and nestled to him.

"Must you go?" she said, rubbing her cheek against his coat caressingly. "Tell me about Sibyl: will she be very angry with you for coming to me first?"

"I don't mean to tell her. I sha'n't say I have seen you."

"Ah! Yet it would be as good a way as any of breaking the truth to her?"

"I could not begin by vexing her and making her jealous. She has been the best of sisters to me always. No one has ever loved me better than Sibyl, except you, my Narka."

The words were sweet, and tenderly spoken; but he might have pressed her to his heart, Narka thought, for his arm was round her. The next moment she mocked at herself for this ingenuity of self-torture. He had flown to her first; he had proved by this that she was his chief, his first object. Why could not she rest on that and be content, and silence these promptings of sick jealousy? It was natural as well as generous and unselfish in him to consider Sibyl, and Narka admired the large-hearted love that embraced every claim so faithfully.

"When shall I see you again, darling?" she said, as he gently unwound her arms and stood up.

"I will come as early as I can to-morrow," he replied, "unless Sibyl sends for you to come and meet me at her house."

"Oh no, not that!" said Narka, shrinking. "I could not go through the comedy of a first meeting before Sibyl!"

"That is true. Then I will come here and fetch you, and we will go back to her together."

She went out with him to the dark entry. At the outer door he turned once more and folded her in a close embrace. As he released her he whispered, "When you see Marguerite you may tell her I am here. She will be glad to know that I am safe."

"Yes, I will tell her," Narka replied. It was kind and natural that he should think of sending a message to Marguerite.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NARKA was up before the earliest bell. When she looked round her it seemed wonderful that nothing was changed in the shabby room; that last night's vision had not left some visible trail of light or beauty behind it.

"My love! my love! did I dream that you were here, that you held me in your arms and kissed me? My own! my own!"

She struck her hands together, and laughed out loud for joy. The little morning duties were quickly performed, the frugal meal made ready and partaken of; then she dressed herself with care, inspired by the coquetry of love, and made the room as pretty as she could, arranging the flowers she had bought of a poor woman at the door, placing the books to the best advantage on the table, moving and changing everything, as if the magic of love's touch must improve the homely furniture. Then she sat down to the piano, and began to warble and trill with the full-throated rapture of a thrush in spring. She fancied Basil listening to her; she fancied herself bringing down La Scala in thunders of applause, and gathering up gold in bushels and pouring it out at his feet; she saw herself ministering to his wants, making his home bright and beautiful, and setting him free to work with a liberated mind in the great cause he had espoused. Suddenly, in the midst of her dreams, she remembered that her music might drown the sound of his ring, and she came away from the piano and moved about, changing the chairs and the books again, and smiling at everything, and humming for very inability to check the joy that was overflowing in her. At last the bell sounded. She flew to the door. But it was not Basil; it was Madame Blaquette. The landlady put her finger to her lips, glided quickly in, closed the door, and then, dropping her voice to a guilty whisper, "Dear young lady," she said, "can I speak in the strictest privacy?"

"Certainly, Madame Blaquette," replied Narka, in a high, cheerful tone; she was in a mood to enjoy the landlady's harmless little fancies.

"I have come to warn you of a great peril," whispered Madame Blaquette, squeezing Narka's arm: "the police have got notice that you have political papers here, and they are coming up to search

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your place. Burn or hide whatever you have; but be quick; there is no time to lose!"

Narka could hardly trust her senses. Was this a delusion like the panic about the sewing-machine? Still, she *had* those papers. "Who told you the police were coming here?" she asked, in sudden alarm.

"Dr. Schenk. He met me the other side of the Place, and sent me back to warn you. But make haste, or it will be too late."

Narka's mistrust vanished at the mention of Schenk's name. She looked round her like a trapped creature seeking for some way of escape. There was none; there was no fire where she could burn the papers; there was not a hole or corner in the narrow space where they would be safe from the lynx eyes of the police for ten minutes.

"I will take the papers and run down to the Sisters," she said.

"Dear young lady, the police will meet you. They are coming up the street."

"Then I am lost!" cried Narka, clasping her forehead with both hands. There was a sound of men's footsteps in the entry. "Come," she said; and seizing Madame Blaquette by the wrist, she drew her over to the alcove, dragged a box from under the bed, unlocked it, and took out the ivory casket which contained the papers and Basil's articles, and thrusting it into the landlady's hands, "There! hide it under your shawl, and take it down to Sœur Marguerite for me." There was a ring at the door. "Oh, my God! there they are!" she cried, turning white to the lips.

"There is a back way, if I can get out through the kitchen window," said Madame Blaquette. "Bring a chair."

They hurried to the kitchen. Narka threw open the window, let down a chair, helped the agitated landlady to step on it, and then drew up the chair and shut the window, and went back into the room. The bell rang a second time. Narka, trembling in her strong young limbs like a whipped hound, walked to the door and opened it.

"Oh, Marguerite, it is you! Come in quick," she cried, breathlessly. And she told her in a few hurried words what had just happened.

"And she is gone down with the box to me?" said Marguerite; "then I must hurry home and be there to meet her."

Narka would have been thankful to have the support of her presence when the police came; but it was all-important to get the casket into safe-keeping, so she did not detain her. Marguerite was not surprised on reaching the House to find that Madame Blaquette had not yet arrived: the back way made a great round, and the old lady might linger to make sure of avoiding the police. The dispensary window commanded the court; Marguerite went in there, so as to see her the moment she arrived. But ten minutes passed, then twenty, and Madame Blaquette did not appear. Could she have been seen escaping from the window and followed and arrested? This was highly improbable; still, when half an hour passed, Marguerite grew nervous. There was no one to consult. All the Sisters were absent on their rounds, or engaged in the schools. Suddenly the sound of a light hammer fell on her ear. She opened a door off the dispensary; it was a closet into which they had smuggled Antoine Drex. He was cobbling an old boot, nailing a sole to it. Antoine was safe as a tombstone, and cunning as a rat; he knew the police, and he knew every turn of the lanes and courts through which Madame Blaquette had to pass. Marguerite told him what had happened.

"Most likely she's hiding till she makes sure those *vermine* are out of the way," said Antoine. "Keep your eye on the gate, ma sœur; old Blaque will turn up." He nodded, and went on with his job; but he knit his brow with a scowl.

"Take care you don't stay too long at that, Antoine," said Marguerite; "the blood might go to your head and bring on congestion."

"Oh! I'm all right, ma sœur," he replied, nodding confidentially.

Marguerite felt a little reassured. She went back into the dispensary and kept her watch on the gate; but when an hour went by, and there was no sign of Madame Blaquette, she could bear it no longer. The suspense was intolerable. She resolved to go back to Narka and see what had happened there, at any rate. She opened the door of the closet to tell Antoine she was going, but to her surprise the place was empty. Where and how had he gone off? She remembered there was a way out by the garden, but he must have got out of the window; and why on earth had he done this? He was to have made his escape that evening, travelling

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in a wine wagon till he got to Caen, when he was to be rolled off the truck, and to make his way on foot to St. Aubin, his native village. It seemed to Marguerite that everybody was on the wrong tack to-day. She walked quickly on to Narka's. Her hand shook as she pulled the bell, and she uttered an exclamation of relief when Narka appeared.

"Well?"

"There has been nobody. I begin to think Madame Blaquette imagined the whole thing."

"But the box? What has she done with it?"

"The box? Hasn't she taken it to you?"

"No; she has never been near me."

Narka turned deadly pale. A horrible suspicion flashed through both their minds. "Oh, my God! it was a trap," said Narka; "it was a trap set for Basil. They saw him here last night."

The scared expression on Marguerite's face reminded Narka that she had not told her about Basil's arrival.

"Oh, darling!" she said, "we have not had a moment to breathe, or I should have told you Basil has escaped; he is here in Paris. He came to see me last night; and I was expecting him again this morning when that dreadful woman came."

"Basil is here!" Marguerite repeated, in blank amazement.

"Yes; he came late, about ten o'clock, and staid till midnight; I watched him across the Place; there was not a soul about; but those blood-hounds must have tracked him!" She wrung her hands in misery.

They stood silent, both their hearts beating with terror.

"Do you know at all what those papers contained?" Marguerite asked, under her breath.

"I fancy they were a political programme, or something of that sort, drawn up by a man who is dead since, Ivan Gorff told me. But then there were those articles in Basil's own handwriting. Oh!"

Marguerite did not know what articles she was talking about; Narka had never told her of those translations, or of the meeting.

"Narka," she said, laying her hand on the girl's arm, "do you think there was a confession in them? About Father Christopher?"

"I don't think so; but I don't know. Oh, Marguerite, what is to be done?"

"Where is Basil staying?" asked Marguerite.

"I don't know; I never thought of asking him. But Sibyl will know; he is most likely with her now, if— Oh, my God! I feel half mad!" She put her hand to her forehead, and dropped into a seat.

"We don't know yet whether he is caught," said Marguerite, "or even likely to be caught; don't let us jump at the worst conclusion in a minute. The whole thing may be a silly scare of that old goose Blaquette's invention."

"But she said Schenk sent her to warn me. How could she have known I had papers unless he or some one told her?"

There was no denying this.

"Well, you can't sit here waiting to be arrested," said Marguerite. "Put on your bonnet, and go round by the back way, and take refuge with Madame Drex. And this evening you can steal down to us."

Narka heaved a great sigh, but she did not move.

"Dear Narka, for Basil's sake don't lose heart," Marguerite entreated. "Get up and go, and I will hurry off to Sibyl."

"Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl!" Narka cried, in an accent of poignant pain.

"Go!" Marguerite persisted, trying to make her rise. Narka seemed incapable either of resisting or deciding. She rose passively, and let Marguerite help on her bonnet and cloak.

"Let me see you safe out by the window before I go," said Marguerite.

But Narka, roused at last to some realization of her position and of the necessity of the moment, said that she must put away some few things and lock her drawers. This was reasonable enough, and Marguerite, seeing that she had recovered her presence of mind, was satisfied to leave her behind and hurry off on her own mission. They stood at the door together. Narka took her in her arms and kissed her, a long, loving kiss.

"God bless you, Marguerite! You are God's providence to me always."

She opened the door to let her out. As she did so, two men stood outside. One was the Commissary of Police. He laid his hand on Narka's shoulder and said, "I arrest you in the name of the Emperor!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TONY, THE MAID.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

MISTRESS AND MAID MEET.

TO this day Miss Aurelia Vanderpool does not know exactly what happened, it was all so very sudden. Then Tony never explained. The episode, as related by Miss Aurelia to her uncle John in her habitually flurried but conscientious manner, was approximately as follows:

She was coming up from the reading-room at half past ten that morning—that is, she thought that it was about half past ten; but it might have been a very little less, say twenty-six or twenty-seven minutes past.

At this point Uncle John began to fidget on his chair, whereupon Miss Aurelia hurriedly resumed her main narrative.

She was coming up, and in the corridor she had been speaking with the head waiter, who was always so civil, and had such distinguished manners, like a diplomatic person—didn't Uncle John think so?—and they were discussing whether the cloud over Pilatus did or did not mean rain, which led her to consider, as she came up the stairs, whether she should or should not change her shoes; and to the best of her recollection she hadn't another idea in her head.

Uncle John's face expressed unflattering confidence in the accuracy of this last statement.

When suddenly the door of the corner room on the right burst open, and she saw —what she saw she could not exactly say —and heard—what she heard she felt equally unable to affirm, for she should be grieved indeed to do any one, even a perfect stranger, injustice, and she could not reconcile it with her conscience to relate as a fact what the suddenness and her surprise might have caused her to completely misinterpret; and Uncle John knew that anything sudden was apt to confuse her, and to produce too powerful an impression for—

Here Mr. John Vanderpool rattled his newspaper and interposed:

"Never mind your conscience, Aurelia. Just tell your story, can't you? The facts, my dear, the facts."

She sighed profoundly. "That is the trouble, uncle; I am not sure that they are facts."

"Well, then, the probable, possible, to be taken with all caution, highest attenuation of the facts."

With an air of abject self-reproach she continued:

"I had just reached the landing when the door opposite flew open, and there was the countess, uncle, looking more corpulent and loosely put together than ever, in a white wrapper or a toilet sacque—it was all so sudden, I cannot say which—but this I know, positively, Uncle John, it was trimmed with Cluny; and it was big and white and loose and flying in every direction; and she exclaimed something in German too fast for me to understand; at least, that is my impression; and she had a great ivory hair-brush in her upraised hand, and stood between me and the light; and, oh, uncle, there was a movement and there was a sound, and the little maid came spinning—I think I may literally say spinning—over the threshold; and the door slammed, and the little maid picked herself up—she had been flung or pushed or had fallen on one knee—and there I stood and looked at her; and there she stood and looked at me."

Miss Aurelia paused, overcome with horror and her struggle with her conscience.

"Bravo, Aurelia! Go on! go on!"

"How can you laugh, uncle?" she gasped. "It is so terrible!"

"My dear," rejoined Mr. Vanderpool, unfeelingly, "it is the only interesting thing I have ever known to happen in Lucerne. Your impressions are perfect. What next?"

She gave him a pathetic look, as if she were being led sadly astray, and went on, mournfully:

"As soon as I had recovered my presence of mind—for, indeed, uncle, whatever the circumstances really may have been, I felt as if the skies had fallen—I said to the little maid: 'Are you hurt? Can I do anything for you?' I suppose I looked agitated."

"I presume there can be no reasonable doubt of that, my dear."

"At all events, the little maid—the

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whole side of her face was red, uncle—answered me in her nice, cheery, civil, comforting little way, as if nothing unusual had happened—and that is what makes me feel almost as if I had imagined it all, Uncle John, and as if that dishevelled, angry creature, in voluminous loose raiment, were but a kind of dreadful vision—and the little maid said, would I please excuse her for stumbling so awkwardly and startling me. Then she found my key, which, owing to my excitement, I had lost, and picked up my handkerchief, which I had accidentally dropped, and also my eye-glasses which had fallen, and opened my door for me, and led me to the sofa, and poured out a glass of water, and I drank it and felt better, her manner was so exceedingly sympathetic and trustworthy. But why you laugh, uncle, I cannot imagine. Surely the whole affair is most painful, and not in the least funny."

"And then?" he asked, with a chuckle.

"And then she left me, and I read Matthew Arnold to compose my nerves. An hour later she came back and asked me, in the most natural way in the world, if I didn't want a maid. And that is what I wish to say to you, Uncle John. Of course it is very, very sudden, and requires a great deal of careful thought, and I impressed it upon her that it was impossible for me to consider it for an instant until I had consulted you; and I begged her to fully understand that she was to build no real hopes upon the probability; still I have resolved to go as far as this—that is to say, if you see no objection—I should like to try her, Uncle John; I really think I should."

He gazed meditatively at his niece, whose whole gentle being seemed to quiver with a kind of latent apology to the whole world for the mistake she had made, for the mistake which she feared she was about to make; above all, abject apology to her own insatiable conscience, which tyrannized over her innocent life with Juggernaut rapacity.

"I wonder that we have never thought of this before. I wonder that we have waited for a maid to be literally flung at your head. Why, if you had one, I could leave you with a clear conscience."

"Then you really wouldn't mind?"

"Mind? Bless my soul, if the girl is a decent and honest body, I shall receive her with open arms. Figuratively, my dear, figuratively. The truth is, Aurelia, Lucerne will be the death of me soon. There's absolutely nothing for a man to do in Lucerne but to increase in body and decrease in mind. I believe I've gained three-quarters of an inch since last week." Mr. Vanderpool looked ruefully at his waistcoat. "I don't pretend to know why being bored should make a man stout, but staring at that moribund fossil of a lion has always had that effect upon me. At all events, the sooner I'm off for Marienbad the better. And I advise you to stay here and look at the lion as long as you like, Aurelia. You, at least, are not threatened with apoplexy."

"I have thought that I should like to go to Constance a little later, uncle. I've heard it was so pleasant and quiet."

"Quieter than Lucerne?" he returned, with a groan. "Well, never mind. Go where you like. The maid is a good idea, a capital idea. If she's an honest girl, nothing could be better. What's her name, by-the-way?"

Miss Aurelia fluttered with pleasure at his interest in her scheme. "Antoninia," she replied.

Again he threw back his head and laughed.

"It seems to be a very good name," she remarked, deprecatingly, perplexed by his mirth.

"Excellent, excellent. But isn't it too grand for common use? It's such a mouthful, you know. Then the two of you together—Aurelia and Antoninia! Isn't it too imposing for the way we travel? Doesn't it suggest triumphal processions and an S.P.Q.R. pomp?"

Miss Aurelia looked at him in mild and distant interrogation.

"Her other name," she continued, seriously, "is Zschorcher. I am not sure that I pronounce that name very well. There's a certain sound I don't seem to get. The German consonants are so difficult. And if I were obliged to say it rapidly, without preparing my mouth for it, I fear I should not do it justice. Zsch—Zschor—Zschorcher."

"As you pronounce it," remarked Uncle John, "it sounds uncommonly like a sneeze."

"If it wouldn't hurt her feelings, we might change it to Bates, or Briggs. How would Briggs do, Uncle John? It does not really matter what one calls them, does it, provided they themselves are willing?"

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"Well, no, not much, I should say. Still, it's a pity to sacrifice a name that revels in possibilities, like Antoninia. Let her come in, and I'll tell you in a twinkling what to call her. Christening ladies'-maids may not be a suitable occupation for a bachelor of my years, but it's more enlivening than staring at the fossil."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Miss Aurelia.

"Or yawning at the peaks."

"Why, uncle!"

"Or dawdling about the pond."

"The pond! Oh, Uncle John!"

"Or asking head waiters to interpret the portents of clouds hovering over Pilatus. Great heavens! are waiters augurs? More likely screws. Then, I confess it, Aurelia, I am in mortal dread of Wilhelm Tell."

"Of whom, dear uncle? I do not really understand."

"Of Wilhelm Tell, I say."

"But, uncle—"

"Oh, I don't mean the hero and patriot. He's an egregious bore, but one can escape from him. My Wilhelm is alive. My Wilhelm is not traditionary. You see, I was walking the other day toward Brunnen, with no intentions under heaven except to get away from that beastly lion. On the road I met a woman with a beautiful boy three years old. He was a sturdy, rosy little chap, with yellow curls and a jolly smile. The fact is, he smiled pointedly at me. He began the mischief himself. I, like an old fool, patted his head. Now I'm the last man in the world to go about patting children. When did I ever pose for the benevolent old gentleman? But that lion can drive a man into premature senility. Well, I patted him. Then I said, 'What's your name?' Imbecile question; another result of the lion. The boy only smiled.

"Up spoke the woman. 'Wilhelm Tell,' she said, courtesying.

"'Oh, come now, that's a downright swindle.'

"'No, it isn't,' protested the woman, astonished and aggrieved. 'His father's name is Tell, and this is little Wilhelm.'

"I laughed, gave him a franc, and went my way.

"A few minutes later I heard a voice and hurrying feet behind me.

"It was the honest and indignant woman with her child.

"'Oh, sir,' she began, breathlessly, 'please take little Wilhelm.'

"'Take him!' said I, staring. 'What for?'

"'Take him, and keep him. You may have him.'

"'But I don't want to buy a boy.'

"'You needn't buy him. You may have him for nothing. I have eleven at home. Please take little Wilhelm.'

"'Woman, are you his mother?' I demanded, sternly.

"'Of course I am. That's why I want you to take him. Oh, kind sir, do, do take little Wilhelm.'

"Well, Aurelia, to cut a long story short, I broke loose from her that time. Fancy me travelling about with a three-year-old boy, and the charitable remarks in consequence! But I don't trust myself. That lion can lead a man into any folly, any crime. The worst of it is, Wilhelm Tell's mother knows I am weak, and is lying in wait for me. If I don't run away, she'll have me yet. I meet them everywhere, and unless I wish Wilhelm Tell saddled on me for life, I'd better go."

"But how beautiful it would be, uncle—how tender, kind, and benevolent!"

"No, my dear; thanks! No merry Swiss boy for me. How do I know what he has inherited? By the time he is fourteen he may develop a goitre; he may be a cretin. The lion must commit further ravages upon my intellect before I recklessly adopt. Still, I confess my weakness. There is safety in flight, for the smile of Wilhelm Tell works like madness in my brain. Who knows? Perhaps he can't do anything but smile. I never heard him say a word. Do you happen to know, Aurelia, if boys of three usually converse?"

"I think that they gently prattle, uncle."

"Gently prattle! H'm! Well, summon your Roman Abigail, and I'll give her a name constructed out of a mere fragment of the one with which she is so plentifully supplied. And then, if she seems to be the right kind of a person to look after you—though, to be sure, you, of all women, are safe enough anywhere—"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Aurelia, bridling softly; "I hope that my dignity, my discretion—"

"Bless my soul! it's no question of dignity and discretion. Absence of danger doesn't by any means invariably depend upon high-toned qualities. Never mind,

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Aurelia. You are a very good girl, if we don't always understand each other."

"It is stupid for you with only me, I know," she rejoined, gently. "I wonder that you have had so much patience. Do start at once for Marienbad. I am sure that you will like Antoninia. But, Uncle John, I am beginning to have my misgivings. If this should be too luxurious, too self-indulgent? You know I do not positively require a maid. I have no sewing whatever at present, except an occasional stitch in a glove, or something equally trifling. If I should be yielding to a weak impulse? If the money which I shall pay Antoninia could be used to better advantage devoted to the Society for Teaching Indigent Young Women the Use of the Caligraph?"

"Aurelia," interposed her uncle, gravely, "charity begins at home. Have I not remained here three weeks longer than our agreement, waiting for your friends, whom some instinct of self-preservation has led elsewhere? Do you wish to save me from enlargement of the liver and softening of the brain? Do you not perceive the imminent danger of the descent of Wilhelm Tell? Then produce your maid."

"I will—I will," responded Miss Aurelia, agitated but resolute, and rising to ring the bell.

Presently the waiter ushered in a small, dark-haired girl of seven or eight and twenty, who entered with a complete absence of bustle, and stood facing Mr. Vanderpool. Her deep-set, shrewd eyes gazed at him calmly; her firm, small hands were quietly clasped across her white apron; her whole personality expressed repose.

"She'll do," he thought. "Frisky she isn't, or handsome, but wholesome she is, and cleverer than the whole Vanderpool race."

Miss Aurelia's anxious, gentle, helpless glance fluttered from one to the other. The little maid met her gaze, and returned it with what seemed to Mr. Vanderpool a very remarkable smile. It was deferential in the extreme, yet eminently reassuring. It was the smile of a strong and tender nature protecting a weaker one. Moreover, it was a warm smile, brilliantly lighting the calm, self-contained face, and displaying two rows of faultless teeth.

"Upon my word," muttered Mr. Vanderpool, "she is handsome, in her way."

Grave and demure she watched her judge.

"The girl is spirited: Annie is too tame. She hasn't an atom of coquetry: Nina is too sentimental. Tony might mean anything: so might she," reasoned the nomenclator, with a chuckle. "But if she's a Jesuit, she's an honest one."

"Aurelia," he said, "she's an unknown quantity. For that matter, so is every woman who is interesting. Her certificates are useless, as we can't hunt up the parties who wrote them, or find somebody to certify to their honesty. We shall have to risk it."

"But oh, uncle, she looks so conscientious, so high-principled."

"I don't know how she looks," rejoined Uncle John, dryly. "I know I never saw anybody like her. I'll cross-examine her a little if you wish."

"Why did you leave your last place so suddenly?" he began.

"The gracious countess has continued her journey without me."

Her voice was as clear as her gaze, with finished intonations.

"Already?"

"Already. In a landau. To Interlaken," she replied, succinctly.

"I am curious to see how far this wonderful discretion will go," he remarked, in English.

"Your gracious countess was a bit of a vixen, wasn't she? Apt to be violent and fling things about now and then? Made it rather hard for you, didn't she? Don't be afraid; you can speak out safely here."

Can any woman resist the satisfaction of hitting an enemy when the enemy can't hit back? he wondered.

"She had a great deal of vivacity," admitted the girl, seriously.

"What was she trying to do with that hair-brush?"

A change swept over Antoninia's face. Her straight eyebrows, which always had a slight upward slant, suddenly ran almost to a point above her nose. Her features were alive with keen intelligence, and her eyes, fixed sharply upon Mr. Vanderpool's, seemed to convey from her spirit to his a burden of extraordinary reminiscence. He flattered himself that he possessed as little imagination as any man alive, yet in that illuminated instant he felt that he was gazing upon a long perspective of horrors, beginning that morning at the insulting blow of the irate

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countess, and leading through unspeakable grievances back to her ancestral racks and thumb-screws, to the dungeons and oubliettes of her high-born, high-tempered race. He was fairly startled. Before he could quite interpret the look it was gone, and the girl's clear voice was replying with precise old-fashioned phrases:

"Knowing my duty, I allow myself to remark to the gracious gentleman that the best of families have their little eccentricities."

"She did have eccentricities, then?" he persisted.

"That is to say," corrected Antoninia Zschorcher, with beautiful deference, "we had differences of opinion."

"Euphuistic for a whack with a hair-brush," he muttered. "And what made you apply to Miss Vanderpool?"

She turned her bright face, again radiant with the fine smile, upon the lank figure and uncertain, gentle features of Miss Aurelia.

"If I may be so bold," she began, "I have had the honor of meeting the gracious Fräulein in the corridor for several weeks, and I have observed her, and I have thought she looked as if she might need precisely such a person as I"—to take care of her she did not add, but Mr. Vanderpool supplied it mentally.

"Knowing my duty," she went on, cheerfully, "I believe I should suit. I make bold to say that if the gracious Fräulein engages me, she shall have no reason to regret it."

Her self-respect, her command of the situation, the extreme finish of her manner, pleased and puzzled Mr. Vanderpool, while Miss Aurelia was plainly under a spell.

"What shall you do if we don't take you?" he asked.

"I shall start to-day for Germany. I have examined all the ladies in the house. There is none to whom I wish to apply besides the gracious Fräulein."

"Aurelia, engage her on the spot, and call her Tony. Lucerne may have undermined my intellect more than I myself am aware, and I may be doing a rash thing; still, I should trust a man that looked like this girl. You can examine her papers for form's sake. If the effete aristocracy of the Old World maltreat her, we'll shelter her upon our broad shores;" and off he sauntered to stare at the lion for the last time.

"That girl has an air of race," he reflected, as he gazed up at the hated object embedded in the rock. "I don't know where she got it, but it's taken several centuries to produce her."

The next morning, in excellent spirits, he started for Marienbad.

"Good-by, Aurelia. Take care of yourself. Don't hesitate to telegraph if you need me. You've got a treasure of a maid," chuckled the wicked old gentleman. "She's feudal; she's mediæval. But I'll tell you what, Aurelia, you'll have to live up to her!"

CHAPTER II.

TONY CONVOYS HER MISTRESS TO CONSTANCE.

THE quiet old town of Constance was enlivened a certain season by a feud. In a summer resort whose picturesqueness is characterized by interminable tranquillity, and whose extremest pleasure is the reverse of madly reckless, a feud is obviously a boon. Now any feud, with all its ramifications, is rather a difficult thing to tackle; that is, when one is not born and brought up with it, educated to it, as it were. The travelling public never attempted to grasp the beginning or end of this one, but embraced it on that account with no less fervor. It was a hotel feud, and appertained exclusively to the summer guests.

The Constanzer Hof was big, airy, clean, and glaringly modern. The Insel Hôtel was serious, ancient, and picturesque, an old Dominican monastery, forced at this late period of its existence to reluctantly serve a frivolous passing throng.

The guests at the Constanzer superciliously wondered that people could deliberately choose to inhabit a place choked by the dust of ages, and permeated by a musty, mouldy, not to say monkish flavor. The Inselites, conscious of picturesqueness, prowled along dark stuffy corridors to their rooms, ate their dinners with gusto in the vaulted and dim refectory, and thanked Providence that they were not as their prosaic neighbors in the flagrantly new and monstrous building which desecrated the opposite shore, and was a blot upon the face of nature.

It must be admitted that the preroga-

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tive of the Insel devotees entailed upon them certain arduous observances, for instance, an appropriate significance of costume and bearing. One was not always clear in one's own mind exactly how lofty an expression one ought to assume when one happened to be standing by the tanks watching the swans, and a party of fashionable loungers from the Constanzer strolled along. Upon some the mantle of the defunct friars hung awkwardly enough, but certain æsthetic English maidens wore it with admirable seriousness and ease. On any excursion steamer, in the midst of a giddy pleasure-seeking throng, an observing eye could perceive that they were never unconscious of the subtle Dominican influence brooding over them; and sometimes on a lonely hill-top one would meet a damsel who wore her colors as distinctly as if she were a page of illuminated vellum.

The feud created tough and indestructible topics of conversation invaluable in a place where little happened, and that little seldom. People blessed with a partisan spirit had been known to take it so seriously that, coming for two days, they had remained two months; and far from considering Constance a dead little place, as their friends had described it, they had found its attractions more enlivening than any Alpine panorama they had seen.

Down in his den below the summer idlers sat a serious-minded man, and every evening, with the sphinx-like, fateful smile of the hotel-keeper, he lumped the payments of the æsthetes and the worldlings. Over the weal and woe of both houses presided one and the same power. He created and encouraged the rivalry. He sowed, and most especially he reaped. Any hotel can have an elevator, he reasoned. Not every one may boast an artistic feud. So he pulled his wires, and the puppets merrily danced.

Antoninia Zschorcher was nobody's puppet. Whatever Terpsichorean or other exercise she undertook was apt to be at the instigation of her own spirit. When she and Miss Aurelia stood on the platform of the railway station at Constance she was ignorant of the place and all its works. But at such moments she usually proceeded upon certain broad general principles. Miss Aurelia, never in the thirty-three years of her existence so advantageously dressed, and already feeling safe under Tony's convoy, waited with a passive and amiable expression of countenance until the master-mind should act.

Tony looked sharply about, and inspected the line of omnibuses drawn up to receive the victims. She perceived that two large hotels and several inns were represented, and caught the exchange of a knowing wink between two portly blond men who stood apparently glowering fiercely at each other at the doors of the Constanzer Hof and Insel Hôtel vehicles, into which they were abstractedly pushing women and bundles. The Insel man was the nearer. Miss Aurelia admired his gold stripes, and thought that he looked like a major-general. With the vivacity of a squirrel little Tony darted toward this imposing personage, and slipped a silver coin into his largely receptive hand.

"Which is the cleaner?" she demanded.

He gave her a glance of recognition, not of the individual, but of the type.

"H'm," he returned, grinning. "Got anybody in particular?"

"Yes, yes. Hurry, can't you? Which is the cleaner, and the best table?"

"The other one," he muttered; "but it's all the same, you know."

"Thank you kindly," she said, nodding and smiling. "I'll do as much for you some day."

The gong at the Constanzer Hof portals announced the approach of the omnibus, which disgorged that evening an endless stream of warm and weary beings, each of whom, very naturally, wished to be treated a little better than anybody else. Breathless, hungry-looking waiters skimmed and circled about the guests like a covey of black, gaunt birds. To the Babel of bad German and French the hotel director added his pleasingly bad English, each individual being apparently determined to avail himself exclusively of the language with which he was least acquainted. Smiling, suave—a striking example of the triumph of mind over matter—the director stood heroically in the centre of the heterogeneous surging mass of men, women, travelling bags, shawl-straps, and umbrellas. His hair may have been slightly dishevelled, his eye a trifle wild, but his voice never faltered as he gave the most encouraging acquiescence to the universal demand for first-

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floor rooms at fifth-floor prices, and windows with a southern exposure and adapted to seeing the sunset, on the northeast shady side.

"Your pleasantest corner room for a single lady," said a clear tone at his elbow. He turned and saw a decided little person with an eye that meant business.

"Who is it?" he asked, also recognizing Tony's type. His pallid features expressed sudden relief, and the artificial strained Swiss honey vanished from his smile.

"Miss Vanderpool," replied Tony, enunciating the name with ineffable respect.

He raised his eyebrows and searched his memory.

"*The* Vanderpool family," she added, coming easily to his aid.

"Oh, ah, yes, yes, of course," he returned, vaguely, but with deference.

"It's worth your while to please her, you know," she murmured, confidentially; "in every way," she added, with significance. "Give her something good, and put me anywhere you like, but near her."

"Henri!" the director beckoned to one of the black-coated phantoms, "show this lady to fifty-three."

The waiter stared, and ventured to remind his chief:

"Reserved for the Princess Shilly-Shally."

"Fifty-three for the lady," repeated the autocrat.

Henri swooped down upon Miss Aurelia's travelling accoutrements, and ascended the great stairway like a perambulating Colossus of Rhodes.

Presently Miss Aurelia found herself in a large arm-chair by a window overlooking the garden and lake, and waited upon, watched over, and protected like a cradled infant. She had not elected to join the worldlings, was not cognizant of the existence of the æsthetes, and did not dream that she had made her entry with banners flying, and had even ousted a princess. It was the first time in her life that she had been thoroughly taken care of, and she felt exceedingly comfortable and happy. Accustomed to a patronizing masculine protection, to the careless good-nature of a superior being to whom she helplessly clung, sensitive to his approbation, and painfully conscious that she rarely gained it, wincing daily beneath the covert irony of his bluff tolerance, her enjoyment of Tony would be difficult to portray. Uncle John was good to her, often patient, always generous; but the fact remained, his niece was a persistently humorous object to him, and this she vaguely but sorely felt.

The balminess, then, of two weeks of Tony transcended a cycle of Uncle John. The deliciousness of being approached with deference, handled with care; the luxury of having her judgment gravely solicited; in short, the bliss of being important—all this was novel and sweet to Miss Aurelia's much-repressed being. But Tony was so bonny and bright, so quick and clever, so superior, so near perfection, her mistress might have been overawed, in spite of the maid's gentle and respectful demeanor, were it not for one fortunate flaw, one comforting suggestion of incompetency. Apparently Tony did not know right from left; at least, when she brought Miss Aurelia's slippers, she invariably, after removing her mistress's boots, applied the left slipper to the right foot.

"Do you not see, Tony," Miss Aurelia would say, instructively, "even in well-formed feet"—she was a little vain of her foot, considering it slender and aristocratic—"there must be a difference, there is always the mark of the great toe. Right and left—that is so easy, Tony, if you only think."

"When the gracious Fräulein explains it so nicely I seem to understand," Tony would reply, kneeling before her; "but, alas! I must be incurable, since I always commit the same fault."

She did indeed. Regularly every evening, at the hour of changing shoes, the inexplicable mistake reoccurred. Her brilliant smile, handsome teeth, and the benevolent dimple in her chin lost none of their cheerfulness during Miss Aurelia's gently didactic disquisition upon the formation of the human foot. But the necessity of giving it imparted each day strength and dignity to that lady's position, as mistress of this all but faultless maid; and when she closed her eyes to sleep, after her anatomical lecture, it was with a feeling of solid self-respect such as she had never before known.

And Tony? In flat contradiction to the misanthropic old saw, "No man is a hero to his valet," her stanch heart required nothing less than a heroine for a mistress. She would have economically created one for herself anywhere out of

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"WHEN THE GRACIOUS FRÄULEIN EXPLAINS IT SO NICELY, I SEEM TO UNDERSTAND."

the most minute heroic fragments, and no money could have induced her to remain long in a situation untenable for hero-worship. The prevailing conditions of her last engagement were, as has been indicated, turbulent. She had her own immutable code, and voluntarily closed her eyes to many idiosyncrasies of her previous mistress. "Why have we eyes that open and shut, unless we are sometimes to shut them?" reasoned Tony. Tyranny and caprice disturbed her little. According to her broad philosophy, a lady could be tyrannical and capricious to her heart's content, provided she would observe proper forms. This the fair countess emphatically refused to do, and Tony, in consequence, left her, but not before her exalted sense of decorum had been subjected to a series of great and frequent shocks. She suffered more in spirit from the disorderly relationship of mistress and maid than physically from what may be politely termed accidental concussions. Her soul loathed disorder. Her boxes and drawers were marvels of symmetrical layers, and bundles bound with blue ribbons tied in prim little bows; her ideas, too, were assorted in the neatest manner, all their folds and frills held within exact bounds, and bearing the prim little sign-manual of their owner.

When Tony took Miss Aurelia under her protection—that is to say, when in the eyes of the world Tony entered Miss Aurelia's service—she took her for better for worse, and elevated her on the spot to heroship. She laid at her feet the accumulated homage which she had been forced to withdraw from the countess, and much besides that arose from ardent gratitude. Attaching herself speedily to the mild and somewhat helpless lady, she served her according to her lights. It is by no means asserted that Tony's were the best lights in the world, but such as they were,

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they burned clear and strong, and were always ready for use, like the lamps of the wise virgins. Miss Aurelia's tremulous hesitation, her apologetic softness, seemed plaintive to cheery little Tony, trained to bear with patience the immeasurable exactions of another order of woman; and anything this side of the kingdom of heaven more restful than Miss Aurelia's service it was not in the power of Tony's imagination to picture.

The evening of their arrival in Constance, having deposited her mistress in the easy-chair by the pleasant window and quickly unpacked a dressing-case, Tony proposed to bring a slight refreshment, of which Miss Aurelia could partake while enjoying the view.

"Or I could go down myself, Tony, and see if, by chance, anybody I know is here."

"The gracious Fräulein could indeed, if she were not already so fatigued, and here it is quiet and cool, and the gracious Fräulein can be so comfortable, while down-stairs it is noisy with many new arrivals."

"That is true, Tony. You might bring me a cup of tea here."

"Or a half-bottle of wine?" Tony approved of wine, and was prejudiced against tea.

"And you could give me my embroidery as I sit here."

"Or the pleasant book which amuses the gracious Fräulein so much," suggested Tony, with her convincing smile. She thought Miss Aurelia stooped too much over her needle-work.

Miss Aurelia turned and looked meditatively out of the window.

Tony waited motionless.

"Tony," at length began Miss Aurelia, with a gentle dignity born of the conditions which for two weeks had beautified and enlarged her life, "as I am already somewhat fatigued, and it is quiet and cool and comfortable here, and so very noisy down-stairs with all the arrivals, you may bring me some lunch and a little wine, and, Tony, give me the Tauchnitz volume I was reading on the train, please."

Tony gravely obeyed.

Mutually satisfied, mistress and maid separated.

Tony now descended to the lower regions to take bearings, and discover as soon as possible that most important guide to conduct above and below stairs—in which direction salams must be made. Meeting three yawning waiters cumbering the passage, she sent one of them flying for fresher than fresh water, another for a rose from the garden, and the third to find a salver of special shape and size. In consequence, as she entered the servants' dining-room, she was shortly followed by her vassals.

The room was large and comfortable. At a small table sat a heavy, elderly, red-faced man solemnly drinking beer. Tony with one glance took his mental measure. Only a gentleman's gentleman could attain to that expression of colossal arrogance when exclusively enjoying his own society. Through a succession of open doors an agreeable kitchen perspective was visible, and a handsome, white-capped French cook at the head of his minions and scullions. Tony, with great ingenuity, kept the three waiters ministering to her wants. The salver was not quite to her taste, the napkin was not folded properly, the bread was too old, the wine too new. But her smile and her voice compensated for her exactions. The great man drinking beer turned his somewhat glassy eyes upon her. Tony, having nearly completed her arrangements, stepped back and regarded the tray critically. The three lank waiters watched her open-mouthed. The great man put down his beer glass and stared. Tony walked by him with composure, and passed through the room and adjoining pantries straight into the kitchen, where she accosted the *cordon bleu* in his own language. The Frenchman was a gallant man, and liked cheery little maids with neat waists and bright eyes. To her practical inquiry if he had not something nice to tempt her lady's appetite, he generously responded by displaying a series of choicest tidbits, begged her to apply to him personally every day, and assured her he and his larder were at her feet.

Tony, always simple and modest before true merit, gratefully replied that she should deeply regret giving him the slightest trouble, but he would readily understand that for a lady like her lady, Miss Vanderpool, nothing in this imperfect world could be too good.

The Frenchman responded that her sentiments were most elevated, and she could rely upon him. In fact, he would at once dedicate a recent creation of his genius, a

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"HE ESCORTED HER TO THE ENTRANCE OF HIS REALM."

brilliant composition for which he sought a fitting name, to her lady. On the next day's *menu* she would perceive "*Pouding à la Vanderpool.*" He escorted her to the entrance of his realm, where they parted with delightful ceremony and expressions of mutual esteem.

This episode was closely observed by the great man with the beer. "Who in the dickens is this genteel little body that walks calmly over the course, and exerts influence in high places?" he asked himself. For, after all, to a truly thoughtful observer, the greatest man in a great hotel is the *cordon bleu* cook.

Preceded by a waiter to open doors, followed by a waiter with the tray, and with waiters bowing obsequiously as she passed, Tony made her exit. The gentleman's gentleman in the corner, accustomed, like all great persons, to be fawned upon, was unconsciously impressed by the indifference with which she had treated him. When, after ten or fifteen minutes, having ministered to the needs of her mistress, she returned and seated herself with a fine air of leisure, he was pleasurably moved.

"Anything will do for me," she said to a waiter, with amiable negligence. "A little bread and meat and a glass of wine."

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This was all that had been served to her mistress; but everything in this world depends upon the point of view.

"I should conclude," mused the great man in the corner, "that she had nothing less than a duchess in tow."

Waiting for her modest repast, Tony gazed into space with an expression of refined insolence. It was the one thing which she had chosen to learn from the countess, and it set better on the maid than on the lady of high degree; for Tony's face was fine, with a delicate, slightly aquiline nose, and sensitive curves playing about the mouth, and a cheerfully satirical gleam of the eye, while the countess, viewed in the most charitable light, was but a somewhat shapeless mass of humanity.

The Grand Mogul coughed and deigned to draw near.

"Ahem!" he said. "You are new, I believe?"

Tony had deftly extracted from the waiters, as they journeyed upstairs, all that it was important to know about "permanents." She therefore smiled her prettiest, with that frank deference far removed from servility supposed to be pleasing to clever sovereigns, and answered, sweetly, "We have just arrived."

"H'm," he returned, regarding her neat little person with an approving stare; then relapsed into silence.

"So glad to find genteel society," chirped Tony.

"Passable, passable," he returned, gloomily. "Unfortunately there's always considerable second-class that travels."

"There is," sighed Tony, responsively depressed.

"Why second-class folks travel at all is a mystery," he continued. "It would be better taste if such as they should just stay modestly at home, and not intrude themselves on such as we."

"It would indeed," echoed Tony, resolutely pulling down the corners of her mouth, over which her eyes were twinkling rebelliously; "but, dear! dear!" she added, with the countess's own stare, "what can one expect of *them*?"

"True, too true," he groaned. He then regarded her with a searching look, as if to satisfy himself that he was not about to impart a sacred mystery to an unworthy being or a scoffer.

"We," he announced, with immeasurable loftiness—"we are the High-Dudgeons."

"And we," returned Tony, equally superb, "we are—the Vanderpools."

She filled her glass with red wine and cut a slice of bread from the narrow French loaf with an abstracted air.

"Vanderpool?" repeated the great man, slowly and interrogatively.

"My last engagement," she communicated, frankly, "was with the Countess Blaublutheim."

"I know that family," said the man, quickly.

"I don't say that it isn't a very good family," she continued, balancing her fork reflectively; "but there are better," smiling triumphantly at her new acquaintance.

"It's a well-known family," he ventured to say.

"Oh dear, yes," she responded, indifferently; "but the tone left something to be desired. Tone, tone—it is a necessity of my being!"

"Ah!" he murmured, expansively; "I was sure the instant I saw you that you were one of us. Vanderpool is the name?"

"Vanderpool it. The Vanderpools."

Not to know Vanderpool argued himself unknown, was the eloquent burden of Tony's speech.

"Good-evening, Mr.—"

"High-Dudgeon," prompted the great man, majestically. "General High-Dudgeon. *Major*-General."

Tony, having travelled far and wide, at once perceived that she was in a hotel where the second table enjoyed a special distinction; where its society represented in small the claims of its masters; and where, to avoid commonplace repetitions of Marie and Thomas, and to spare overcharged memories the trouble of learning surnames, people were designated, with elegant simplicity, by the appellations of the families which had the honor of employing them.

"Good-evening, major-general. Best thanks," she returned, with her lowest courtesy.

"Good-evening, Miss Vanderpool," he reciprocated, highly pleased.

Late that night, in her stuffy little room, which opened upon the square court in the interior of the vast building, and which smelt of the ghosts of long-perished dinners, Tony, by the flickering light of a tallow dip, wrote a long letter. She ad-

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dressed it, in a singularly masculine hand for a German girl, to Herr Eduard Maler, in a certain little town of the Suabian Oberland. As she wrote, her cleanly cut mouth curved in innumerable smiles over her pretty teeth, and her whole expression hovered on the border-land between roguishness and malice. She said her prayers scrupulously, after the Roman Catholic form, but the smile on her lips and in her dancing, rebellious eyes lingered through all her observances. Tony found the world amusing. She looked across the corridor, where all was silent in Miss Aurelia's virgin bower. By the dim light Tony perceived two long and slender boots, turned up slightly at the toes, indicating a low instep and an uncertain tread. She took them up, and conscientiously inspected the condition of their buttons.

"Right—left," she murmured, smiling, and in the smile was now no malice, only warmth and infinite protection. "Right—left; it is so easy, Tony, if you think," she repeated, softly, putting the boots back against the door.

"The dear, good, innocent lady!"

CHAPTER III.

TONY ASCERTAINS THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS, AND DIRECTS MISS AURELIA'S COURSE ACCORDINGLY.

IT would scarcely be overpraise to state that Tony's method of presenting Miss Aurelia to the distinguished consideration of the hotel world of Constance bore a certain resemblance to the tactics of that perfect herald and astute observer of men, Puss-in-Boots, announcing along the highway the approach of the Marquis of Carabas. She did not create her surroundings. She simply adapted herself to them. She lived in no ideal world, and was unacquainted with the atmosphere of the moon. Hard experience had taught her to call a spade a spade in her own inner consciousness. What name she gave the homely implement before the world varied with circumstances.

Not so much what she said as what she did not say produced a subtle and powerful impression. She seemed always to rely upon the intelligence of her auditors to supply what discretion forbade her to reveal. She never, for instance, stated that Miss Aurelia was the descendant of a duke, never boasted that she owned a couple of silver mines; but when dukes and silver mines and such pleasing trifles were under discussion in the servants' hall, Tony's face wore an expression of impenetrable reserve and sagacity. She became conspicuously inattentive when others were thrilled with curiosity. She yawned politely behind her hand at tales of magnificence which amazed her colleagues. Then her devotion, her haste, her important air when performing the smallest duty for Miss Aurelia, were in themselves eloquent. "Only a shawl, it is true," her zeal seemed to say; "but, consider—Miss Vanderpool's shawl! It is merely a glass of water; but, oh, fellow-citizens of Vanity Fair, do you not perceive it is Miss Vanderpool's glass of water?"

In the genial society of the servants' dining-room, Tony occupied, before twenty-four hours had passed, an enviably secure position, and even graced at dinner the seat of honor at the general's right hand.

The general, at this time deigning to officiate in the capacity of valet to a modest and infirm old gentleman, a retired officer of the English army, remarked to a friend, who happened to be travelling with the Ruy-Bric family: "I say, Ruy-Bric, little Vanderpool's got a prize. One of them deuced Hamerican millionairesses, you know."

"What luck!" sighed the other. "As for me, I strikes family—always family. We are connected by marriage with the Sadflints, you know. It's a bottomless pit of family. But in all my experience I never hit upon anything substantial, never hear the cheerful chink of the coin!"

"Fam'ly is fam'ly," returned High-Dudgeon.

"I don't say it ain't," his colleague rejoined, disconsolately, "and when it's all you've got you'd better make the most of it. But since you've seen so much of it on the market dirt cheap, you can't feel as you used to about it. Family! You can buy all you want anywhere. Once you couldn't. Once it was all genuine—your old carved oak, your lozenge panes, your 'scutcheon. But now, when you can buy up a good old name, and even put another pearl on your coronet, and nobody's astonished, or grins, except behind your back, why, all I have to say is, family's a drug in the market."

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"Ruy-Bric," said his friend, sternly, "somebody's been corruptin' your morals. For a man of your genteel hassociations such parvenoo feelin's is nothin' less than sinful."

"Well, well, general, I was only letting myself out to you."

"Don't let me hear you do it again. I heard a promisin' young man like you talk so once, but he came to a bad end. What with the flighty Frenchmen an' Hitalian adventurers and most uncertain Germans, who is to keep up the tone of this society if it ain't you and me? Stick to fam'ly, Ruy-Bric. It's safest in the long-run. Don't fly in the face of Providence. It's too painful to listen to you."

"You're right, High-Dudgeon, and I'm obliged to you for your warning."

The two shook hands feelingly.

"Well, as I was sayin', Vanderpool's got a prize. Her lady owns mines, railways, cities—could buy up half of Europe; but mind you, Ruy-Bric, she's got fam'ly too, otherwise I, for one, shouldn't notice her."

"Did little Vanderpool tell you?"

"Not she. She's truly first-class. Only parvenoos tells. I gathered it, Ruy-Bric. A man like me gathers."

Ruy-Bric gave his oracular friend a farewell glance of admiration, and departed to disseminate the news.

It spread and multiplied as a grain of mustard-seed. By that night, when Miss Aurelia modestly passed through the corridor, all the stray valets and couriers and ladies'-maids inclined themselves as before a princess travelling incognito. As a natural consequence, by the next noon, all the masters and mistresses of the phalanx of valets, etc., regarded the unknown and unconscious Miss Aurelia as an important factor in their calculations.

Momentary opposition only made Tony's claims surer and safer. A transient and light-minded Frenchman, answering to the name of the baron, and wearing an insolent little imperial, suddenly appeared in that select and sedate circle below-stairs where Britannic ideas prevailed. Turning toward Tony, before the whole assembly, he remarked, superciliously:

"Vanderpool? The name is not in the 'Almanach de Gotha.' We never travel without one, and I looked."

Not one of the honored names represented at that convivial board happened to adorn the Gotha almanac. The more reason why every eye should now glare accusingly at Tony.

"A gentleman of your education, baron," she replied, with the composure of an easy conscience, "is undoubtedly aware that we have a different almanac in America. We too always travel with ours, and our name is in it."

This was strictly true. Tony had seen Miss Aurelia repeatedly take from her portfolio a yellow pamphlet, upon whose fly-leaf "Aurelia Vanderpool" was written in lead-pencil, and upon whose back "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral" shone out in commanding characters.

"Of course," coughed the baron, with some embarrassment. "America is a great country."

"Oh dear, yes," returned Tony, tranquilly.

In spite of her urbanity, the baron felt vaguely conscious of being defrauded, and after some moments returned to the charge.

"Vanderpool? But which Vanderpool; what Vanderpool?" he demanded.

"What Vanderpool?" repeated the chorus, with stony stares.

Tony put down her knife and fork. There was a pause, which she employed in shrugging her shoulders, raising her eyebrows, and expressing other signs of commiseration. One must have patience, even with gross ignorance, her pantomime said. She gave the general a long look, and waited. It was a happy moment. He had just finished his third bottle of ale, and more solemnly significant than he no owl could appear.

Vaguely aware that something was incumbent upon him in response to Tony's magnetic appeal, he ejaculated huskily,

"*The* Vanderpool!" his heavy eyes blinking slowly upon his subjects.

What more was needed? The chorus now stared instructively at the baron, who, in order to reinstate himself in public opinion, could do no less than hasten to observe: "Ah, indeed! Well, I rather suspected as much from the first."

He repented his rashness, but realized that he could never maintain his legitimate position at that table. Accordingly he influenced the young gentleman whose privilege it was to be his companion on this summer tour to leave the hotel the next day. The two became zealous Inselites.

After this episode, which teaches us,

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among other things, how important it is to travel with our credentials, no valet who respected himself could afford to be ignorant of Miss Aurelia's social position. "Permanents" and "transients" delighted to honor her. Everywhere she appeared she met with profound bows, long and respectful looks. The director, with whomsoever he might be speaking, turned, and as it were presented arms, when she passed. There was a palpable stir of interest when she entered the dining-hall. And if the wheat sheaves in the summer fields had made their obeisance to her it would not have surprised the hotel folk, still less Miss Aurelia herself. For, modest and gentle as she was, she had accustomed herself with surprising rapidity to the new atmosphere. Every night she recorded in her diary that everybody was so nice and amiable and civil it was a pleasure to live. She enjoyed being a person of distinction, and drank in adulation as a flower drinketh dew.

Meanwhile she had not yet made her appearance in the drawing-room. Why, she did not know. It had happened so. Something had detained her every evening in her own room. Either she had just returned, a little tired, from a walk, and Tony put her into her wrapper and slippers, and made her so comfortable that she had no wish to go down-stairs among strangers; or there was something to try on, for Miss Aurelia's wardrobe, like her spirit, was expanding marvellously under Tony's skilful manipulation; or Tony brought her the freshest Tauchnitz volume, or related some long experience which not only hugely entertained her mistress, but also increased that lady's knowledge of German, and Miss Aurelia considered it a duty to make progress in foreign languages. Whatever was the cause, Miss Vanderpool, for some days after her arrival, produced in the house an impression of extreme reserve and complete indifference to her fellow-lodgers. This enhanced her value, and increased their curiosity and respect.

In the ladies' drawing-room, where on the vast expanse of shining floor small and isolated groups—like a kind of human archipelago—gathered evenings with needle-work, and looked askance at one another, Mrs. High-Dudgeon reigned supreme, the central figure of the most austerely aristocratic circle. She was a short, stout woman of an irate expression of countenance, somewhat like the Red Queen in *Alice*. Whether with or without reason, she gave one the impression that her clothes were too tight, and this supposition seemed to be the most charitable explanation of her chronic irritability. She was usually arrayed in a thick, reddish-purple satin, which creaked, and lent a dusky glow to her complexion. When a new name was mentioned in her hearing she invariably sniffed and snorted in a belligerent manner, and with a harsh and husky voice and reverberating final emphasis demanded,

"Is she a *lady*?"

Mrs. High-Dudgeon had spent several successive summers at Constance. As no one by any accident had ever summoned her before the tribunal of her own scathing inquiry, her pre-eminence had never been disputed. Surrounded by her satellites, a piece of canvas in her hand, she entered the drawing-room every evening at a given hour, and seated herself in a particular chair, her arms motionless before her like a Chinese idol's. Her presence was invaluable in preserving that atmosphere of gloom observable wherever numerous women are gathered together without introductions.

Nearest to her in the social scale was Mrs. Ruy-Bric, a grandmother with a neat and light little juvenile figure, which she arrayed in fashionable toilets from Paris. Her specialties were religion and family, upon which themes she conversed exclusively. She was High-Church, so high, indeed, that her spiritual altitude was the plane of eternal ice and snow. Her boundless devotion to the English curate was a prominent feature in Constance's relationships that summer. He was a rolly-poly little man, possessed of an inordinate appetite, an unctuous voice, and, in his corporeal structure, what the irreverent called a bow-window. Mrs. Ruy-Bric sat next him at dinner, and always took a double portion of pastry and sweets that she might tenderly convey them to his plate while discoursing upon chasubles and stoles. Often, late at night, they might be seen sitting together in a corner, communing in low tones.

Mrs. Ruy-Bric never ceased to deplore the laxity of the present chaplain's predecessor, a pale, sad, lame man, who was devoting the entire power of his frail body and great soul to a mining population in Lancashire, discovering and nourishing

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"MRS. HIGH-DUDGEON RAISED ONE OF HER DANGLING, SATIN ARMS."—[SEE PAGE 546.]

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every germ of good in beings akin to savages. He had been sent for a few weeks to Switzerland, and had officiated three Sundays at Constance, where his earnestness was sadly out of place.

"Ah! he was Low, dear Mr. Puggums," sighed Mrs. Ruy-Bric, in the twilight *tête-à-tête*—"appallingly Low; the very emanations of his mind were Low."

And Mr. Puggums, "specially appointed by the Bishop of London"—if that dignitary but knew all for which he is responsible in Continental hotels!—nursed his rotund, overfed figure with the complacency of a fetich, and gasped, asthmatically,

"Alas! dear Mrs. Ruy-Bric, he was indeed deplorably Low."

Not many philosophers strayed to Constance that season, yet now and then to some direct mind occurred a simple query—why could this couple do with impunity what was forbidden to youth and beauty? Why was their affair legitimate when, if pretty Jessie lingered a moment on the veranda, all the social harpies would descend upon her and tear her with their fierce claws? Why should making love with rose-buds be pernicious, and what saving grace was there in making love with pastry tarts? Why—but this *why* leads into infinite mazes. The difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee must always obtain in worldly congeries; still it was a comfort to many to designate the constant intercourse of Mrs. Ruy-Bric and the Rev. Mr. Puggums as the ecclesiastical flirtation.

There were others who frequented the drawing-room, some of whom were and some were not recognized by Mrs. High-Dudgeon. In the hotel were also many families and individuals that went their way and walked and drove and boated, gayly unmindful of the social hierarchy. But they were only foreigners. The English-speaking element unanimously acknowledged Mrs. High-Dudgeon.

The High-Dudgeon and all her subjects were now breathlessly awaiting the advent of Miss Vanderpool in their midst. Tony let them wait. Every day the fabulous tales of the Vanderpool fortune, family, and power grew in magnitude.

"They may be a trifle exaggerated, dear Mrs. High-Dudgeon," Mrs. Ruy-Bric said, one day. "One must make allowances. Still, where there is smoke there is always fire. The general impression seems to be that her fortune is limitless. Happily she also has family. Great wealth alone is so vulgar. There can be no doubt she is somebody."

"She is a lady," replied Mrs. High-Dudgeon, glaring about the room as if seeking the luckless wight who should dare to contradict her.

"And oh, dear Mr. Puggums, if the sweet creature would but interest herself in our enterprise!"

"And oh, dear Mrs. Ruy-Bric, what a privilege that would be for her!" responded Mr. Puggums, ecstatically.

"She was not at the service yesterday," the lady said, shaking her head mournfully.

"She may have been ill, let us always bear in mind."

"You are so charitable, so magnanimous, dear Mr. Puggums!"

"It is but my duty," he replied, stroking himself.

"Miss Vanderpool is so sweet-looking, so interesting."

"She is spiritual," wheezed little Mr. Puggums. "She should be one of us."

CHAPTER IV.

MISS AURELIA IS LAUNCHED, AND BECOMES A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

WHEN, one evening, Miss Aurelia drifted into the archipelago, all the little isolated feminine groups stopped talking and looked at her. This was not reassuring. She had gained considerable self-possession during the previous few weeks, but this ordeal was too much for her newly fledged powers, and in a great tremor she dropped upon the nearest chair. She was therefore innocently grateful when Mr. Puggums toddled over the shining floor from that sacred spot where Mrs. High-Dudgeon sat enthroned amid her worshippers, and when he, with his most unctuous smile, begged the stranger to join the august group.

Miss Aurelia blushed, smiled, fluttered, and accepted his invitation. As she walked across the room, looking very tall and slight beside the globular Mr. Puggums, every eye was fixed upon her. Thanks to Tony, she presented a most creditable appearance. The careful and decided arrangement of her hair lent character to the shape of her head. Soft and judi-

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cious puffs concealed the lankness of her figure. The cut of her black grenadine was faultless, and a nameless something betrayed the thorough lady-like toilet, equally removed from pretence and negligence. Yet every woman in the room gave an unconscious sigh of relief, and the fiat of approval went forth. "Not precisely beautiful, you know, but so interesting, so feminine," murmured one person of social weight. "Distinguished," said another. "Graceful—don't you think so?" whispered a third.

In short, no one said anything unpleasant. Benevolence and charity predominated. The secret of this unusual reception of a strange woman by her own sex lay, it must be confessed, in Miss Aurelia's personality, which provoked no envy, hatred, or malice. So decidedly the reverse of provocative was it, indeed, that her sisters, as they surveyed her charms, unanimously concluded to permit her to enjoy wealth, social prestige, and a good character, and felt that there were certain compensations in life for people of smaller incomes and less conventional renown.

Let us admit that there are women—not, of course, your kind of woman or my kind of woman—who strenuously oppose the unequal distribution of the gifts of the gods. They grant that a woman is pretty, if they can add, "Poor dear, it's a pity she's so stupid," or they admit that she is clever, provided they can say, "But how unfortunately plain." If, however, a woman's beauty and brightness are too palpable for even them to deny, they are sure to find something very serious the matter with her moral character. To concede that one and the same woman is beautiful and clever, good, warm-hearted, rich, and socially important — no, they would die first! Nothing, then, in Miss Aurelia's appearance or demeanor clashed with these firm and widely diffused principles. It is, indeed, touching to observe what boundless trust freckles, sandy hair, and a wide mouth are apt to inspire in the average feminine heart.

Mrs. High-Dudgeon, with some effort, raised one of her dangling, purple satin arms and extended a puffy hand of welcome. No other mortal had ever been received with this distinguished mark of favor, and a flutter of surprise was perceptible in the room. Miss Aurelia thought that they were all very kind and civil, though a little queer. Perhaps that was because she was unaccustomed to the English, who were, she had heard, often eccentric. Partly through the influence of their encouraging smiles, partly from her nascent self-respect, she was more at ease than she usually felt with strangers, and Uncle John would have been vastly surprised had he seen his hitherto shrinking niece the centre of an admiring group, the cynosure of all eyes, unblushing, unapologetic, almost unconcerned. But it is only fair to add that Miss Aurelia had not the remotest suspicion of her own greatness; moreover, whatever may have been her human frailties, she was emphatically not a snob.

She said little, which was fortunate, as the others, with the exception of the being in royal purple, said a great deal. But Miss Aurelia could not open her lips without receiving the flattering tribute of profound attention, followed by ejaculations of interest, pleasure, and admiration. She happened to say that she found Constance very pretty, but perhaps less picturesque than Lucerne.

"Miss Vanderpool thinks," began Mrs. Ruy-Bric, to her next neighbor, repeating the remark with as weighty a mien as if she were communicating an aphorism of Hippocrates. "Miss Vanderpool thinks," echoed another, until the innocent observation was conveyed to the outskirts of the High-Dudgeon coterie, where somebody was amiable enough to rise and convey the precious utterance to the next bevy of women, who, if not quite High-Dudgeonites, were still very select indeed, and careful to look down upon their neighbors on the other side. Like a ripple on the surface of the water, the valuable information spread over the whole archipelago, until from the most remote corner a voice was heard announcing with enthusiasm, "Miss Vanderpool thinks."

Miss Aurelia was at first somewhat bewildered. Her pale cheeks flushed slightly, her quiet heart beat faster than was its wont. But she breathed in the strong fumes of this incense with grateful nostrils, and began to consciously choose her words.

An enchantingly pretty American girl of seventeen, whose mamma was a candidate for the outer chair of the next to the High-Dudgeon group, had the temerity to peep in "to get a glimpse of the phenomenon," she said. She was, for various reasons, not in favor at court, and the ambi-

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tious mamma, fearing the downfall of her schemes, reproved her daughter for so much as showing her saucy head within the precincts.

"Well, mamma, it wasn't worth while. She's homely enough, I must say."

"Jessie, how often have I told you to say ugly? Homely, in that sense, isn't English."

"Neither am I; thank goodness, and neither's Bob." (Bob was her brother, a very bad little boy, who was always going fishing, and falling off the bridge, or tearing his trousers, or doing something or other of a disreputable character.) "But, mamma, why do they make such a fuss over her? She's mild as a lamb, but not a bit smart, I guess."

"'Clever,'" corrected the much-tried mother, "and 'think,' not 'guess.'"

"Well, clever, then. Anyhow, she's a regular stick. How do you say that in English?"

But hers was merely the voice of ingenuous youth, and, as usual, it was lost in worldly fogs and distances. Within the drawing-room the sentiment was unanimous. Miss Aurelia pleased and was pleased. They initiated her into the tortuous mazes of the feud, and the follies of the Inselites; they destroyed the characters of all the hotel guests outside their charmed circle; and they persistently invited her contemplation of a church at that time building in a village with an unpronounceable name in Wales. She found the tales of the Inselites very amusing, laughed gently over the idiosyncrasies of her neighbors, but, while she listened politely, she wondered that they should take such pains to describe the prospective decorations of a structure which she, in all probability, would never have the pleasure of seeing.

"I should think it might be very pretty," she replied, civilly.

"Oh, do you? I'm so glad! Mr. Puggums, Miss Vanderpool thinks it might be very pretty."

"All we need is a few devoted and pure spirits," he gurgled. "I felt sure that you, my dear young friend, would take an interest in it. I am gratified and encouraged."

Miss Aurelia could not imagine why, and merely looked at him seriously, which made him hurriedly change the subject, fearing that he had been more zealous than discreet.

She enjoyed her evening extremely. It was to her, however, a novel kind of enjoyment, and somewhat fatiguing. Most women half her age could swallow with ease as much adulation as she was receiving. But this was simple-hearted Miss Aurelia's first experience of the great world.

She began to long for seclusion, her wrapper, and blithe little Tony. Accordingly she rose, and bade her new friends good-evening, at an early hour, thanking them with great cordiality for their kindness. Now no one of that party ever dared to make her adieux before Mrs. High-Dudgeon gave the signal. Miss Aurelia's independent action seemed therefore to accord with her reputed position, and created the best possible impression. "She is exclusive," they murmured, admiringly.

"She is a lady!" thundered Mrs. High-Dudgeon, as Mr. Puggums closed the door behind Miss Vanderpool's retreating form.

In the mean time Tony had not been idle. Having safely launched her bark upon a prosperous sea, wind and weather being all that the most sanguine soul could wish, she had descended to the lower regions to find out how the world wagged, knowing, what many philosophers ignore, that the world begins its gyrations down there.

And there in the servants' hall, where the groupings and prevailing views bore an extraordinary resemblance to those of the drawing-room, she had heard something which made her warm heart feel very sorry and pitiful. The merry, big, blond man whose office it was to receive the passengers of the Insel Hotel omnibus, in other words, the conductor, had made a false step in climbing up to his place beside the driver, and had fallen, and the great wheel had passed over his leg, which was fractured in two places and badly crushed. Some said it was his fault, some said it was the coachman's fault, and some shook their heads helplessly and wondered what his wife and his six children would do when he was at the hospital earning nothing. Some regaled themselves with similar instances in which the crushed man died, the wife came to an inexpressibly bad end, and the children, as a matter of course, to the gallows.

Tony listened quietly, then skipped away. Rapidly passing through various

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corridors and rooms, she descended a private stairway, and penetrated unhesitatingly to the den of the sphinx. In answer to her knock a gruff and unintelligible sound seemed to accord permission to enter. The director in the visible bureau above was accustomed to every kind of apparition and complaint. The sphinx down here counted his gains and matured his plans undisturbed by mortal presence. Surprised, he stared grimly at her over his spectacles.

"Good-evening," she said, cheerfully. "Please give me a large sheet of paper for a subscription list for poor Thomas Straub."

He silently handed her a long blue sheet.

"Thanks. Now please give me another."

"What for?" inquired the eyes of the sphinx, who knew very well that one does not make money in this world by improvident gifts, even of paper.

"To make a rival subscription list to be circulated among the Insel Hotel people," Tony replied, demurely.

The serious-minded man smiled a strange smile, gave her a second long blue sheet, and took up his pen, but Tony did not go.

"Straub is very badly hurt, sir," she said, pityingly.

No response. The silent man turned down the gas slightly. For conversation one requires little light.

"He has so many little children, and they are so young. His wife is young too, and half dead with grief and anxiety. And they are very poor."

Silence.

"He was such a fine, cheery man, sir, and has served you well many years."

Not a muscle of his face moved.

"They say he will be three months or more in the hospital."

Still silence.

"And so I wanted to ask you, sir," she continued, quite undismayed, "if the two hotels raise five or six hundred marks, if we can count upon you for another hundred or so. It would be kind and generous of you, sir."

No reply, but she knew that he was listening.

The fresh bright voice went on, with now and then a little quiver in it.

"How would you or I feel, sir, crushed and mangled and poor, and nobody to look after our families? Wouldn't we have more courage to bear the pain and get well if we could know our fellow-creatures were sorry? Sorry with words—that's cheap business. Sorry with our pockets—that comes from the heart."

Again she waited, then began again:

"You are a rich man, sir. You are his employer. You not only can help him with your money, but you can do him more good than any one else in the world can, if he feels you are his friend in his misfortune. He looks up to you. It will do his pride good, comfort him, comfort his heart and his leg, his soul and his body, if you stand by him now."

Never before had a warm and womanly voice, in unselfish pleading, been heard within those four narrow, dingy walls.

"And—knowing my duty—if I may make so bold, you ought to stand by him. He was doing your work on small pay. It was your omnibus that crushed him, with its great, cruel wheel."

Now, curiously enough, the serious-minded man had a heart concealed somewhere in his organism, but no one ever took the trouble to reach it. From the nature of the situation, neither his heart nor the hearts of his summer guests were called conspicuously into action by their mutual relations. This small, clear-voiced, clear-headed woman had not reckoned in vain. Receiving, not giving, was his specialty; still, we all have latent talents.

He looked at her, and nodded slowly.

"Good," she said, turning to go. "I knew you would. I will come again. Two hundred marks I believe you said, sir?"

He smiled again at her cheerful tone of conviction, but nodded assent; then for the first time spoke.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Tony, Miss Vanderpool's maid," she answered, with her pretty smile.

When Miss Aurelia ascended from the scene of her triumphs, Tony was waiting with a huge blue subscription paper in her hand. It was drawn up for the benefit of Thomas Straub, and was headed by Miss Vanderpool in large and masculine characters.

"I took the liberty to write the gracious Fräulein's name to save her the trouble. I did not know for how much."

"But, Tony," remonstrated Miss Aurelia, aghast, "some rich person ought to head the list. I will give the poor man

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something so gladly; but it will be better for him if a rich person begins."

"I don't think that will make any difference," Tony replied, calmly.

Miss Aurelia did not wish to say more for fear of hurting Tony's feelings, but she continued to regard the paper with dismay.

"If the gracious Fräulein would say how much she would like to subscribe."

"You see, Tony," began Miss Aurelia, with candid incoherence, "I have so much a month, and out of that I am in the habit of saving a regular sum for private charities—old Mrs. Johnson and old Miss Beale—but, dear me, I forget, you don't know them, and my accounts are very confusing to me, although I certainly give them great attention, and when they won't balance, Uncle John helps me out; and so, with the new grenadine, I don't exactly know where I am."

"The gracious Fräulein has no need of balancing accounts," replied Tony, encouragingly. "If a girl like me couldn't," shaking her head gravely, "that would be very bad. But it is so arranged that we always can," she added, modestly. "Could the gracious Fräulein spare twenty marks?"

"Oh, Tony! of course. But what is five dollars to head a subscription? I can give ten; but—"

"Ten? That is forty marks. Now we are safe. We shall have a small fortune for Straub. If the gracious Fräulein allows I will quickly put down forty opposite her name, and take the paper to the drawing-room while the ladies are still there."

"But, Tony—"

"It is quite right. It is perfect." Off flew Tony with the paper.

She returned an hour later with a long list, and success beyond her fondest expectations. Five hundred marks were promised her for Straub. The other blue document, under the control of a trustworthy waiter, was already in circulation at the Insel, with the statement of the sum raised at the Constanzer. "If charity won't spur them on, competition will," thought Tony. "I don't care why they give, as long as Straub gets the money."

This reflection she did not confide to Miss Aurelia, nor did she relate the interesting details of her tour round the hotel: how she composedly entered the drawing-room and smilingly presented the paper to no less a personage than Mrs. High-Dudgeon; how that lady had made a wry face, but put her name down for fifty marks, reasoning that she could not allow even Miss Vanderpool to seem to prescribe to her the extent of her benevolence, and as leader of society in Constance she should be reluctant to give less than an unmarried woman. She comforted herself with the thought that, to the best of her knowledge, no man in Constance had ever before made himself an object of charity by getting under the wheels of a hotel omnibus, and she trusted anything so inconvenient might never again happen. The general would simply have to wear his old dressing-gown three months longer.

Mrs. Ruy-Bric gave forty marks. She smiled gallantly, but her soul writhed. "Painful as it is, I must hold my own with her for the sake of the little church in Wales," she murmured to Mr. Puggums, who gave—his blessing.

Some one indiscreetly expressed surprise that Miss Vanderpool had not contributed more. "But you know people of immense wealth are always parsimonious," replied another. Tony, not understanding the words, but keenly alive to the language of intonation and mien, found occasion to introduce a somewhat ornate version of what Miss Aurelia had just mentioned in regard to her private charities. This interesting item was added to the floating bits of gossip about Miss Vanderpool.

Introduced under such auspices—Miss Vanderpool's charity—the subscription naturally proved a success. It became the fashion, the enthusiasm of the moment. Up and down the long drawing-room went modest-looking, smiling little Tony, with her long blue paper and her deferential, pretty ways. "Miss Vanderpool's own maid," they whispered. Everybody gave; many from pure kindness of heart, some because others gave. Jessie's mamma made a fatal mistake. She happened to be the only person in the house with genuine silver-mine connections, but having no ambassador to properly present her before the foundations of society, her claims to public veneration were unknown. Thinking to please or impress her neighbors, she signed her name with a flourish, and taking out her purse, gave Tony a hundred-mark banknote on the spot. From that evening Mrs. High-Dudgeon did not recognize her.

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It was the death-blow to her social aspirations. Still, Thomas Straub's wife and children lived several weeks on the twenty-five-dollar donation which vanity had prompted.

Miss Vanderpool's name carried everything before it. Then Tony had a wonderfully keen eye. Where a face showed one benevolent yielding line, there she stood with her blue paper and her magnetism.

The Insel Hotel guests, as she had anticipated, also gave liberally. Determined not to be outdone by the Constanzer, and aggrieved that the latter had taken the initiative in a matter which, after all, concerned their own omnibus, they indignantly contributed six hundred marks to the support of the unfortunate man's family.

Tony took the two subscription lists and the cash down to the serious man in his den. He read the names, counted the money, and added his promised two hundred marks, after which they performed the ceremony of shaking hands heartily. She deposited the money in the bank, and joyfully carried the receipt for it, and the subscription papers, to Thomas Straub's young wife. On the Constanzer list "A. Z." was written very small indeed; and who could suspect "A. Z." meant Tony? Opposite stood ten marks, which was a fourth of her month's wages. Straub's wife wept over her, and cried, "Vergelt's Gott," and asked her whom she must thank. "I am only the maid," returned Tony, smiling with delight. "Thank Miss Vanderpool; she led the list."

CHAPTER V.

MISS AURELIA YIELDS TO TEMPTATION.

MISS AURELIA, having had greatness thrust upon her, gradually began to suffer from a complaint which in her lowly days she had never experienced—*ennui*. When, shy and unknown, she used to steal into a hotel drawing-room, her book in her hand, she was at liberty to read if she wished, or to watch the people covertly, and indulge in innocent speculations about them. Occasionally some woman, also shy and alone, would speak to her. This had been pleasant, and made a little variety.

Her previous condition was, in short, freedom—the dove's conception of freedom, not the eagle's, but freedom all the same. Now she was in bondage. Every evening she took her appointed place. Every evening she heard the self-same phrases. Her own mental horizon was not vast, but indeed it stretched beyond the monotonous pretence and narrowness of ill-natured platitudes. She was not clever, but at least she was clever enough not to call every woman who happened to be cleverer or prettier than she "second-rate." She began to weary of it all, of the dull malice, of the habitual denigration, and especially of that ubiquitous little church in Wales, which, wherever the conversation started, was always looming up in the background with its pressing need of a thousand pounds sterling to make it "so precious, so perfect, dearest Miss Vanderpool!" She wearied of their voices, of their manners, and—oh, treason! —she even wearied of the purple satin and all that therein was.

Afternoons it was not much better. Once enrolled in these ranks there was no escape. Frequently Mrs. High-Dudgeon's majestic and dreary servant came with a few lines inviting Miss Vanderpool to a social cup of tea at four o'clock, "quite among ourselves." And there they all were, six or eight satellites revolving around the shining purple satin — Mrs. Ruy-Bric, Mr. Puggums, and the little church in Wales.

Even mornings she had no peace, for dearest Miss Vanderpool was affectionately solicited to bring her embroidery over to Mrs. Ruy-Bric's balcony, where were also the Rev. Mr. Puggums and the L. C. in W.

For these rites Tony zealously dressed her mistress, and congratulated herself that Miss Aurelia was enjoying life at last. Tony herself would have found no entertainment in such staid diversions. A glass of beer at a little table in a shady garden with somebody who knew her well and loved her; cheerful couples at other tables; a swarm of children in their Sunday pinafores; everybody clean, kindly, and respectable, and a band playing away like mad—this was nearer Tony's idea of enjoyment. But she knew English-speaking people liked to take their pleasure lugubriously, and was liberal enough to be willing that they should be happy in their own way. She knew that in a Continental hotel frequented by the

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English, and boasting a permanent set of English lodgers, there must always be a perpetual ferment and striving for social recognition, and that lakes and mountains have no power to calm and satisfy the soul if the leading lady does not receive one; it was also her firm conviction that most English-speaking people are wretched if not noticed by somebody quite inferior to themselves.

Already Miss Aurelia looked like a different being, wore faultless toilets, carried herself with considerable self-possession, was the pride of the house, had become, indeed, so celebrated that the Insel Hotel had set up an heiress of its own to compete with her. Tony was satisfied with her work. But Miss Aurelia—alas! she was not happy.

Why, she did not know. Everybody was so attentive, she reproached herself for her ingratitude. She had singular thoughts about Mrs. High-Dudgeon and the others, and she feared she had become very wicked indeed. If she could only have seen herself and them and laughed! But she took them all seriously, and grew daily more confused. Church and Sunday caused her many misgivings.

At home she had been considered fairly religious, as she always went to church Sunday mornings if it did not rain; and at the Lenten services, when the clergyman said, "Dearly beloved brethren," she was usually one of the intrepid band of women in the cold vestry whom he addressed under this flattering title. She could not remember that in church at home she had ever had unholy thoughts. But in the room appropriated by the English for their Sunday services she was conscious of irregular impressions from which her conscience recoiled. In the first place, try as hard as she would, she could not make it seem like church, with the click of the billiard balls in the next room but one, and children shouting French on the lawn, and a splendid chorus of men's voices singing German love-songs in a beer-garden a short distance beyond the hotel. In the front row of worshippers stood Mrs. Ruy-Bric in a Paris toilet, making profound courtesies to the Deity. Mr. Puggums preached upon the necessity of supporting English chaplains in Continental hotels; plainly intimated that he was living upon the voluntary contributions of the little congregation, which he reproached with asperity for its shortcomings in this respect. Was it quite delicate to speak so? Miss Aurelia timorously asked herself. Was Mr. Puggums's support an imperative condition of the spiritual growth of those present? Couldn't people read their prayer-books in their rooms? Or, if they chose to gather together, could they not be less conspicuous, less aggressive? Need they take possession of one of the public reading-rooms? What if the Lutherans, or the Roman Catholics, or the Spiritualists, should proceed in this masterful manner? Why, the English, in view of so unpardonable a liberty, would leave in a body. The foreigners bore it amiably enough. They shrugged their shoulders and said, "They are English; what can you expect?" Still, should not one consider other people's rights even in the exercise of one's religion?

Near her, two bright-faced boys sat uneasily on the hard dining-room chairs which the grinning waiters had brought in and arranged under Mr. Puggums's fussy directions. The boys, when they dared, looked longingly out of the window toward the lake, shining and warm under the August sun, and gleaming temptingly through the trees. And if they were on the water, in the water, what then? Would it not profit them at least as much as to be scolded by Mr. Puggums because the contributions were not lavish? "Oh, how wicked I am!" she thought, and spasmodically listened to Mr. Puggums's discourse; but the sounds from without attracted her, and again her mind wandered. There was, after all, something amiable about the ungodly, something gentle and winning. She had often, especially in these latter days, noticed a family of Portuguese; she imagined, at all events, they were very, very foreign. There were seven children, with sweet voices and dusky, loving eyes, and the oldish father and mother sat often on a garden bench, actually hand in hand. They had a title or two in their own land, which they used simply as a matter of course—not being accustomed to anything better—and they entertained old-fashioned ideas about courtesy and loyalty. Three of their little girls were pushing the ivory balls about, counting five when they pocketed one, and some of their boys were playing with the great Leonberger dog on the lawn. None of them were making much noise, and their pretty voices sound-

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ed glad and innocent. Miss Aurelia sighed to think that the path of virtue could be so thorny.

This memorable Sunday was oppressively warm. Extreme heat and cold, according to criminal statistics, produce desperation in the human mind, and the temperature may have been in part responsible for Miss Aurelia's abnormal condition. She never before was pursued by such thoughts, never was so sadly conscious of depravity. At dinner, even the much-thumbed and tattered rubber plants which adorned the *table d'hôte* were curling up in utter recklessness; the waiters skimmed about with an exhausted air; and the frescoes of natural and historical scenes along the lake of Constance—landscapes at which the guests were apt to stare between the courses—seemed to project rays of tropical heat from their glaring surfaces.

Opposite Miss Aurelia, Mrs. Ruy-Bric surreptitiously loaded Mr. Puggums's plate with sweetmeats. Neither his appetite nor her devotion was affected by the outward caloric. Near her Mrs. High-Dudgeon looked most portentous and forbidding. Across the room, at a separate table, sat the ungodly Portuguese family, after all their Sabbath-breaking, cool, comfortable, and unconscious of their sins. The dark-eyed girls were dressed in simple white, the father smiled at his eldest boy, the mother was as motherly, affectionate, and contented as mortal woman could be. Miss Aurelia contemplated them, and her wicked thoughts continued.

That afternoon she again attended divine service in the reading-room, and felt singularly unhappy and depressed. Afterward Mrs. Ruy-Bric whispered to her that they all depended upon their sweet Miss Vanderpool to join them in the drawing-room that evening, where they should sing psalms and hymns. It was really a duty where there was so much levity; otherwise people would amuse themselves. Miss Aurelia shuddered.

She went up to her room, where Tony was arranging the jalousies and singing blithely.

"What have you done to-day, Tony? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"And how much!" exclaimed the girl. "First I went to mass, and then I arranged everything for the gracious Fräulein—knowing my duty—and this afternoon, with gracious permission to go out, I enjoyed myself vastly. The garden was breezy and cool, the people so kind, the music beautiful. Then the sail over and back! The gracious Fräulein knows I am a miserable coward in a small boat. But a big steamer with music and an awning. Ah!"

Miss Aurelia looked at her long and wistfully. "Tony," she began, after a pause, "do you not know some nice place where we could go, and where"—she hesitated, coughed, gasped, blushed, looked frightened, knew that she was wicked, yet was impelled to go on—"where there are no—no English?"

Tony turned quickly and scrutinized her mistress. "Why, yes, surely," she replied, smiling.

"I mean where there are foreigners."

"And you a New England woman!" moaned her conscience.

"Oh yes, I know places where there are nice Germans and French people, so amiable, and of excellent family."

"I don't think I care much about family," said Miss Aurelia, plaintively.

"Oh, it's a very different thing," returned Tony, in quick response to Miss Aurelia's thought. "I know a place where there are counts and barons, and now and then a prince or two, but they are easy about it, and kind to all the world, like those distinguished Portuguese."

"That's what I mean," said Miss Aurelia, brightening—"kind people."

"Now and then an English-speaking person may happen along," Tony reflected.

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that," Miss Aurelia returned, magnanimously—"that is, if she didn't stay too long, and was not too—too—"

"Proper!" suggested Tony, demurely.

"Or too severe," Miss Aurelia ventured to add.

"And dull," said Tony.

"And puffed up."

"And domineering."

"And censorious."

"And solemn as an owl."

"And if she would not always call her neighbors second-rate."

"Or sing out of tune."

"Or talk about High-Church decorations, or diseases; but, oh, Tony, I fear we are very wicked."

"Not at all, not at all!" she declared, with a jolly little laugh.

"You see, Tony, I am so tired of some

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"WITH AN ENGAGING SMILE, HE PULLED OFF HIS CAP."

things, and I have such a longing to be among people who are kind, and who enjoy themselves."

"Of course. And what is more natural and right? Ought the gracious Fräulein to wish to be among people who are unkind, and do not enjoy themselves, or let anybody else enjoy anything?"

"Well, Tony, you may pack. We will leave to-morrow."

"Very good, gracious Fräulein."

"And, Tony, I think I would like to take a stroll along the lake. Do you happen to know any little way out that would not lead past the drawing-room or the broad piazza, or anywhere, in fact, where I might meet—might meet—"

Presently Miss Aurelia was sauntering down a secluded garden path, while Tony rapidly and systematically began the work of packing.

"I have made a mistake," she admitted. "She doesn't like it. It is too heavy for her, and no wonder. Never mind. It has improved her. She will enjoy herself all the better next time, and she's a dear, good, innocent, sweet-tempered lady. When we get among the real ones she'll be contented as a kitten."

Meanwhile Miss Aurelia wandered on,

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her thoughts in a strange whirl. She was elated by the prospect of escape, and proud of her unwonted energy and initiative.

On a garden bench sat the oldish Portuguese couple, hand in hand, quiet, contented, gazing silently at the lake. "That is pretty—very pretty," thought Miss Aurelia, as she passed, a strange sensation, neither very sad nor yet pleasurable, and which she chose to call "a little homesick," taking possession of her. She was far too proper to consciously wish somebody would sit by her and hold her hand in the twilight, but she vaguely suspected that she had not got as much out of life as some people.

Suddenly she met a young gardener, with his wife and child, coming home from their Sunday outing. The little thing was tired and fretful, and the father swung him up to his own strong shoulder, while the mother comforted him with the loving tone that makes any voice and any language sweet. "How happy everybody is!" sighed Miss Aurelia. She was herself by no means unhappy. On the contrary. For she remembered the forbidding circle assembled in the drawing-room and waiting in vain for her. She should, perhaps, never see them again. She and Tony would slip away by the first train, before any one was aware of their intentions. Delightful thought.

She stood on the shore. The lake lay before her with long golden gleams reflected in its pleasant depths. The sky was beautiful with the last lingering glories of the sunset. The old monastery held itself bravely above the tree-tops. Beneath the arched bridge, with its ancient statues of warriors and dignitaries, the strong Rhine stream swept on in haste.

In her unwonted warm and receptive mood Miss Aurelia's thoughts assumed defined shapes. The reaction from the High-Dudgeon and Ruy-Bric influence drove her into untrodden paths of reflection.

"Yes, I should really like to be among people who are kind, and who enjoy themselves exactly as they please, without knowing that they are doing wrong." This may be incoherent, but it is precisely what Miss Aurelia was thinking. Then she grew a little troubled, for the problems which circumstances and her mental development had created were surely rather perplexing.

"Is being kind being good?" she asked herself, searchingly. "It almost seems so to me, although I fear I am very wicked to even think of such a thing. I must talk about it all with Mr. Brown when I return home, and tell him about the billiard balls pushed about by those gentle little girls. I think it is pleasant when people don't know that they are doing wrong. It is certainly pleasanter than when people are so dreadfully sure that they alone always do right. At all events, since I am over here, simply travelling for pleasure, I would rather see the happy people. And it seems to me, if we don't like what foreigners do, and if we consider them so bad, we'd better stay at home. Of course there are things that they do Sundays which we couldn't possibly do. Beer and music under a tree, for instance. I don't know that the beer is wrong, or the music, or the tree; but the combination does seem wicked. That is, for me. But is it for Tony? Mr. Brown himself told me once he did not think a quiet drive in the woods Sunday afternoon in itself a sin. Then, so far as beer is concerned, most people at home have their best dinners Sunday. Dear! dear! it is very confusing. And if a phaeton in the woods is not a sin, why is a boat on the water?

"I do want to see foreigners and happy people—families and children. And I would like to see more men. Not, of course, for myself," she assured herself, with a maidenly blush; "but I do like to see them about; that is, when they are not as short and fat as Mr. Puggums, or so infirm as poor old General High-Dudgeon. I'm afraid he isn't very happy! It does seem natural and cheerful to see men with their families. The Portuguese gentleman, for instance, and the gardener, just now, were very nice."

She was now walking along the shore road directly by the water. There were pleasant seats under the trees, and the air was soft and still. Boats were gliding about far and near. She listened to the rhythmical dip of the oars, and to songs from gardens, voices, and laughter. The identical melody to which, in the Puggums church service that morning, a hymn had been slowly and discordantly dragged along to the glory of God, now resounded at a rapid *tempo*, sung with feeling

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and musical intonation by thirty trained voices, swinging passionately, in its original guise as an old German love-song.

"Why is it holy to sing it slow, and wicked to sing it fast?" she asked herself. "It is really very confusing. Perhaps I'd better go in"—walking slowly on, reluctant to leave the pretty scene, and conscious that she had not courage to meet the hotel faction face to face and assert her independence. "I will go as far as the steps, and then turn."

They were broad marble steps, descending into the lake, with a suggestion of Venice in their stateliness and the water rippling always against the stone.

She went as far as the steps, but she did not turn.

Leaning against the carved balustrade, in one of the most graceful attitudes ever designed by mortal man, stood a beautiful and picturesque youth. He was tall, slight, and handsomely sunbrowned. He wore a jaunty blue flannel sailor suit, coquettishly if not generously open at the throat, and adorned with silver anchors everywhere that it was possible to apply them. A critical eye might have found him, to say the least, theatrical. Miss Aurelia gazed at him entranced.

With an engaging smile, he pulled off his cap. His teeth were as white, his eyes as blue, as Tony's.

"Gracious Fräulein," he said, "may I have the honor of taking you out for a row?"

His well-cushioned little white boat bobbed temptingly up and down, and grazed the marble steps. He looked at her with bold, it almost seemed to her with admiring, eyes. No man had ever stood before her with that gallant air.

"You are—" she began, hesitatingly.

"Fritz Binder, at your service; boatman, fisherman, and guide; acquainted with every fact of interest on the lake, and particularly accustomed to ladies," he rattled off, with a fluency only attainable by means of infinite repetition.

Miss Aurelia looked at him innocently, wonderingly, rapturously.

"It is Sunday," moaned her long-suffering, highly scandalized, New England conscience.

Fritz Binder sweetly smiled, pulled the prow of his skiff well up on the second marble step, and striding in with his long, athletic legs, deftly arranged the cushions in the stern. Holding the boat with one foot, the other placed firmly upon the step, balancing himself easily, he turned the whole battery of his dark blue eyes and winning smiles upon his victim.

She gave one backward glance toward the hotel, where, in unimpeachable respectability, the English circle was gathered about that little church in Wales. She looked cautiously up and down the curving, dusky road. From gardens and passing boats floated music and happy laughter. The lake was one vast expanse of dim, rosy gold.

Motionless, silent, smiling, Fritz Binder waited.

Call no woman discreet until she dies.

Miss Aurelia, with a long, fluttering sigh, stepped into his little bobbing boat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIVER DUDDON.

(AFTER-THOUGHT.)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being passed away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide.
Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish.—Be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN YANKEE.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

NATURE never intended there should be a city where Valparaiso stands, but the enterprise of the Chillanos, aided by English and German capital, has built the finest port on the west coast of South America, and commerce has made its head-quarters there. The harbor is spacious, its surroundings picturesque, and ten months in the year shipping is protected, but in midwinter, when "northers" prevail, vessels are often driven from their anchorage, and compelled to cruise about to avoid being dashed upon the rocks on which the city stands. A breakwater built across the entrance to the harbor might give ample protection, but the sea is so deep—more than two hundred fathoms—that such a work is deemed impracticable. In the bay, drawn up in lines, like men-of-war ready for review, are hundreds of craft, bearing the flags of almost every nation on the earth except our own.

The foreign trade is controlled by Englishmen, all commercial transactions are rendered in pounds sterling, the English language is spoken on the streets and in the shops, an English newspaper is published, and to a stranger the city seems like one of her Majesty's colonies. There is a strong prejudice against the United States, growing out of the attitude assumed by our government during the war between Chili and Peru, which is stimulated by the English residents. But few Americans are there, the chief of whom are the reverend and venerable Dr. Trumbull and his coadjutors in the Presbyterian missionary work, and two or three merchants.

The name of the city means "the Vale of Paradise," but is a paradox, as there is no vale, and few symptoms of the supernal. An almost perpendicular mountain ridge forms a crescent around the bay, toward the shores of which descend steep rocky escarpments. Here and there watercourses have furrowed down ravines, or *barrancas*, as they are called, which offer the only means of reaching the outer world. Along the narrow strip of sand which lies between the sea and cliffs the town stretches three or four miles. In some places there is width enough for only a single street, at others for three or four running parallel to each other, but they only extend a few blocks. The one street, the only artery of commerce in Valparaiso, is the "Calle Victoria," circling around the entire harbor, and skirted by all the banks and hotels, the counting-houses of the wholesale firms, the shops of the retailers, the government buildings, and the fine private residences. The rocky cliffs have been terraced as the town has grown, and the city now extends back upon the hills a long distance, one man's house being above another's, and reached by stairways, winding roads, and steam "lifts" which carry passengers up inclined planes like those at Niagara Falls and Pittsburgh. What roads there are were laid out by the goats that formerly fed upon the mountain-side, and twist about in the most confusing and circuitous fashion. One has to stop and pant for breath as he climbs them, and in coming down, an alpenstock is needed. The hacks in Valparaiso have three horses attached to them, and the teaming is done in carts drawn by four oxen.

An evening view of Valparaiso from a steamer in the bay is quite novel, as the lines of lights, one above the other, give the appearance of a city turned up on end. Electric lamps are placed upon the crests of the cliffs, throwing their rays over into the streets and upon the terraces below, with the effect of moonlight. During the day, however, the irregular rows of houses, of different shapes and elevations, clinging to the precipices, look as if a strong wind might blow them overboard, or an earthquake shake them off into the bay.

The business portion of the city, along the beach, shows some fine architecture, more elaborate than is to be seen elsewhere in Central and South America, there being a rivalry in handsomely carved façades and other adornments. The shops and stores are large, and contain as complete an assortment of goods as can be found in any city in the world. There is no city in the United States of the population of Valparaiso (125,000) with so many fine shops and such a display of costly and luxurious articles. The people are wealthy and prosperous, the foreign element is large and rich, and the place is famous, as is Santiago, the capital, for the extravagance of its citizens. Some of the

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THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO.

private residences are palatial in their proportions and equipments, and millions of dollars are represented under the roofs of bankers and merchants. There are clubs as fine as the average in New York or London, public reading-rooms, libraries, picture-galleries, and all the elements which go to make up modern civilization. The parks and plazas are filled with beautiful fountains and statuary of bronze and marble, much of which, to the shame of Chili, was stolen from the public and private gardens of Peru during the late war. The Custom-house is being torn away to give place to a magnificent monument to Arthur Pratt, an Irish hero of the struggle. His reckless courage made him the ideal of all that is great and noble in the mind of the Chillanos, who have erected a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera-houses, and even lotteries are named in his honor, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the old Custom-house in order to erect his monument in the most conspicuous place in the principal city.

The oddest thing to be seen is the female street-car conductors. The street-car managers of Chili have added another occupation to the list of those in which women may engage. The experiment was first tried during the war with Peru, when all the able-bodied men were sent to the army, and proved so successful that their employment has become permanent, to the advantage, it is said, of both the companies, the women, and the public. The first impression of a woman with a bell-punch taking up fares is not favorable, but the stranger soon becomes accustomed to this as to all other novelties, and concludes that it is not such a bad idea after all.

The female conductors are seldom disturbed in the discharge of their duties, and when they are, the rule is to call upon the policemen, who stand at every corner, to eject the obstreperous passenger. The street-cars are double-deckers, with seats upon the roof as well as within, and the conductor occupies a perch on the rear platform, taking the fare as the passenger enters. Street-car riding

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is a popular amusement with the young men about town. Fellows who make a business of flirting with the conductors are called "mosquitos" in local parlance, because they swarm so thickly around the cars and are so great a nuisance. The conductors, or conductresses, are usually young, and sometimes quite pretty, being commonly of the mixed race—of Spanish and Indian blood. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, with a jaunty Panama hat, and a many-pocketed white pinafore, reaching from the breast to the ankles, and trimmed with dainty frills. In these pockets they carry small change and tickets, while hanging over their shoulders is a little shopping bag, in which is a lunch, a pocket-handkerchief, and surplus money and tickets. Each passenger when paying his fare receives a yellow paper ticket, numbered, which he is expected to destroy. The girls are charged with so many tickets, and when they report at head-quarters are expected to return money for all that are missing, any deficit being deducted from their wages, which are $25 per month.

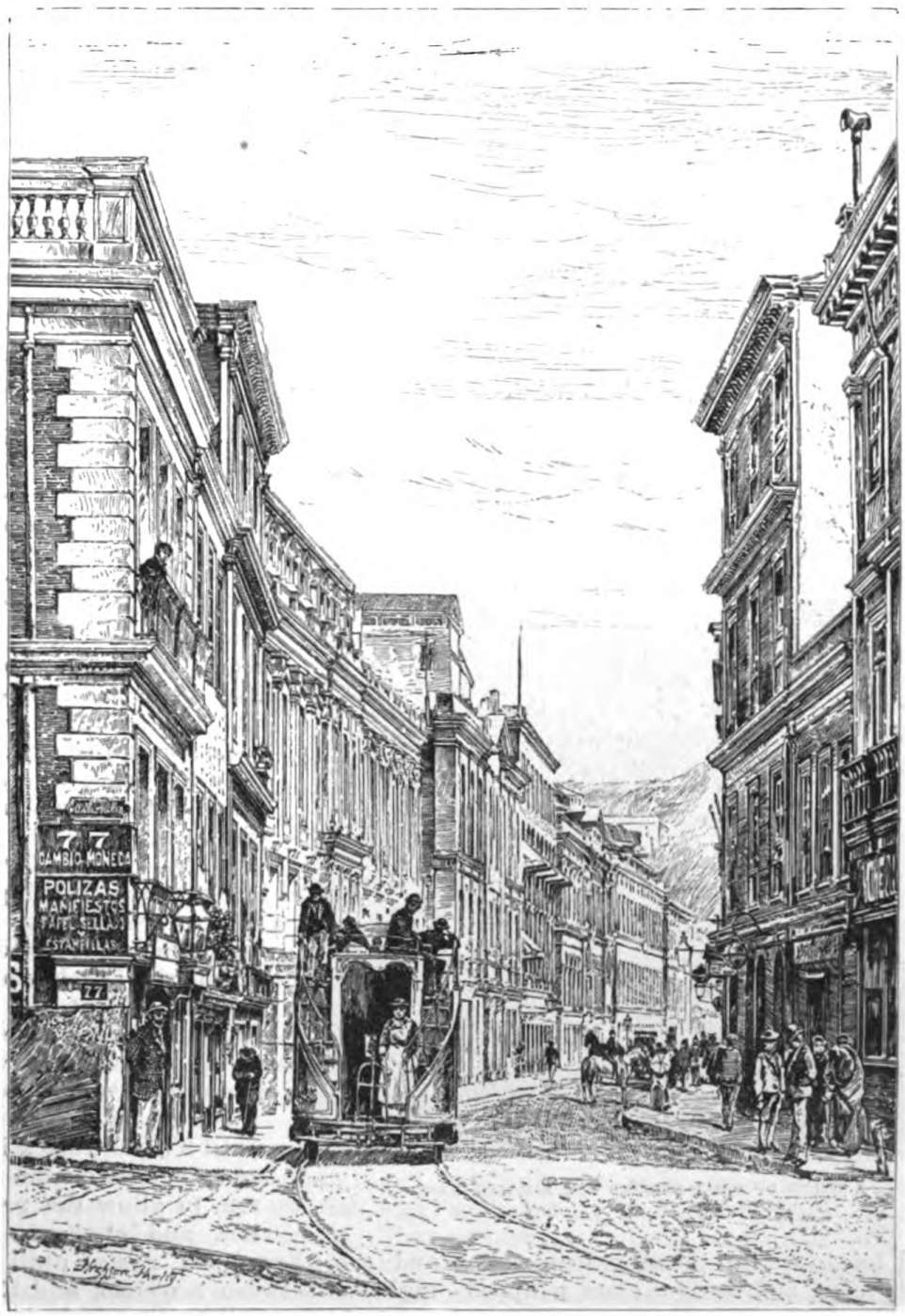
The women of Chili are not so pretty as their sisters in Peru. They are generally larger in feature and figure, have not the dainty feet and supple grace of the Lima belles, and lack their voluptuous languor. In Valparaiso half the ladies are of the Saxon type. Here, too, modern costumes are worn more generally than in other South American countries, and the shops are full of Paris bonnets. But the black *manta*, with its fringe of lace, is still common enough to be considered the costume of the country, and is always worn to mass in the morning. The manta is becoming to almost everybody. It hides the defects of homely forms and figures, and heightens grace and beauty. It makes an old woman look young, a stout woman appears more slender under its graceful folds, and even a skeleton would look coquettish wrapped in the rich embroidery which some bear.

In Chili mantas and skirts of white flannel are worn by "penitentes"—women who have committed sin, and thus advertise their penitence—or those who have taken some holy vow, and go about the streets with downcast eyes, looking at nothing and recognizing no one. They hover around the churches, and sit for hours crouching before some saint or crucifix. In the great cathedral at Santiago and in the smaller churches everywhere these "penitentes," in their snow-white garments, are always to be seen on their knees or posing in other uncomfortable postures, looking like statues. They cluster in groups around the confessionals, waiting to receive absolution. Ladies of high social position and great wealth are commonly found among the "penitentes," as well as young girls of beauty and winning grace. Souls that cannot be purged by this penitential dress retire to a convent in the outskirts of the city, called the "Convent of the Penitentes," where they scourge themselves with whips, mortify the flesh with sackcloth, sleep in ashes and upon stone floors, and feed themselves on mouldy crusts, until the priests, by whose advice they go, give them absolution. For those who are unfitted under the social laws to associate with the pure, other convents are open.

In the orphan asylum at Santiago there are said to be 2000 children of unknown parentage, supported by the Church, and this in a city of 200,000 people. There is a convenient mode for the disposition of foundlings. In the rear wall surrounding the place is an aperture, with a wooden box or cradle which swings out and in. A mother goes there at night, places the little one in the cradle, swings it inside, and the nuns on guard, hearing a bell that rings automatically, take the infant to the nursery. However this plan may be regarded by stern moralists, it is certainly an improvement on infanticide—a crime almost unknown in Chili.

Santiago is reached from Valparaiso by a railway run on the English plan, and similar in its equipment and system of management to those of Europe. The scenery along the line is picturesque, the snow caps of the Andean peaks being constantly in view, and Aconcagua, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, can be seen nearly the entire distance. A few miles from Valparaiso, and the first station on the road, is Vin del Mar, the Long Branch of Chili, where many of the wealthy residents of the country have fine establishments and usually spend the summer. It is by far the most modern and elegant fashionable resort in South America, and reminds one of the popular haunts along the Mediterranean. The journey to Santiago is made in about five hours, and one finds in the capital of Chili the finest city on the continent.

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VICTORIA STREET, VALPARAISO.

Although the climate of Santiago is about that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have a notion that fires in their houses are unhealthful, and, except in those built by English or American residents, there is nothing like a grate or a stove to be found. Everybody wears the warmest sort of under-clothing, and heavy wraps in-doors and out. The people spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver, and the remainder in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor, surrounded by every possible luxury wealth can bring except fire, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap and the mountains are covered with timber. It

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A BELLE OF CHILI DRESSED FOR MORNING MASS.

is odd, too, to see in the streets men wearing fur caps, and their throats wrapped in heavy mufflers, while the women who walk beside them have nothing on their heads at all. During the morning, while on the way from mass or while shopping, the women wear the manta, as they do in Peru; but in the afternoons, on the promenade or when riding, they go bareheaded. Although the prevailing diseases are pneumonia and other throat and lung complaints, and during the winter the mortality from these causes is immense, the Chillano persists in believing that artificial heat poisons the atmosphere; and when he visits the home of a foreigner and finds a fire, he will ask that the door be left ajar so that he may be as chilly as usual. At fashionable gatherings, dinner parties, and that sort of thing, I have seen women in full evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, with the temperature of the room between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. They often carry into the salon or dining-room their fur wraps, and wear them at the table, while at every chair is a foot-warmer of thick llama wool, into which they push their dainty slippered toes. These foot-warmers are ornamental as well as useful, have embroidered cases, and are manufactured at home, or can be purchased from the nuns, who spend much of their time in needle-work.

Every lady seen on the street in the morning carries a prayer rug, often handsomely embroidered, which she kneels upon at mass to protect her limbs from the damp stone floor of the churches, in which there are never any pews.

The shops do not open until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, close from 5 to 7 P.M. to allow the proprietors and clerks to dine, and are then open again until midnight, as between 8 o'clock and 11 P.M. most of the retail trading is done. The finest shops are in the arcades or portales, like the Palais Royal in Paris, and are brilliantly lighted with electricity. Here the ladies gather, swarming around the pretty goods like bees around the flowers, and of course the haughty and impertinent Dons come also to stare at them. It seems to be considered a compliment, a mark of admiration, to stare at a woman, for she never turns away. To these nightly gatherings come all who have nothing serious to detain them, and

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SANTA LUCIA.

the flirtations begun at the portales are the curse of the women of Santiago. The shops are full of the prettiest sorts of goods, the most expensive diamonds, jewelry, and laces, and are finer than can be found in American cities of a similar size. The Santiagans boast that everything that can be found in Paris can be purchased there, and one easily believes it to be true. There is plenty of money in Chili, the people have a refined taste and luxurious habits, many of the private houses are palatial, and the toilets of the women are superb. The equipages to be seen are equal to those of New York or London, and the Alameda on pleasant afternoons is thronged with handsome carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen, like Central Park or Rotten Row.

The Alameda is 600 feet in width, broken by four rows of poplar-trees, and stretches the full length of the city, four miles, from "Santa Lucia" to the Exposition Park and Horticultural Gardens. In the centre is a promenade, while on either side is a driveway 100 feet wide. The promenade is dotted with a line of statues representing the famous men or commemorating the famous events in the history of Chili, a country which has assassinated or sent into exile some of her noblest sons, but never fails to perpetuate their memory in bronze or marble. On the Alameda from three to five o'clock every afternoon during the season several military bands are placed at intervals of half a mile or so, and the music calls out all the population to walk or drive. During the summer the music is given in the evening instead of the afternoon, when the portales are deserted for the out-door promenade.

Fronting the Alameda are the finest palaces in the city, magnificent dwellings of carved sandstone, often 100 or 200 feet square, with the invariable court-yard or *patio* in the centre, and its fountains and flowers. Houses which cost half a million

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EXPOSITION BUILDING, SANTIAGO.

dollars to build and a quarter of a million to furnish are common, and there are some even more expensive. The former residence of the late Henry Meiggs stands in the centre of a park 800 feet square, surrounded by a forest of foliage and a beautiful garden. It is a conspicuous example of extravagance, having cost a mint of money, every timber and brick and tile being imported at an enormous expense. It is at present unoccupied and in a state of decay, there being no one since the death of Meiggs with the courage or the means to sustain such grandeur. But though the magnates seek the boulevard of the city to display their wealth and architectural taste, some of the side streets have residences quite as grand, and even more aristocratic. These more retired quarters have an air of gentility the Alameda has not acquired, a sort of established aristocratic repose, a riper, richer, and more honorable quiet, that suggests something of social distinction and haughty exclusiveness, venerable solitude and commercial solidity. Another monument to the extravagance of men is known as "O'Brien's Folly." It is a magnificent structure, modelled after a Turkish palace, and its cost was fabulous. The owner was an Irish adventurer, who discovered one of the richest silver mines in Chili, and lived like a prince until his money was gone. His castle is now unoccupied, and he is again in the mountains prospecting for another fortune.

"Santa Lucia" is the most beautiful place in all South America — the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It is a pile of rocks a thousand feet high, cast into the centre of the great plain on which the city stands by some volcanic agency. It was here that the United States astronomical expedition of 1852, under Lieutenant Gillis, made observations. Before that time, and as far back as the Spanish invasion, it was a magnificent fortress, commanding the entire valley with its guns, and tradition has it that the King of the Araucanians had a stronghold here before the Spaniards came. After the departure of the United States expedition, Vicunae McCenna, a public-spirited man of wealth in Santiago, undertook the work of beautifying the place, and by the aid of private subscriptions, with much of his own means, sought all the resources that taste could suggest and money reach to improve on nature's grandeur. His success was complete. Winding walks and stairways, parapets and balconies, grottoes and flower beds, groves of trees and vine-hung arbors, follow one another from the base to the summit, while upon the west, at the edge of a precipice 800 feet high, is a miniature castle and a lovely little chapel, in whose crypt Vicunae McCenna has asked that his bones be laid. Below the chapel 300 or 400 feet, on the opposite side of the hill, is a level place on which a restaurant and out-door theatre have been erected. Here on summer nights come the population of the city to eat ices, drink beer, and laugh at the farces played upon the stage, while bands of music and dancing make the people merry. This is the resort of the aristocracy, while the poor people go to

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Cousiño Park at the other end of the Alameda, drink *chica*, and dance the *cuaca* (pronounced quaker), the Chillano national dance.

At the other end of the Alameda are the Exposition grounds and Horticultural Gardens, laid out in good style and improved to the highest degree of landscape architecture. There is a fine stone and glass building—a miniature copy of the Crystal Palace in London—used as the National Museum of Chili, whose contents were mostly stolen from Peru during the late war. A Zoological Garden has been added to exhibit the animals brought from Peru, like the curiosities of the museum, as contraband of war. The elephant died from the severity of the climate, two of the lions are missing from the same cause, and the rest of the menagerie are suffering from exposure and cold to which they are unaccustomed.

The Opera-house at Santiago is owned by the city government, and is claimed to be the finest structure of the sort in all America. It certainly surpasses any we have in the United States in size, arrangement, and gorgeousness. It is built upon the European plan, with four balconies, three of which are divided off into boxes, upholstered in the most luxurious manner. The balconies are supported on brackets, so that there are no pillars to obstruct the view. The boxes are sold at auction for the season each year, under the direction of the Mayor, and the receipts given in whole or in part as a subsidy to the opera management.

Everywhere one goes in Santiago and other cities in Chili are to be seen the ornaments of which Peru was so mercilessly plundered—statuary and fountains, ornamental street lamps, benches of carved stone in the parks and the Alameda, and almost everything that beautifies the streets. Transports which were sent up to Callao with troops brought back cargoes of pianos, pictures, furniture, books, and articles of household decoration, stolen from the homes of the Peruvians. Lamp posts torn up by the roots, pretty iron fences and images from the cemeteries, altar equipments of silver from the churches, statuary from the parks and streets, and



STATUE OF BERNARD O'HIGGINS, SANTIAGO.

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everything that the hands of thieves and vandals could reach, were stolen. Clocks were taken from the steeples of the churches, one of which now gives time to the market-place of Santiago, and even effigies of the saints were lifted from the altars and stripped of the embroideries and jewels they had received from their devotees. In the court-yard of the Post-office at Santiago are two statues of marble which cause the American tourist to start in surprise, for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln stand like unexpected ghosts before him. Their presence is not announced in any of the guide-books, which is accounted for by the fact that they, like almost everything else of the kind in Chili, were brought from Peru.



PATRICK LYNCH.

But the new hotel is the finest ornament in Santiago in the eyes of foreigners who have been compelled to stop at the old ones. It is a magnificent structure, with $300,000 worth of furniture from Paris, and a $5000 cook from the same place. The rooms all have grates for fires, which is an innovation, and are furnished as handsomely as any of the hotels in New York, while the restaurant is as good as Delmonico's.

The Chillano is the Yankee of South America, the most active, enterprising, ingenious, and thrifty of the Spanish-American race, aggressive, audacious, and arrogant quick to perceive, quick to resent, fierce in disposition, cold-blooded, and cruel as a cannibal. He dreams of conquest. He has only a strip of country along the Pacific coast, so narrow that there is scarcely room enough to write its name upon the map, hemmed in on the one side by the eternal snows that crown the Cordilleras and on the other by 6000 miles of sea. He has been stretching himself northward until he has stolen all the sea-coast of Bolivia, with her valuable nitrate deposits, all the guano that belonged to Peru, and contemplates taking actual possession of both those republics soon. He has been reaching southward by diplomacy, as he did northward by war, and under a recent treaty with the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia with that nation, taking to himself the control of that valuable international highway, the Strait of Magellan, the unexplored country between the Andes and the ocean, and thousands of islands along the Pacific coast, whose resources are unknown. By securing the strait, Chili acquired control of steam navigation in the South Pacific, and has established a colony and fortress at Punta Arenas, by which all vessels must pass. Reposing tranquilly now in the enjoyment of the newly acquired territory along the Bolivian and Peruvian border, and deriving an enormous revenue from the export tax upon nitrate, the Chillano contemplates the internal dissensions of Peru, and waits anxiously for the time when he can step in as arbitrator, and, like the lawyer, take the estate that the heirs are silly enough to quarrel over. It is but a question of years when not only Peru, but Bolivia, will become a part of Chili, and the aggressive nation will want to push her eastern boundary back of the Andes, and secure control of the sources of the Amazon, as she has of the navigation of the strait.

Although Argentine is making more rapid strides toward national greatness, there is no doubt that at present, in all the conditions of modern civilization, the Chillanos lead the Southern continent, and are the most powerful of all the republics in America except our own. Their statesmen are wise and able, their people are industrious and progressive, and have that strength of mind and muscle which is given only to the men of temperate zones. There is a strong similarity between the Chillanos and the Irish. Both have the same wit and reckless courage,

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AN INCA QUEEN AND PRINCESS.

the same love of country and patriotic pride. Wherever a Chillano goes he carries his opinion that there never was and never can be a better land than that in which he was born, and although he may be a refugee or an exile, he will fight in defence of Chili at the drop of the hat. There is something refreshing in his patriotism, even if it be the most arrogant vanity. Our people are becoming ashamed of their Fourth of July, and the Declaration of Independence is the butt of professional jokers. The Chillano will cut the throat of a man who will not celebrate with him the 18th of September, his Independence Day, and there is a law in the country requiring every house to have a flagstaff, and every flagstaff to bear the national colors on a banner by day and a lantern by night, on the anniversaries of the republic. All the schools must use text-books by native authors, all the bands play the compositions of native composers, and visiting opera and concert singers are

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compelled to vary their performances by introducing the songs of the country. It is said that a Frenchman can never be denationalized. The same is true of the Chillano. There has not been a successful revolution in Chili since 1839, and although there is nowhere a more unruly and discordant people, nowhere more murders and other serious crimes, in their love of country the haughty Don and the patient peon, the hunted bandit and the cruel soldier, are one.

Many of the leading men of Chili are and have been of Irish descent. Barney O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington—of the republic, and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of Chili in the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chillano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the shamrock and the condor, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive.

As a soldier the Chillano is brave to recklessness, and a sense of fear is unknown to him. He will not endure a siege, nor can he be made to fight at long range; but as soon as he sees the enemy he fires one volley, drops his gun, and rushes in with his "curvo." His endurance is as great as his courage, and no North American Indian can travel so far without rest or go so long without food or water as the Chillano peon, or "Roto," as the mixed race is called. As the "Cholo" in Peru is the descendant of the Spaniards and the Incas, so is the "Roto" in Chili the child of the Spaniard and the Araucanian Indians, the race of giants with which the early explorers reported that Patagonia was peopled—"menne of that bigginess," as Sir Francis Drake reported, "that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance, and the cruelty of both. Each soldier, in the mountains or the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coca plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes of potato skins. The coca is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week or ten days at a stretch. The Chillano soldier is not easily subjected to discipline, and outvandals the vandals in the destruction of property, as the present condition of Peru will prove. He burns and destroys everything within his reach that has sheltered an enemy. No authority can restrain his hand. The awful scenes of devastation that took place in Peru have nothing to parallel them in the annals of modern warfare. On the battle-fields nine-tenths of the dead were found with their throats cut, and the Chillanos took no prisoners, except when a whole army capitulated. They ask no quarter and give none. The knowledge of this characteristic, and the fear of the Chillano knife, was a powerful factor in the subjugation of the more humane Peruvians.

While the Chillanos are quick to learn and have much native mechanical ingenuity, they cannot be trusted as machinists. The magnificent cruiser *Esmeralda*, one of the finest ships of war afloat, was built in England for the Chili government at a cost of $1,500,000, but she had not been in the hands of native engineers six weeks before her engines needed repairs and her boilers were ruined. She has since been sold to the British government, with her two torpedo boats, for the original cost, and is now manned by British officers and seamen. The Chillanos have a line of steamers running from Valparaiso up and down the coast. They are the finest ships on the Pacific, built on the Clyde, with all modern improvements, but the engineers and captains are Englishmen or Scotchmen. The government owns and manages the railroads in the republic, but the locomotive drivers are foreigners. Every three or four years, usually before a Presidential election, these men are discharged and natives employed in their stead, but until election is over and the old engineers are restored to their places there is a carnival of accidents, and passenger travel is practically suspended.

In trade the Chillano is a Yankee. At market or in the native shops the buyer is not expected to pay the price first asked. He is expected to enter into a *negocio*, and the seller is disappointed if he loses an opportunity to show his shrewdness in the barter. There is no regularly established price for any article.

Most of the hotel-keepers are women whose husbands are engaged in other occupations, but all the servants, including the cooks and chamber-maids, are men. There are better cooks and better classes

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of food than in other South American countries, and one seldom fails to find a good inn even in the country villages. The markets of Chili, too, are better; the beef, mutton, and other meats have the flavor that is only to be found in temperate climates, the fish are not so rank and coarse as those caught in tropical waters, and while vegetation is not so prolific, the fruits of the earth have a finer taste. There are oysters equal to those of New Orleans or Mobile, clams and lobsters, and plenty of shrimps, called *camarons*.

Another oddity is the milk stations. Every few blocks on all but the principal business streets is a platform upon which a cow is tied, and milked to order by a dairy-maid whenever a customer calls. On a table near by are found measures, cans, and glasses, and often a bottle of brandy, so that a thirsty man can mix a glass of punch if he likes. In the morning these stands are surrounded by servants from the aristocratic houses, women and children with cups and buckets, awaiting their turn, while as fast as one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform.



SEÑORA COUSIÑO.

In Chili, as in all other Spanish-American countries, every man and woman is named after the saint whose anniversary is nearest the day on which they were born, and that saint is expected to look after the welfare of those christened in his or her honor. These names sound fine in Spanish, but when they come to be translated into unpoetic English, there is an oddity, and often something comical, about them. For example, the name of the recent President of Chili is Domingo Santa Maria, which being interpreted means "Sunday St. Mary." The name of the President of Ecuador is Jesus Mary Caamaño (apple), and that of the Governor of the province of Valparaiso is "Sunday Bull" (Domingo Torres). The use of the Saviour's name is common, even upon the signs of stores and saloons in cities, and in the nomenclature of the streets. I met a girl once whose name was Dolores Digerier (Sorrowful Stomach).

The Crœsus of South America is a woman, Doña Isadora Cousiño, of Santiago, and there are few women or men in the world richer than she. Her property consists of millions of acres of land, flocks and herds that are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, coal, copper, and silver mines, acres of real estate in Santiago and Valparaiso, a fleet of ships, smelting works, potteries, and other manufactories, a railway or two, and other trifles of productive value, which are all under her own management, and yield an income of several millions a year, that she tries very hard to spend, and under the circumstances succeeds as well as could be expected.

The struggle between the liberal element and the Catholic Church which has been going on for a number of years in Chili, as in the other South American republics, is now at its height. There has so far been no confiscation of property, as in some of the other states, and at

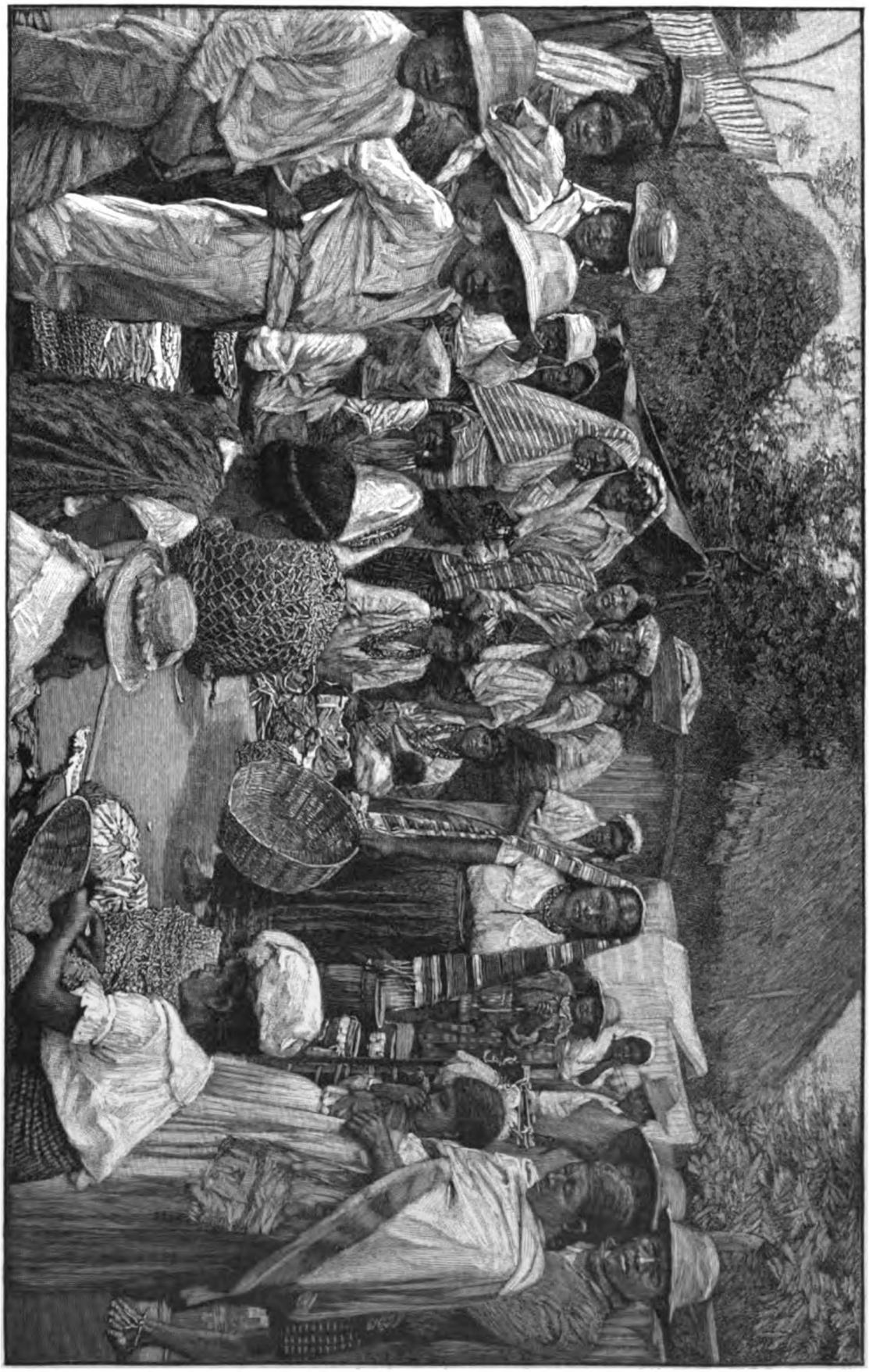
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PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

the capital there are still two thousand monks and nuns. The Jesuits were expelled several years ago, but the other monastic orders were allowed to remain and conduct the political policy of the clerical party. The liberal party has a majority in Congress, and has passed laws by which the authority and power of the priests have been seriously crippled. The archbishop was banished for resenting these measures, and the appointment of the bishops has been given to the President instead of the Pope by act of Congress. Free non-sectarian schools have been established, and the rite of civil marriage only is recognized by the courts. At the last Presidential election, which occurred in June, 1885, Balmaceda, the liberal candidate, was elected, although bitterly opposed by the priests, who realized that his success would be their permanent discomfiture, and there were riots attended with much bloodshed and many fatalities. A decree of banishment has been issued against all priests who refuse to recognize the civil marriage act, and the confiscation of church property will probably be the next step. It is said that fully one-third of the real estate in the country is owned by the Church, and the most of it, by a curious custom, is held in trust for the saints to whom it was presented or bequeathed by their devotees. Saint Dominic, for example, is almost as rich as the widow Cousiño, and has an enormous income from his estates, which are ably managed by the order of Dominican Friars.

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PEONS OF CHILI.

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Protestantism is making more rapid progress in Chili than elsewhere in Spanish America, which is due to the increase of education among the common people, and the missionary work of Dr. Trumbull and his associates under the direction of the Presbyterian Board. There are several missions throughout the country, a number of self-supporting churches, and Protestant schools, a college, a theological seminary for the education of native preachers, and a young ladies' seminary. But the great majority of the people still cling to the superstitions of the Dark Ages, and believe in miracle-working images that are set up in the churches and used to extort money for the priests.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities, and seldom visit their *haciendas*, as they are called. The tenants are permanent, and have retainers in the form of little cottages and gardens, for which they pay no rent. If the landlord requires their services, they are always subject to his call, and are paid by the day or month for whatever labor they perform, generally in orders upon the supply store or commissary of the estate, where they can obtain food, clothing, and other articles, and rum—especially rum. They are given small credits at these stores, and as the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord to whom he is in debt, the former is never permitted to settle his account. The peons never get ahead. They live and die on the same estates and in the same cabins where their fathers and grandfathers lived and died, and know nothing of the world or the conditions of men around them. Although they are badly treated in most cases, they are always loyal to their masters, and take their peonage as a matter of course. The war with Peru had a demoralizing effect upon the agricultural population, from which the army of Chili was recruited, and it will require many years to recover from it. When they returned from the war it was found almost impossible to get the men back to the *estancias*. They were enamored of military life, had got a taste of city dissipation, and a large proportion of the army, when it was mustered out, became thieves, beggars, and highwaymen. There is not enough labor in the country to work the farms, and the lack has not only caused higher wages to be paid, but has done much to break up the old system. Immigration is encouraged, labor-saving machinery is being introduced from the United States, and new conditions are promised. But the *estancieros* who adopt labor-saving machinery have to get some immigrant to operate it, as the native can seldom be induced to do so, and when he does, usually smashes the implement at the first trial.

He who wishes to make the journey from Chili to the Argentine Republic has a choice of routes. He may go by vessel through the Strait of Magellan, or may climb the Andes on the back of a mule. Either journey is delightful in the summer season. By land it takes five days, three of which are spent in the saddle, amid some of the grandest scenery in the world. The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua, which rises 22,415 feet above the sea, and is in plain view from both Valparaiso and Santiago when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was until recently supposed to be the King of the Andes, and in geographies published thirty years ago was described as the highest mountain in the world. No one has ever reached the summit of either monster, but by triangulation Aconcagua has been determined to have an advantage of 2000 feet over old "Chimbo" in stature. When the city of Mendoza, on the Argentine side of the Cordilleras, is reached, one can make the rest of his journey to Buenos Ayres in a Pullman car.

The road over the mountains is always dangerous, and trained mules only can be used. There are some bridges to be crossed whose construction does not commend itself to the timid. They are made of braided cowhide, stretched across the chasm after the manner of modern suspension-bridges, and a floor of poles laid, just wide enough for one mule to pass. The oscillation of these slender structures, which often overhang gorges thousands of feet deep, is very great, and the sensation of the novice in crossing is not repeated for pleasure. It is remarkable that so few accidents happen, and when they do, it is usually from the carelessness of the traveller. The route is historical, and has been in use for centuries. There is not a mile without some romantic association, scarcely a rock that some tradition does not cling to.

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MOUNT ACONCAGUA.

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MOUNTED KHIVAN AND BOKHARIOT.

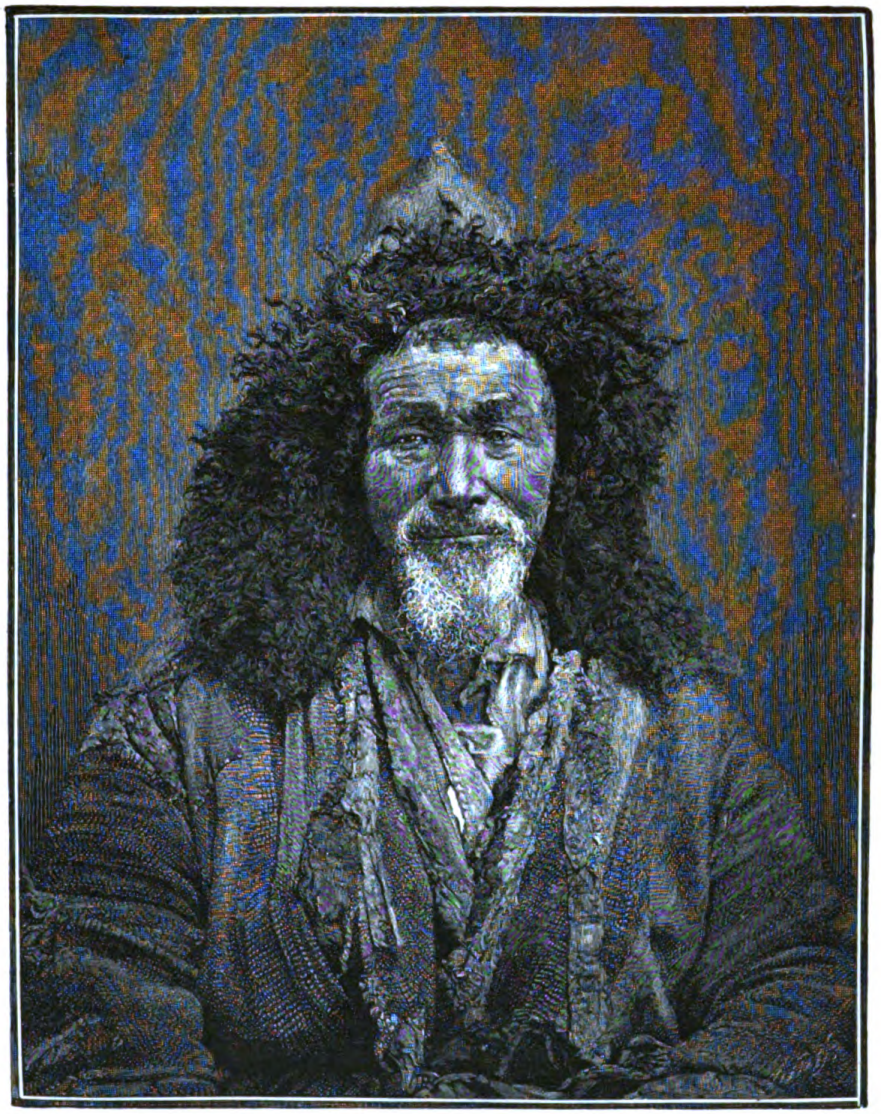
THE SONS OF THE STEPPE.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

THE region with whose inhabitants we have now to do lies between the Irtish and the Oxus, and descends from the parallel of London to the mountains of the Pamir: an area amounting to one-twentieth only of the Russian Empire, but larger than any two of the other states of Europe. Roughly speaking, we may call it Russian Turkistan, with the provinces added of Akmollinsk and Semipalatinsk, which two were formerly part of western Siberia. The surface is of the most varied character. After the Himalayas it contains some of the highest mountains in the world. It possesses, too, enormous plains, fruitful valleys, and barren wastes, as well as sandy, brackish, and marshy tracts. More than half the soil is desert; nearly all the remainder is pastured by nomads, and the portion under cultivation is only about two per cent. of the whole.

The climate of this region is as varied as its surface; for in the north it is sometimes as cold as in Greenland, whilst in the south, in July, the heat equals that of the Cape Verde Islands, which are nearer the equator by 1700 miles. In fact, there is

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A KIRGHESE OF THE ADAEF TRIBE.

a difference of as much as 122° Fahrenheit between the temperature of the hottest and coldest days. Dryness is the peculiar characteristic of the climate. Rain in the summer, except in the mountain districts, is an exceedingly rare phenomenon.

One result of this want of humidity in the Turkistan mountains, valleys, and plains is the gradual drying up of the soil during the present geological period, as testified to by the basins of the Syr-Daria and Oxus rivers, wherein are seen old river-beds partially filled up, while numerous rivers that of old were tributaries of some principal stream now stop half-way and lose themselves in the sands. Small lakes have evaporated by hundreds and by thousands, leaving behind only beds of salt. Great lakes like the Balkash, the Aral, and the Caspian have shrunk; others have disappeared.

By reason of this desiccation a large portion of the country has been transformed into Steppe, not only in the lowlands, but also in the mountains, where a depression in the surface is often a Steppe, with vegetation singularly limited both as to the number of species and their period of growth. The climate, in fact, in such cases, is scarcely more favorable to vegetation than in the arctic regions, so that the natives of Siberia, of whom I wrote in a former paper, have this point in common with the children of the Steppe, that the yearly development of plants is limited in both regions to about three months;

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in the north by the snow of winter, and in Turkistan by the drought of summer.

The people of Russian Turkistan are of two races, the Caucasian and the Mongolian. The Caucasian has two branches, the Aryan and the Semitic, which latter comprises the Arabs and Jews. The Aryan has also two branches, namely, the Iranians, called Tajiks (descended from the aborigines of Bactriana and Sogdiana), and the Iranians proper, that is, the Persians, Afghans, Hindus, and Gypsies. Again, the Mongolian race is divided into two branches, the Turko-Tatar peoples of the Altai Mountains, and the pure Mongols. To the first belong such as the Kazaks, Kara-Kirghese, Uzbegs, Turkomans, Tatars; and to the second belong the Kalmuks, Chinese, Sibos, and some others.

The Sarts, Taranchis, and Kuramas are a mixture of several races, but may be numbered among the Turkish stock, since Sarts and Taranchis in type and language resemble the Uzbegs, whilst the Kuramas resemble the Kirghese. Another people, called the Dungans, serve to connect the Turkish and Mongol races, but in type they resemble more closely the Turks. In fact, the Turk peoples predominate in Turkistan. The Kirghese are the most numerous; then come the Sarts; after which the relative numbers of the peoples are supposed to range in the following order—Uzbegs, Tajiks, Kuramas, Kipchaks, Russians, Kara-Kalpaks, Taranchis, Kalmuks, Manchus, Dungans, Tatars, Turkomans, Persians, Hindus, Jews, and Gypsies.

Passing now to classifications of the population, we find Muhammadanism is the belief of the mass of the people in Russian Turkistan. The Christians come next in number; then the pagans; and last of all the Jews. A noticeable feature of the Turkistan population is that the male sex far outnumber the female, whereas in Europe the preponderance is of females over males. This abnormality in Turkistan is not accounted for by the existence of Russian troops, for among the natives is seen the same thing.

The Kirghese, who frequent the plains (or more accurately the Kazaks, as they are called, to distinguish them from the Kara-Kirghese, who live in the hills), are not only the most numerous of the people of Turkistan, but they wander over the largest territory. I first caught sight of their tents from the Governor's house at Omsk, on the Irtish, and after driving south and west for more than 1500 miles had scarcely left them behind till I got south of Tashkend, after which I met them again north of Khiva.

The Kirghese are divided into the Little, Middle, and Great Hordes, each of which is subdivided into races, the races into tribes, the tribes into clans, and these into *auls*, or groups of tents, each living in independence. Their number I compute at two and a quarter millions. The Kirghese are fairly strong, but clumsy, with slouching gait on foot, though bold riders. Their sense of sight is so keenly developed that they can see small objects at seven miles' distance. In character the Kirghese is unsophisticated, honorable, and brave, until he sees the chance of gain, and then he is prone to thieving. They are also revengeful. The men work hard only when necessity presses, domestic labors being invariably left to the women. They prefer idleness to work, and having food and raiment, are perfectly content.

Their raiment resembles that of other natives of Central Asia. Nowadays those that are at all well off have shirts; but the poor continue to wear next the skin their *chapan*, as they call it, or *khalat*, closely resembling a loose dressing-gown, over which as many other like garments are worn as the weather requires. Commonly the *khalat* is made of cotton or *armiachina*—that is, a mixture of cotton and silk—but for the rich it is made of silk of gaudy colors in staring patterns, or sometimes even of velvet. I remember seeing a man "at church" in the great mosque at Bokhara clad from head to foot in a crimson velvet robe. These garments for grandees are sometimes embroidered with gold and silver; others again are of fur, one I bought in Bokhara being lined with jackals' skins. Trousers both for men and women are of buff or reddish leather, immensely wide and baggy, but found to be so suitable to the climate that the Turkistan soldiers wear them. The shaven head of the Kirghese is first covered by a skull-cap called a *tibetei*, and over this on certain occasions the men wear tall steeple-crowned hats with brims turning up in two horns, made of felt or velvet embroidered with gold. These, however, are for gala-days. An equally striking hat I saw in use among

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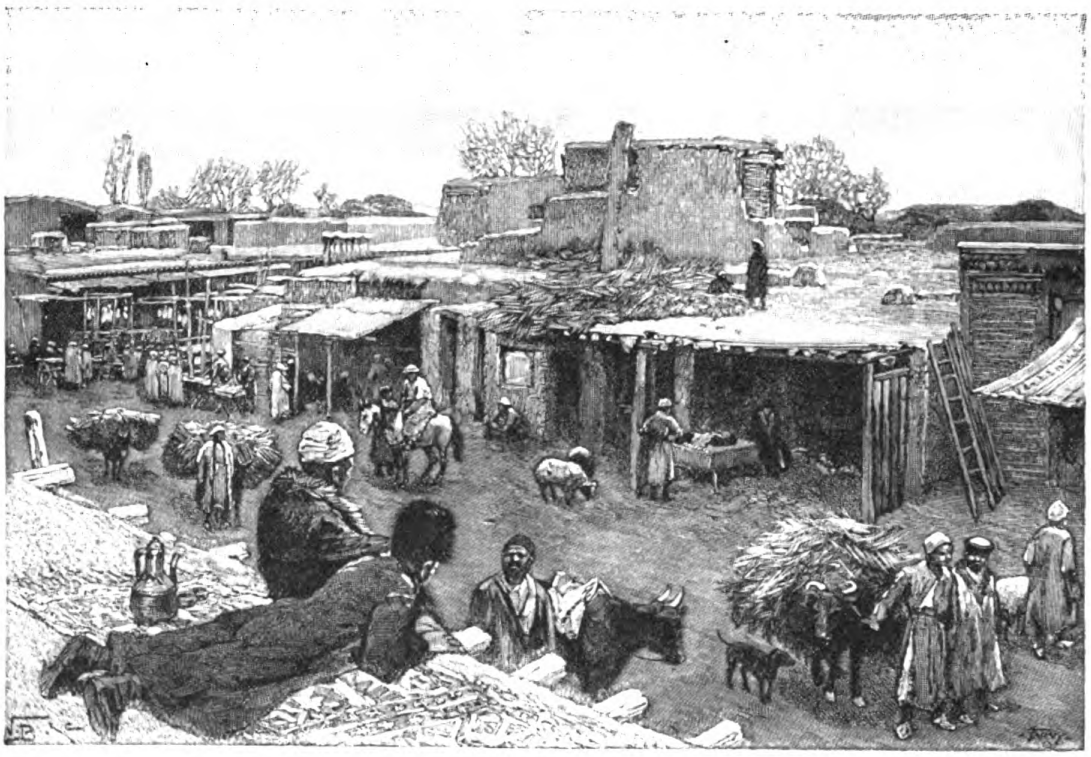
A KIRGHESE BRIDE.

the Adaef Kirghese, who wander in the vicinity of the Sea of Aral, made of sheepskin, something in the shape of a baby's hood, the flaps covering the shoulders. It was by no means elegant in appearance, but a great protection from the wind of the Steppe to a man perched for days and nights on the hump of a camel. The foot-coverings are slippers in summer and leather boots in winter, for both sexes, those for women being colored, and often embroidered.

A Kirghese is proudest, however, of his girdle, often richly covered with silver, and from which hang bags and wallets for money, powder, bullets, knife, and tinder-box, or flint and steel, but not a tobacco pouch, the Central Asian representative for this being a small gourd, which serves for a snuff bottle. Finger-rings I saw among them of silver, and in the Ili Valley I bought from the thumb of a native an archer's ring of jade.

The women dress much like the men, except that the under-garment resembles a close-fitting shirt. Above this they wear a *khalat*. The poor women swathe their heads with calico, forming a compound turban and bib, but the rich wear sometimes a square head-dress of huge proportions enveloped in a white veil, or again an embroidered cap from which falls a kerchief of silk. The hair is plaited in small braids, and adorned with coins and tinkling ornaments. To these may or may not be added necklaces, bracelets, etc., but

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TARANCHI MARKET AT KULDJA.

there is one thing rarely omitted from female costume, which is a silver amulet hanging on the breast, in the form of a kernel, cylinder, or triangle, containing Muhammadan writing or perhaps prayers, and given by the husband at the time of marriage.

The various circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese remind one strongly of patriarchal times. Fifteen is the marriageable age, and preliminaries are commenced by the parents of the bridegroom sending a deputation of match-makers to the parents of the bride, offering presents, and among them a dish specially prepared for the occasion of liver and mutton fat, which signifies that they mean matrimony. After this the compliment is returned by presents and a similar dish sent by the girl's parents to those of the bridegroom. The bride's father then summons a meeting of kinsmen to consider the *kalim*, or gross amount to be paid for the bride. The *kalim* may consist of forty, sixty, or one hundred sheep, or from nine to forty-seven head of cattle, besides which *kalim* the bridegroom has to give at least two presents of camels, horses, cows, fire-arms, or *khalats*. These things decided, the bride's father sends to the bridegroom's *aul* for the *kalim* and one of the presents, after which the bridegroom takes the other present and goes to see the bride for the first time. Not that he can easily change his mind when things have gone thus far, for the delivery of his present virtually seals the marriage contract, and he is so firmly betrothed that should he die before the time of marriage, the intended wife has to go home to his parents, and be taken for the wife of the next son. *Vice versa*, if during the period of betrothal the girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default of one to return the *kalim* and pay a fine.

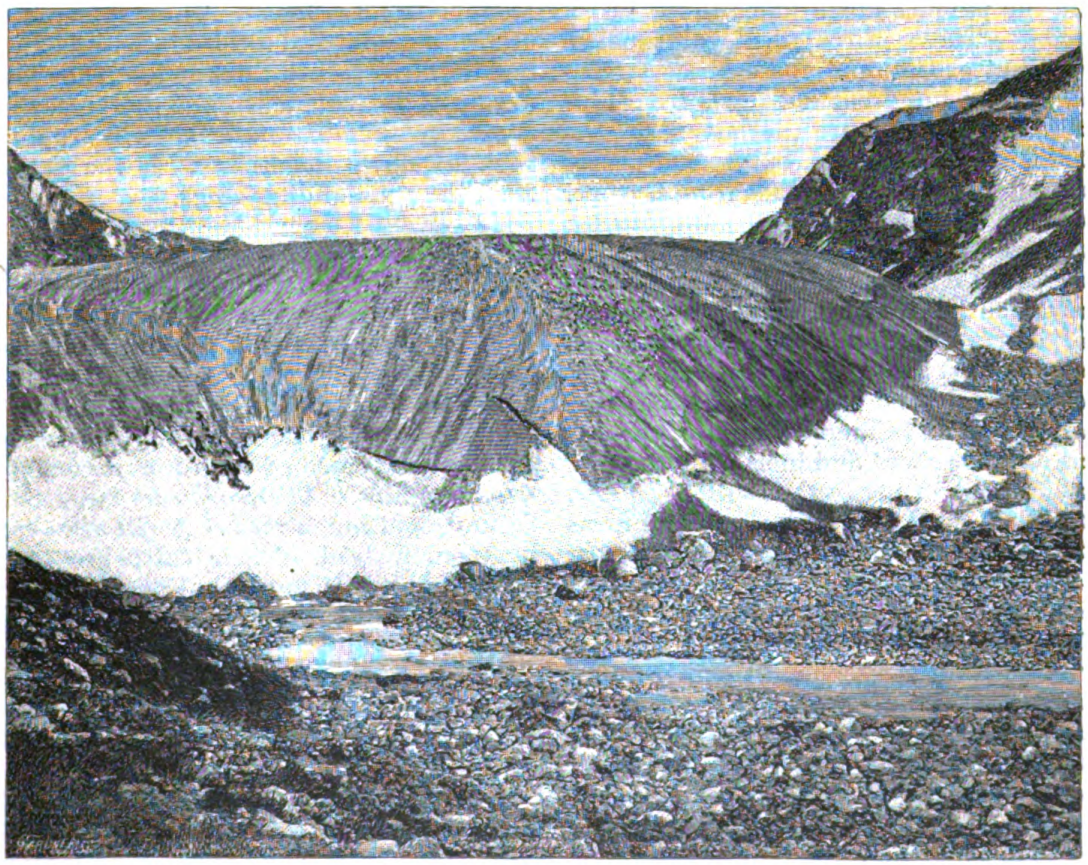
When the period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom goes to the *aul* of his bride, who is given up by her parents, with a dowry of a tent, a camel or riding-horse, cattle, and a bride's head-dress, besides a bed, crockery, and a trunk of wearing apparel. On the wedding night the mullah, or priest, places the bride and bridegroom in the midst of a tent, puts before them a covered cup of water, and begins the prayers. Then he asks the contracting parties if it is with their full consent

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they engage themselves to be married, and three times gives them the water to drink. Mullahs sometimes put in the water vessel an arrow with a tuft of hair tied thereto from the mane of the bride's horse, or one of her ribbons; others dip therein a paper of written prayers. The happy completion of a marriage is followed among the Kirghese by feasting and games, and then the newly married depart to the bridegroom's *aul*, with the camels carrying the trousseau, and the portion of his wealth which a father gives to each of his daughters on her marriage.

The Ili Valley is a continuation of the Steppe, southeast of Lake Balkash, running in the shape of a wedge between the Ala-Tau and Thian-Shan mountains, the base of the triangle being open to the Steppe. It is the most accessible depression by which the great plateau of Central Asia may be reached from the Turkistan plains. Hence the district about Kuldja has served as a resting-place for the vast hordes whose migrations, conquests, and defeats have formed so important a chapter in the history of Asia. Thus the Ili Valley has become a half-way house between the Turanian races of Central Asia and the Mongol races of China. Here meet the settled Mussulman, Taranchi, and Dungan, with the Buddhist Sibo, Manchu, and Chinese, as well as the nomad Muhammadan Kirghese and the lamaist Kalmuk.

The most numerous of the Ili populations are the Taranchis, so called from their occupation as agriculturists, or millet sowers, *taran* meaning millet. Long contact with the Chinese has modified some of their Turkish customs, for, except the mullahs, the men do not wear turbans, but fur caps, whilst women and girls adorn their heads with low cylindrical hats having conical tops. I saw ordinary patterns displayed in large numbers costing 20*s.* each, but wives of sultans have their caps adorned with jewels, sometimes to the value of over £100. Now and then one sees among the women a pleasant face, but they are all browned, being accustomed from childhood to work in the fields—a striking contrast to their Muhammadan sisters further west, who



GLACIER OF THE KORA.

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remain shut up in the house. The males shave their heads, and one of our curious sights in the bazar was a baby boy squalling under this operation. Married women braid their hair in two, maidens in three, long plaits, and both blacken their eyebrows, but do not paint. Most of the Taranchis speak Chinese, but their own tongue is eastern Turki.

The Taranchi bazar in Kuldja has shops somewhat more roomy than those of Central Asia generally, and the street is not covered from rain or sun. It is paved with small stones, and enlivened by mounted horsemen, as well as bullocks laden with brushwood, timber, and fruit.

In this bazar I bought my first Central Asian grapes and nectarines. Apricots ripen at Kuldja in the beginning of July, and we were too late for them; but we found some late peaches that ripen early in August, flat in form, about an inch and a half in diameter and half an inch in thickness. They tasted fairly well, but there was little flesh on the stone. Vegetables and fruit in this bazar were abundant, large melons selling for 5 farthings each, the best apples—good-looking but tasteless pippins—at the same price, and the peaches just alluded to for 4½*d.* a dozen. These prices for local produce were not exceptional, for eggs cost from 5*d.* to 8*d.* a hundred, and fowls from 1¼*d.* to 2½*d.* each. Before the advent of the Russians, chickens cost only a halfpenny each. Manufactured goods from Europe, however, were dear, and even Russian tea cost from 2*s.* to 6*s.* per pound. Throughout the Kuldja emporiums there is ceaseless movement, bustle, and noise, for the venders of wares scream out to the purchasers, and amongst the inevitables are sheep and dogs, as well as crowds of children, some half naked and others wholly so, chasing one another about and increasing the general hubbub of the restless scene.

When I was in the Ili Valley the numerous peoples mentioned above were under Russian rule, but Kuldja has since been given back to the Chinese, so that many of the races just mentioned do not properly fall within the scope of this paper, but there are still on Russian soil a number of Taranchis who have preferred to remain under the government of the Tsar rather than return to that of their Asiatic rulers.

On leaving the Ili Valley I drove across the plains and came in sight of the northernmost range of the Thian-Shan Mountains, the home of the Kara-Kirghese. The Thian-Shan mountain system is the grandest on the northern slope of the Asiatic Continent, whether regard be had to its area or its length, the height of its crests, the abundance of its snows, or the massiveness of its glaciers. Up to thirty years ago science knew nothing of this vast mountain mass, which now is found to be 1660 miles long, with its highest peaks rising everywhere above the snow line. The average height of these dominant peaks varies from 16,000 to 18,000 feet, and some of them exceed 21,000. The entire mass is estimated as twenty-five times larger than the Swiss Alps, and as forming a protuberance upon the earth's surface considerably larger than all the mountains of Europe put together. The total superficies would cover as much country as the whole of France and Spain.

Almost throughout the dominant range and in certain of its spurs, as in the mountains about the head waters of the Kora, there are glaciers, the number of which is computed to be not less than 8000. Snow bridges also in the Thian-Shan are often met with, much below the glaciers, namely, at 5000 feet or lower. These sometimes attain to a mile and a third in length, and one hundred feet in thickness. They are produced by avalanches, and therefore the snow in them is mixed with rubble brought down together with the snow from the surrounding crags.

The Kara-Kirghese are essentially a nation of shepherds and breeders of cattle, and think it a "come-down" in life when compelled to resort to settled occupations. They are not so rich as their brethren in the plains. Very few own as many as 2000 horses or 3000 sheep. Also they have fewer camels; but, on the other hand, possess an excellent breed of oxen for traversing the mountains. Their cows are large, but do not yield much milk. Yaks are kept by them instead. Their cattle-breeding claims far less labor than agriculture, but is exposed to great risks. For the support of a nomad family for a year are required eleven head of large and ten of small cattle, and to provide hay for the winter consumption even of this number exceeds the working power of one household.

I was much interested to see some of the Kirghese on the march. Their wanderings are thus conducted. When the pasture in a neighborhood is eaten, one or

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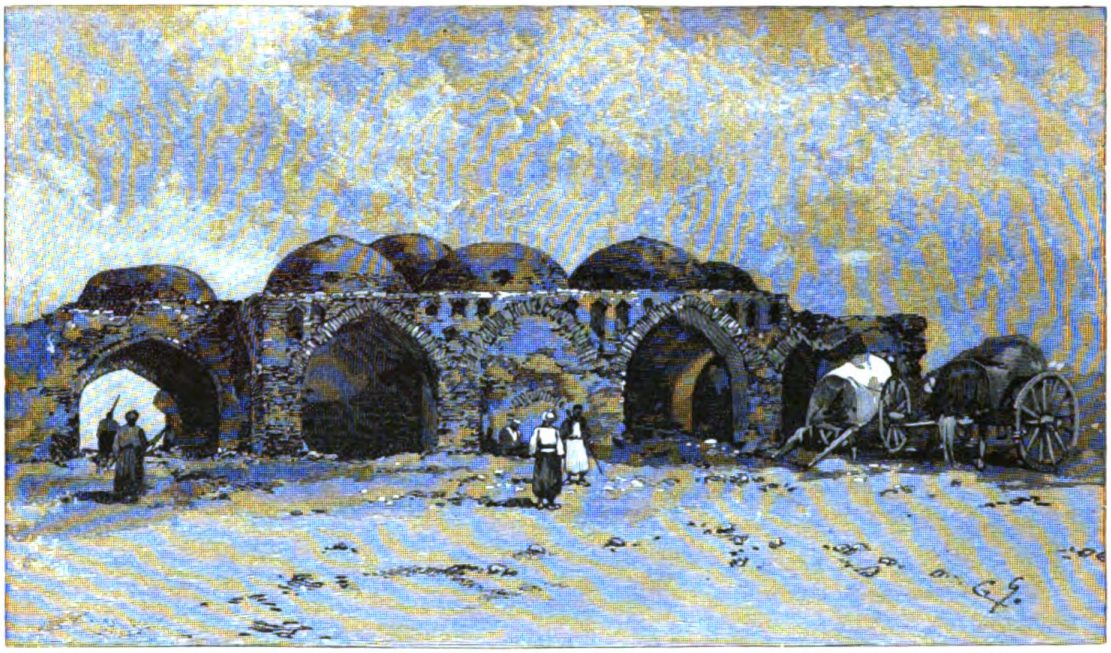
INTERIOR OF A FAMILY TENT.

two of the young men are sent to select a suitable spot for another encampment, and to clean out the wells. This done, the women pack the tents and the men form the cattle in droves. The camp is ready and starts before dawn, the good women of the family riding in front. I met one old lady in this honorable position, mounted astride a bullock and looking anything but graceful. After her came the other women, variously mounted on the top of carpets, teakettles, tents, etc., the whole being made to wear, as far as possible, a festive aspect. The length of a stage is from 13 to 17 miles, and the *aul* traverses about 25 miles in 24 hours.

On arriving at the place of encampment it is the office of the wife to put up the tent. I chanced to see a woman begin to do so, and would not stir from the spot till I had witnessed the whole operation. The principal parts of a *kibitka*, or tent, are large pieces of felt to cover a frame-work that consists of lintel and side posts for a door, and pieces of trellis-work surmounted by poles that meet in the centre. On this trellis-work are suspended arms, clothes, bags, basins, harness, and cooking utensils. Not that there is a large variety, however, of the last, for most of the cooking is done in a large open saucepan that stands on a tripod over a fire in the middle of the tent. Crockery-ware is not abundant, being of hazardous carriage, and metal goods are not cheap, so that leather has to do duty not only for making bottles (specially those for carrying *koumiss*), but also pails, some of which are furnished with a spout. I met with no small saucepans or teakettles of English shape, their place being supplied by *kurgans*, or water-ewers, somewhat resembling a coffee-pot. Round the walls of the tent are piled boxes, saddles, rugs, and bales of carpet, against which the occupants lean, the head of the household sitting opposite the door, and in front of him the wife in attendance.

I was honored with an invitation to dine in one of these tents, the dishes being

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WELLS IN THE "HUNGRY STEPPE."

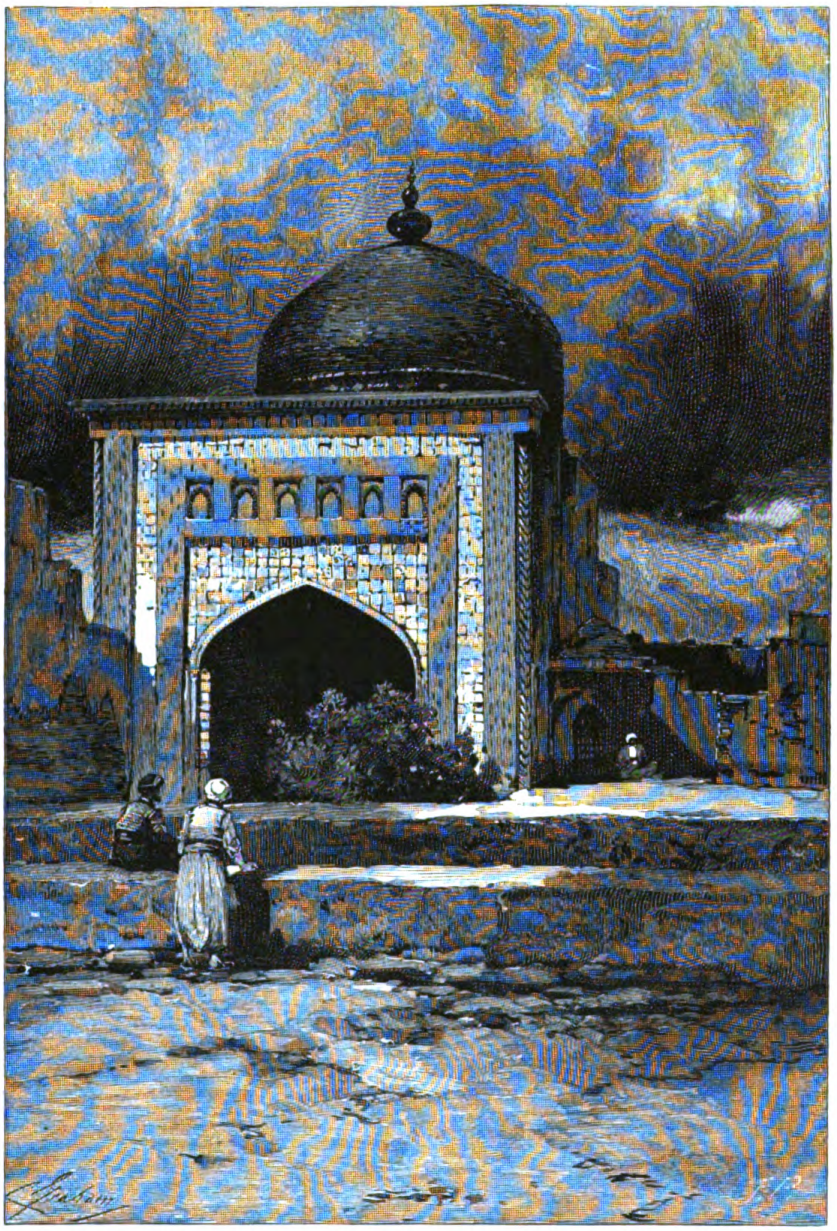
put before us according to our rank. I heard nothing of grace before meat, but I never saw anything to exceed the alacrity with which the dishes were cleared. Hands were knives and fingers were forks, the meat being torn from the bones as by the teeth of hungry dogs. It is considered polite for a Kirghese superior to take a handful of pieces of meat and stuff them into the mouth of an inferior guest, an elegancy I saw practised on another, but from which, mercifully, I myself was excused.

Leaving the Kazaks of the plains, the Kara-Kirghese of the mountains, and the Chinese races of the Ili Valley, I went further south among the Iranian and Uzbeg populations in the Zarafshan Valley, and visited the cities of Samarkand, Bokhara, and Khiva. Our route thither from the northern crest of the Thian-Shan lay across the "Hungry Steppe." Traces of old canals are here and there visible, showing that certain parts were formerly cultivated, but with these exceptions we know from the accounts of Chinese travellers of more than 1200 years ago that this Steppe was much the same then as now. Not far west of Murza-Rabat the traveller leaves behind him the Steppe and enters the most fertile oasis under Russian rule in Central Asia, namely, the valley of the gold-strewing Zarafshan. The valley is full of ethnological interest, its peoples being at least eight in number, namely, Tajiks, Uzbegs, Persians, Jews, Hindus, Bohemians, Afghans, and Arabs. The Tajiks are the aboriginal inhabitants of the country.

The upper end of the valley, about the sources of the Zarafshan, is called Kohistan, and here live many of the mountain Tajiks, who are called *Galtchas*. They, in common with the inhabitants of Karategin, Darwaz, Shignan, and some other parts of the Pamir, speak dialects of Persian, and seem to have been driven to the mountains of Central Asia as were the Britons into Wales.

The Galtchas are allowed by the Russians almost to govern themselves. Each village has its elder, who bends to the decision of the majority. They are divided into two classes—the mullahs, or educated, and the poor. When sick they have recourse to medicaments and exorcism, as is to some extent the case with others of the Central Asian tribes. When a man dies his body is wrapped in a mat, placed in a small narrow trench, and covered with branches and earth. On returning from the burial a feast is given, and the family goes into mourning, but the widow may marry again after seventy days. Morality is said to stand high among the Galtchas, the adulterer being turned out of his house, and his goods confiscated. Polygamy is permitted, but the Galtchas seldom have

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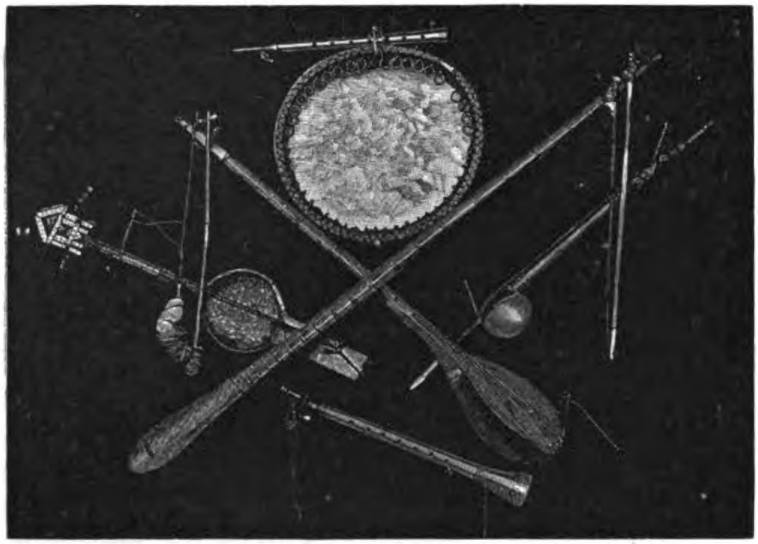
MOSQUE AT KHIVA.

more than one wife. Slavery appears never to have existed among them.

Very different is it in this last respect with the Tajiks and Persians of the plains, for the latter are descended from captives taken in Merv, and brought hither for slaves by the Emir of Bokhara in the middle of the last century. The Tajiks form by far the largest portion of the population of Samarkand, and represent the industrial class. They weave and knit, do blacksmith's and coppersmith's work, tanning, carpentering, joining, and turning, also boot-making, harness and saddle making, as well as dyeing, pottery, and needle-work. Their products, however, are very inferior to those made in Europe, the implements in use in the factories being of the most primitive and unsatisfactory kind. The Tajiks weave both silk and cotton, but rarely hair or wool, except in the mountains. Among their products are striped glazed materials of cotton, of which a workman can weave about nine yards a day. For this he receives two and a half pence wages, though some weavers can earn as much as sixpence a day.

The sights in Bokhara led me to think of a visit to one of the kings of Israel.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The cities had walls great and high, the gates of which were closed by night. Mounted embassies in gorgeous clothing and harness were sent to meet and conduct me from town to town, as well as to lodge, feed, and serve me as the Emir's guest.

This barbaric splendor became less observable as we approached the khanate of Khiva, where Persian influence is somewhat more marked than in Bokhara. Speaking generally, however, it may be noticed that such remains of architectural beauty as exist throughout Central Asia are all of Persian origin. The monuments of Samarkand are notable examples of this, and so was the Kashi work, or inlaying of colored tiles.

In Khiva itself the building most revered by the natives is the Mosque of Hazreti Pehlivan-Ata, the patron saint of the city. It has a large dome about sixty feet high, surmounted by a gilt ball, and covered with green tiles. The building is of kiln-burnt bricks. I approached the interior through a darkened passage, where the tombs of former khans were exceedingly dusty and dilapidated. From beneath the cupola was obtained rather a pretty view of the tiles with which it is lined, and varied with blue tracery interwoven with verses from the Koran. This dome, owing to its construction, is said to have peculiar acoustic properties, to which the Khivans attach superstitious importance.

The Uzbeg women are jealously kept out of sight of a male stranger, even though he may be a distinguished guest, and he is expected to be amused by dancing boys called *batchas* and musicians. The musical instruments of Central Asia are somewhat limited in number. One I saw at Bokhara resembled a guitar, forty-six inches long, with a sounding-board nine inches by four. It might be played with a bow or with the thumb. Another instrument resembled the flageolet, and had something of the hautboy sound, or between that and the bagpipe. Singing is frequently accompanied by men beating tambourines before a charcoal fire in a brazier, over which from time to time they hold their instruments to tighten the parchment. The *batchas* allow their hair to grow long like that of girls, and dress in long flowing robes and wide trousers. Their performance interested me to see once, but when repeated again and again it became exceedingly tedious. The musicians on occasions of dancing sit upon a piece of felt or carpet, dressed in their tall sheep-skin hats, which give the Uzbegs a somewhat ferocious appearance.



AN UZBEG MUSICIAN.

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MOLL AND VIRGIL.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Pattern of old fidelity."—*Lady of the Lake.*

"To follow with allegiance a fallen lord

* * * * *

Doth earn a place i' the story."—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

CHAPTER I.

FOND, even in boyhood, of the study of heraldic devices and family descents and nomenclature, I would have liked, if it had been possible, to know how it came about that of two children of the same parents one was called Moll and the other Virgil. But both had passed by some years the periods of their majority when they first came into our neighborhood, and so I had only to speculate upon a disparity that was so much in favor of the male.

Although brother and sister, they were not alike. The former had, for an African, a reasonable face and figure, was lithe, and would have been active but for a lameness in one of his legs, which had been permanently bent at the knee-joint. This infirmity had been caused, as he said, by an attack of white-swelling in his boyhood and unskilful treatment by his physician. In spite of this he was a light-hearted man apparently, and he had a jauntiness that was manifested even in his gait. The sister, who was probably ten years his senior, was singularly ill-favored. Though not regarded plainly deformed, her great breast protruded over the rest of her comparatively small, short body, and her head, with its broad flat face, as if from regard to this notable prominence, instead of sitting upright above her shoulders, was inclined backward several degrees.

Their advent was in this wise. As they were passing afoot through Dukesborough, southward bound, the woman with a bundle under one arm, the man with another hanging from a stick across his shoulder, the latter inquired of a knot of men sitting in the piazza of Bland's store the way to the plantation of Mr. Sangwidge.

"The plantation o' who?" answered the sheriff, Mr. Triplett, who happened to be there on a visit to the friends around his old home.

"Mister Sangwidge, sir."

"Know no sech man. Know every man in this county too. No sech man in these parts."

"Yessir, marster; he 'bleeged to have plantashin not fur b'low *here*, beca'se he told us so, and sont us thar."

"Who did you say he were?"

"Mr. Sangwidge—Mr. Sangwidge, the lawyer."

"Oh! ah! that indeed. You mean Mr. *Sandidge*. Sandidge we calls him about here, not Sangwidge. What you want to know the way thar for?"

"We b'longs thar, marster."

"B'longs thar? How come you don't know the way thar, then, if you belongs thar, an' in seb'n mile of it, an' the main, straightforrards public road a-leadin' spang up to the very gate? Bersides, I know Squire Sandidge's niggers toler'ble well, an' I'm pooty cler in my mind that I don't 'member as ever I see two sech as you among 'em. I ain't perfec' shore in my mind, in course, but my s'picions is you two niggers is other free niggers, er else you've runned away from somers."

"No sir, marster; no SIR!" quickly answered the man. "We ain't. Dis Moll an' me (she's my sister, an' I'm her br'er), we ain't no free niggers; ner we hain't no runned away, we hain't. We b'longs ter Mr. Sangwidge de lawyer, an' he tole us to go ter his plantashin somers b'low this here town whar we is now, an' dar's whar we makin' fer, ef we ever lives to git dar."

"Why, whar you ben so fur, an' ben gone so long, you done clean forgot whar your homes is?"

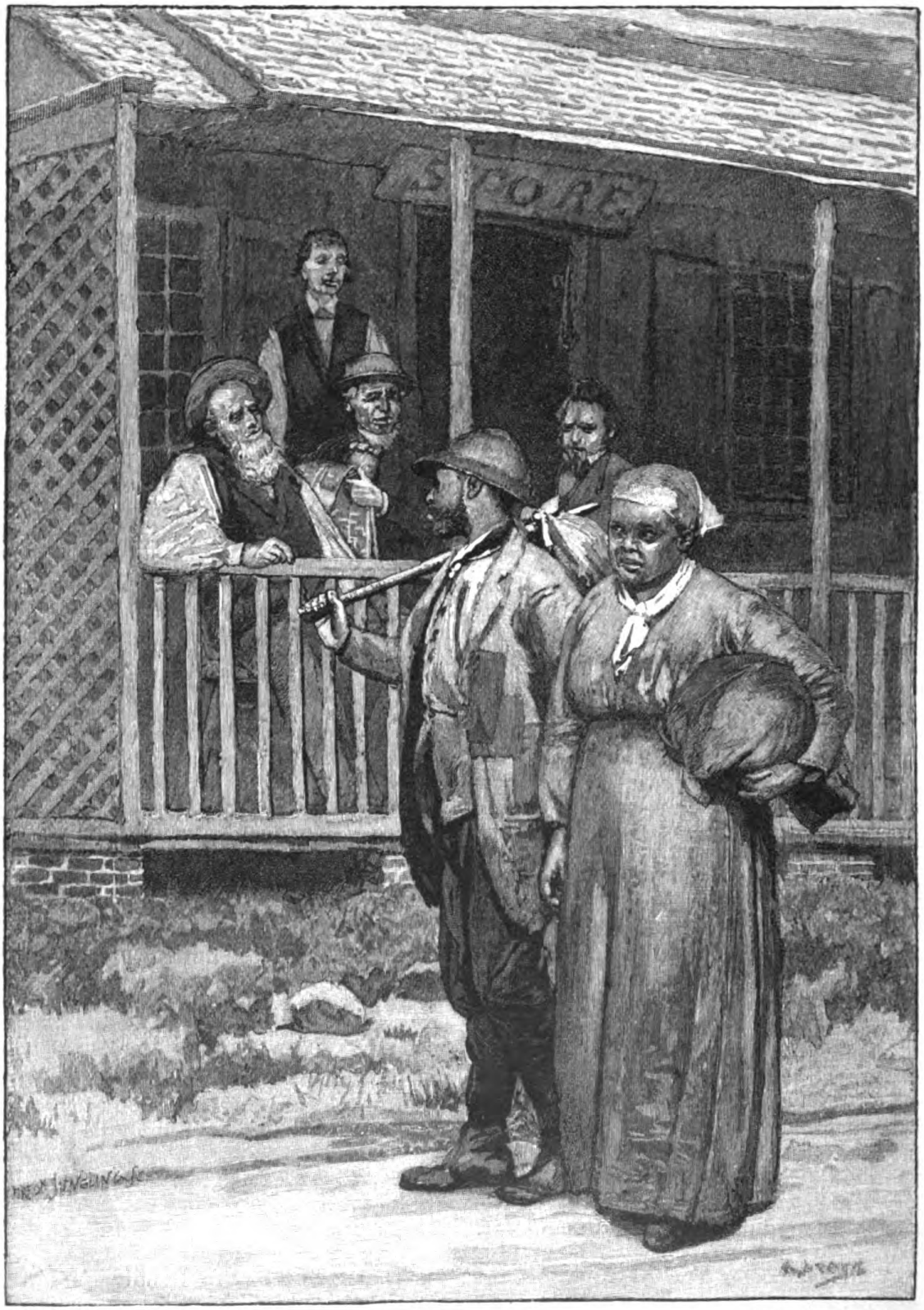
The woman, who had not turned her face from the direction in which they had been travelling, spoke a few words to her brother in a low tone.

"Yaas," he exclaimed, "dat's so! I cler forgot it. Here's our pass, marster."

Mr. Triplett, having read the paper handed to him, said:

"That's so. Squire Sandidge's own name, an' in his han'write. I know it good as I do my own; better, in fac'; fer I got sech a little chance o' schoolin' in my day that I never learnt to write a good solid han'write, an' my han'write

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Drawn by Alfred Kappes. Engraved by Juengling.

"DIS MOLL AN' ME (SHE'S MY SISTER, AN' I'M HER BR'ER), WE AIN'T NO FREE NIGGERS....WE B'LONGS TER MR. SANGWIDGE DE LAWYER."

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mos'ly in gener'l 'pends on the kind o' pen I got, an' them's so warous that sometimes I can't allays read what I've writ 'ithout takin' time. Yes, sir; yes, sir: here's a regular pass to Moll an'—what's that tother name?"

"Werg'l, master; Werg'l."

' Yes, that's so, an' writ away yonder in Lincoln. I knowed he were in court thar this week. But yit, my friend, I can't yit see how it is that you don't know the way to your own home, as clost as you are thar at the present."

The woman gave an impatient step forward, but stopped instantly, as her brother began to satisfy Mr. Triplett's last doubt.

"Well, you see now, marster, we 'ain't not—I mean me an' sis' Moll—we 'ain't nuver ben dar, an' dat what make me 'quir'n de way dar. Beca'se, you see, marster, we 'ain't ben b'longin' to Mr. Sannidge, exceptin' sence day befo'e yistiddy."

"Ah, that indeed! Now we gittin' to the merit o' the case, as them lawyers says. Mr. Sandidge bought you two, did he?"

"He not zackly bought us, marster, out an' out, jes so."

"How then? traded fer you? swapped fer you?"

"No, sir; no, sir. You see, marster, our marster—I talkin' 'bout de one we had fer marster up to-day 'fo'e yistiddy. That was in Linkin County, down dar close by Owl Ferry. I reckon you know whar dat is."

"Oh yes, thar er tharbout. I've heerd of it: go ahead. You're all right. This paper make you that. But I jes natchel has the curiosity to know how Squire Sandidge got holt o' two jes sech niggers as you two is, an' that not a-buyin' of you, ner a-tradin' fer you in no sort o' fashion."

"You see, marster," answered the man, lifting the wallet from his shoulder, advancing his sound leg forward, and supporting the other with his stick, "here de way it come about, nigh as I could gether from whut dey all said. My marster, his name were Marse Billy White; dey said dat he tuck two o' Mr. Freeman's hosses one night onperknownst to him, an' kyard 'em down in C'lumby, an' sold one o' 'em, an' were gwine sell de tother when dey cotch him. An' den dey tuck marster, dey did, an' dey fotch him to town, an' dey flung him in de jail, an' de jedge he come dar, an' he called de cote, an' Lawyer Sannidge an' a ner lawyer dey come to de cote-'ouse too, dey did, an' dey diwided me an' sis' Moll an' de lan' 'twix deyself, de ter lawyer he takin' de lan', an' Lawyer Sannidge he a-takin' me an' sis' Moll; an' den dey sont Marse Billy to de pentenchwy."

"Well, my good people," said Triplett, kindly, "it was a right hard case."

Then he gave them the needed instructions, and they proceeded on their way.

"That's jes like Squire Sandidge: take fer his fee all a poor feller's got ef he can git it. I s'pose he thought, bein' in the pentenchuwy, he wouldn't need 'em. An' in fac'—I know nothin' about the walue o' the land, but them niggers don't 'mount to no great shakes—one lame, an' t'other lookin' like a heathen idle."

CHAPTER II.

THE overseer on the plantation having reported that the negroes newly arrived were of little value in such work as was there required, and Virgil claiming on his own part to be something of a carpenter, and for his sister that she was a good cook and washer, Mr. Sandidge removed them to his own residence, which was the last at the western end of the village containing the county court-house. A few days after the removal the guard who had been sent from Milledgeville to bring the convict to the penitentiary passed through the village on his return. Virgil, who was working on the front gate, recognizing his former master in the van, called to his sister. She came forth, and both saluted the unhappy man, simply, and apparently without uncommon sympathy. The guard having dismounted in order to readjust some parts of the harness, the woman, placing a foot on the step, raised herself and spoke a few words in a low voice. As they moved away, both shook hands, and said, "Godamighty bless you, Marse Billy!"

Tears were in the woman's eyes. The guard said, "Looks like them niggers, special the 'oman, think a good deal of you."

"She nursed me," he answered; "and her brother and I, being of about the same age, were playmates. They were all I had, and I might say I was all they had. They'll get over it. I hope their new master will treat them well."

His sentence was for fourteen years, the

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full limit of the law. He was a widower and childless, his wife and two children having died a year past. He had been reduced to the estate that he held at his arrest by having been forced to pay a surety debt for one of his neighbors, and it was the latter's property ostensibly which, on failure by some legal turn to subject it to execution, he had taken.

Though not a church member, Moll was considerably addicted to the singing of hymns, especially in periods of mental depression. She and her brother repaired to the kitchen, and for some time their conversation, conducted in low tones, was interluded with snatches of songs on a proportionately elevated key:

"'I thank my God I ain't afeard to die.'

Dey sont him for fo'teen year, didn't dey?"

"Yes, 'm, beca'se, you know, sis' Moll, dey was two un 'em."

"'In hopes of dat immorchil crownd
I now de cross sistains,
An' glad-lie wanders up and downd,
An' smiles at tiles an' pains.'

Well, whut 'll dat make me an' you den? Mistiss tol' me las' year, 'fo'e she died, dat I were forty-six year old. Dat fetch me to forty-seb'n, doan it?"

"Yes, 'm."

"An' what do it fetch you, an' whut 'll it fetch bofe on us when Marse Billy time up?"

As Virgil was making his calculations she almost screamed,

"'How wa-rie, how ti-yud my Laws.'

Me an' you, boy, got to make an' lay up—we got to make an' lay up, I tell you.

'I hain' got nothin' 'tall to do
But wange Je-woosalem.'

H—sh—sh."

"I didn't know you were such a singer, Moll," said Mrs. Sandidge, coming to the kitchen door, evidently gratified by the apparent want of painful concern at the parting. Virgil returned to his work.

"I no gweat singer, miss. I were jes a-hummin' a few himes a-thinkin' o' ole times."

"Did your poor master have much to say to you?"

"No, ma'am; jes howdye and goob-by."

"I've no doubt you all felt right bad."

"Ah, well, miss, dem dat goes agin de law, as dey say Marse Billy done, dey has to pay fer it. I nussed him, an' I 'bleege to feel solumncholy in my mind when I see him gwine 'long wid all dem chains on him, and nuver spects to see him no mo'."

"That's so; and I think you and Virgil perfectly right in feelin' sorry for him. I feel sorry for him myself. Still, the law, you know, Moll—"

"Yes, 'm, yes, 'm; oh, yes, 'm," she answered, quickly and cordially, as if sympathy for the unfortunate was already gone. She turned to her task, and the two had no further conversation touching their late master until late at night, when all others were asleep. They, especially the woman, fully believed in his innocence; yet, whether innocent or guilty, the affection she had for him was of a kind that in such a spirit as hers endures throughout life, and counts not the sacrifices that it can render.

CHAPTER III.

CONSIDERING the apparent difference in the locomotive powers of Moll and Virgil, it was soon remarked how deliberate was the gait of the former compared with the alertness of the latter. He never used a cane. A habit, formed originally, perhaps, from indulging his weaker member, had imparted a jauntiness that seemed to ignore any special infirmity as he swung alternately forth and back his sides while stepping briskly along. He was studiously polite, especially to white people. Moll, though diligent at work, elsewhere was deliberate, and for a woman, especially a negro woman, uncommonly reticent. Whenever she appeared on the street—at first seldom, afterward frequently—she usually walked with her hands folded across her capacious bosom, and her eyes looking, if at anything, at objects quite above those within anything like horizontal range. She was slow, whereas her brother was quick, to make new acquaintances.

Mr. Sandidge soon became well satisfied with a fee that at first seemed to him below the value of his services, however unsuccessfully they had been rendered. Virgil was found to be even more adroit in the use of carpenter's tools than he had represented himself, and having finished what work was needed on the premises, he found that he could earn about seven-

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ty-five cents a day outside. The collection of bills, not always solvent, becoming troublesome, his master one day said to him that he might hire his own time with the understanding that he brought to him every Saturday night, without fail, three dollars. Whether he was pleased with the offer did not appear. He seemed to reflect a space, then answered: "It's—it's jubous business, marster. White folks is mons'ous oncert'n 'bout payin' o' niggers."

The master was sitting in the rear porch, and the man standing on the ground. At that moment Moll, passing by the latter (it was nigh dusk), without pausing, whispered, "Take it, you fool."

"I'll do de bes' I kin fer you, marster," he then said. Henceforth it seemed that for the first time he had begun to take proper views of life, as if hitherto he had been sowing wild oats, and had become satisfied with reaping their crop. Not that he abated his respectful deportment, or the ready, sometimes merry, repartee to the jocose remarks of others; but in these pleasant exercises he did not linger now, as had been rather his wont. When saluted, he would take off his hat, dip his head, throw forth the hearty reply, and proceed on his way with a carriage which, since his allowance of independent responsible action, was enhanced almost to a swagger.

On the first Saturday night he was a quarter of a dollar lacking in his returns.

"But you see, marster, I 'ain't quite got my han' in, in de knowin' o' people, an' findin' out who to trus'. Den I think ef I could spread out mo', it 'd come easier."

"What do you mean by spreadin' out?"

"Spreadin' out over de country furder like, to'd 'Geechee, an' Buff'lo, an' Islant Creek, an' Town Creek, an' all down in among dar."

"I don't care how fur you *spread*, as you call it, provided you fetch the money every Saturday night."

"Jes so, m' marster. An' sometimes when I can't drap my work twell night, an' doan git home twell Sunday, will dat do? And den sometimes when I gits here of a night atter you gone to bed, an' haf ter leave 'fo' you gits up, ken I leave de money wid sis' Moll, marster?"

"Certainly. However, that would look rather hard on a lame man. In that case you might fetch the money every two weeks. But don't you forgit that it will be six dollars then instead of three; and if I or your mistress is asleep when you have to start back, you can leave the money with Moll. She's as honest as you are, I reckon, if not more so."

"Dat so, marster," he answered, gayly. "She ought to be, 'case she older'n me."

"All right. That 'll do. Off with you."

"Thanky, marster."

"You see dar now whut I tol' you? Ef you hadn't a-hilt back dat quarter fer de fuss week, dah man 'd 'a said you made it too easy, an' 'a riz on you," said Moll at their usual night conference. "I'm gwine make some money too, ef de Lord spar' my life an' dah man doan hender me. He wife white 'oman wid some feelin's fer niggers. Well, she is dat. *He* keer no mo' fer niggers un he do fer hound dogs. I'll do dar work ef dey don't press on me too hard, but I gwine make some money fer—fer Aunt Peggy. You hear, Werg'l?"

"I hear, sis' Moll."

"Well, g'long off to bed. You tired in dah sick leg. I ain't. G'long to bed, an' get some sleep, an' allays 'member whut I tell you."

He went to bed. She sat up many hours later.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ELAM SANDIDGE had been joked a good deal about his fee for sending, as Virgil had awkwardly put it, a client to the penitentiary. But now the time had come when he could answer his jokers with other than the silent smile with which he was wont to listen to conversation that he suspected was meant to be regarded humorous.

"Why, gentlemen," he remarked on the street one morning after a hearty breakfast, "when I took the confound things I didn't think they were worth, both put together, as much as a hundred and fifty dollars, and I didn't think so powerful well o' the 'sociate counsel for palmin' 'em off on to me. But as I had no use fer the feller's little piece o' land away so fur off over thar, I let Nellums have it his way. But I'll be confound if now I'd take five hundred dollars apiece for them niggers, shabby as they looked and does yit. I'll be confound if I would; and everybody knows that I don't make a practice o' cussin'. For the man, with all his lame leg, fetches me more'n the intrust on over a thousand dollars cler o'

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expense o' both collectin' and feedin' hisself. And as for Moll, well, I don't say t'other people, but *I* never set down to sech victuals as she fetches to my table. I positive hate—it is positive hard to git up from the biscuit and fried chicken she fetch to my table, long as any's left and ain't eat up. I'll be confound if it ain't."

It did almost seem as if Mr. Sandidge was in some danger of ignoring his high professional position and becoming a mere profane gourmand.

And Moll: poor old Moll White, as they styled her at first, she seemed so lonely and forlorn, so silent, so even resentful for the sudden change made in her condition, so unfit, so undesirous to make new acquaintances. Yet she had never been fully understood. Doubtless no pains had ever been taken to understand such an inconsiderable item in the good God's creation. If any had been, in all probability they would have miscarried. For a change had come over her lately. She manifested willingness, even wish, to know better the people around her, white and black. To this end she grew talkative, visited, when her mistress and her business occupations permitted, the kitchens or back yards of the villagers, not so much to know as to become known, for a purpose she had on her mind. This was generally understood to be the getting a little money for what extra work she might find, for the comfort of her old aunt Peggy, who had been left behind. The pious thought was much commended. Then her cooking and other kitchen and house service were so satisfactory that her mistress was quite willing for her, in what was termed Moll's own time, to work on hire for others. A plain woman was Mrs. Sandidge, who had married her husband before there was any special promise of the success which he was destined to attain, but who, notwithstanding, had not parted from her simplicity or goodness of heart.

"I do think, on my soul, Missis Triplett," she said to that lady one day, "that that nigger's the industriousest creeter I ever knowed. When they first come to our house I couldn't but laugh, and even git sort o' fretted 'ith Mis'Sandidge fer sendin' em there. But they've both showed theirselves to be as vallible niggers as they is any in this whole town. Virgil brings or sends Mis'Sandidge three dollars every single Sat'day night of his life; and Moll, besides cookin' and keepin' a cleaner kitchen than ever *I* had before, picks up *I* don't know how much in warious ways. She do up nice things for Missis Joyce, the Taylor girls, and I don't know who all. She wash and irons for severial people, white and black. She mend and patches for nigger men who their own wives is too lazy and good-for-nothin' to do them fer 'em; and here lately she been goin' out before day, and between times, and getherin' old-field plums, and, arfter always givin' me the pick, sellin' the balance for what she can git. And *as* for sleepin', if that nigger git any o' that, you know when she git it as well as I do: for no matter whut time o' night you call her, she not only answers, but she come a-scootin' with her frock an' all on just as if it was the broad of sun daytime. I couldn't help from bein' sorry for her when she come here ef it had been to of saved my life. For ign'nt as the poor creeter is, she's got feelin's. Why, Missis Triplett, I could set there in the house an' tell her mind were oneasy when she'd be tryin' to sing a hymn from the *Cluster*, and which they's no more music in her woice hardly than in the m'yowlin' of a cat, and it sound like she felt bad *as* a cat, and went to m'yowlin' because she couldn't help herself. And then the tryin' to scrape up a little somethin' for her old aunt—Peggy, as she call her—show she *have* natch'l good feelin's. For as for spendin' ary of whut she make on herself, *stingy?* Why, Missis Triplett, stingy ain't the word, ner I don't know whut it is *in* the word to tell how that nigger lay up whut she can gether. I tried to be good to her as I could, a-seeing of her so wobesolemncholy, so to speak, and I do think the poor thing have got over some of it."

Yet even Mrs. Sandidge knew not all the ways adopted by Moll to scrape bits of silver together for her aunt Peggy, though she did know of some besides those mentioned. From the flour at times received instead of money she made ginger-cakes. She was never without beer, made of dried apples until the season of persimmons and honey-locusts. She cobbled shoes with great skill for a woman—so the negro men said. She physicked, on a limited and extremely cheap scale, man and beast, haired and feathered tribes. She always kept a little tar in a keg sunk in the ground behind the kitchen, and retailed it to wagoners whose wheels, in-

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coming or outgoing, needed lubricating. She sharpened cutlery, and put blades and rivets into dilapidated knife-handles. And she did many other things. She soon became known as a money-getter in all ways possible to one in her condition, and some that would have been thought impossible.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the career of the brother was marked by yet more notable if not more various activities than that of the sister. Before his master's pecuniary ruin he had been known as rather shiftless, sometimes suspected of avoiding or slighting work quite within his capacities, on the plea of his lameness. Since then he had taken on a better development. At this juncture especially it is doubtful if any other negro in the State of Georgia ever found a greater variety of ways for getting the weekly sum exacted of him and a trifle for himself, or, as he always put it, for his aunt Peggy. Independent action, great responsibility, and a tender regard for the aged relative left behind near Owl's Ferry brought forth powers which even himself had not suspected that he possessed. He made and mended fences, dairies, milk-houses, wheelbarrows, shoes, harness, reels, winding-blades, warping-bars, looms, spinning-wheels, children's cradles, and these not by the day, but by the job, for he worked at them night and day. At night also he waited on young men, blacking their shoes, fetching water, going upon errands, and other if there were other things. He abjured the use of tobacco, except as he could beg it. He usually went to bed before Moll, but this was rarely before midnight; and both were known to be by at least an hour the earliest risers in town, the sister always calling the brother.

"Didn't love to sleep so much," she would say sometimes; "could make some'n wuff some'n fer—fer Aunt Peggy. But I s'pose yer short leg make you tired."

For the first few months his operations were confined within the town or its close neighborhood, but as his powers became enlarged he circulated more and more widely. If his day's work took him not more than three or four miles from home, he returned at night, and spent the waking hours on whatever jobs he or his sister had on hand. He was ever punctual with his weekly three dollars, always slowly making up the last dollar with small coins, giving a grunt of thankfulness for being able, as he styled it, "to squeeze thoo." Gradually he moved on southwardly to Island Creek, Town Creek, even the hither bank of the Oconee. The very week that Mr. Sandidge started on the fall circuit, Virgil, now calling himself "Werg'l Sanwidge," crossed that river with the view of seeking employment in the capital city of Milledgeville.

"Hello! Whose nigger are you?" asked the principal keeper of the penitentiary, as he walked one morning by the newcomer, who was working on some fence palings in the neighborhood of that institution.

"I'm Werg'l Sanwidge, marster. I b'long to Mis'Sanwidge, de big lawyer. You know o' him, I speck." Then he drew out his pass.

"Cert'n'y. Know him well. Wonder he let niggers hire their own time that way. But s'pose you fitten fer nothin' 'bout home. What you ast for your work?"

"I in gen'l works by de job, marster, an' dey pays me by de job."

"What can you do?"

"Mos' anything come to han', marster, bofe a-makin' an' a-mendin'."

"Why don't you mend that short leg, then?"

"Ah," he answered, gayly, "sech as dat beyant even white folks, let 'lone niggers."

"I want a little work round and in the penitentiary, but these confound nigger workers charges too high."

"Ain't it dangersome, marster, bein' 'bout dem white men you got penned up in dar? Beca'se ef it ain't, I'll do your work, an' on livin' pay."

"Dangersome? Thunder! Who you s'pose want to hurt such a lookin' creeter as you? and them men know they couldn't if they wanted to."

After some further parleying, Virgil was engaged, and his work was speedily acknowledged by his employer to be satisfactory.

At noon on the Saturday then ensuing he left off, saying that as he had not reported at home in two weeks, he must do so now, but would be again on hand the next Monday morning. He reached home late that night, finding his sister in expectation of him. They had a talk of

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many hours. They seemed at times quite cheerful; at others, anxious. Moll set before him a good supper, and after their conversation was over, let him sleep some hours. An hour before day, having already gotten his breakfast, she aroused him. After he had eaten, she ripped the shuck mattress that lay on his bed, took out a bag some two inches in diameter and twenty in length, with stout cords attached to either end, and handed it to him, saying:

"You be keerful wid dat. Dey's twenty dollars an' quarter and seb'npens in dar. I got ten dollars and thrip persides, but maybe I better keep dat twell we see how dat do. Now you go. It's danjous, but it's wuff tryin'. Ef I wuz a man I could do it, an' I hope Godamighty will let you do de same. Go 'long. Goob-by."

When he was gone, she sat the remainder of the night, her hands alternately folded over her bosom or resting upon her knees. When it was dawn she rose and went to her usual work.

Virgil's work became so satisfactory to the penitentiary authorities that his first engagement was extended. His occupations were so various that he was often thrown among or near the prisoners, sometimes attending upon a squad that under an armed guard were detailed for work outside the walls. In this while he had never mentioned even the name of his late master, and was never heard to address a remark to any of the convicts except when it seemed becoming the character of his and their several or joint employments. On one afternoon in particular he moved about with noticeable alacrity. It had been raining all day, and the night promised to set in early and black. In spite of the weather he would not withdraw from his work, and although for hours and hours his clothes had been wet through and through, he lingered until the dusk, when he was called by the gatekeeper, who cried that he was about to shut up for the night. The convicts had been remanded to their cells some time ago.

"Comin', marster, comin'," he answered, cheerily; and whistling the while, he walked from a remote corner, where he had been engaged, along the lower tier of cells.

"My!" he exclaimed, when he was emerging, "dish here day bin like one o' dem days we used to hear ole people talkin' 'bout when we wuz boys."

"You or your marster, one must love money, Virgil, not holdin' up from work sech a day as this have ben."

"Ah, marster, when Sa'day night come dis nigger got to kyar home de money, rain or shine."

The promise of the coming night was fulfilled. The rain slackened not, and the darkness was intense. The town clock sounded eleven beats. One of the guard had just passed his patrol from one of the sentry-boxes. A few moments afterward a smothered cough sounded from the wall at a spot which he had passed, and was answered by one on the ground outside, Immediately afterward a ladder was applied to the wall, and a man rapidly descended by it.

"Thang God! thang God! Here, quick! take dis bag o' money, an' go for life atter we git down dis larther. Hoss hitch by de big white oak by de State-'ouse. Sis' Moll waitin' fer you all de time."

This was said in a loud, passionate whisper.

"Who goes there?" sounded from the wall.

The two men dashed away, and immediately afterward a musket shot was fired.

"Run, Marse Billy, run!" Then the negro dropped slowly to the ground. After a few moments the guard, attended by another bearing a lantern, descended by the ladder, and walked rapidly to where he lay, one shot having entered his loin, and another perforated the artery beneath his lame knee-joint. When the men came up he raised his head, peered with seeming anxiety around for a brief period, then smiling, lay down again, and into his eyes came a darkness deeper than that upon the bosom of the night.

CHAPTER VI.

"SOMETHIN', I can't but think, is the matter 'ith Moll to-day, Missis Triplett," said Mrs. Sandidge, as Mrs. Triplett, after a brief visit on the next forenoon, rose to leave. "Hear that mum'lin'? She'd be goin' it strong exceptin' she know you're in the house. She been a-singin', or what you may call it, all day, and sech wailin's as she make sometimes couldn't come from folks's ner nothin' else's mouths, to my opinion, 'ithout they had somethin'

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on top o' their mind. They'd skeer me sometimes ef I hadn't got uset to 'em, an' know they ain't no harm in nother her ner them. I ast her this mornin' ef ary thing troubled her, an' she said she were jes sorter oneasy about her aunt Peggy. Poor thing! I been thinkin', Christmas come, I'll git Mis'Sandidge to let 'em both go an' see their old aunt, they think so much of her."

Mrs. Triplett had hardly gone when a guard of the penitentiary, accompanied by three other men, rode up, and calling out Mrs. Sandidge, informed her of the death of Virgil, the enlargement of the convict White, and the fact that the latter had been traced as far as within a few miles of the town.

"Dead!" exclaimed Moll, coming from the kitchen door, where she had heard the news; "Werg'l dead? Who kilt him?" When they had repeated the story, she said: "How come Werg'l to be dar? Tole me he were on 'Conee River. I tole dah boy be keerfuler wid hisself, an' not be meddlin' wid business doan b'long to him. My laws! my laws!"

She turned and was moving toward the kitchen, when the guard called to her: "Hello, my good 'oman, hain't saw ary thing o' your ole marster, has you?"

"Whut, whut you talkin' 'bout, white man?" She turned and looked him full in the eye, her great round nostrils dilating and contracting.

"I'm a-talkin' about your marse Billy, that your brer Werg'l holp to git out o' the pentenchwy last night, an' got shot fer doin' of it, an' which it mout of ben better, or leas'ways look more deservin' like, ef it had of ben him 'stid o' that po' nigger. But, an' which, that feller are hid away some'rs 'bout; because it stan' to reason that ef he'd a-aimed to go furder, he'd 'a other not got off the hoss he rid twenty mile from Milledgeville, er he'd 'a tuck a fresh'n an' kep' on a-scootin'. An' which it's plain to my mind that he ain't wery fur from this wery place whar we all air at the present. An' which, furthersomemore," he said, more and more slowly, as he closely watched her face, "I'm authorized to make a offer, in good silver money, o' fifty dollars to them that's other a-harb'rin' him er can p'int to the same, that 'll give him up to me an' take the money."

Folding her arms across her breast, she said: "I can't tell dat I knows nothin' 'bout. Dey kill my brer, de onnles I got —God know he were—an' now dey come atter me."

The officer looked at her steadily for some moments, she as steadily returning his gaze.

"She know no more about that man than I do. What you want to be tormentin' the poor thing so for?" said Mrs. Sandidge, reproachfully.

"Beg your pard'n, madam," the man answered, while dismounting, and ordering his followers to do likewise; "I shell have to s'arch these primerses, but I shell try to do it 'ith little trouble as I can help."

Moll turned and walked with her accustomed step to the kitchen, followed by the hunters. She stared wildly at them as they pursued their search, but she spoke not a word.

"He have been here," said the leader, while standing by Virgil's bed, "fer these bedclose—don't you feel they're damp he ben a-layin?"

When they had searched the rest of the premises in vain, and were proceeding to the mansion, Moll turned from the door where she had been watching them, entered the bedroom that once had been her brother's, and throwing herself upon the floor, said, in a low voice, her eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, "My Godamighty! ef dey takes dat chile, I want ter go atter Werg'l."

Instantly she rose again and returned to the kitchen door. Hearing a merry ejaculation in an upper attic room of the mansion, she raised her hands, their fingers wide extended, and thus stood until the party descended, with their prisoner again in chains.

"Hello! Molly put the kittle on," said the guard, holding up the bag of money. "Ef I'd a-knowed you so rich, I'd of knowed better'n to make such a offer as jes a little fifty dollars."

She uttered a laugh, loud, prolonged, hideous in the extreme, and her understanding, limited as it had been, was forever gone.

The recapture of an escaped convict, under the law, resulted in an addition of two years to the term of his imprisonment. The case had created some sympathy, partly on account of the uniformly good conduct of White before his attempted escape, partly from a rising opinion in his native county that his intention had been, as he

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had pleaded, to take only one of the horses. Mrs. Sandidge was deeply affected. What her husband's feelings were none knew precisely, as he was accustomed to keep his feelings and his counsel, when not necessary to be expressed, to himself. The negroes had already paid him at least what he had appraised them at, and people said he ought not to complain, if he did.

Moll's insanity took a curious direction. She imagined herself a young girl whose chief business was that of nurse to her "marse Billy," who was again an infant. She made a sort of doll out of old clothes, continually carried it in her arms, or sat and sang by an unfinished cradle in which she laid it. They could not get her out of the kitchen into an out-house until they had moved her cradle there at a time when she was walking with her baby in the yard. At that time there was no asylum for the insane in the State, and as she was entirely harmless, they let her do commonly whatever she fancied. Her physical health gave way rapidly, and it soon became obvious that her life was tending to a speedy end.

In spite of Mr. Sandidge's general imperturbability, one thing gave him an annoyance that he did not attempt to conceal, at least from his wife. I let the latter tell of it, as it was the only bit of fun that excellent woman could indulge in a case wherein her sympathies led to the shedding of many a tear:

"An' to think, Missis Triplett, that the poor thing hain't got it intoo her head that me an' Mis'Sandidge is the child's parrents, an' whenever she see Mis'Sandidge she other run an' hide her baby, er cry an' beg me to not let his pappy whip him? *I* don't mind it, not one single grain; but Mis'Sandidge—*werried*. Why, you don't know how it *do* werry him. Havin' o' no childern o' our own, he say people 'll laugh an' make game of us. He even got so, Mis'Sandidge have, that he dodge her same as she dodge him. Ah, well!" she seriously resumed, "I do think it's the pitifulest case. One poor nigger shot down onprepar'd, an' the tother run mad, an' all a-tryin' to help the marster they raised with. As for me, I can't but honor their feelin's, an' I mean to humor that poor creeter, an' be good to her as I can, while she last."

"Good woman," said Triplett, when his wife repeated to him this conversation —"one o' the best an' feelin'est in this whole town. Squire Sandidge 'shamed o' the bad grammars she use in her talk sometimes; but she's his equil, spite o' her grammars, an' he can't but know it when he think about it. It *are* right funny, the idee o' him bein' the father o' nothin' but a rag baby."

Meanwhile other things were going on in Lincoln. The wife of the man Freeman, from whom the horses had been taken, by entreaties and threats at last prevailed upon her husband to make known the fact that the only animal intentionally taken was really the property of White, who had sold it conditioned upon reclamation at a certain date if not paid for, and that the condition had been wilfully violated. The wretch filed his confession in the county court clerk's office, and absconded to unknown parts. The revelation shocked the community painfully; a petition for Executive pardon was rapidly and universally signed, and within a month after White's second incarceration he was released. As soon as this was done he started for his home. On reaching the village in which he had been recaptured, he stopped at the residence of Mr. Sandidge (who was at his office) and asked permission of his wife to see Moll.

"Cert'nly, cert'nly, sir," she answered; and leading the way, she whispered: "The poor thing have lost her mind, an' run distracted. She's mighty weak."

"Yes, ma'am; so I heard."

The invalid was lying with her face to the wall, her baby upon her arm.

"Why, Moll," he said, "turn over. Howdye? You 'ain't forgot me, have you?"

She turned herself, and looked first at him, then at Mrs. Sandidge, then at him again, as he knelt by the bed. Slowly, laughing, she said: "Well, I jes do dee-clar! *Ef* I 'ain't been a-dreamin' Marse Billy war a baby, an' me a-nussin' him! An' *sho*' 'nuff, here him, a gweat big boy! *Dee* Laws bless my soul!"

After another moment she looked from him pleadingly to Mrs. Sandidge, and said: "Miss, please, ma'am, doan scole Marse Billy fer dat. He not went to do it: did yer, honey?"

But Moll did not wait for the answer. Laying back upon the pillow the head that she had raised, she immediately expired.

Tears were in the eyes of her new mistress; her old master wept, as, years before, at the departure of his mother.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE SOUTH.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

III.—ALONG THE GULF.

"WE have all agreed, I believe, to make our first halt at Biloxi, in Mississippi," said Mr. Ely, as the train with our tourists on board rolled out of Mobile.

"And why Biloxi?" asked his wife.

"Ah, madame," said Madame de Parras, "do you not know it is the town nearest to the Beauvoir plantations? I am sure we shall all wish to pay our respects to President Davis."

"Biloxi," said Major Pogue, "is a place which ought to be a winter resort for Northern invalids. I am interested in bringing it into notice. I want you to see it."

"Biloxi," exclaimed Mr. Ely, eagerly, "is the point where Iberville with Bienville and the Franciscan Père Athanase landed and built the first fort. It must be full of traces of those old adventurers. Mocquard and I intend to search them out."

"*I* want to stop at the town," said Lola, "to lay in a supply of preserved figs and of shrimps for the family. There are large canning houses there, and I expect to save ten per cent. by buying wholesale."

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"Mr. Ely is going to take me fishing," lisped Betty, with an ecstatic gurgle. "Some people that my grand'mère knows in New Orleans have a summer cottage in Biloxi. They told me that they bathe and fish, and picnic in the pine woods. Only think how delicious!" shutting her eyes and shaking her curly head in a way which made Major Pogue and the old clergyman exchange looks of delight, while Mrs. Ely groaned inwardly at the hopeless imbecility of men. She began instantly to question Lola as to the prices of canned vegetables in New Orleans, hoping that Colonel Mocquard would hear how well posted the young lady was in the state of the market.

Biloxi is a long scrambling village, built on a ledge of sand-hills between the bay and quiet stretches of pine woods that roll back over Harrison County.

"The very place for invalids with incipient throat troubles!" Major Pogue declared, enthusiastically. "The south wind blows to them straight from off the Gulf of Mexico, and the north wind sifts all the healing for them out of these pine forests."

Biloxi is but little known as yet as a winter health resort. Our travellers found an old-fashioned inn among the few houses that were open; a pile of galleries in tiers about a court into which cozy little chambers opened, each with its cheery fire and canopied French bed. A creole family had it in charge. What they lacked in English they made up in gestures and good-humor. The house was full of consumptive and asthmatic patients from the Southern States, with a few from Chicago and other points in the Northwest. The average American meets even death with good-humored *sang-froid*. These pale doomed folk made up fishing parties every morning, and sailed away, coughing and singing, to the islands which lay like blots of shadow in the rolling fogs of billowy silver that filled the bay; they came back, coughing, chattering, and joyous, in the evening, up out of the red sunset, with enormous loads of fish, which they displayed in the court-yard of the inn, under the lamps which hung in the huge live-oaks, while their wives and children and the negroes gathered about them as excited as if these were the first fish ever haled out of that water.

There was a delightful disorder and spontaneity in the whole place. At uncertain hours a gray old negro went through the galleries shouting "Breakfast," or "Dinner," or "Supper," as if it had just occurred to him that somebody might be hungry, and everybody set out in search of a remote dining-room, to find a plentiful meal, peppery and high-flavored, after the creole fashion. After supper everybody, again headed by the invalids, crowded into the cheery little parlor, and danced as merrily as if they had just drawn out new title-deeds to life and youth.

The greasy court-yard with its clumps of live-oaks stretched down to the bay, thrusting long fingers of piers in to clutch the water. On both of the curving shores on either side rows of large hotels or restaurants faced the bay. They were closed now, and tenanted only by melancholy cats, which prowled about their empty galleries.

"Biloxi is a resort in summer for monstrous excursion or fishing parties from New Orleans," explained Major Pogue, as they sauntered through the deserted wharves and silent hotels.

"And they drink beer occasionally," suggested Mr. Ely, nodding to the vast heaps of empty bottles in the courts. Back in the village, too, which straggled through green lanes into the edge of the woods, they found millions of these stone and glass bottles, stuck inverted in the ground to make borders for flower beds in the gardens, or as curb-stones for the sidewalks. Mrs. Ely was so appalled at the seas of beer which these endless gray and black lines indicated that she began to drop temperance tracts into the pretty flower-gardens and to thrust them under the front doors.

"I always take a supply with me to carry on the good work," she explained, nervously, to Miss Pogue, who watched her with polite astonishment. "And really the amount of liquor consumed in the South must be enormous! The incessant treating that even I have seen dismays me."

Mr. Ely, noticing the angry color on Lola's cheek, hastily interposed. "Yes, yes, my dear; we hear a great deal at home about the amount of drinking in the South, but we forget the cause. The uneventful, solitary life on farms or plantations always drives men to some kind of devil's work. In the cattle-herding ranches of the Northwest, I've been told,

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson. Engraved by J. Hellawell.

SUMMER BREEZES IN THE SUBURBS.

they fall into the habit of soaking in liquor, alone. Here, among a generous, hospitable people, treating has been the natural temptation. In your own New England—"

"There is very little intemperance in New England," angrily interrupted Mrs. Ely, "compared with—"

"There is more than you suppose," said her husband. "But the New Englander, in his bare and stinted farm life, falls a victim to a temptation which rarely at-

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tacks the Southerner. He grows morbid; he becomes disgusted with his wife, and takes another. 'Bills' of divorce have made the domestic relations of some of our communities almost as unsettled as those of Utah. He grows disgusted next with orthodox forms of religion; he begins to taste all kinds of heterodoxy, spiritualism, Buddhism, and the rest. Better tipple in whiskey than in free-thinking, in my judgment. The Southerner is better fed in body, and has a healthier mind. He may drink, but he worships sincerely in the faith his mother taught him, and he is, as a rule, a faithful and fond husband and father. The moral shortcomings of both sections arise, as I said, from precisely the same cause. The pot need not sneer at the kettle."

"You're right there, Mr. Ely!" exclaimed the Major. "For generations our men had little to do; they were idle, friendly, hospitable. The rest goes without saying. There is much less brandy drunk now than before our people went to work —much less. You're right. Occupation, work, prosperity — these are the best preachers of temperance. Our young men, as they are brought into friction with the world, will find out the folly and vulgarity of this perpetual tippling."



A TYPICAL HOUSE.

Now and then a party of enthusiastic Georgians or Mississippians, or curious Northerners, visitors to the New Orleans Exposition, would run up to Biloxi and drive out through the pines to the Beauvoir plantations to call on the ex-President of the Confederacy, from whom they all received a courteous welcome. Mrs. Ely sternly repulsed any meek hints of a desire to go with them from her husband as disloyal.

"I have a natural curiosity, my dear," he reasoned, "to meet and judge for myself a historical character."

"Have you no respect for the flag?" she demanded. "I never expected to find *you*, at this late day, aiding and abetting rebellion!"

Mr. Ely, as usual, did not argue with his wife. The next day, however, when Madame de Parras and her granddaughter went out for a drive, the clergyman and Colonel Mocquard accompanied them.

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BAY SAINT LOUIS.

The whole party came home, excited and pleased, late in the evening, wearing bunches of white pinks on their breasts, which the ladies hastened to put away as sacred relics. They observed a significant silence while they ate their suppers, and Mrs. Ely thought it wise to ask no questions.

When they left Biloxi, however, taking the railway which follows the coast closely to New Orleans, she was the most eager of the party to catch sight of the plain wooden farm-house at Beauvoir, dimly seen through groves of pine.

The coast-line nearing New Orleans is set with picturesque little villages—Ocean Springs, Moss Point, Mississippi City, Bay St. Louis, and Pass Christian, some of them the summer resorts of Louisianians since the last century. They are all alike in feature—airy, hospitable cottages set in the midst of groves of enormous live-oaks,



STREET IN PASS CHRISTIAN.

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DOMESTIC DEFENCES.

draped with gray moss, which the wind incessantly sways to and fro: quiet lanes winding through thickets of cypress, magnolia, and palmetto trees; everywhere roses, thrusting themselves up to perfume the air, covering the houses, the trunks of the trees, the ground, with sudden flames of crimson and gold; in the background a rampart, dark and gloomy, of pine forests; and in front the Gulf, stretching to the horizon, a vast shifting plane which in this peculiar shadeless sunlight incessantly glows with opalescent tints strange to Northern eyes.

The march of improvement is at work, however, on these beautiful little nooks, building a line of canning factories and huge hotels from Mobile to the Mississippi.

Mrs. Ely besought her friends to push on to New Orleans. "There will soon be nothing left distinctively Southern here but the weather and the foliage," she complained. "This hotel might have been transplanted from New York: gas, electric bells, cookery; and all this ash furniture is from Grand Rapids; the clerk and the landlord are Connecticut men, and most of the guests are Chicagoans. I went to-day out of that grove of magnolias directly into a Sixth Avenue auction store, with its piles of ready-made clothes, gilt jewelry, cheap soap, and vases. There was the Jewish sales-lady with her black bang, bracelets, and hooked nose. 'Did this store come entire from New York?' I asked. 'Just as you see it, ma'am. And me too,' she said, with a smirk."

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Drawn by W. H. Gibson. UNDER THE MAGNOLIAS. Engraved by Hellawell.

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NOTES FROM THE CREOLE QUARTER.

"You could repeat your experience in every town in the South," said the Major. "But when we reach New Orleans I promise to find you some corners which belonged to the France of a hundred years ago."

It was to this French quarter of New Orleans that Mr. Ely, when they reached that city, gave himself up wholly. His wife and Miss Pogue "did" the Exposition thoroughly; they repaired early every morning to Canal Street to secure seats in the Prytania Street cars; they priced every exhibit; they knew just where to find the cheapest sandwiches in the cafés.

"Nobody," Mrs. Ely (still bent on match-making) told Colonel Mocquard, "had viewed the Exposition more intelligently and economically than Miss

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Pogue." But the Colonel, while he had the most vivid admiration for Lola's golden hair and blue eyes, had no appreciation of economy or intelligence in any woman.

"He is a very narrow-minded man; he very seldom finds his way to the Exposition," Mrs. Ely complained in her nightly gossip to her husband; "and when he does come, is quite taken up with cotton-gins and steam-ploughs. And he's a creole, too! Lola speaks of him as a typical Southerner—a fire-eater and duellist, and full of chivalry. But he goes about like the rest of them in a narrow-rimmed hat, poking into cotton-gins and ploughs. I must say I'm disappointed."

Mrs. Ely, like the majority of Northerners at the Exposition, was perpetually in search of something "typically Southern." She went to the French Market on Sunday morning with the mob of tourists, and fell a victim to the Jew peddlers who had orange-wood canes for sale manufactured of pine in New York. She promenaded the Boulevard Esplanade, looking out for Mr. Cable's creoles, and regarding every old man with white hair and black eyes with awe as a possible Grandissime. She made vain pretences of asking her way from people whom she fancied were Legrees, or Madame Delphines, or Texan cow-boys; but they all turned out to be from Duluth or Chicago. She had heard all her life of the wickedness of New Orleans, and she took a fearful joy in venturing into quarters which were said to be its worst haunts; but they now turned gay, decent faces to the passing stranger.

The splendor of the private hospitality in New Orleans overpowered the good woman. She wrote home to the Ladies' Sewing Circle of magnificent banquets to which she was bidden, and of the simple, unpretending people who gave them. She described minutely some of the immense private houses, set in sloping lawns, with fountains, and groves of palm, and orange-trees heavy with golden fruit. The long galleries at the back, as in Eastern houses, closed around an open green court. "Forty chambers I counted in one," she wrote, "and all filled with guests during Mardi Gras. And the mistress of it, who once counted her slaves by the thousand, a meek, quiet little Presbyterian body, who insisted on making a plaster herself for my rheumatic shoulder. Indeed, I wish you knew these people better in the North. The closer you come to them, the more you find they are very much like ourselves at heart."

The Exposition bewildered and stunned her husband. After a day or two he forsook it, and set out to study historic New Orleans, Colonel Mocquard willingly neglecting his business to go with him. When Major Pogue escorted the rest of the party down the river to inspect the jetties, the two cronies refused to go, being impatient to hunt out the precise spot on the miles of levees, now crowded with shipping from all the world, where Bienville first sprang to the shore of the untrodden wilderness from his little barkentine.

"I look upon this great city," the clergyman said to Colonel Mocquard, "as the outgrowth of the dogged obstinacy of that one man. Was there ever so mad a thing done as to found the capital of a great territory a hundred miles from a harbor, on a swamp lower than the water on either side, with a perpetual fight for life before it against tides, wind, and fever?—and in spite of the constant opposition of the French government. I am convinced, too, that Bienville foresaw the future importance of these possessions, or he would not have persisted in founding colonies among the jungles as high as Natchez."

The two enthusiasts traced from point to point the strange drama played by the old town, in which French and Spaniards of good blood, Irish refugees, negroes and Indians, were actors. Down in the lower part of the French quarter stood the first orange and fig groves planted by Governor Perrier. In the Faubourg de Ste. Marie the Jesuit fathers planted the slips of sugar-cane, a gift sent them by their brethren in San Domingo, together with a few slaves skilled in its culture.

On the levee below the French Market landed the first slaves, the thousand Children of the Sun imported by Bienville into the miserable little hamlet. A few feet from this spot Governor Du Perrier burned six Natchez braves at the stake. Here, too, guarded by priests and *Sœurs de la Charité*, were brought ashore the pious maidens, each with her box of linen, sent from France by the Church to be wives to Bienville's followers. Several of the old families of New Orleans still sacredly treasure relics of a revered ancestress who was one of these *filles de la*

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cassette. The Colonel recalled to Mr. Ely an old tradition, that with each importation these pious maidens grew uglier, until General Duclos was forced to hint that his men would prefer more beauty, even with less solid virtue.

In the old Place d'Armes, fronting the Cathedral of St. Louis, Bienville gave to his colony a name; here the citizens met to revolt against their cession to Spain; and here they welcomed victorious Jackson after the battle of Chalmette.

They followed up the traces of Spanish occupation with great difficulty. But two decayed old buildings remained to tell of that stormy period.

"Philadelphia and New Orleans have a more dramatic history than any towns on the continent," grumbled Mr. Ely, "yet they are the most indifferent to their ancient landmarks."

Wandering through the Exposition buildings he found hints of every phase of Southern life. There was, most prominent of all, the portly, florid business man, the railway magnate, iron manufacturer, banker, merchant, usually heavily bearded, full-voiced, keen-eyed, a trifle more masculine, more aggressive, more genial and grandiloquent in ideas and words, than his congener of New York or Philadelphia. There was the rawboned, grizzled planter from upper Mississippi, with his flock of eager boys and girls about him. "Enohmously expensive trip, suh, to bring them all," he told Mr. Ely, anxiously; "but it's a chance foh education I cahn't afford to throw away foh them, suh." There were crowds of country girls with thick ivory skins and black eyes, more carefully chaperoned, more beplumed, beflounced, and powdered, than their Northern sisters, but for the rest members of the same giggling, flirting, innocent flock. There was now and then a French overseer or an American workman from some inland parish, speaking a *patois* quite unintelligible to Mr. Ely. But he found in the manner of many men of this class a deference to their employers, a tacit acknowledgment of inferior social station, quite impossible to the mechanic of Pennsylvania or the West. He did not, oddly enough, find this survival of the habits of the old *régime* among the negroes, except in an occasional gray-haired freedman not yet quite sure that he was free.

Occasionally he met one of the gentlewomen of that same old *régime*, well guarded by the men of her family, graceful, white-handed, with that sweet, pathetic treble in her voice also peculiar to Virginian women (quite different from the unctuous Georgian drawl). There was always about her, too, an air of perpetual appeal for protection, and yet something beneath it which told you that she was an absolute monarch in her own sphere. The clergyman found a charm in this imperious helplessness, which touched him more nearly than the self-reliance of Mrs. Ely's friends at home. When one of these women had gone by he felt as if he had heard a verse of a song, sweet and familiar, but of which he had lost the beginning and the end.

In the evenings the negroes arrived in crowds, gayly dressed, chattering a bastard French.

There were ranchmen from Texas, German, Irish, and English; cow-boys; hosts of the wives of small planters, curious, intelligent, and voluble; judges from South Carolina, colonels from Georgia, orange-growers from Florida—all unlike, yet alike in the uneasy air of having come up out of some remote place where they ruled into a crowd where they were insignificant. In no city in this country could such an exhibition have called together an audience as foreign or as vivid in its contrasts.

The singular dual life of the Crescent City took vehement hold of the imagination of the old clergyman.

On one side of its great artery, Canal Street, is a powerful American city, firmly established, fully abreast of the trade and industry of the time, and clutching eagerly for its share of the commerce of the world. It is vitalized now with an energy which, if not pure Yankee in character, is very closely akin to it.

Here are miles of wharves heaped with cotton and sugar; thoroughfares massively built, through which the endless tides of human life ebb and flow all day; magnificent avenues stretching away out to the country, lined with modern hotels, club-houses, and huge dwellings, each flanked by one or two picturesque towers, which, on inspection, turn out to be only cisterns.

There is the necessary complement of black shadow below these vivid high lights. Poverty and Vice live more out-of-doors in New Orleans than in Northern cities. There they are, barefaced, leer-

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ing, always on the familiar pave, to be seen and known of all men. Back of all signs of wealth and gayety, too, is the mud, a material, clammy horror. The water, a deadly enemy here, perpetually fought and forced back, rushes in, whenever a day's rain gives it vantage, at every crevice; floods the streets and clogs the drains. It oozes out of the ground wherever you step on it, drips down the walls of your drawing-room, stains your books a coffee-color, clings to you, chilly and damp, in your clothes and in your bed, turns the air you breathe into a cold steam, and washes your dead out of their graves.

"This Queen of the South has soiled and muddy robes," said Mr. Ely; "but she is still a queen."

He delighted to stroll in the afternoon with the Colonel across Canal Street, to find this lusty American city vanish suddenly, and to enter a quiet French provincial town of the days of Louis XIV. Here was no stir, no clamor.

"Voilà la vraie Nouvelle Orléans!" lisped little Betty, as she guided him for the first time into the labyrinth of narrow streets branching off of La Rue Royale. It was her old home, and very beautiful and dear to her. Madame de Parras was confined to the house with rheumatism, and was willing to trust her to the escort of her reverend friend. So the old man and the girl, being about the same age ("as old as the Babes in the Wood," quoth Mrs. Ely), fell into the habit of strolling in the early morning or gathering twilight through the net-work of oddly silent streets, so narrow that the overhanging eaves nearly met over the cobble-stone pavements. Steep roofs, scaled with earthen tiles and green with moss, hooded dormer-windows peeping out of them like half-shut eyes, rose abruptly from the one-storied houses. Here and there a cobbler sat on his bench in the street plying his awl and singing to himself, or a group of swarthy, half-naked boys knelt on the banquette, flinging their arms about in a gambling game for pennies, and shrieking in some wild dialect, half negro and half French.

Their walks usually ended on the Boulevard Esplanade. Even that wide thoroughfare fell into quiet in the afternoon as the long shadows of the trees lay heavily across it. Within the close walls they could catch a glimpse of the courts about which the houses are built, the glitter of fountains shaded by orange-trees and broad-leaved tropical plants. Sometimes a jalousied window would be left open, and they would catch the tinkle of a guitar or the sound of a woman's voice singing.

Mr. Ely, like most Northerners, knowing New Orleans only through Mr. Cable's marvellous pictures, spoke of them once or twice to Betty. But she shook her head impatiently. She would not hear of these photographs of herself and her creole kinsfolk.

"Why put us in a magazine story to amuse the world?" she demanded. "You should read Gayarré's books on Louisiana, or Picket on Alabama. They are books of dignity, monsieur. We have had our historians!" pluming herself like a little pigeon.

Betty had her friends everywhere: in the stately old creole houses, and among the cobblers, and the market women, and the shrieking boys who played morra. The quaint old city was as familiar to her as the far-distant brisk New York town in which he lived to Mr. Ely. He began to see where the strength of the little girl's character lay, and why the soft, foolish creature had so powerful an attraction for men and women of all kinds.

"She is the most human being I ever knew," he told Colonel Mocquard. "I suppose she knows nothing of books or of business, like Miss Pogue. But she knows men and women. She goes straight to the innermost nature of each with her wonderful instinct. These people in her old home she sees but once a year, yet she keeps every thread of their lives in her hands, and comes back eager to be of use. You should see her with some of their old slaves. There are some women who are not at all intellectual, or even capable; they are just well-springs of love and comfort in the world."

Colonel Mocquard bowed with a gravity which showed how sacred the subject was to him, and Mr. Ely, recollecting his former suspicions, hesitated, stammered, and was silent.

That very afternoon Betty claimed his help on an exploring expedition. "I wish to find a negro, a woman who have belong to my grand-père—oh, a very old woman," was all the explanation that she vouchsafed, except to state presently that "Mère Deché" was sometimes to be found in the French Market.

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"Where does she live?" asked Mr. Ely.

Betty glanced uneasily about her, and then, with a nervous laugh, answered: "If you would believe the negroes, nowhere. They insist that nobody for years has been able to find where she eats or sleeps. She just appears sometimes. But that is their superstition. *I* am not so foolish."

"No, of course not. I infer that this agreeable friend of yours is a Voudoo witch, then?"

Betty held his arm more tightly. "Hush-h! these negroes are so absurd with their horrible superstition. It is Pierre who worries me now. Our old coachman. He comes to tell me to-day that Mère Deché had bewitched him—you call it. His food shall no longer nourish him. He goes to die. Oh, it is quite true, monsieur. His skin is gray; he is lean. I tell him I will go find Mère Deché, and compel her—com-pel her, I say—to take off the spell. She is a murderess!" with a vindictive nod.

"But you don't really believe—"

"No. But Pierre does, and the effect is the same on him as if it were true. It is a mystery, monsieur. Now attend. Three years ago the negroes still went out to the shores of Lake Pontchartrain on certain nights. There is a flat marsh there, and the water oozes up in ponds, black, dreary. Mère Deché would be there, a great fire kindled beside her. The poor black people dance around her. They believe she comes from the evil one, and if they do not obey her they will be accursed. Now they do not go to the lake any more, and—" she shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"Poor Pierre is accursed? Well, here is the market. Upon my word, a witch would not be out of place in it."

It was late in the afternoon. The traffic for the day was over, and the crowd of buyers, visitors, and Jew peddlers had left the long market, which runs for a mile and a half through the French quarter. It was filled now only with the French and Spanish fish-mongers and butchers, and the negresses and Indian women.

They had dropped heavy curtains of canvas over the sides of the market, shutting out the already fading daylight. Floods of muddy water poured over the brick pavements. Mr. Ely and his companion climbed on some planks to escape the deluge, and forgetting the dying Pierre, watched the odd scene before them, laughing and curious.

It was like looking into an immense narrow tent filled with a yellow-tinted darkness. Here were groups of old fish-women, the size of cotton bales and the color of coffee, knitting and chattering in a shrill treble; there a dozen swarthy, black-browed Italians gesticulated as though they had discovered a murder over a case of green figs; on the ground squatted some Indian women, dumb and motionless, beside bags of gumbo filé. Suddenly a shrill cry piped out, and the whole fraternity broke into wild confusion. In the far distance red flames flashed up from a long furnace, lighting the dark faces and hurrying figures. Men in white paper caps and women with red and yellow turbans rushed to and from the furnace, each carrying a shining pewter vessel, coming up suddenly out of the darkness into the red light, and disappearing into it again. Two hideous old negro women at the furnace filled the vessels from the caldron.

"What does it mean?" asked Mr. Ely. "It might be a meeting of witches."

"It is only hot gumbo," laughed Betty. "They take now their afternoon *goûter*."

"These Latin American people are incomprehensible!" exclaimed Mr. Ely. "They cannot eat a meal without as much fervor and excitement as if it were a political conspiracy, falling, too, into pictures that Rembrandt might have painted. Look at that hag with the red light streaming across her. What an eye for effect she must have! She has no color about her like the others. Don't you see? She is wrapped in dust-color; her skin is wrinkled like an elephant's hide, only her wool is white. How old she is! She is age itself. She is one of the cave-women who lived here before the mound-builders came, and she has crept out of her den with the earth still about her."

Betty, laughing, and peering eagerly into the shifting crowd of faces in the darkness to find the woman, started, and held her breath. "That is Mère Deché," she whispered. "I go to speak to her."

"Pardon me, no," said a voice behind her, and Colonel Mocquard joined them. "I heard of your errand, and followed you. You are pale, mademoiselle. Come out into the fresh air."

"But Pierre?"

"I will talk to Mère Deché. A dollar or two will make her lift the spell from

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Pierre; or, better still, the sight of a policeman."

"Have these Voudoo women a strong hold on the negroes?" asked Mr. Ely, as they walked away.

"Not so much as formerly, but the dread of them extends even yet into classes where you would think it impossible they should be noticed at all. This Mère Deché, for example, is a Guinea negro really of great age—she claims to be a hundred and forty. One can imagine that a mass of paganism and ignorance in the world for that time could gather any amount of magic and murderous spells about it," he said, jokingly, glancing aside at Betty's white face. "The principal victims of the Voudoo women now are the field hands. The house servants begin to see that the old witches have designs on their wages, or on their mistresses' spoons. Even our witchcraft in the South," he added, laughing, "has taken on a commercial quality. You will find your old cave-woman yonder will succumb to a five-dollar bill as quickly as if she had been born white of American parents. Eh, mademoiselle?"

But Betty shook her head without a smile.

APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXXVII.

THE next morning Dan Mavering knocked at Boardman's door before the reporter was up. This might have been any time before one o'clock, but it was really at half past nine. Boardman wanted to know who was there, and when Mavering had said it was he, Boardman seemed to ponder the fact awhile before Mavering heard him getting out of bed and coming barefooted to the door. He unlocked it, and got back into bed; then he called out, "Come in," and Mavering pushed the door open impatiently. But he stood blank and silent, looking helplessly at his friend. A strong glare of winter light came in through the naked sash—for Boardman apparently not only did not close his window-blinds, but did not pull down his curtains, when he went to bed—and shone upon his gay, shrewd face where he lay, showing his pop-corn teeth in a smile at Mavering.

"Prefer to stand?" he asked, by-and-by, after Mavering had remained standing in silence, with no signs of proposing to sit down or speak. Mavering glanced at the only chair in the room: Boardman's clothes dripped and dangled over it. "Throw 'em on the bed," he said, following Mavering's glance.

"I'll take the bed myself," said Mavering; and he sat down on the side of it, and was again suggestively silent.

Boardman moved his head on the pillow, as he watched Mavering's face, with the agreeable sense of personal security which we all feel in viewing trouble from the outside. "You seem balled up about something."

Mavering sighed heavily. "Balled up? It's no word for it. Boardman, I'm done for. Yesterday I was the happiest fellow in the world, and now— Yes, it's all over with me, and it's my own fault, as usual. *Look* at that!" He jerked Boardman a note which he had been holding fast in his hand, and got up and went to look himself at the wide range of chimney-pots and slated roofs which Boardman's dormer-window commanded.

"Want me to read it?" Boardman asked; and Mavering nodded without glancing round. It dispersed through the air of Boardman's room, as he unfolded it, a thin, elect perfume, like a feminine presence, refined and strict; and Boardman involuntarily passed his hand over his rumpled hair, as if to make himself a little more personable before reading the letter.

"DEAR MR. MAVERING,—I enclose the ring you gave me the other day, and I release you from the promise you gave with it. I am convinced that you wronged yourself in offering either without your whole heart, and I care too much for your happiness to let you persist in your sacrifice.

"In begging that you will not uselessly attempt to see me, but that you will consider this note final, I know you will do

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me the justice not to attribute an ungenerous motive to me. I shall rejoice to hear of any good that may befall you, and I shall try not to envy any one through whom it comes.

"Yours sincerely, ALICE PASMER.

"P.S.—I say nothing of circumstances or of persons; I feel that any comment of mine upon them would be idle."

Mavering looked up at the sound Boardman made in refolding the letter. Boardman grinned, with sparkling eyes. "Pretty neat," he said.

"Pretty infernally neat," roared Mavering.

"Do you suppose she means business?"

"Of course she means business. Why shouldn't she?"

"I don't know. Why should she?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Boardman. I suppose I shall have to tell you if I'm going to get any good out of you; but it's a dose." He came away from the window, and swept Boardman's clothes off the chair preparatory to taking it.

Boardman lifted his head nervously from the pillow.

"Oh, I'll put them on the bed, if you're so punctilious!" cried Mavering.

"I don't mind the clothes," said Boardman. "I thought I heard my watch knock on the floor in my vest pocket. Just take it out, will you, and see if you've stopped it?"

"Oh, confound your old Waterbury! All the world's stopped; why shouldn't your watch stop too?" Mavering tugged it out of the pocket, and then shoved it back disdainfully. "You couldn't stop that thing with anything short of a sledge-hammer; it's rattling away like a mowing-machine. You know those Portland women—those ladies I spent the day with when you were down there at the regatta—the day I came from Campobello—Mrs. Frobisher and her sister?" He agglutinated one query to another till he saw a light of intelligence dawn in Boardman's eye. "Well, they're at the bottom of it, I suppose. I was introduced to them on Class Day, and I ought to have shown them some attention there; but the moment I saw Alice—Miss Pasmer—I forgot all about 'em. But they didn't seem to have noticed it much, and I made it all right with 'em that day at Portland; and they came up in the fall, and I made an appointment with them to drive out to Cambridge and show them the place. They were to take me up at the Art Museum; but that was the day I met Miss Pasmer, and I—I forgot about those women again."

Boardman was one of those who seldom laugh; but his grin expressed all the malicious enjoyment he felt. He said nothing in the impressive silence which Mavering let follow at this point.

"Oh, you think it was funny?" cried Mavering. "I thought it was funny too; but Alice herself opened my eyes to what I'd done, and I always intended to make it all right with them when I got the chance. I supposed she wished me to."

Boardman grinned afresh.

"She told me I must; though she seemed to dislike my having been with them the day after she'd thrown me over. But if"—Mavering interrupted himself to say, as the grin widened on Boardman's face—"if you think it was any case of vulgar jealousy, you're very much mistaken, Boardman. She isn't capable of it, and she was so magnanimous about it that I made up my mind to do all I could to retrieve myself. I felt that it was my duty to *her*. Well, last night at Mrs. Jim Bellingham's reception—"

A look of professional interest replaced the derision in Boardman's eyes. "Any particular occasion for the reception? Given in honor of anybody?"

"I'll contribute to your society notes some other time, Boardman," said Mavering, haughtily. "I'm speaking to a friend, not an interviewer. Well, whom should I see after the first waltz—I'd been dancing with Alice, and we were taking a turn through the drawing-room, and she hanging on my arm, and I knew everybody saw how it was, and I was feeling well—whom should I see but these women. They were in a corner by themselves, looking at a picture, and trying to look as if they were doing it voluntarily. But I could see at a glance that they didn't know anybody; and I knew they had better be in the heart of the Sahara without acquaintances than where they were; and when they bowed forlornly across the room to me, my heart was in my mouth, I felt so sorry for them; and I told Alice who they were; and I supposed she'd want to rush right over to them with me—"

"And did she rush?" asked Boardman, filling up a pause which Mavering made in wiping his face.

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"How infernally hot you have it in here!" He went to the window and threw it up, and then did not sit down again, but continued to walk back and forth as he talked. "She didn't seem to know who they were at first, and when I made her understand she hung back, and said, 'Those *showy* things?' and I must say I think she was wrong; they were dressed as quietly as nine-tenths of the people there; only they *are* rather large, handsome women. I said I thought we ought to go and speak to them, they seemed stranded there; but she didn't seem to see it; and when I persisted, she said, 'Well, you go if you think best; but take me to mamma.' And I supposed it was all right; and I told Mrs. Pasmer I'd be back in a minute, and then I went off to those women. And after I'd talked with them awhile I saw Mrs. Brinkley sitting with old Bromfield Corey in another corner, and I got them across and introduced them, after I'd explained to Mrs. Brinkley who they were; and they began to have a good time, and I—didn't."

"Just so," said Boardman.

"I thought I hadn't been gone any while at all from Alice; but the weather had changed by the time I had got back. Alice was pretty serious, and she was engaged two or three dances deep; and I could see her looking over the fellows' shoulders, as she went round and round, pretty pale. I hung about till she was free; but then she couldn't dance with me; she said her head ached, and she made her mother take her home before supper; and I mooned round like my own ghost awhile, and then *I* went home. And as if that wasn't enough, I could see by the looks of those other women—old Corey forgot Miss Wrayne in the supper-room, and I had to take her back—that I hadn't made it right with *them*, even; they were as hard and smooth as glass. I'd ruined myself, and ruined myself for nothing."

Mavering flung Boardman's chair over, and seated himself on its rungs.

"I went to bed, and waited for the next thing to happen. I found my thunderbolt waiting for me when I woke up. I didn't know what it was going to be, but when I felt a ring through the envelop of that note I knew what it *was*. I mind-read that note before I opened it."

"Give it to the Society for Psychical Research," suggested Boardman. "Been to breakfast?"

"Breakfast!" echoed Mavering. "Well, now, Boardman, what use do you suppose I've got for breakfast under the circumstances?"

"Well, not very much; but your story's made me pretty hungry. Would you mind turning your back, or going out and sitting on the top step of the stairs landing, or something, while I get up and dress?"

"Oh, I can go, if you want to get rid of me," said Mavering, with unresentful sadness. "But I hoped you might have something to suggest, Boardy."

"Well, I've suggested two things, and you don't like either. Why not go round and ask to see the old lady?"

"Mrs. Pasmer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought of that. But I didn't like to mention it, for fear you'd sit on it. When would you go?"

"Well, about as quick as I could get there. It's early for a call, but it's a peculiar occasion, and it 'll show your interest in the thing. You can't very well let it cool on your hands, unless you mean to accept the situation."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mavering, getting up and standing over Boardman. "Do you think I could accept the situation, as you call it, and live?"

"You did once," said Boardman. "You couldn't, unless you could fix it up with Mrs. Frobisher's sister."

Mavering blushed. "It was a different thing altogether then. I could have broken off then, but I tell you it would kill me now. I've got in too deep. My whole life's set on that girl. You can't understand, Boardman, because you've never been there; but I *couldn't* give her up."

"All right. Better go and see the old lady without loss of time; or the old man, if you prefer."

Mavering sat down on the edge of the bed again. "Look here, Boardman, what do you mean?"

"By what?"

"By being so confoundedly heartless. Did you suppose that I wanted to pay those women any attention last night from an interested motive?"

"Seems to have been Miss Pasmer's impression."

"Well, you're mistaken. She had no such impression. She would have too much self-respect, too much pride, magnanimity. She would know that after

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such a girl as she is I couldn't think of any other woman; the thing is simply impossible."

"That's the theory."

"Theory? It's the *practice!*"

"Certain exceptions."

"There's no exception in my case. No, sir! I tell you this thing is for all time—for eternity. It makes me or it mars me, once for all. She may listen to me or she may not listen, but as long as she lives there's no other woman alive for me."

"Better go and tell her so. You're wasting your arguments on me."

"Why?"

"Because I'm convinced already. Because people always marry their first and only loves. Because people never marry twice for love. Because I've never seen you hit before, and I know you never could be again. Now go and convince Miss Pasmer. She'll believe you, because she'll know that she can never care for any one but you, and you naturally can't care for anybody but her. It's a perfectly clear case. All you've got to do is to set it before her."

"If I were you, I wouldn't try to work that cynical racket, Boardman," said Mavering. He rose, but he sighed drearily, and regarded Boardman's grin with lacklustre absence. But he went away without saying anything more, and walked mechanically toward the Cavendish. As he rang at the door of Mrs. Pasmer's apartments he recalled another early visit he had paid there; he thought how joyful and exuberant he was then, and how crushed and desperate now. He was not without youthful satisfaction in the disparity of his different moods; it seemed to stamp him as a man of large and varied experience.

XXXVIII.

Mrs. Pasmer was genuinely surprised to see Mavering, and he pursued his advantage—if it was an advantage—by coming directly to the point. He took it for granted that she knew all about the matter, and he threw himself upon her mercy without delay.

"Mrs. Pasmer, you must help me about this business with Alice," he broke out at once. "I don't know what to make of it; but I know I can explain it. Of course," he added, smiling ruefully, "the two statements don't hang together; but what I mean is that if I can find out what the trouble is, I can make it all right, because there's nothing wrong about it; don't you see?"

Mrs. Pasmer tried to keep the mystification out of her eye; but she could not even succeed in seeming to do so, which she would have liked almost as well.

"Don't you know what I mean?" asked Dan.

Mrs. Pasmer chanced it. "That Alice was a—little out of sorts last night?" she queried, leadingly.

"Yes," said Mavering, fervently. "And about her—her writing to me."

"Writing to you?" Mrs. Pasmer was going to ask, when Dan gave her the letter.

"I don't know whether I ought to show it, but I must. I must have your help, and I can't, unless you understand the case."

Mrs. Pasmer had begun to read the note. It explained what the girl herself had refused to give any satisfactory reason for—her early retirement from the reception, her mysterious disappearance into her own room on reaching home, and her resolute silence on the way. Mrs. Pasmer had known that there must be some trouble with Dan, and she had suspected that Alice was vexed with him on account of those women; but it was beyond her cheerful imagination that she should go to such lengths in her resentment. She could conceive of her wishing to punish him, to retaliate her suffering on him; but to renounce him for it was another thing; and she did not attribute to her daughter any other motive than she would have felt herself. It was always this way with Mrs. Pasmer: she followed her daughter accurately up to a certain point; beyond that she did not believe the girl knew herself what she meant; and perhaps she was not altogether wrong. Girlhood is often a turmoil of wild impulses, ignorant exaltations, mistaken ideals, which really represent no intelligent purpose, and come from disordered nerves, ill-advised reading, and the erroneous perspective of inexperience. Mrs. Pasmer felt this, and she was tempted to break into a laugh over Alice's heroics; but she preferred to keep a serious countenance, partly because she did not feel the least seriously. She was instantly resolved not to let this letter accomplish anything more

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than Dan's temporary abasement, and she would have preferred to shorten this to the briefest moment possible. She liked him, and she was convinced that Alice could never do better, if half so well. She would now have preferred to treat him with familiar confidence, to tell him that she had no idea of Alice's writing him that nonsensical letter, and he was not to pay the least attention to it, for of course it meant nothing; but another principle of her complex nature came into play, and she silently folded the note and returned it to Dan, trembling before her.

"Well?" he quavered.

"Well," returned Mrs. Pasmer, judicially, while she enjoyed his tremor, whose needlessness inwardly amused her —"well, of course, Alice was—"

"Annoyed, I know. And it was all my fault—or my misfortune. But I assure you, Mrs. Pasmer, that I thought I was doing something that would please her—in the highest and noblest way. Now don't you know I did?"

Mrs. Pasmer again wished to laugh, but in the face of Dan's tragedy she had to forbear. She contented herself with saying: "Of course. But perhaps it wasn't the best time for pleasing her just in that *way*."

"It was then or never. I can see now —why, I could see all the time—just how it might look; but I supposed Alice wouldn't care for that, and if I hadn't tried to make some reparation then to Mrs. Frobisher and her sister, I never could. Don't you see?"

"Yes, certainly. But—"

"And Alice herself told me to go and look after them," interposed Mavering. He suppressed, a little uncandidly, the fact of her first reluctance.

"But you know it was the first time you had been out together?"

"Yes."

"And naturally she would wish to have you a good deal to herself, or at least not seeming to run after other people."

"Yes, yes; I know that."

"And no one ever likes to be taken at their word in a thing like that."

"I ought to have thought of that, but I didn't. I wish I had gone to you first, Mrs. Pasmer. Somehow it seems to me as if I were very young and inexperienced; I didn't use to feel so. I wish you were always on hand to advise me, Mrs. Pasmer." Dan hung his head, and his face, usually so gay, was blotted with gloom.

"Will you take my advice now?" asked Mrs. Pasmer.

"Indeed I will!" cried the young fellow, lifting his head. "What is it?"

"See Alice about this."

Dan jumped to his feet, and the sunshine broke out over his face again. "Mrs. Pasmer, I promised to take your advice, and I'll *do* it. I *will* see her. But how? Where? Let me have your advice on that point too."

They began to laugh together, and Dan was at once inexpressibly happy. Those two light natures thoroughly comprehended each other.

Mrs. Pasmer had proposed his seeing Alice with due seriousness, but now she had a longing to let herself go; she felt all the pleasure that other people felt in doing Dan Mavering a pleasure, and something more, because he was so perfectly intelligible to her. She let herself go.

"You might stay to breakfast."

"Mrs. Pasmer, I *will*—I will do that *too*. I'm awfully hungry, and I put myself in your hands."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Pasmer, thoughtfully, "how it can be contrived."

"Yes," said Mavering, ready for a panic. "How? She wouldn't stand a surprise?"

"No; I had thought of that."

"No behind-a-screen or next-room business?"

"No," said Mrs. Pasmer, with a light sigh. "Alice is peculiar. I'm afraid she wouldn't like it."

"Isn't there any little ruse she *would* like?"

"I can't think of any. Perhaps I'd better go and tell her you're here and wish to see her."

"Do you think you'd better?" asked Dan, doubtfully. "Perhaps she won't come."

"She will come," said Mrs. Pasmer, confidently. She did not say that she thought Alice would be curious to know why he had come, and that she was too just to condemn him unheard.

But she was right about the main point. Alice came, and Dan could see with his own weary eyes that she had not slept either.

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She stopped just inside the portière, and waited for him to speak. But he could not, though a smile from his sense of the absurdity of their seriousness hovered about his lips. His first impulse was to rush upon her and catch her in his arms, and perhaps this might have been well, but the moment for it passed, and then it became impossible.

"Well?" she said at last, lifting her head, and looking at him with impassioned solemnity. "You wished to see me? I hoped you wouldn't. It would have spared me something. But perhaps I had no right to your forbearance."

"Alice, how can you say such things to me?" asked the young fellow, deeply hurt.

She responded to his tone. "I'm sorry if it wounds you. But I only mean what I say."

"You've a right to my forbearance, and not only that, but to my—my life; to everything that I am," cried Dan, in a quiver of tenderness at the sight of her and the sound of her voice. "Alice, why did you write me that letter? why did you send me back my ring?"

"Because," she said, looking him seriously in the face—"because I wished you to be free, to be happy."

"Well, you've gone the wrong way about it. I can never be free from you; I never can be happy without you."

"I did it for your good, then, which ought to be above your happiness. Don't think I acted hastily. I thought it over all night long. I didn't sleep—"

"Neither did I," interposed Dan.

"And I saw that I had no claim to you; that you never could be truly happy with me—"

"I'll take the chances," he interrupted. "Alice, you don't suppose I cared for those women any more than the ground under your feet, do you? I don't suppose I should ever have given them a second thought if you hadn't seemed to feel so badly about my neglecting them; and I thought you'd be pleased to have me try to make it up to them if I could."

"I know your motive was good—the noblest. Don't think that I did you injustice, or that I was vexed because you went away with them."

"You sent me."

"Yes; and now I give you up to them altogether. It was a mistake, a crime, for me to think we could be anything to each other when our love began with a wrong to some one else."

"With a wrong to some one else?"

"You neglected them on Class Day after you saw me."

"Why, of course I did. How could I help it?"

A flush of pleasure came into the girl's pale face; but she banished it, and continued, gravely, "Then at Portland you were with them all day."

"You'd given me up—you'd thrown me over, Alice," he pleaded.

"I know that; I don't blame you. But you made them believe that you were very much interested in them."

"I don't know what I did. I was perfectly desperate."

"Yes; it was my fault. And then when they came to meet you at the Museum, I had made you forget them; I'd made you wound them and insult them again. No. I've thought it all out, and we never could be happy. Don't think that I do it from any resentful motive."

"Alice! how could I think that? Of *you!*"

"I have tried—prayed—to be purified from that, and I believe that I have been."

"You never had a selfish thought."

"And I have come to see that you were perfectly right in what you did last night. At first I was wounded."

"Oh, did I *wound* you, Alice?" he grieved.

"But afterward I could see that you belonged to them, and not me, and—and I give you up to them. Yes, freely, fully."

Alice stood there, beautiful, pathetic, austere, and Dan had halted in the spot to which he had advanced, when her eye forbade him to approach nearer. He did not mean to joke, and it was in despair that he cried out: "But *which*, Alice? There are *two* of them."

"Two?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Yes; Mrs. Frobisher and Miss Wrayne. You can't give me up to both of them."

"Both?" she repeated again. She could not condescend to specify; it would be ridiculous, and as it was, she felt her dignity hopelessly shaken. The tears came into her eyes.

"Yes. And neither of them wants me—they haven't got any use for me. Mrs. Frobisher is married already, and Miss Wrayne took the trouble last night to let me feel that, so far as she was concerned, I hadn't made it all right, and

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couldn't. I thought I had rather a cold parting with you, Alice, but it was quite tropical to what you left me to." A faint smile, mingled with a blush of relenting, stole into her face, and he hurried on. "I don't suppose I tried very hard to thaw her out. I wasn't much interested. If you must give me up, you must give me up to some one else, for they don't want me, and I don't want them." Alice's head drooped lower, and he could come nearer now without her seeming to know it. "But why need you give me up? There's really no occasion for it, I assure you."

"I wished," she explained, "to show you that I loved you for something above yourself and myself—far above either—"

She stopped, and dropped the hand which she had raised to fend him off; and he profited by the little pause she made to take her in his arms without seeming to do so. "Well," he said, "I don't believe I was formed to be loved on a very high plane. But I'm not too proud to be loved for my own sake; and I don't think there's anything above you, Alice."

"Oh yes, there is! I don't deserve to be happy, and that's the reason why I'm not allowed to be happy in any noble way. I can't bear to give you up; you know I can't; but you ought to give me up—indeed you ought. I have ideals, but I can't live up to them. You ought to go. You ought to leave me." She accented each little sentence by vividly pressing herself to his heart, and he had the wisdom or the instinct to treat their reconciliation as nothing settled, but merely provisional in its nature.

"Well, we'll see about that. I don't want to go till after breakfast, anyway; your mother says I may stay, and I'm awfully hungry. If I see anything particularly base in you, perhaps I sha'n't come back to lunch."

Dan would have liked to turn it all off into a joke, now that the worst was apparently over; but Alice freed herself from him, and held him off with her hand set against his breast. "Does mamma know about it?" she demanded, sternly.

"Well, she knows there's been some misunderstanding," said Dan, with a laugh that was anxious, in view of the clouds possibly gathering again.

"How much?"

"Well, I can't say exactly." He would not say that he did not know, but he felt that he could truly say that he could not say.

She dropped her hand, and consented to be deceived. Dan caught her again to his breast; but he had an odd, vague sense of doing it carefully, of using a little of the caution with which one seizes the stem of a rose between the thorns.

"I can bear to be ridiculous with *you*," she whispered, with an implication which he understood.

"You haven't been ridiculous, dearest," he said; and his tension gave way in a convulsive laugh, which partially expressed his feeling of restored security, and partly his amusement in realizing how the situation would have pleased Mrs. Pasmer if she could have known it.

Mrs. Pasmer was seated behind her coffee biggin at the breakfast table when he came into the room with Alice, and she lifted an eye from its glass bulb long enough to catch his flying glance of exultation and admonition. Then, while she regarded the chemical struggle in the bulb, with the rapt eye of a magician reading fate in his crystal ball, she questioned herself how much she should know, and how much she should ignore. It was a great moment for Mrs. Pasmer, full of delicious choice. "Do you understand this process, Mr. Mavering?" she said, glancing up at him warily for further instruction.

"I've seen it done," said Dan, "but I never knew how it was managed. I always thought it was going to blow up, but it seemed to me that if you were good and true and very meek, and had a conscience void of offence, it wouldn't."

"Yes, that's what it seems to depend upon," said Mrs. Pasmer, keeping her eye on the bulb. She dodged suddenly forward and put out the spirit-lamp. "Now have your coffee!" she cried, with a great air of relief. "You must need it by this time," she said, with a little low cynical laugh—"both of you!"

"Did you always make coffee with a biggin in France, Mrs. Pasmer?" asked Dan; and he laughed out the last burden that lurked in his heart.

Mrs. Pasmer joined him. "No, Mr. Mavering. In France you don't need a biggin. I set mine up when we went to England."

Alice looked darkly from one of these light spirits to the other, and then they all shrieked together.

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They went on talking volubly from that, and they talked as far away from what they were thinking about as possible. They talked of Europe, and Mrs. Pasmer said where they would live and what they would do when they all got back there together. Dan abetted her, and said that they must cross in June. Mrs. Pasmer said that she thought June was a good month. He asked if it were not the month of the marriages too, and she answered that he must ask Alice about that. Alice blushed and laughed her sweet reluctant laugh, and said she did not know; she had never been married.

It was silly, but it was delicious; it made them really one family. Deep in his consciousness a compunction pierced and teased Dan. But he said to himself that it was all a joke about their European plans, or else his people would consent to it if he really wished it.

XXXIX.

A period of entire harmony and tenderness followed the episode which seemed to threaten the lovers with the loss of each other. Mavering forbore to make Alice feel that in attempting a sacrifice which consulted only his good and ignored his happiness, and then failing in it so promptly, she had played rather a silly part. After one or two tentative jokes in that direction he found the ground unsafe, and with the instinct which served him in place of more premeditated piety he withdrew, and was able to treat the affair with something like religious awe. He was obliged, in fact, to steady Alice's own faith in it, and to keep her from falling under dangerous self-condemnation in that and other excesses of uninstructed self-devotion. This brought no fatigue to his robust affection, whatever it might have done to a heart more tried in such exercises. Love acquaints youth with many things in character and temperament which are none the less interesting because it never explains them; and Dan was of such a make that its revelations of Alice were charming to him because they were novel. He had thought her a person of such serene and flawless wisdom that it was rather a relief to find her subject to gusts of imprudence, to unexpected passions and resentments, to foibles and errors, like other people. Her power of cold reticence, which she could employ at will, was something that fascinated him almost as much as that habit of impulsive concession which seemed to come neither from her will nor her reason. He was a person himself who was so eager to give other people pleasure that he quivered with impatience to see them happy through his words or acts; he could not bear to think that any one to whom he was speaking was not perfectly comfortable in regard to him; and it was for this reason perhaps that he admired a girl who could prescribe herself a line of social conduct, and follow it out regardless of individual pangs, who could act from ideals and principles, and not from emotions and sympathies. He knew that she had the emotions and sympathies, for there were times when she lavished them on him; and that she could seem without them was another proof of that depth of nature which he liked to imagine had first attracted him to her. Dan Mavering had never been able to snub any one in his life; it gave him a great respect for Alice that it seemed not to cost her an effort or a regret, and it charmed him to think that her severity was part of the unconscious sham which imposed her upon the world for a person of inflexible design and invariable constancy to it. He was not long in seeing that she shared this illusion, if it was an illusion, and that perhaps the only person besides himself who was in the joke was her mother. Mrs. Pasmer and he grew more and more into each other's confidence in talking Alice over, and he admired the intrepidity of this lady, who was not afraid of her daughter even in the girl's most topping moments of self-abasement. For his own part, these moods of hers never failed to cause him confusion and anxiety. They commonly intimated themselves parenthetically, in the midst of some blissful talk they were having, and overcast his clear sky with retrospective ideals of conduct or presentimental plans for contingencies that might never occur. He found himself suddenly under condemnation for not having reproved her at a given time when she forced him to admit she had seemed unkind or cold to others; she made him promise that even at the risk of alienating her affections he would make up for her deficiencies of behavior in such matters whenever he noticed them. She now praised him for what he had done for

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Mrs. Frobisher and her sister at Mrs. Bellingham's reception; she said it was generous, heroic. But Mavering rested satisfied with his achievement in that instance, and did not attempt anything else of the kind. He did not reason from cause to effect in regard to it: a man's love is such that while it lasts he cannot project its object far enough from him to judge it reasonable or unreasonable; but Dan's instincts had been disciplined and his perceptions sharpened by that experience. Besides, in bidding him take this impartial and even admonitory course toward her, she stipulated that they should maintain to the world a perfect harmony of conduct which should be an outward image of the union of their lives. She said that anything less than a continued self-sacrifice of one to the other was not worthy of the name of love, and that she should not be happy unless he required this of her. She said that they ought each to find out what was the most distasteful thing which they could mutually require, and then do it; she asked him to try to think what she most hated, and let her do that for him; as for her, she only asked to ask nothing of him.

Mavering could not worship enough this nobility of soul in her, and he celebrated it to Boardman with the passionate need of imparting his rapture which a lover feels. Boardman acquiesced in silence, with a glance of reserved sarcasm, or contented himself with laconic satire of his friend's general condition, and avoided any comment that might specifically apply to the points Dan made. Alice allowed him to have this confidant, and did not demand of him a report of all he said to Boardman. A main fact of their love, she said, must be their utter faith in each other. She had her own confidante, and the disparity of years between her and Miss Cotton counted for nothing in the friendship which their exchange of trust and sympathy cemented. Miss Cotton, in the freshness of her sympathy and the ideality of her inexperience, was in fact younger than Alice, at whose feet, in the things of soul and character, she loved to sit. She never said to her what she believed: that a girl of her exemplary principles, a nature conscious of such noble ideals, so superior to other girls, who in her place would be given up to the happiness of the moment, and indifferent to the sense of duty to herself and to others, was sacrificed to a person of Mavering's gay, bright nature and trivial conception of life. She did not deny his sweetness; that was perhaps the one saving thing about him; and she confessed that he simply adored Alice; that counted for everything, and it was everything in his favor that he could appreciate such a girl. She hoped, she prayed, that Alice might never realize how little depth he had; that she might go through life and never suspect it. If she did so, then they might be happy together to the end, or at least Alice might never know she was unhappy.

Miss Cotton never said these things in so many words; it is doubtful if she ever said them in any form of words; with her sensitive anxiety not to do injustice to any one, she took Dan's part against those who viewed the engagement as she allowed it to appear only to her secret heart. She defended him the more eagerly because she felt that it was for Alice's sake, and that everything must be done to keep her from knowing how people looked at the affair, even to changing people's minds. She said to all who spoke to her of it that of course Alice was superior to him, but he was devoted to her, and he would grow into an equality with her. He was naturally very refined, she said, and if he was not a very serious person, he was amiable beyond anything. She alleged many little incidents of their acquaintance at Campobello in proof of her theory that he had an instinctive appreciation of Alice, and she was sure that no one could value her nobleness of character more than he. She had seen them a good deal together since their engagement, and it was beautiful to see his manner with her. They were opposites, but she counted a good deal upon that very difference in their temperaments to draw them to each other.

It was an easy matter to see Dan and Alice together. Their engagement came out in the usual way: it had been announced to a few of their nearest friends, and intelligence of it soon spread from their own set through society generally; it had been published in the Sunday papers while it was still in the tender condition of a rumor, and had been denied by some of their acquaintance and believed by all.

The Pasmer cousinship had been just in the performance of the duties of blood toward Alice since the return of her fam-

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ily from Europe, and now did what was proper in the circumstances. All who were connected with her called upon her and congratulated her; they knew Dan, the younger of them, much better than they knew her; and though he had shrunk from the nebulous bulk of social potentiality which every young man is to that much smaller nucleus to which definite betrothal reduces him, they could be perfectly sincere in calling him the sweetest fellow that ever was, and too lovely to live.

In such a matter Mr. Pasmer was naturally nothing; he could not be less than he was at other times, but he was not more; and it was Mrs. Pasmer who shared fully with her daughter the momentary interest which the engagement gave Alice with all her kindred. They believed, of course, that they recognized in it an effect of her skill in managing; they agreed to suppose that she had got Mavering for Alice, and to ignore the beauty and passion of youth as factors in the case. The closest of the kindred, with the romantic delicacy of Americans in such things, approached the question of Dan's position and prospects, and heard with satisfaction the good accounts which Mrs. Pasmer was able to give of his father's prosperity. There had always been more or less apprehension among them of a time when a family subscription would be necessary for Bob Pasmer, and in the relief which the new situation gave them some of them tried to remember having known Dan's father in college, but it finally came to their guessing that they must have heard John Munt speak of him.

Mrs. Pasmer had a supreme control in the affair. She believed with the rest—so deeply is this delusion seated—that she had made the match; but knowing herself to have used no dishonest magic in the process, she was able to enjoy it with a clean conscience. She grew fonder of Dan; they understood each other; she was his refuge from Alice's ideals, and helped him laugh off his perplexity with them. They were none the less sincere because they were not in the least frank with each other. She let Dan beat about the bush to his heart's content, and waited for him at the point which she knew he was coming to, with an unconsciousness which he knew was factitious; neither of them got tired of this, or failed freshly to admire the other's strategy.

XL.

It cannot be pretended that Alice was quite pleased with the way her friends took her engagement, or rather the way in which they spoke of Dan. It seemed to her that she alone, or she chiefly, ought to feel that sweetness and loveliness of which every one told her, as if she could not have known it. If he was sweet and lovely to every one, how was he different to her, except in degree? Ought he not to be different in kind? She put the case to Miss Cotton, whom it puzzled, while she assured Alice that he *was* different in kind to her, though he might not seem so; the very fact that he was different in degree proved that he was different in kind. This logic sufficed for the moment of its expression, but it did not prevent Alice from putting the case to Dan himself. At one of those little times when she sat beside him alone and rearranged his necktie, or played with his watch chain, or passed a critical hand over his cowlick, she asked him if he did not think they ought to have an ideal in their engagement. What ideal? he asked. He thought it was all solid ideal through and through. "Oh," she said, "be more and more to each other." He said he did not see how that could be; if there was anything more of him, she was welcome to it, but he rather thought she had it all. She explained that she meant being less to others; and he asked her to explain that.

"Well, when we're anywhere together, don't you think we ought to show how different we are to each other from what we are to any one else?"

Dan laughed. "I'm afraid we do, Alice. I always supposed one ought to hide that little preference as much as possible. You don't want me to be dangling after you every moment?"

"No-o-o. But not—dangle after others."

Dan sighed a little—a little impatiently. "Do I dangle after others?"

"Of course not. But show that we're thoroughly united in all our tastes and feelings, and—like and dislike the same persons."

"I don't think that will be difficult," said Dan.

She was silent a moment, and then she said, "You don't like to have me bring up such things?"

"Oh yes, I do. I wish to be and do just what you wish."

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"But I can see, I can understand, that you would sooner pass the time without talking of them. You like to be perfectly happy, and not to have any cares when —when you're with me this way?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do," said Dan, laughing again. "I suppose I rather do like to keep pleasure and duty apart. But there's nothing you can wish, Alice, that isn't a pleasure to me."

"I'm very different," said the girl. "I can't be at peace unless I know that I have a right to be so. But now, after this, I'm going to do your way. If it's your way, it'll be the right way—for me." She looked sublimely resolved, with a grand lift of the eyes, and Dan caught her to him in a rapture, breaking into laughter.

"Oh, don't! Mine's a bad way—the worst kind of a way," he cried.

"It makes everybody like you, and mine makes nobody like me."

"It makes *me* like you, and that's quite enough. I don't want other people to like you!"

"Yes, that's what I mean!" cried Alice; and now she flung herself on his neck, and the tears came. "Do you suppose it can be very pleasant to have everybody talking of you as if everybody loved you as much—as much as *I* do?" She clutched him tighter and sobbed.

"Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice! Nobody could ever be what you are to me!" He soothed and comforted her with endearing words and touches; but before he could have believed her half consoled she pulled away from him, and asked, with shining eyes, "Do you think Mr. Boardman is a good influence in your life?"

"Boardman!" cried Mavering, in astonishment. "Why, I thought you liked Boardman?"

"I do; and I respect him very much. But that isn't the question. Don't you think we ought to ask ourselves how others influence us?"

"Well, I don't see much of Boardy nowadays; but I like to drop down and touch earth in Boardy once in a while—I'm in the air so much. Board has more common-sense, more solid chunk-wisdom, than anybody I know. He's kept me from making a fool of myself more times—"

"Wasn't he with you that day with —with those women in Portland?"

Dan winced a little, and then laughed. "No, he wasn't. That was the trouble. Boardman was off on the press boat. I thought I told you. But if you object to Boardman—"

"I don't. You mustn't think I object to people when I ask you about them. All that I wished was that you should think yourself what sort of influence he was. *I* think he's a very good influence."

"He's a splendid fellow, Boardman is, Alice!" cried Dan. "You ought to have seen how he fought his way through college on such a little money, and never skulked or felt mean. He wasn't appreciated for it; the men don't notice these things much; but he didn't *want* to have it noticed; always acted as if it was neither here nor there; and now I guess he sends out home whatever he has left after keeping soul and body together every week."

He spoke, perhaps, with too great an effect of relief. Alice listened, as it seemed, to his tone rather than his words, and said, absently:

"Yes, that's grand. But I don't want you to act as if you were afraid of me in such things."

"Afraid?" Dan echoed.

"I don't mean actually afraid, but as if you thought I couldn't be reasonable; as if you supposed I didn't expect you to make mistakes or to be imperfect."

"Yes, I know you're very reasonable, and you're more patient with me than I deserve; I know all that, and it's only my wish to come up to your standard, I suppose, that gives me that apprehensive appearance."

"That was what vexed me with you there at Campobello, when you—asked me—"

"Yes, I know."

"You ought to have understood me better. You ought to know now that I don't wish you to do anything on my account, but because it's something we owe to others."

"Oh, excuse me! I'd much rather do it for you," cried Dan; but Alice looked so grave, so hurt, that he hastened on: "How in the world does it concern others whether we are devoted or not, whether we're harmonious and two-souls-with-but-a-single-thought, and all that?" He could not help being light about it.

"*How?*" Alice repeated. "Won't it give them an idea of what—what—of how much—how truly—if we care for each

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other—how people *ought* to care? We don't do it for ourselves. That would be selfish and disgusting. We do it because it's something that we owe to the idea of being engaged—of having devoted our lives to each other, and would show—would teach—"

"Oh yes! I know what you mean," said Dan, and he gave way in a sputtering laugh. "But they wouldn't understand. They'd only think we were spoons on each other; and if they noticed that I cooled off toward people I'd liked, and warmed up toward those you liked, they'd say you made me."

"Should you care?" asked Alice, sublimely, withdrawing a little from his arm.

"Oh no! only on your account," he answered, checking his laugh.

"You needn't on my account," she returned. "If we sacrifice some little preferences to each other, isn't that right? I shall be glad to sacrifice all of mine to you. Isn't our—marriage to be full of such sacrifices? I expect to give up everything to you." She looked at him with a sad severity.

He began to laugh again. "Oh no, Alice! Don't do that! I couldn't stand it. I want some little chance at the renunciations myself."

She withdrew still further from his side, and said, with a cold anger, "It's that detestable Mrs. Brinkley."

"Mrs. Brinkley!" shouted Dan.

"Yes; with her pessimism. I have heard her talk. She influences you. Nothing is sacred to her. It was she who took up with those army women that night."

"Well, Alice, I must say you can give things as ugly names as the next one. I haven't seen Mrs. Brinkley the whole winter, except in your company. But she has more sense than all the other women I know."

"Oh, thank you!"

"You know I don't mean you," he pushed on. "And she isn't a pessimist. She's very kind-hearted, and that night she was very polite and good to those army women, as you call them, when you had refused to say a word or do anything for them."

"I knew it had been rankling in your mind all along," said the girl. "I expected it to come out sooner or later. And you talk about renunciation! You never forget nor forgive the slightest thing. But I don't *ask* your forgiveness."

"Alice!"

"No. You are as hard as iron. You have that pleasant outside manner that makes people think you're very gentle and yielding, but all the time you're like adamant. I would rather die than ask your forgiveness for anything, and you'd rather let me than give it."

"Well, then, I ask *your* forgiveness, Alice, and I'm sure you won't let me die without it."

They regarded each other a moment. Then the tenderness gushed up in their hearts, a passionate tide, and swept them into each other's arms.

"Oh, Dan," she cried, "how sweet you are! how good! how lovely! Oh, how wonderful it is! I wanted to hate you, but I couldn't. I couldn't do anything but love you. Yes, now I understand what love is, and how it can do everything, and last forever."

XLI.

Mavering came to lunch the next day, and had a word with Mrs. Pasmer before Alice came in. Mr. Pasmer usually lunched at the club.

"We don't see much of Mrs. Saintsbury nowadays," he suggested.

"No; it's a great way to Cambridge," said Mrs. Pasmer, stifling, in a little sigh of apparent regret for the separation, the curiosity she felt as to Dan's motive in mentioning Mrs. Saintsbury. She was very patient with him when he went on.

"Yes, it *is* a great way. And a strange thing about it is that when you're living here it's a good deal farther from Boston to Cambridge than it is from Cambridge to Boston."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pasmer; "every one notices that."

Dan sat absently silent for a time before he said, "Yes, I guess I must go out and see Mrs. Saintsbury."

"Yes, you ought. She's very fond of you. You and Alice ought both to go."

"Does Mrs. Saintsbury like me?" asked Dan. "Well, she's awfully nice. Don't you think she's awfully fond of formulating people?"

"Oh, everybody in Cambridge does that. They don't gossip; they merely accumulate materials for the formulation of character."

"And they 'get there just the same!'"

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cried Dan. "Mrs. Saintsbury used to think she had got *me* down pretty fine," he suggested.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Pasmer, with an indifference which they both knew she did not feel.

"Yes. She used to accuse me of preferring to tack, even in a fair wind."

He looked inquiringly at Mrs. Pasmer; and she said, "How ridiculous!"

"Yes, it was. Well, I suppose I *am* rather circuitous about some things."

"Oh, not at all!"

"And I suppose I'm rather a trial to Alice in that way."

He looked at Mrs. Pasmer again, and she said: "I don't believe you are, in the least. You can't tell what is trying to a girl."

"No," said Dan, pensively, "*I* can't." Mrs. Pasmer tried to render the interest in her face less vivid. "*I* can't tell where she's going to bring up. Talk about *tacking!*"

"Do you mean the abstract girl, or Alice?"

"Oh, the abstract girl," said Dan, and they laughed together. "You think Alice is very straightforward, don't you?"

"Very," said Mrs. Pasmer, looking down with a smile—"for a girl."

"Yes, that's what I mean. And don't you think the most circuitous kind of fellow would be pretty direct compared with the straightforwardest kind of girl?"

There was a rueful defeat and bewilderment in Dan's face that made Mrs. Pasmer laugh. "What has she been doing now?" she asked.

"Mrs. Pasmer," said Dan, "you and I are the only frank and open people I know. Well, she began to talk last night about influence—the influence of other people on us; and she killed off nearly all the people I like before I knew what she was up to, and she finished with Mrs. Brinkley. I'm glad she didn't happen to think of *you*, Mrs. Pasmer, or I shouldn't be associating with you at the present moment." This idea seemed to give Mrs. Pasmer inexpressible pleasure. Dan went on: "Do you quite see the connection between our being entirely devoted to each other and my dropping Mrs. Brinkley?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pasmer. "Alice doesn't like satirical people."

"Well, of course not. But Mrs. Brinkley is such an admirer of hers."

"I dare say she tells you so."

"Oh, but she *is!*"

"I don't deny it," said Mrs. Pasmer. "But if Alice feels something inimical—*antipatico*—in her atmosphere, it's no use talking."

"Oh no, it's no use talking, and I don't know that I want to *talk*." After a pause, Mavering asked, "Mrs. Pasmer, don't you think that where two people are going to be entirely devoted to each other, and self-sacrificing to each other, they ought to divide, and one do all the devotion, and the other all the self-sacrifice?"

Mrs. Pasmer was amused by the droll look in Dan's eyes. "I think they ought to be willing to share evenly," she said.

"Yes; that's what I say—share and share alike. I'm not selfish about those little things." He blew off a long sighing breath. "Mrs. Pasmer, don't you think we ought to have an ideal of conduct?"

Mrs. Pasmer abandoned herself to laughter. "Oh, Dan! Dan! You will be the death of me."

"We will die together, then, Mrs. Pasmer. Alice will kill *me*." He regarded her with a sad sympathy in his eye as she laughed and laughed with delicious intelligence of the case. The intelligence was perfect, from their point of view; but whether it fathomed the girl's whole intention or aspiration is another matter. Perhaps this was not very clear to herself. At any rate, Mavering did not go any more to see Mrs. Brinkley, whose house he had liked to drop into. Alice went several times, to show, she said, that she had no feeling in the matter; and Mrs. Brinkley, when she met Dan, forbore to embarrass him with questions or reproaches; she only praised Alice to him.

There were not many other influences that Alice cut him off from; she even exposed him to some influences that might have been thought deleterious. She made him go and call alone upon certain young ladies whom she specified, and she praised several others to him, though she did not praise them for the same things that he did. One of them was a girl to whom Alice had taken a great fancy, such as often buds into a romantic passion between women; she was very gentle and mild, and she had none of that strength of will which she admired in Alice. One night there was a sleighing party to a hotel in the suburbs, where they had dancing and then supper. After the supper they

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danced "Little Sally Waters" for a *finale*, instead of the Virginia Reel, and Alice would not go on the floor with Dan; she said she disliked that dance; but she told him to dance with Miss Langham. It became a gale of fun, and in the height of it Dan slipped and fell with his partner. They laughed it off, with the rest, but after awhile the girl began to cry; she had received a painful bruise. All the way home, while the others laughed and sang and chattered, Dan was troubled about this poor girl; his anxiety became a joke with the whole sleighful of people.

When he parted with Alice at her door, he said, "I'm afraid I hurt Miss Langham; I feel awfully about it."

"Yes; there's no doubt of that. Good-night!"

She left him to go off to his lodging, hot and tingling with indignation at her injustice. But kindlier thoughts came to him before he slept, and he fell asleep with a smile of tenderness for her on his lips. He could see how he was wrong to go out with any one else when Alice said she disliked the dance; he ought not to have taken advantage of her generosity in appointing him a partner; it was trying for her to see him make that ludicrous tumble, of course; and perhaps he had overdone the attentive sympathy on the way home. It flattered him that she could not help showing her jealousy; that is flattering, at first; and Dan was able to go and confess all but this to Alice. She received his submission magnanimously, and said that she was glad it had happened, because his saying this showed that now they understood each other perfectly. Then she fixed her eyes on his, and said, "I've just been round to see Lilly, and she's as well as ever; it was only a nervous shock."

Whether Mavering was really indifferent to Miss Langham's condition, or whether the education of his perceptions had gone so far that he consciously ignored her, he answered, "That was splendid of you, Alice."

"No," she said; "it's you that are splendid; and you always are. Oh, I wonder if I can ever be worthy of you!"

Their mutual forgiveness was very sweet to them, and they went on praising each other. Alice suddenly broke away from this weakening exchange of worship, and said, with that air of coming to business which he had learned to recognize and dread a little, "Dan, don't you think I ought to write to your mother?"

"Write to my mother? Why, you *have* written to her. You wrote as soon as you got back, and she answered you."

"Yes; but write regularly? Show that I think of her all the time? When I really think I'm going to take you from her, I seem so cruel and heartless!"

"Oh, *I* don't look at it in that light, Alice."

"Don't joke! And when I think that we're going away to leave her, for several years, perhaps, as soon as we're married, I can't make it seem right. I know how she depends upon your being near her, and seeing her every now and then; and to go off to Europe for years, perhaps—Of course you can be of use to your father there; but do you think it's right toward your mother? I want you to think."

Dan thought, but his thinking was mainly to the effect that he did not know what she was driving at. Had she got any inkling of that plan of his mother's for them to come and stay a year or two at the Falls after their marriage? He always expected to be able to reconcile that plan with the Pasmer plan of going at once; to his optimism the two were not really incompatible; but he did not wish them prematurely confronted in Alice's mind. Was this her way of letting him know that she knew what his mother wished, and that she was willing to make the sacrifice? Or was it just some vague longing to please him by a show of affection toward his family, an unmeditated impulse of reparation? He had an impulse himself to be frank with Alice, to take her at her word, and to allow that he did not like the notion of going abroad. This was Dan's notion of being frank; he could still reserve the fact that he had given his mother a tacit promise to bring Alice home to live, but he postponed even this. He said: "Oh, I guess that 'll be all right, Alice. At any rate, there's no need to think about it yet awhile. That can be arranged."

"Yes," said Alice; "but don't you think I'd better get into the habit of writing regularly to your mother now, so that there needn't be any break when we go abroad?" He could see now that she had no idea of giving that plan up, and he was glad that he had not said anything. "I think," she continued, "that I shall write

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to her once a week, and give her a full account of our life from day to day; it 'll be more like a diary; and then, when we get over there, I can keep it up without any effort, and she won't feel so much that you've gone."

She seemed to refer the plan to him, and he said it was capital. In fact, he did like the notion of a diary; that sort of historical view would involve less danger of precipitating a discussion of the two schemes of life for the future. "It's awfully kind of you, Alice, to propose such a thing, and you mustn't make it a burden. Any sort of little sketchy record will do; mother can read between the lines, you know."

"It won't be a burden," said the girl, tenderly. "I shall seem to be doing it for your mother, but I know I shall be doing it for you. I do everything for you. Do you think it's right?"

"Oh, it must be," said Dan, laughing. "It's so pleasant."

"Oh," said the girl, gloomily; "that's what makes me doubt it."

XLII.

Eunice Mavering acknowledged Alice's first letter. She said that her mother read it aloud to them all, and had been delighted with the good account she gave of Dan, and fascinated with all the story of their daily doings and sayings. She wished Eunice to tell Alice how fully she appreciated her thoughtfulness of a sick old woman, and that she was going to write herself and thank her. But Eunice added that Alice must not be surprised if her mother was not very prompt in this, and she sent messages from all the family, affectionate for Alice, and polite for her father and mother.

Alice showed Dan the letter, and he seemed to find nothing noticeable in it. "She says your mother will write later," Alice suggested.

"Yes. You ought to feel very much complimented by that. Mother's autographs are pretty uncommon," he said, smiling.

"Why, doesn't she write? Can't she? Does it tire her?" asked Alice.

"Oh yes, she can write, but she hates to. She gets Eunice or Minnie to write usually."

"Dan," cried Alice, intensely, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, I thought you knew it," he explained, easily. "She likes to read, and likes to talk, but it bores her to write. I don't suppose I get more than two or three pencil scratches from her in the course of a year. She makes the girls write. But you needn't mind her not writing. You may be sure she's glad of your letters."

"It makes me seem very presumptuous to be writing to her when there's no chance of her answering," Alice grieved. "It's as if I had passed over your sisters' heads. I ought to have written to them."

"Oh, well, you can do that now," said Dan, soothingly.

"No. No, I can't do it now. It would be ridiculous." She was silent, and presently she asked, "Is there anything else about your mother that I ought to know?" She looked at him with a sort of impending discipline in her eyes which he had learned to dread; it meant such a long course of things, such a very great variety of atonement and expiation for him, that he could not bring himself to confront it steadily.

His heart gave a feeble leap; he would have gladly told her all that was in it, and he meant to do so at the right time, but this did not seem the moment. "I can't say that there is," he answered, coldly.

In that need of consecrating her happiness which Alice felt she went a great deal to church in those days. Sometimes she felt the need almost of defence against her happiness, and a vague apprehension mixed with it. Could it be right to let it claim her whole being, as it seemed to do? That was the question which she once asked Dan, and it made him laugh, and catch her to him in a rapture that served for the time, and then left her to more morbid doubts. Evidently he could not follow her in them; he could not even imagine them; and while he was with her they seemed to have no verity or value. But she talked them over very hypothetically and impersonally with Miss Cotton, in whose sympathy they resumed all their import, and gained something more. In the idealization which the girl underwent in this atmosphere all her thoughts and purposes had a significance which she would not of herself, perhaps, have attached to them. They discussed them and analyzed them with a satisfaction in the result which could not be represented without an effect of caricature. They measured Alice's romance together, and

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evolved from it a sublimation of responsibility, of duty, of devotion, which Alice found it impossible to submit to Dan when he came with his simple-hearted, single-minded purpose of getting Mrs. Pasmer out of the room, and sitting down with his arm around Alice's waist. When he had accomplished this it seemed sufficient in itself, and she had to think, to struggle to recall things beyond it, above it. He could not be made to see at such times how their lives could be more in unison than they were. When she proposed doing something for him which he knew was disagreeable to her, he would not let her; and when she hinted at anything she wished him to do for her because she knew it was disagreeable to him, he consented so promptly, so joyously, that she perceived he could not have given the least thought to it.

She felt every day that they were alien in their tastes and aims; their pleasures were not the same, and though it was sweet, though it was charming, to have him give up so willingly all his preferences, she felt, without knowing that the time must come when this could not be so, that it was all wrong.

"But these very differences, these antagonisms, if you wish to call them so," suggested Miss Cotton, in talking Alice's misgivings over with her, "aren't they just what will draw you together more and more? Isn't it what attracted you to each other? The very fact that you are such perfect counterparts—"

"Yes," the girl assented, "that's what we're taught to believe." She meant by the novels, to which we all trust our instruction in such matters, and her doubt doubly rankled after she had put it to silence.

She kept on writing to Dan's mother, though more and more perfunctorily; and now Eunice and now Minnie Mavering acknowledged her letters. She knew that they must think she was silly, but having entered by Dan's connivance upon her folly, she was too proud to abandon it.

At last, after she had ceased to expect it, came a letter from his mother, not a brief note, but a letter which the invalid had evidently tasked herself to make long and full, in recognition of Alice's kindness in writing to her so much. The girl opened it, and after a verifying glance at the signature, began to read it with a thrill of tender triumph, and the fond prevision of the greater pleasure of reading it again with Dan.

But after reading it once through, she did not wait for him before reading it again and again. She did this with bewilderment, intershot with flashes of conviction, and then doubts of this conviction. When she could misunderstand no longer, she rose quietly and folded the letter, and put it carefully back into its envelop and into her writing-desk, where she sat down and wrote, in her clearest and firmest hand, this note to Mavering:

"I wish to see you immediately.

"ALICE PASMER."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NURSE CRUMPET TELLS THE STORY.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

Time.—A bitter January night in the year of Grace 1669.

Scene.—Sunderidge Castle—The great hall—A monstrous fire burning in the big fireplace—Nurse Crumpet discovered seated on a settle—At her either knee lean the little Lady Dorothy and her brother, the young Earl of Sunderidge, Lord Humphrey Lennox.

Nurse Crumpet.—Nay, now, Lady Dorothy, why wilt thou be at the pains o' such a clamoring? Sure thou hast heard that old tale o'er a hundred times; and thou too, my lord? Fie, then! Wouldst seek to flatter thy old nurse with this seeming eagerness? Go to! I say thou canst not in truth want to hear me drone o'er that ancient narrative. Well, then, an I must, I must. Soft! Hold my fan betwixt thy dainty cheeks and the blaze, sweetheart, lest the fire-fiend witch thy roses into very poppy flowers. And thou, my lord, come closer to my side, lest the draught from the bay-window smite thee that thou howlest o' th' morrow with a crick i' thy neck. Well, well, be patient. All in time, in time. Soft, now! Ye both mind that I was but a little lass when thy grandmother, the Lady Elizabeth Lennox, did take me to train as her maid-in-waiting. I was

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just turned sixteen that Martlemas, and not a fair-sized wench for my years either. Would ye believe? I could set my two thumbs together at my backbone in those days and my ring-fingers would all but kiss too.

Lord Humphrey.—Ha! ha! Nurse, thy fingers would be but ill satisfied lovers under those conditions nowadays. Eh, Dolly?

Lady Dorothy.—Hold thy tongue for an unmannerly lad, Humphrey. Do not thou heed him, nurse, but go on with thy story.

Nurse Crumpet.—For all thy laughter, my lord, I'd a waist my garter would bind in those days, and was as light on my toes as those flames that dance i' th' chimney. Lord! Lord! how well I mind me o' th' first time that e'er I clapt eyes on Jock Crumpet! I was speeding home with a jug o' water from the spring, and what with his staring as he stood at th' road-side to let me pass, and what with a root i' th' way, I all but lost my footing. Yet did I swing round alone, holding fast my jug, and ne'er one blessed drop o' water spilled I, for all my tripping. "By'r lay'kin!" quoth he, "thou'rt as light on thy feet as a May wind, and as I live I will dance the Barley Break with thee this harvesting or I will dance with none!" And i' faith 'a was as good as his word, for by hook or by crook, and much scheming and planning, and bringing o' gewgaws to my mother, and a present o' a fine yearling to my father, that harvesting did I dance the Barley Break with Jock Crumpet. And 'a was 'a featherman in a round reel.

Well, 'twas the year o' my meeting with Jock, thou mind'st. (And a cold winter that was—Christ save us! There be ne'er such winters nowadays. This night is as a summer noon i' th' comparison.) 'Twas the year o' my first meeting with Jock, and my lady your grandmother sent for me to the castle, to be her waiting-maid. Lord! 'twas a troublous time! What with joy at my good fortune, and sorrow at quitting my mother, I was fain to smile with one corner o' my mouth and look grievously with the other, like a zany at a village fair. And Jock, he would not that I went, for that he could not see me, or consort wi' me so often: Jock was aye honey-combed wi' th' thing ye call "sentiment." 'A would grin on a flower I had wov'n in my locks by th' hour together. And 'tis my belief 'a could 'a spun him a warm doublet out o' the odds and ends o' ribbon and what not he had filched from me when my eyes were elsewhere. And Jock—but 'tis neither here nor there o' Jock. In those days thy grandmother had only one child, a little lass, the Lady Patience. And ne'er was man or maid worse named; for to call such a flibbertigibbet "Patience" were as though one should name a frisksome colt "Slumber," or christen a spring brook "Quiet." Patience, quotha! 'Twas patience in truth a body had need of, who was thrown at all with her little ladyship. But there was ne'er so beautiful a maiden born in all the broad land of England; nor will be again—not though London Tower be standing when the last trump sounds. Meseemed she was an elf-sprite, so tiny was she; and her face like a fair flower, so fresh and pure. Her hair was shed about her face like sunlight on thistle-down, and her eyes made a shining behind it, like the big blue gems in her mother's jewel-box. When she laughed, it was as water falling into water from a short height, with ripples, and little murmurs, and a clear tinkling sound. But she was ne'er more at rest than the leaves on an aspen-tree. Hither and thither would she flit, this way and that, up and down, round and round, backward and forward, about and about. I' faith, oft-times would I be right dizzy come nightfall, with following of her; for ere I had been at the castle a day, she took so mighty a fancy to me, that naught would do but she must have me for her maid; and so my lady, who (God pardon my boldness!) did utterly spoil her in all things, gave me unto her as a nurse-maid.—But sure ye are a-weary o' this old tale!

Lady Dorothy and Lord Humphrey in a breath.—Nay, go on, go on.

Nurse Crumpet.—Well, well, o' all the story-loving bairns! But I must invent me a new history for the next time o' telling.

Lord Humphrey.—Nay, that thou shalt not. We will ne'er like any as well as we like this one. So despatch.

Nurse Crumpet.—But my lady had also an adopted daughter, a niece o' my lord's—one Mistress Marian Every—and she walked beside the little Lady Patience as night might walk beside day, for she was as brown o' skin as a mountain stream, and her hair like a cloud at even-tide, dark,

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but of no certain color, albeit as soft as ravelled silk, and marvellous hard to comb on account o' its fineness. Mistress Marian was full head and shoulders taller than her cousin, the Lady Patience, and she could lift her aloft in her arms, and swing her from side to side, as a supple bough swings a bird. And her eyes were dark, and cool to gaze into, like a pool o' clear water o'er autumn leaves, and sometimes there were glints o' light in them, like the spikes i' th' evening-star when thou dost gaze steadily upon it. Black and white were not more different than were they, and they resembled even less in mind than they did in body. When Lady Patience waxed wroth, her cheeks burned like two coals, and thou couldst hear her little teeth grinding together, like pebbles squeezed i' th' palm o' thy hand; but when Mistress Marian was an-angered, the blood rushed back to her heart, and she was whiter than a lamb at the shearing, and her lips like white threads. Then would the light shoot and spin in her eyes, and her nostrils suck in and out, like those of a fretful horse. And she was fierce after the manner of a man rather than of a maid. Moreo'er, she was full a year younger than the Lady Patience; but she looked it not; rather did her ladyship look full two years younger than Mistress Marian. And I loved them both, and tried as a Christian not to prefer one before the other; but what with my lady's stealings of her arms about my neck as I sat at my stitchery, and popping of comfits in my pocket when I would be otherwise engaged, and teasings, and ticklings, and sundry other pretty witcheries which I do not at this day recall, I was fairly cozened into loving her the best. (Honey, I charge thee hold my fan betwixt thee and the fire.) But to continue.—Mistress Marian was aye courteous and kindly to me as heart could wish, and every night did she thank me i' th' prettiest fashion, when I had combed and unpinned her for the night; but, Lord! I had much ado to get Lady Patience combed or unpinned at all! First would she jump with both knees upon mine, and hug my very breath away; then, when I had at last coaxed her to get down, first she would perch on one leg and then o' the other, and then be a-twisting her head now over this shoulder, now over that, to see how I came on with the unpinning, that it was with a prayer to God that I finally set her night-gown over her shoulders, and led her to bed. As for her prayers—Jesu aid me and pardon her!—'twas a matter of hours to get her to say "Our Father" straight through, what with her vowing that she wished not bread every day, and how that if his lordship her father forgave not trespassers (for I could ne'er draw the difference between trespass*es* and trespass*ers* into her pretty pate), neither would she; and how she did not believe God would lead her into temptation at any time, but that it was the Devil; and how it must anger God even to think of such doings on His part—what, I say, with all this, methought sometimes it would be cock-crow ere I got her safely to sleep. And all this time Mistress Marian would be lying as quiet as any mouse, with her big plait of hair between her fingers, for so she always slept, with her hair fast in her hands, as though she loved its beauty; and in truth it was the one great beauty she had, for my little lady put her out with her glitter as the sunlight doth extinguish a morning moon.

Now I had been at the castle scarce two months when one day it chances that I hear my lady a-telling o' my lord how as her brother, Lord Charles Radnor, dying wifeless, had left his only son to her care until he should come of age. And on that Tuesday the little lord set foot in the castle; and my lady was down at the doorway to meet him, in a new velvet gown, with her wimple sewn in fine pearls, and my lord with her; but my two nurslings waxed shy at the last minute, and would not come down, but leaned and peered through the posts o' the stair-rail, and my little lady let fall one o' her shoes in her eagerness to glimpse at her new cousin. And straightway ran the lad and lifted the wee shoe, and looked upward, laughing, and my lord and lady having retired into the dining-hall, to see that some cold viands were in readiness (it being then near to nightfall, though not yet supper hour).—"Ho! thou little cinder witch," cried he; "I am the prince that has found thy shoe, and when I shall have found thee, if that thy temper be as small as thy shoe, fear not but that I will kiss thee too!" With that, he ran up the stairway, two and three steps at a leap.

And I followed, for I knew not what would happen an he claimed his kiss as he had threatened (knowing as did I, that

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in verity my lady's shoe would 'a been a tight fit for her temper).

But when he was arrived at the top, lo! they had both fled, neither had they left so much as a ribbon behind them. Then the lad laughed again, as pleasant a laugh as e'er I heard in all my days, and quoth he, "I would be but a poor prince an I had not to search for my little princess." So off he starts, and I after him, up and down corridors, in at half-open doors, out upon balconies, hither and thither, after the manner o' my little lady on her most unquiet days, till at last, for the sake o' peace, I did slyly lead him in the direction o' the great nursery. There, catching sight o' a little red petticoat, he enters, where stand my truant elves confessed, Mistress Marian frowning and biting o' her dark hair, but my little lady like to stifle, with both hands over her mouth to hide her smiles, and her blue eyes dancing a very Barley Break o' mirth among the yellow sheaves o' her tresses.

Then there was much parley o'er the fitting o' the shoe, as both damsels did straightway sit down upon their feet, neither for a long time would they move an eyelash, till his lordship, with a twink o' his eye at me, did suggest corns and bunions as a reason for their 'havior—and, Lord! then 'twas pretty to mark how like little chicks beneath their dam's feathers, first one little foot and then the other did steal out from the rich lace o' their petticoats. And ere one could cry "Oh!" for a pinch, he had slipt the shoe on my little lady's wee foot, and had kissed her right heartily. Moreo'er, what I did most marvel at, was that she neither cuffed nor sought to cuff him, but dropt down her head until her hair made a veil before her face, and moved that foot whereon he had set her shoe, gently back and forth as though the leather was stiff to her ankle, and I saw that she looked at it from under her heavy hair. But Mistress Marian still held aloof, and chewed upon her dark locks like a heifer on its cud. And her eyes were every whit as dark and solemn as a very cow's. Then the young lord laughed again, and cried out, "Ha! the ox-eyed June!" or some such apery, and went and kneeled before her in mock fashion, as before a queen, and quoth he, "Fair goddess" (for 'twas afterward explained to me what manner of being was a goddess, namely, some kind of a foreign fairy) —"Fair goddess," quoth he, "show me how I may dispel thy wrath." And still she scowled on him, but spoke no word. And he continued, and said, "I prithee, fair lady, cast but one smile upon thy humble knight" (thou mind'st their pretty fooling has stuck i' my old pate unto this day).

Then she answered and saith: "Thou silly lad, how can I be a goddess and a lady both in one? Thou hast not even enough wit to make a good fool. So!" (for Mistress Marian had a sharp tongue at times).

But he was not so much as ruffled, and laughed even again, most heartily. And he said: "I do perceive that thou art not fashioned either as goddess or lady, therefore be my comrade, and we will fight together for the weal o' yon fairy princess." All at once she laughed too, and yielded him her hand, and said: "I like thee. What is thy name?"

He said: "My name is Ernle; and I like thee too; therefore, I pray thee, tell me thine."

So she told him, and my little lady sidling up, the three fell presently a-chattering like linnets at sunrise, and from that hour on I had no trouble with them.

'Twas pretty to mark them at their fantasies. They were aye out-o'-door save when 'twas rainy weather, and then methought the castle had scarce room enough for them. In all their games Mistress Marian was the little lord's comrade, and wore a helmet o' silvered wood, and carried a wooden sword silvered to match her head-gear, and the little lord was likewise apparelled. And he called her ever "Comrade," and clapped her o' th' shoulder, as mankind will clap one the other when conversing.

But my little lady, they both agreed, was a fairy princess; and, Lord, Lord! 'twould take me from now 'til Martlemas next to name the perilous 'scapes that did befall her. They fished her out of moats, they bore her from blazing castles, they did drag her from the maws o' dragons and other wild beasts I know not how to name. Thrice was the little Lord of Radnor in dire straits at the claws o' goblin creatures. Three times did his comrade rescue him by thwacking upon the chair which did represent the dreadful beast, till I was in sore dread there would be no mending of it, and me, mayhap, dismissed from the castle for carelessness. And always when 'twas all o'er, and the little princess in safety, I was called upon to act parson and

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wed my little lady to the little lord, while Mistress Marian leaned on her sword to witness the doings.

One day, in their rovings through the park, they came by chance upon a door in the hill-side, but so o'ergrown with creeping vines that, had not the little lord stumbled upon it, 'twas very like it had been there to this day without discovery. Well, no sooner do they see the door than they must needs open it, spite o' all my scolding, and peer within. 'Twas but a darksome hole, after all—a kind o' cave i' th' hill-side, which they did afterward find out from thy grandfather was used in days gone by for concealing treasures in time of war. And indeed it seemed a safe place, for there were two rusty bolts as big as my arm, one o' th' inside and one o' th' outside, and the creeping things hid all. As thou mightst think, it grew to be their favorite coigne for playing their dragon and princess trickeries. I would sit with my stitchery on a fallen log in the sunshine, while they ran in and out o' th' grewsome hole. But in all their frolicking my little lady could ne'er abide the sight o' their swords, and she pleaded ever for gentler games. One day (I shall ne'er forget, though I live to see doomsday) they did crown her a queen, and then my lord would have it that she dubbed him her knight. She pleaded that prettily against it methought the veriest boor in Christendom would 'a given in to her, but my little lord was stanch. So they made her a throne o' flowers, and when she was seated thereon, Mistress Marian handed her the great wooden sword, and my lord, kneeling, bade her strike him on the shoulder with the flat side o' th' sword, saying, "Rise, Sir Ernle, my knight for evermore!"

She got out the words as he bade her, but when 't came to the stroke, what with her natural fright, and what with th' sunlight on the silver, she brought down the heavy blade edgewise on the boy's pate, laying wide quite a gash above his left eyebrow, so that the blood trickled down his cheek. When she saw that, meseemed all the blood in her body went to keep his company, for she turned whiter than her smock, and ran and got her arm about him and saith, o'er and o'er again, "Ernle! Ernle! I have killed thee!"

He laughed, to comfort her, and made light of it, and wetting his finger in the blood, drew a cross on his brow and said, "Nay, thou hast not killed me. And moreo'er, I am not only thy knight, but thy Red Cross Knight into the bargain, and thou my lady forever. See! I will seal thee with my very blood!" and ere she could draw back, he had set also a cross on her white brow. She shuddered and fell a-weeping, and drew her hand across her brow to wipe away the ugly stain; and when she saw that she had but smeared it on her hand, she trembled more than ever, and it was not for some days that I could quiet her.

I do but relate this story, to show in what horror my little lady did ever hold swords and bloodshed.

Well, to continue—

This could not last for aye, and when two more years were sped, his uncle sent the little lord to a place o' learning; and afterward to travel to and fro upon the earth, after the manner of Satan in the Book of Job (God forgive me! but 't has ever seemed like that to me). And we set not eyes on him for eight years. Now in that time, lo! I was married, and my little lady and Mistress Marian in long kirtles, and their hair looped up upon their heads. Mistress Marian was yet full head and shoulders above my little lady, and her skin as brown as ever. But my little lady was as bright and slender as a sunray.

They would speak to me sometimes of Lord Radnor, and how that great folks were saying great things of him, and how he was become a soldier and a marvellous person altogether; but as the years went by they seemed not so ready to talk o' him, only sometimes my little lady would pull down my head as I smoothed the bedclothes over her at night, and quoth she: "Nurse, dost think he will be much changed? My hair hath not darkened much, hath it? Dost think his curls will be different from what they were when he was a lad?" And I would have to tell her "No" a dozen times ere she would let me go. But Mistress Marian said never a word.

One day I learned of my lady how that Lord Radnor was to return the next week, and meseemed in truth the whole castle was waxed distraught.

It is not in my power to tell o' th' doings, but suffice it to say, my lord did cozen them all, and come a full day ere he was expected.

When he came, Mistress Marian was

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standing i' th' great door o' the castle, in her hawking gown o' green velure cloth laced all with silver cord; her plumed hat was on her curls, and her hawk, Beryl, on her fist. And she turned and beheld him. Ne'er did I see verier light in earth or sky, than flashed into her face as their eyes met. And he doffed his hat, and came up beside her on the step, and saith, with the old laugh, but gentler, "Well met, comrade."

Now when he called her "comrade," 'twas as when Jock did call me "sweetheart" in the days o' our wooing. She went red as the ribbon in his sleeves; and when the falcon fretted and shook its bells, he did put out his hand and stroke it, and, lo! it was still, and seemed to feel him as its master. And I wondered all this time where could be my little lady.

To this day I have ne'er seen so handsome a man as the young lord. He was tall and straight as an oak, with curls the color of frost-touched oak leaves i' th' sunlight, and eyes like the amber drink when men hold it aloft ere quaffing, and his whole countenance bright and eager, and narrow like that o' a fox, but without a fox's cunning. Then he seemed fashioned to run, and ride, and war, as doth become all men, whether of high or low estate.

Then went I within to inquire after my little lady; and Jock, who was become a footman i' th' castle, did tell me of how he had seen her set forth to walk i' th' park an hour gone. So straightway I went in search of her.

I had gone some six hundred paces when, at a sudden turning, I came upon her, where she held a little urchin a-straddle of her big deer-hound Courage. The child gave chuckles o' delight as he slipped from side to side, and the sun through the beech leaves made their heads as like as two crown pieces. Even as I was about to lift up my voice to halloo unto her, lo! my lord doth part the thick branches, and steps forth a little behind her, and stands watching her. And as he did stand there, behold, a look came o'er his face, that was stranger than any look I had e'er seen on th' face of man or of woman, and his eyes were no more bright and eager, but deep and soft. Then she turned and went direct toward him unknowing.

When she was beside him, still laughing and half out o' breath with balancing o' th' heavy boy, he saith these two words, "My lady," and methought there was a whole year's love-making o' ordinary men crammed into them. Quoth I to myself: "Ah, my little lord, so thou hast that trick with thee? God keep my little ladies! for if the tongue be a fire, how must it burn when such a wit doth wag it!" And I determined in my heart that by some means I would warn my little lady of his sweet speecheries. Yet was I tender toward him for the sake o' by-gone days. Mayhap, moreover, his comely face had something to do with it, for, i' fecks, ne'er saw I a goodlier countenance on Roundhead or Cavalier.

Now when my lady heard his voice at her ear, first gives she such a start as doth a mettlesome filly when a hare jumps out before it, then stock-still stands she, and her face whiter than a wind-flower, and her lips a-tremble as if to speak, but no word comes from them.

He saith again, "My lady."

I saw by the moving of her lips that she fashioned the words "My God!" but still she spoke not. And the child began to whimper and clutch at her kirtle, for she had loosened her hold of him, and he feared falling off of the big dog. So she put one arm about him to hold him, but her eyes were yet upon his lordship.

Then he came and lifted her hand to his breast, and it lay upon his dark green doublet, as a white flower-leaf doth upon grass, and he saith to her, "Sweetheart, dost thou not know me?"

All at once, for what, God only knoweth, she fell a-weeping, and he had her in his arms. And being some two years a mother, my care was all for the poor little rogue on the deer-hound; 'twas as much as I could do to hold back from running and snatching him in my arms to soothe his terror.

Howbeit, ere that I could commit this madness, the frighted babe set up such a howl as only a man-child can utter, and my lady turned to him in great haste, and my lord also did set about comforting him. Then they walked slowly on, and my lord held the little lad on one side, and my lady coaxed him o' th' other. Ever and anon my lord would look from the babe to my lady, and then from my lady to the babe. And a smile just lifted the corners o' his mouth, as sometimes a wind will just stir the leaves ere shaking them as with jollity. I followed cautiously at some distance, and by-and-by his

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lordship said: "How was it that thou didst not know me, coz? Faith thou art shot up like a lily i' th' sun, but lilies are aye lilies, and leaving thee a lily, I find thee a lily still, though blooming on a taller stem."

And she answered him: "Yea, cousin, and oaks are aye oaks, though first they be saplings, then trees. And in truth I knew thee by thy voice ere I looked at thee; but 'twas all so sudden, that i' faith I was frightened at thee."

And he said, "But thou art glad to see me?"

And being busy with the child, she answered him without lifting her head, "Thou knowest that I am."

Then did he laugh a little, and saith: "How should I know, coz? Proof, proof, I pray thee. Wilt thou not give me the kiss o' welcome after all these years?"

Now he had not offered to kiss Mistress Marian. Therefore I waited right curiously to see what my little lady would say unto his offer, and Jock having dinned it into my ears ever since our wedding day, that all women were by nature eavesdroppers, I was of a mind to prove his theory for him; so I not only listened with all my ears, but I looked with all my eyes.

My lady waxed first ruddy, then like to milk, then ruddy again, and she reached out her hand to him across the hound. "In truth I will, cousin," quoth she.

He did take the little hand in his, putting down his other hand softly over it, as when one holds a frighted bird, and he looked at her as though he would pierce her lids with his gaze, for her eyes were down, and he saith: "Sweetheart, right gladly will I give this pretty hand the kiss o' an eternal welcome; but methinks thou hast begged the question. I pleaded to receive a kiss rather than to bestow one."

And her face was like a bended rose. Then did he step round quickly beside her, and once more was the poor babe left in dire terror o' his life, and he made up a piteous face, but the dog standing still, he fell to rattling its collar, and soon waxed merry with the jingle o' th' silver. So I looked again at my lady and Lord Radnor.

He had taken her about her waist with one arm, and with the other hand he lifted gently upward her fair face, as doth a gardener a rain-beaten flower, while his eyes looked down into hers. And slowly, slowly, almost as rose leaves unfurl i' th' sun, her white lids curled upward, and her blue eyes peered softly from her yellow locks like corn-flowers through ripe corn, there being a tear in each, as when a rain-bead doth tremble i' th' real corn-flowers. And, to be the more like nature, there ran big waves throughout her loosened tresses, like as when the wind doth steal across a field o' grain on summer noons.

Then he bended down his tall head, and their lips met. God alone knows what their first words would 'a been, for ere the kiss was well ended, down falls the poor little rogue off of the hound's back, and lifts up his voice loud enow to be heard across the sea by the red men i' the new continent. And my lady runs and lifts him in her arms. Lord! such an ado as they had a-comforting him! First my lady, then my lord, then my lady again—and at last my lord tosses him to his shoulder, and saith he:

"Ho! thou little Jack Pudding! an thou art not still o' th' instant, I'll swear thou art a girl, an' thou shalt ne'er have a sword such as men have."

And as I live, the child stinted, and waxed as solemn as an owl! Not another tear did he shed. My lord saith:

"Now thou art a good lad, therefore thou shalt have my sword to play with." And he unbinds it from his side, scabbard and all, and holds it while the urchin gets astride o't and pretends to ride. When my lord is tired o' stooping, he lifts the child again to his shoulder, and so do they conduct him back to his mother, the gardener's wife. From thence they return to the castle, and are met by my lord and lady and all the servants, while I haste me in by a side door to get on my Sunday kirtle and appear with th' rest.

As time wore on, the three were as much together as when he was a little lad and they lassies, and sometimes from a window, and sometimes from a quiet coigne in the great hall (this very hall, ye mind, dears), I would sit with my stitchery and mark them at their bright chatter.

But often Mistress Marian would come and sit against my knee, even as thou art sitting now, sweetheart, and ask me to stroke her hair, and when she would coax Lord Ernle's big blood-hound "Valor" to come and lie beside her, she would sit

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more quiet, almost as though she were asleep. And she would ask me ever and again, "Nurse, wherefore are women at any time born with dark hair, to mar ev'n such small comeliness as they might otherwise have?"

And always I would answer: "Tut! thou knowest not of what thou speakest, my honey; in the sight o' some, dark hair is more comely than fair hair." And always she would shake her head, and smile i' th' fashion o' one who knows better than another. But she was a wondrous fair woman, in spite o' her own thinking, and shaped like the brown metal wench over yonder with the bow and arrows. Diana, say ye? Why, even so; so it was that his lordship called her when he did not call her "comrade."

Now young Sir Rowland Nasmyth (him who was father to that Sir Rowland who wedded your sister the Lady Anne last Michaelmas, ye mind, dears), he would be often over for a day, or maybe several days, at the castle; and all four would ride a-hawking, or ramble together, two by two, through the park; or Lord Ernle and Sir Rowland would play at rackets, and i' fecks 'twas a sight to see 'em at it! One day my little lady and Sir Rowland (who was a fair stripling, with curls near the color o' Mistress Marian's, and eyes the tinting o' the far sea on a rainy day) did wander off together, and Mistress Marian and my lord were left alone, seated on a rude bench under one o' th' great beech-trees that flank th' hall door. He leaned forward and rested an elbow on either knee, and did let his racket swing back and forth between them, and sat looking down on it. Mistress Marian's gaze was upon him, but her big hat made so deep a shadow o'er her eyes withal that I could not note them clearly. So staid they for some moments.

Then all in a breath did Lord Ernle start erect and push back his heavy locks and speak. "Comrade," saith he, "wilt thou call me an ass for my pains, I wonder, an I tell thee o' something that is troubling me sorely?"

She, having in no wise moved from her first position, and her eyes still in shadow, saith, "I pray thee say on, Ernle, for such words as thou hast just spoken to me are idle."

And he leaned forward and took one of her long brown hands in his, but 'twas different from the way in which he had ta'en my little lady's hand at their first meeting, and he saith: "Comrade, for thou hast e'er been my true and loyal comrade, Marian—sweet comrade-cousin—this is the matter that doth eat my heart. Dost think there is aught between Patience and that young coxcomb?"

There came a red mark all across her brow, as though he had smitten her, for with her sudden movement her hat had fallen upon the ground at her feet. And she put up her hand to her side as if in pain, but snatched it back quickly. And for one heart-beat she shut her eyes. My lord, who had stooped forward to lift her hat, saw none o' this, and when th' hat was again upon her brow and its shadow over her face, she seemed the same as ever. But I knew the shaft was in her heart, and my heart seemed to feel it, for I loved her dearly. When he could wait no longer, he said, "Well, comrade?"

And she spoke, for from the hair that crowned her to the feet that carried her she was as brave as any Cavalier that ever swung sword for the King, and she said, "Well indeed, cousin, for thee."

He said, "How dost thou mean for me?"

Then stooped she and gathered a handful of grass, and held it aloft and opened her hand, palm downward, that the falling blades were blown this way and that by the wind.

"I mean," quoth she, "that Rowland Nasmyth is no more to Patience than—I am to thee." And she laughed a little.

He came closer to her, and laid his arm about her shoulders, drawing her to him, and he said, "Nay, thou knowest how dear thou art to me, comrade; but thou meanest in different wise—is't so?"

She said: "Yea; but call me Marian to-day. It is to my whim."

He answered, "Dear Marian," and would have kissed her cheek, but she started up with a little cry, saying, "By'r lay'kin! there was a honey-bee tangled in my locks."

And when he had sought for the bee to kill it with his hat, but could not find it, they did seat themselves again, he laughing and saying that "the bee was a bee o' much discretion and wondrous good taste."

That night when I crept to my little ladies to see that all was quiet, I, pausing in the doorway, did note them as they lay—my little lady with her head on Mistress

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Marian's breast, and a smile on her lips, and Mistress Marian with her arms wrapped close about her, and her dark hair swept out over the pillow, and thence to the floor, like a stream o' water that reflects a black cloud, but her eyes wide open, looking straight forward, as though at a ghost. And I stole off and sobbed myself to sleep, but not before I had awakened Jock, who did grunt, after the uncourteous, pig-like manner of a suddenly wakened man, bethump his pillow as though 't had been an anvil, and in turning over, twist the bedclothes half off of me, so that what with the cold (it being then the fall o' th' year), and what with my distress, I slept but uneasily.

And the next thing I knew o' th' matter, there was a wedding, and my little lady wedded to Lord Ernle, and Mistress Marian her bridemaid. Surely if the good God e'er sent happiness on earth, He did send it to my little lady and to his lordship. 'Twas at this time that Sir Rowland asked Mistress Marian to be his spouse. And 'twas even i' th' same spot where Lord Ernle had discovered his love for my little lady, that he asked her.

Again it was as though some one had smitten her—her face deadly white and the red line across her brow. She put out one hand to keep him from her, and let it rest on his shoulder, and she said, "Rowland, I love thee well, but no man will ever call me wife."

He said, "Is this the end?"

She said, "Though we should both live to see the last day, it is the end."

Then he went, with his head bowed down. And when he was gone, for the first time in all her life she wept aloud.

Some time passed, and matters waxed ever hotter and hotter 'twixt Cavaliers and Roundheads, till one night there rode up a man to the castle gate with papers for Lord Ernle, and the long and the short o't was this: His lordship was ordered to ride forth to war, and my little lady only three months his wife. Now when this blow fell upon them they were all at meat in this very hall, for ofttimes in cold weather they dined here, even as thy father and mother do now, on account o' the greater warmth.

And when my lord had glimpsed at the papers he did start to his feet, saying, "Where is the man who brought these papers?"

Jock answered him, "He is gone, my lord."

Then snatching up a flagon of wine that was near at hand, he drank more than half that was in it. And again he turned over the papers in his hand. But all they, my little lady, and Mistress Marian, and your grandfather and grandmother, seemed turned to stone. All at once my little lady started up as from a spell, and went and got her arms about him, as in years gone by when she had hurt him with his own mock sword, and she cried out, "What is it? what is it?" Anon came Mistress Marian to his other side, and looked over his shoulder, while he stood between them like one bewitched, and whiter than a man just dead. When Mistress Marian noted the contents o' th' papers, up went her hand to her heart as on that day under the beech-tree, and she caught at his arm to stay herself.

He turned from his wife to her as though for help, saying, "Tell her, tell her, comrade." And he sank into a chair near by, and dropped down his head into his hand.

Lord! Lord! that was a fearful night! When they made my little lady to understand, she set up one cry after another, each loud enough to pierce the very floor of heaven. Ne'er since have I heard a woman utter such cries as those. And no one but Mistress Marian could in any wise appease her, for she would not have my lord come unto her, but drove him away with waving of her hands, saying, "Thou dost not love *me*, but the King! thou dost not love *me*, but the King!"

And when Mistress Marian sought to reason with her, 'twas even the same. Naught could she do but sit and hold her, and comfort her with soft words and noises such as mothers make o'er their young babes. By-and-by she was calmer, and asked to see her lord. So Mistress Marian went out, but I remained on a low stool at the bed's foot. Lord Ernle entered, and she crept into his arms like a fawn into the hollow of a rock when the hail is falling. And they clung to each other in silence. Presently he saith, "Darling, darling, that I should have brought thee to grief!"

She answered, "Nay, not thou, but God. O love, dost truly think that God is aye a good God?"

And he hushed and soothed her even more tenderly than did Mistress Marian.

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Afterwhile she saith, almost in a whisper, "But thou needst not go?"

He said, "Darling, how dost thou mean?"

And she whispered more low and said, "I will go with thee to the new continent to-morrow, and there we can live the rest o' our days in peace and love." And she broke out all at once wilder than ever: "Ernle! Ernle! take me! I will go with thee! I will leave father, and mother, and home, and country, and friends, and King for thee! Only go not to war! go not to war!"

He said but two words back of his teeth: "I must!" and then again, "*I must!*"

But when he looked at her for answer, lo! she had swooned away.

He was to set forth in two days after the morrow; and on the morning of that day, behold! we could not believe our own eyes for astonishment when we saw the Lady Patience step quietly forth, composed and gentle, though very pale. She saith good-morrow to every one, and after a while she doth slip her arm through her husband's arm, and saith she, "Come for a walk, Ernle; I have much to say to thee." So they started forth together. Now I, fearful of many things, did follow at a little distance. As they walked she besought him again that he would take her and set sail for the new continent. And when again he told her how that it could not be, she fell down upon her knees before him, and clasped him with her arms, and she said: "If thou dost not love me, let me be the first to die by thy sword. Slay me, as I kneel, for the love I bear thee."

He said: "Patience, Patience, thou wilt break mine heart."

And she, still kneeling, did cry out with a wild voice: "They lied who named me, for in an ill hour was I born, and I have not patience to support it! I thought that thou didst love me, and lo! thou lovest the husband of another woman more than thou lovest me!"

He bent to lift her up, groaning, but she would not; whereat he trembled from head to foot, and she shook with his trembling as the leaves of a tree when the shaft is smitten by lightning. And she cried out again, and said, "As there is a God in heaven, thou dost not love me, an thou canst go to war and leave me to die o' grief." Then, as though 'twas torn from him, he burst forth, "Now as there is a God, thou dost not love *me*, to torture me thus!"

And all at once she was quiet. So he stooped and lifted her, and called her his "bride," and his "wife," and his "darling," and his "heart's blood," and more wild, fond, foolish names than at this day I can remember. 'Twas near sundown, and that night he was to ride. Over against the dark jags o' th' hills there ran a narrow streak of light, like a golden ribbon. And the brown clouds above and below it were like locks o' hair made wanton by the wind, which it as a fillet did seek to bind. But they twain walked ever on, till by-and-by they neared that cave o' which I did tell ye. As they came in front o't my lady turned, and smiling piteously, "Ernle," saith she, "wilt thou go with me into the cave and kiss me there, that when thou art gone I may come hither and think o' thee?"

And he said, "Oh, my heart! what would I not for thee?" And he kissed her again and again.

Presently she said, "Do not think me foolish, but wilt thou enter first?—it is so dark." And she stood in the doorway, with her hand on the door, while he entered.

He said, "There is nothing here, sweetheart, but a monstrous damp odor."

And she answered: "Nay, but go to the very end; there may be toads; and when thou art there, halloo to me." So she waited with her hand on the door.

He called to her: "There is nothing, love. Wait until I return to thee." But, ere he had ceased speaking, she clapped to the door with all her might, and did push forward the great iron bolt, so that he was a prisoner in the cave; I being rooted to the ground with astonishment, as fast as was ever the oak-tree under which I stood. At first he thought 'twas but one o' her pretty trickeries, and I heard his gay laugh as he came to the shut door, and he called out, and said, "So, sweetheart, I am in truth a prisoner o' war; but art thou not an unmerciful general to confine the captured in so rheumatic a cavern?"

She sat down and leaned her head against the door, but said not a word.

And he spoke again, saying, "Darling, I pray thee waste not what little time doth yet remain to us."

Still she answered not; and again he spake, and his voice began to be sorrowful.

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"Oh, my wife," he said, "canst thou jest at such a time?"

At last she answered him, saying, "I jest not."

His voice changed somewhat, and he said, "What dost thou, then?"

She answered: "I keep what is mine. Where my forefathers did hide their treasure, there hide I mine."

He said, in a loud voice, "God will not suffer it."

Then fell a silence between them. But by-and-by he spoke again. "Darling," he saith, "surely thou dost not mean to do this thing?"

And she saith, like a child when 'tis naughty, and knoweth well that it is, but likes not to say so, "What thing?"

He answered, "Thou canst not truly mean to shut me here to bring dishonor upon me, who have loved thee better than man ever loved woman" (for so do all men say, and truly think).

She said, "Thy life is more to me than thy honor."

And he groaned aloud, crying, "Oh God! that I have lived to hear thee say it!" and again there fell a silence, save for the whispering of the night in the trees above us and the creeping of small creatures through the dry grass. 'Twas almost curfew-time, and there was one star in the black front o' th' night, like the star on the forehead of a black stallion.

When he spake again his voice was very fierce, and he saith, "Patience, I do command thee to release me."

But she spake never a word.

And again he said, "Better let me out to love thee, than keep me here until I hate thee."

She shivered, leaning against the door, until the big bolt rattled in its braces.

And he said yet again: "By the Lord God, an thou dost keep me here to sully my good name, and that of thy father and mother, who have been to me even as my own flesh and blood, I will never live with thee again as man with wife, but will go forth into the New World to live and to die with thy handmaid dishonor!"

And she was silent.

Again he spoke, and lifted up his voice in a cry exceeding sorrowful and bitter, so that my heart froze to hear it.

"Woman! woman! was it for this I gave thee my fair fame to cherish? Or was it for this that I put my name into thy keeping? Oh, child, listen while there is yet time! Wilt thou with thy own hands take his manhood from thy husband to drag it through the mire? Patience, as I have shared thy childhood, as I have loved and cherished thy girlhood, as I have held thee in my arms as bride and wife, give me back my honor while there is yet time. Oh, my wife! my darling!" And I heard him sobbing like a little lad.

At that sound she put both hands over her ears, and started to her feet, looking from right to left like a hunted thing, and I could bear it no longer, but leaped forward and fell on my knees before her, and grasped her kirtle with both hands. I could scarce speak for tears, but with all the strength that was in me did I plead with her to draw back the bolt, but she would not. Now to this day when I do think of the fool that I was, not to run without her knowledge and bring the old lord, thy grandfather, or bide my time and unbar the door when she had gone, it seems as though I must hate myself for evermore. But as I pleaded with her, all at once there was something cold against my throat, and I seemed to know that 'twas a dagger, and the steel cowed me, as it doth sometimes cow strong men, and I stirred not, neither spoke I a word more. Her face was over me, like a white flower in the purple dusk, but her eyes bright and terrible. And when she spoke, 'twas not my little lady's voice, but rather the voice o' a fiend. And she said,

"Swear that thou sayest nothing of all this to man, or to woman, or to child, else will I kill thee as thou kneelest."

And I knew that for the time she was mad, and would kill me even as she had said, did I not swear. So I did take that fearful oath, coward as I was, and to this day am I a craven when I think on't. When I had sworn, she turned from me as though there were no such woman in all the earth, and went once more to the door o' th' cave, and called his name—"Ernle!"

He answered straightway, and said, "This once will I speak to thee, but if thou dost not unbar the door o' th' instant, I will never hold speech with thee again, nor touch so much as the hem of thy garments, by the living God!"

She said: "I cannot! I cannot! But oh! say not such dreadful words. We will be happy. 'Tis for that I keep thee here. Speak to me! Ernle! Ernle!

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Ernle! Call me thy love once more! Just once! just once!"

But she might as well have plead at the door o' a tomb for all the answer she got. Again and again she called him, but a dead man speaks no more than spoke her lord. And at last she sprang to her feet, and rushed away into the darkness toward the castle, and I after her.

And when I was entered in by a side door, and had changed my apparel and gone forth to inquire after her, lo! she was raving as with fever, and all they, her father, and mother, and Mistress Marian, thought that he had ridden away and left her i' th' park, having said farewell to them ere he and my lady did set forth to walk. And they strove to comfort her.

The morrow was scarce dawned when she was up and dressed, and stealing through the covert to the door o' th' cave. I followed her, for she heeded me no more, now that I had taken the oath, knowing that I would be torn in pieces ere I would betray my trust. When she was come to the door, she kneeled down and leaned her head against, it and called to him, with a voice so exquisite low, 'twas almost as though one should hear the spirit when it speaks within, and she saith, "Ernle—my love—my love."

And all was still as death. And she said: "Darling, feel with thy hands for the bread and wine. It is near thee on the right o' th' door as thou enterest in. Two bottles o' wine and some loaves o' bread."

But he answered her neither by word or sighing. And she said, "Wouldst thou break my heart?" Then, when she saw that he would not answer her, she cast herself face down along the ground, and tore up the grass with her hands, and pressed down her face into the damp earth. And after a while (for th' looks o't) she rose and went back to the castle.

At nightfall there rode a man to the castle gate with papers, wherein my Lord Falkland did question wherefore Lord Radnor had not answered the summons. And all they were amazed and looked at one another. The messenger said, moreover, "If that it cannot be proven ere to-morrow night that the Lord Radnor hath been the victim o' foul play, he will be branded as a deserter throughout the land."

Thy grandfather gave one cry, "Murdered!" and the sound of it stilled the life in me that I fell down as one dead. And when I had once more come to the possession o' my wits, Jock did tell me as how 'twas already whispered in the village that the young lord had deserted the cause, and had set sail in secret for the New World. Upon this, I straightway swooned again. And when I was recovered enough to stand upon my feet and go forth from my chamber, behold! there was a silence over all the house, as in a house where the best beloved has died in the night.

Men scoured the country far and near, in search o' th' murdered body o' th' young lord. And 'twas now the evening o' th' third day. But my lady meant not to open the door until the morrow, for if she opened it ere then, she knew not but what matters might be righted, and her lord ride to the wars in spite o' all. When it was nigh to sunset she did creep forth and kneel at the door o' th' cave, and call to him in that beautiful, gentle voice, "Ernle! Ernle! my love! my darling!"

And when he did not answer her, she ceased not, as on the day before, but went on: "To-morrow I will set thee free. As I live, thou shall be free to-morrow. An thou wilt but let me be near thee like thy dog, I will ask no more. Neither will I fret thee with my sorrow. Oh, love, I do beseech thee speak to me, whose only sin was in loving thee too dearly. Let the kisses that as a bride I have set upon thy lips plead with them that they speak to me. Oh, my heart! oh, my husband, have pity! If thou wilt never speak to me again, speak to me now. Say but my name, my silly, ill-bestowed name, 'Patience.' Nay, curse me, so I but hear thy voice. Call me what names thou wilt. In God's name, Ernle! In the name o' her who was once thy wife!" And as she knelt and pleaded as a woman with her God, behold! there stepped forth from the coppice Mistress Marian. She stood there like a figure cut in snow, for her kirtle was all of white sémé, and her hair was as a cloud fallen round about her. When she saw my lady she drew in her breath with a sharp sound, and set both hands against her bosom. And she bended forward from her loins and listened, but in none otherwise moved she. And my lady went on: "To-morrow I will set thee free—I do swear it. With the rising o' th' morrow's sun thou shalt be free as

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air. Only speak to me now. Only speak to me now. Just once, Ernle—just once."

With one spring Mistress Marian was upon her, and had pinned her arms to her sides. And the two women stood and gazed into each other's faces, with their throats stretched forward, as serpents stretch their throats ere springing upon each other.

Mistress Marian spake first, and her voice was as a voice that I had never heard, and she said, "So *this* is the truth, then?"

My lady said no word, but her eyes were aflame.

And Mistress Marian gazed on her for an instant more, then dashed her aside, and turned toward the cave.

"Ernle," she said, "take heart. I will set thee free—I, Marian!" But ere her hand did touch the bolt, my lady was upon her like a little tiger, and she wound her hands in Mistress Marian's thick tresses, and dragged her backward.

And they rolled over and over on the ground, even as do men when they fight, saying no word from first to last. The horror of it smote me that I fell down upon my knees and was dumb. Now my little lady was uppermost, now Mistress Marian. And had not my lady been strong with despair, Mistress Marian could 'a mastered her o' th' instant. But she fought like a she-wolf brought to bay, with teeth and talons too, and 'twas almost as though two of a size had fought there. Howbeit, with a sudden move, Mistress Marian flung my lady down, and set her knee upon her, and held her, and looked from side to side as though at a loss, and my lady's strength was fast failing.

When I saw that, I could bide still no longer, but ran forward, crying to Mistress Marian to be gentle with her.

She answered but these words. "Nurse, take off my girdle and bind thy lady's hands with it." And there was that in her voice I dared not disobey. So I bound my lady's hands, she saying never a word, and when the girdle was fast knotted, Mistress Marian helped her gently enough to rise, and bidding me have a care o' her, turned and drew back the bolt from the door o' the cave.

The last light o' the sun fell like a golden lance across the threshold, and across my lord as he lay there, face down, with his hands against the sill o' th' door.

And she stooped down over him, saying, "He hath fainted for lack o' food," but I knew that there was both wine and bread i' th' cave. And she called his name, but he was silent. And she called him again and again. And at last she bade me come to her side, and when we had turned him upon his side so that his face was toward us, behold, he was dead. But Mistress Marian saith again, "He hath swooned away." And she put her hand upon his brow, but no sooner did she touch it than she cried out at its coldness, and shook the dead man in her frenzy, crying,

"Ernle! Ernle! thou art free! Wake, man! thou art free!"

I said: "Mistress, mistress, for love of God! Dost thou not see that neither thou nor any other can wake him more?"

Thereat she fell back upon her knees, leaning upon one arm. And she said, "Dost thou mean—"

I bowed down mine head, for I could not meet her eyes. And she fell upon his body, and stirred no more, so that when they came to bear the poor young lord to the castle, they did bear her also. And for some hours we thought her dead.

Now when my lady saw them how they lay there, and the sunlight red upon them like to blood, she came and kneeled down in front o' me, and lifted up her poor fettered hands meekly, like a little child. And she said, "Nurse, I pray you tell me what it doth mean, for methinks I am waxing foolish, like poor Marjory i' th' village whose man fell from the cliff."

I could not answer her for sobbing.

And she said, "Do they sleep?"

And I nodded my head, for I could say no word.

She said: "Pray you, do not wake them. An they sleep till the morrow, all will be well." Suddenly her wits came back upon her with a rush, as doth a wind that hath seemed to be gone for aye. And she snapt the girdle on her wrists like as it had been a thread o' silk, and ran and laid hold on him with her hands, and dragged him forth upon the grass. And she saith:

"Ernle! Ernle! Ernle! What! wilt thou not answer me, now that thou art free? See! thou mayest ride to war. It is not yet too late. What there, nurse! My lord's charger! Run! run!" Then leaped she to her feet with one cry that methought would 'a cracked the welkin in twain above our heads.

"Dead! Oh God in heaven!"

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So for an instant she stood, with her arms reached high above her head, and her eyes upon him as he lay at her feet, even as a flame doth poise for a breath ere sinking again upon the coals. But anon she dropped down beside him, and beat her forehead with the lower palms o' her hands, and she saith: "Well didst thou sign me with thy blood! well didst thou sign me with thy blood!" Then all at once did she peep up at me over her shoulder with one o' her winsome ways, and fell a-laughing softly.

"Nurse," saith she, "hath he not found a pretty way to punish me? He feigns it well—by'r lay'kin—doth he not, nurse?"

And she rocked to and fro, as she knelt beside him, laughing softly to herself, and ever and again she would reach forth one little hand, all scarred in her struggle with Mistress Marian, and would touch a stray lock into place, and once she bent over and kissed him, laughing softly, and nodding to herself very wisely. And she would sit that way, and rock herself to and fro, and smile upon the ground, and laugh softly, until the very day that she did die. And the last words that she did ever say were, "Just once, Ernle—just once."

(Nurse Crumpet rises and stirs the fire, amid a dead silence, broken only by the little Lady Dorothy's sobs and the rushing of the wind outside the great hall.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is true, as the newspapers say, that a great deal of good advice is given to the young college graduates in the leafy month of Commencement, but it is equally true that they have a great capacity of reception. There is no audience to which a man can speak with more satisfaction than an audience of college men; for although we may carelessly allude to young graduates, the distinctive title of the college boy is man, and the aspersion which he repels most promptly is that of being young. If nobody was ever half as wise as Thurlow looked, neither was anybody ever half so old as the college man knows himself to be.

There is no season more delightful than Commencement. Every year that long, sparkling billow of youth breaks upon the shore of manhood, and each successive wave is as fresh and beautiful as all its predecessors. The President of a college annually confronting the graduating class, under the same circumstance of summer and roses, with the same associations, the same tender recollections, the same eager and proud anticipations, must feel himself to be a perpetual youth; and if he gives a blessing to the class, not less does the class leave with him its benediction. His attitude, indeed, is that of Mentor, but he must feel that his counsel springs from experience, and being addressed to those who have experience yet to gain, it is, after all, a kind of fairy lore, a singing in an unknown tongue.

But there has gathered around Commencement a multitude of delightful occasions all related to scholarly sympathy and association, and taking precedence even of the especial function of the season. The class-day exercises of the graduating class, the reunions of alumni, with their orations and dinners, the social festivals of the Greek-letter societies, from that of the venerable Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa down to the very last Omega of the mystic characters, and all these held at the chapter houses or rooms, for a day or two preceding Commencement Day itself, with every form of literary exercise and social entertainment in the most enchanting moment of the year, combine to throw a spell of June romance over young and susceptible hearts, which is not only delightful, but permanent, and gives to the Commencement season a singular power.

The opportunity of touching minds and hearts so open and ingenuous is not lost. The words spoken at this happy time, apparently unremarked, are unending influences. How many men who have not lived in vain, and who now in turn are summoned to speak at Commencement, recall with constant gratitude words spoken to their youth that fell like seeds of fire, quick with the purest life, which in some form have come into flower! What Emerson said in introducing Carlyle's essays to this country, that in reading them many a man would recognize words that he read in his youth without knowing the author, and which spoke to him with an emphasis that hindered him from sleep, is equally true of much that is now spoken as Commencement counsel.

> "I shot an arrow into the air;
> It fell to earth I know not where."

But in some heart of oak it lodged and remained, and is not lost.

This year there were many such words and scenes. The rise of the older colleges from denominational academies and high-schools into a university breadth and comprehension,

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the great extension and elevation of the curriculum, the growth of the classes, and the annual return to Commencement of large bodies of alumni, give a dignity and importance to the exercises which command detailed attention in the press and careful regard from the public. On the finest day at the close of June Dr. Storrs at Amherst delivered the semi-centennial oration before a Greek-letter society which he joined at that college in its earlier day, of which he gave a vivid and striking sketch. Then he touched the immense advance in the methods and results of education which is due to the remarkable progress in modern scholarship, and selecting the study of history as an illustration of this advance, he opened into a noble and comprehensive consideration of the study of history, with its necessary enlarging and humanizing influence upon character and life and affairs, with a gorgeous affluence of suggestion and illustration, and a fervid eloquence that charmed an audience worthy of the orator, and left in their hearts those seeds that ripen into golden deeds.

The same day at Yale Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, one of the strongest of "Southerners," spoke to the law school in a frank and forcible strain of the unreserved patriotism of the Southern part of the country, and of the patriotic duty of all parts of the country to unite in guarding against certain obvious national perils, some of them growing out of the very national triumph in the civil war. It is but justice to say that if the chances of war had been fatal to the defenders of the Union, and they had acquiesced in defeat with the magnanimity shown by Mr. Tucker and Mr. Lamar, it would have been another glory added to the American character. But that the feeling should be memorably emphasized, on the following day, at the Yale Commencement dinner, Mr. Tucker gave the cordial greeting of Virginia to Connecticut, and President Dwight rose and replied that Yale and Connecticut extended the right hand of fellowship to old Virginia. Mr. Tucker sprang up and grasped the President's hand, and the prolonged tumult of enthusiasm held the two hands clasped for some minutes before Mr. Tucker could respond in equally friendly words.

Thus, under the benediction of the college, the work of peace proceeds. The opportunity of Commencement is not lost, but richly improved. At no other time are public questions in their largest aspect and relations, and in the most comprehensive and patriotic manner, so generally and effectively considered. At Dartmouth Judge Hoadly spoke, with the weight of his character and experience, of certain tendencies in our public life which must be corrected if they are not to proceed to a catastrophe. Everywhere these good words were spoken to the most intelligent and the most susceptible hearers. The annual college oration, indeed, of which there are hundreds, seems to be taking the place of the lecture lyceum of thirty years ago in its fearless and unpartisan treatment of public issues and interests. It is a happy sign of the fresh and unworn national life, of that disinterested, generous, and earnest purpose which is the radiant crown of youth, and which we may well hope may make the glorious youth of the nation immortal.

THE hope which the Easy Chair has just expressed is not diminished, but rather quickened, by such an incident as the trial of Jacob Sharp, which was the most striking and significant of the series of trials growing out of the Broadway Railroad bribery. It is only two or three years since a nocturnal transformation of Broadway into a railroad track began. There was something comical in the general consternation and indignation as the great street was swiftly torn up and the rails laid and the work completed, while nobody seemed able to suggest any remedy or avoidance; and if Jacob Sharp had been a conquering Timour the Tartar, apparently he could not have held the city more absolutely in his power.

Two years have passed, and the Aldermen, the guardians of the city, who betrayed it, and Jacob Sharp, to whom it was betrayed, have been tried, convicted, and punished as felons, except those Aldermen who escaped and who are now self-exiled for life. It is of course shameful that such a conspiracy was possible in the city so soon after the Tweed frauds; but it is also most satisfactory that punishment has been so swift and so sure. Jacob Sharp and the Aldermen have been most justly punished. But they are not the original and sole criminals. They were indeed guilty of one of the worst crimes in a republic—that, namely, of subverting the government by debauching it. Jacob Sharp's offence was not the attempt in a simple and pure political community to buy public officers to aid his selfish purposes; but in a community where legislation was notoriously for sale, he bought legislation.

For this situation public opinion is largely responsible. How many a citizen otherwise intelligent has not constantly thought and said for many a year that nobody was more interested in the government than office-holders who were employed by it, and consequently that nobody ought to be more willing to pay political assessments for election expenses! This has been the law laid down by party clubs and associations until it has thoroughly confused public opinion. Nominations for office have been put up at auction to the highest bidder. The price was paid in the form of a political assessment to the party committee, and even judges upon the bench have in this way paid for their seats. The assessments upon some of them have amounted to thousands of dollars. Men receiving nominations to the Assembly have been made

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to pay great sums. Why? and with what understanding?

They are generally men totally unfit for such public trusts, but peculiarly fitted to be party tools. Their grade of intelligence forbids the expectation of useful public service, but it especially qualifies them to be the unscrupulous agents of party bosses. They are made to pay heavily for nominations which are equivalent to elections, because it is understood that they will reimburse themselves by selling their legislative votes. This is so generally understood that when a bill is introduced in the Legislature which is known as "a strike"—a bill, that is to say, which threatens great injury to private property in the city—the property-holders do not depend upon their representatives—their representatives are the strikers; they do not confide in the intelligence and honor of the Legislature—they have had too much experience; but they raise a purse and send an agent with it to defeat the bill. How? By buying the votes of legislators.

This, of course, is not the universal practice or situation, but it is a very common event, and good citizens justify their conduct as they justify the payment of black-mail to freebooters. Indeed, dependence upon the Legislature as a representative of the people, from which due consideration of public projects and intelligent action are to be expected, has so far declined that citizens who are interested in pending measures think it necessary to employ agents to press them through the Legislature; and even when they are passed, the Governor is reported to have said in some instances that although passed by the body constitutionally elected to represent the will of the people, he would not approve the bills, because nobody appeared to advocate them.

In this condition of affairs Jacob Sharp wishes to secure for himself, and for nothing, an exceedingly valuable franchise which is at the disposition of the Aldermen. He knows that legislation may be bought at Albany, and he naturally infers that it is for sale at the New York City Hall. He consequently selects his agents and makes his purchase. He does what it is notorious that great and respectable corporations do, what political committees and respectable politicians do. He "soaps" the ways, and buys what he wants. And why do the politicians and Jacob Sharp buy? Because of a situation produced by the theory that public office is private plunder, a theory which is maintained by the practice of supporting parties and paying party expenses by assessing public officers, and which is constantly strengthened by sneers at all declarations and efforts toward simple honesty and clean-handedness in politics as namby-pamby sentimentality, and affected dudism, and a Pharisaic assumption of superior virtue.

The most vitally important of all public questions at present is corruption in government—a corruption which is largely due to the doctrine that public place is the proper spoils of party. This principle, when applied to the whole subordinate body of administration, means simply that party work of any kind is to be rewarded by the public money. The venality of politics necessarily follows, and the sale of nominations, the corruption of elections, and the bribery of legislators are the logical consequences. Jacob Sharp is the type of this tendency and of its result. He is a text worth pondering—and improving.

THERE is an evident disposition to restore the old-fashioned Fourth of July. Indeed, there is an association which has been formed for that very purpose. It would begin the reform at the beginning, and renew the cannon salute at sunrise. The association plainly supposes that patriotism is becoming sluggish and disposed to lie abed in the morning, and proposes to turn it out of bed betimes. The parent society of the renaissance is that at Harlem, New York, which promulgated for this year a startling programme. The glorious day of independence was to open with the sunrise salute of cannon and bell-ringing; then the national flag was to be raised by a company of Sunday-school children, and an address was to be delivered to them upon the significance of the anniversary. Later, the procession, the reading of the Declaration, and the oration were to take place. Games were to succeed in the afternoon, and the sun was to be rung and thundered down as at his rising, and the stars in the evening were to be outshone by fireworks of patriotic device.

The mere mention of such a day's delights recalls the ancient Fourth of July within the memory of men yet living. But the Mayor of New York peremptorily challenged the proposition. Are these sane people, he asked, substantially, who seriously suggest this horrible nuisance of cannon thunder at some unknown hour of early morning, and without thought of the comfort or life of the sick and suffering? It is right to celebrate the glorious Fourth, but it is wrong to make every reasonable creature hate and dread its coming. These were the sentiments of the Mayor, John Adams to the contrary notwithstanding. Undoubtedly that sturdy old Colossus of Independence joyfully anticipated resounding festivities upon the annual recurrence of the day. But he was not a moral monster, implied the protesting Mayor; he did not anticipate, much less propose, pandemonium broke loose as a fitting observance of a happy and humane anniversary. Yes—we can imagine the Mayor tentatively meditating—yes, John Adams was a true patriot, but could he have forecast fire-crackers and—ye infernal gods—bomb-crackers, I do not say that he would have gladly abandoned the cause of American independence, but—

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The Harlem association was compelled to forego that thunderous delight at dawn, and postpone the crack of tympanums and crash of glass until noon, or some hour when mankind has arisen and breakfasted and is measurably prepared for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But the purpose of the association is admirable. Dr. Johnson prided himself upon keeping his friendships in repair, and it is a wisdom which may be well applied to patriotism. The observance and due commemoration of cardinal patriotic events foster patriotism itself. This is all the more desirable and even necessary in this country, where the instinct of patriotism is by no means coextensive with the population.

When John Adams made his famous forecast he spoke to nearly three millions of people who shared—or, if they did not all share, at least all understood—his feelings as well as his words. They were native-born Americans, cherishing traditions common to every colony, and while there were Swedes in Delaware, and Dutch and Huguenots in New York, the great preponderating element was English, and all were natives. When his son John Quincy Adams delivered in 1793 the Fourth of July oration before the authorities of the town of Boston, every listener and every citizen of the town was in the strictest sense an American, and, as the young American of today might say, he knew what the orator was talking about. But in all our great cities today a very large part of the crowd which the celebration of the Fourth of July assembles has no conception whatever of its significance, and can have none of the patriotic emotion which is traditional in the blood and in descent. The very language in which they express their feelings betrays them. What to them is Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, Saratoga and Yorktown? What instinctive American conception have they of the sacredness of the word liberty as spoken by Sam Adams and Patrick Henry, and as embodied at last in the Constitution one hundred years ago?

In a country of population so heterogeneous, the careful observance of the anniversaries of historically patriotic days and events is a peculiar duty. The old-fashioned oration need be no longer an address of mutual congratulation, but it may be most properly devoted to restating the event and expounding its significance, thus introducing America to the new Americans. The events of every day show us how carefully and naturally the new-comers cherish their own native traditions. We can see how much they affect both our usages and our legislation. Indeed, an obsequious deference to what we might call the foreignism of the new Americans is conspicuous in our public life, and engrosses the thoughts of many of our public men, who consider carefully before speaking and acting, not so much how speech and action will impress the old and traditional American as the new-comer.

In this situation we cannot count in this country, as countries less enriched by immigration can safely count, upon a universal instinct of patriotism which perennially renews itself, and needs no aid of days and occasions. A great part of the crowd in New York that watches the parade upon the Fourth, when there is a parade, or the fireworks in the evening, could not read the Declaration of Independence in the language in which it was written, and have never heard of John Adams. That part of the crowd, when intelligent and well-behaved, has done much in many ways to develop and improve the country to which they have come. But one of the ways in which they have helped it is not in improving its politics, and the want of the native patriotic instinct in any considerable part of the population is unfortunate for any country.

The revival of the suitable observance of the glorious Fourth which is proposed by the Harlem association may be in this sense a public service. The roar of the cannon—at a reasonable hour—and the ringing of bells and the general holiday will cause the new American to ask the meaning of the commotion. That is the orator's opportunity, and he can eloquently expound the truth that American liberty is not individual whim but constitutional law, and that revolution is the last dreadful resort, only justifiable when the general public desire cannot be made known and the general public will cannot be made law. The orator might add pertinently that the freest and most independent country may justly refuse to receive from other lands their paupers and criminals and lunatics and vagrants of every kind and degree, and not only may, but should, watch carefully the increase of a population which has no tradition or language or faith or usage or sympathy in common with those of the country to which it comes, and in which it is presently admitted to political power.

It is toward the end of June and in the first days of July that the great college aquatic contests occur, and it is about that time, as the soldiers at Monmouth knew in 1778, that Sirius is lord of the ascendant. This year it was the hottest day of the summer, as marked by the mercury in New York, when the Harvard and Yale men drew out at New London for their race. Fifty years ago the crowd at Commencement filled the town green and streets, and the meeting-house in which the graduating class were the heroes of the hour. The valedictorian, the salutatorian, the philosophical orator, walked on air, and the halo of after-triumphs of many kinds was not brighter or more intoxicating than the brief glory of the moment on which they took the graduating stage, under the beaming eyes of maiden beauty and the profound admiration of college comrades.

Willis, as Phil Slingsby, has told the story of that college life fifty and sixty years ago.

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The collegian danced and drove and flirted and dined and sang the night away. Robert Tomes echoed the strain in his tale of college life a little later, under stricter social and ecclesiastical conditions. There was a more serious vein also. In 1827 the Kappa Alpha Society was the first of the younger brood of the Greek alphabet—descendants of the Phi Beta Kappa of 1781—and in 1832 Father Eells, as he is affectionately called, founded Alpha Delta Phi, a brotherhood based upon other aims and sympathies than those of Mr. Philip Slingsby, but one which appealed instantly to clever men in college, and has not ceased to attract them to this happy hour, as the Easy Chair has just now commemorated.

But neither in the sketches of Slingsby nor in the memories of those Commencement triumphs is there any record of an absorbing and universal and overpowering enthusiasm, such as attends the modern college boat-race. The race of this year between the two great New England universities, Harvard and Yale —the Crimson and the Blue—was a twilight contest, for "high water," says the careful chronicler, "did not occur until seven o'clock." At half past six he describes the coming of the Grand Armada and the expectant scene in these words: "The *Block Island* came down from Norwich with every square foot of her three decks occupied, the *Elm City* brought a mass of Yale sympathizers from New Haven, and the big *City of New York* filled her long saloon-deck with New London spectators. A special train of eighteen cars came up from New Haven, a blue flag fluttering from every window. The striking contrast to the life and bustle of the lower end of the course was the quiet river at the starting-point. The college launches, the huge tug *America*, the press boat *Manhasset*, loaded with correspondents, the tug *Burnside*, swathed in crimson by her charter party of Harvard men, and the steam-yacht *Norma*, gay with party-colored bunting, floated idly up-stream, waiting for the start. The long train of twenty-five observation cars stood quietly by the river-side, its occupants closely watching the boat-houses across the river."

Did any fleet of steamers solid with eager spectators, or special train of eighteen cars, or long train of twenty-five observation cars, a vast enthusiastic multitude, ever arrive at any college upon any Commencement Day in Philip Slingsby's time to greet with prolonged roars of cheers and frenzied excitement the surpassing eloquence of Salutatorian Smith, or the melting pathos of Valedictorian Jones? Did ever—for so we read in the veracious history of a day, the newspaper—did ever a college town resound with "a perfect Babel of noises" from eight in the summer evening until three in the summer morning, the town lighted with burning tar barrels and blazing with fireworks, the chimes ringing, and ten thousand people hastening to the illuminated station to receive the victors in triumph—because Brown had vanquished the calculus, or Jones discovered a comet, or Robinson translated the *Daily Gong and Gas Blower* into the purest Choctaw? In a word, was such tumult of acclamation—even the President himself swinging his reverend hat, and the illustrious alumni, far and near, when the glad tidings were told, beaming with joyful complacency, like Mr. Pickwick going down the slide, while Samivel Weller adjured him and the company to keep the pot a-bilin'—ever produced by any scholastic performance or success or triumph whatever?

Echo undoubtedly answers, No; and she asks, also, whether in such a competition, when the appeal is to youth, eager, strong, combative, full of physical impulse and prowess, in the time of romantic enjoyment and heroic susceptibility, study is not heavily handicapped, and books at a sorry disadvantage with boats. This is what Echo distinctly inquires; and what answer shall be made to Echo? Who is the real hero to young Slingsby, who has just fitted himself to enter college, the victor in the boat-race or the noblest scholar of them all? The answer seems to be given unconsciously in the statement that the number of students applying for entrance is notably larger when the college has scored an athletic victory. But this answer is not wholly satisfactory. There may be an observable coincidence, but young men usually prepare themselves to enter a particular college, and do not await the result of boat-races.

But the fact remains that the true college hero of to-day is the victor in games and sports, not in studies; and it is not unnatural that it should be so. It is partly a reaction of feeling against the old notion that a scholar is an invalid, and that a boy must be down in his muscle because he is up in his mathematics. But, as Lincoln said in his debate with Douglas, it does not follow, because I think that innocent men should have equal rights, that I wish my daughter to marry a negro. It does not follow, because the sound mind should be lodged in a sound body, that the care of the body should become the main, and virtually the exclusive, interest.

Yet that this is now somewhat the prevailing tendency of average feeling is undeniable, and it is a tendency to be considered by intelligent collegians themselves. For the true academic prizes are spiritual, not material; and the heroes for college emulation are not the gladiators, but the sages and poets of the ancient day and of all time. The men that the college remembers and cherishes are not ball-players, and boat-racers, and high jumpers, and boxers, and fencers, and heroes of single-stick, good fellows as they are, but the patriots and scholars and poets and orators and philosophers. Three cheers for brawn, but three times three for brain!

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Editor's Study.

I.

A WRITER in a Western periodical has put into convenient shape some common errors concerning popularity as a test of merit in a book. He seems to think, for instance, that the love of the marvellous and impossible in fiction, which is shown not only by "the unthinking multitude clamoring about the book counters" for fiction of that sort, but by the "literary elect" also, is proof of some principle in human nature which ought to be respected as well as tolerated. He seems to believe that the ebullition of this passion forms a sufficient answer to those who say that art of all kinds should represent life, and that the art which misrepresents life is feeble art and false art. But it appears to us that a little carefuler reasoning from a little closer inspection of the facts would not have brought him to these conclusions. In the first place, we doubt very much whether the "literary elect" have been fascinated in great numbers by the fiction in question; but if we supposed them to have really fallen under that spell, we should still be able to account for their fondness and that of the "unthinking multitude" upon the same grounds, without honoring either very much. It is the habit of hasty casuists to regard civilization as inclusive of all the members of a civilized community; but this is a palpable error. Many persons in every civilized community live in a state of more or less evident savagery with respect to their habits, their morals, and their propensities; and they are held in check only by the law. Many more yet are savage in their tastes, as they show by the decoration of their houses and persons, and by their choice of books and pictures; and these are left to the restraints of public opinion. In fact, no man can be said to be thoroughly civilized or always civilized; the most refined, the most enlightened person has his moods, his moments of barbarism, in which the best, or even the second best, shall not please him. At these times the lettered and the unlettered are alike primitive, and their gratifications are of the same simple sort; the highly cultivated person may then like melodrama, impossible fiction, and the trapeze as sincerely and thoroughly as a boy of thirteen or a barbarian of any age.

We do not blame him for these moods; we find something instructive and interesting in them; but if they lastingly established themselves in him, we could not help deploring the state of that person. No one can really think that the "literary elect," who are said to have joined the "unthinking multitude" in clamoring about the book counters for the romances of no-man's land, take the same kind of pleasure in them as they do in a novel of Tolstoï, Tourguénief, George Eliot, Thackeray, Balzac, Manzoni, Hawthorne, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Palacio Valdés, or even Walter Scott. They have joined the "unthinking multitude" perhaps because they are tired of thinking, and expect to find relaxation in feeling—feeling crudely, grossly, merely. For once in a way there is no great harm in this; perhaps no harm at all. It is perfectly natural: let them have their innocent debauch. But let us distinguish, for our own sake and guidance, between the different kinds of things that please the same kind of people; between the things that please them habitually and those that please them occasionally; between the pleasures that edify them and those that amuse them. Otherwise we shall be in danger of becoming permanently part of the "unthinking multitude," and of remaining puerile, primitive, savage. We shall be so in moods and at moments; but let us not fancy that those are high moods or fortunate moments. If they are harmless, that is the most that can be said for them. They are lapses from which we can perhaps go forward more vigorously; but even this is not certain.

Our own philosophy of the matter, however, would not bring us to prohibition of such literary amusements as the writer quoted seems to find significant of a growing indifference to truth and sanity in fiction. Once more, we say, these amusements have their place, as the circus has, and the burlesque, and negro minstrelsy, and the ballet, and prestidigitation. No one of these is to be despised in its place; but we had better understand that it is not the highest place, and that it is hardly an intellectual delight. The lapse of all the "literary elect" in the world could not dignify unreality; and their present mood, if it exists, is of no more weight against that beauty in literature which comes from truth alone, and never can come from anything else, than the permanent state of the "unthinking multitude."

II.

Yet even as regards the "unthinking multitude," we believe we are not able to take the attitude of the writer we have quoted. We are afraid that we respect them more than he would like to have us, though we cannot always respect their taste, any more than that of the "literary elect." We respect them for their good sense in most practical matters; for their laborious, honest lives; for their kindness, their good-will; for that aspiration toward something better than themselves which seems to stir, however dumbly, in every human breast not abandoned to literary pride or other forms of self-righteousness. We find every man interesting, whether he thinks or unthinks, whether he is savage or civilized; for this reason we cannot thank the novelist who

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teaches us not to know, but to unknow, our kind; and we cannot believe that Miss Murfree will feel herself praised by a critic who says she has made her Tennessee mountaineers acceptable to us because she "has fashioned them as they are not." We believe that she has made them acceptable for exactly the opposite reason, and has taught us to see the inner loveliness and tenderness, however slight and evanescent, of those poor, hard, dull, narrow lives, with an exquisite sympathy which we are afraid must remain unknown to the lovers of the sweet-pretty. The perfect portrayal of what passes even in a soul whose body smokes a cob-pipe or dips snuff, and dwells in a log hut on a mountain-side, would be worth more than all the fancies ever feigned; and we value Miss Murfree's work for the degree in which it approaches this perfection. It is when she seems to have drawn upon romance and tradition rather than life for her colors that we have wished her to "give us her mountain folk as she saw them before her fancy began to work upon them." This may be "babbling folly," and "sheer, unmixed nonsense"; our critic is so sure of himself as to be able to call it so; but we venture to reaffirm it. It appears to us that the opposite position is one of the last refuges of the aristocratic spirit which is disappearing from politics and society, and is now seeking to shelter itself in æsthetics. The pride of caste is becoming the pride of taste; but as before, it is averse to the mass of men; it consents to know them only in some conventionalized and artificial guise. It seeks to withdraw itself, to stand aloof; to be distinguished, and not to be identified. Democracy in literature is the reverse of all this. It wishes to know and to tell the truth, confident that consolation and delight are there; it does not care to paint the marvellous and impossible for the vulgar many, or to sentimentalize and falsify the actual for the vulgar few. Men are more like than unlike one another: let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity. Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests; they are all lower than the rudest crafts that feed and house and clothe, for except they do this office they are idle; and they cannot do this except from and through the truth.

III.

A more temperate critic than the one we have been quoting deplores in a New York journal the danger which attends the new fiction of the South from its prompt and easy success. He calls himself a Southerner, and he thinks it would be well if there were a school of Southern criticism for the censure of Southern literature; but at the same time he is disposed to defend this literature against a charge which we agree with him cannot lie against it alone. It has been called narrow, and he asks: "Is not the broadest of the new American fiction narrow, when compared, as it should be compared, with the authors of Russian fiction, French fiction, English fiction? Is there a living novelist of the North whose largest boundaries do not shrink to pitiful dimensions when put by the side of Tolstoï's, or Balzac's, or Thackeray's?"

We do not know certainly whether a Southerner thinks narrowness a defect of Northern fiction or not, but upon the supposition that he does so, we remind him that both Thackeray and Balzac are dead, and that our recent novelists might as well, for all purposes of argument, be compared with Cervantes and Le Sage. Moreover, Balzac is rather a narrow writer in each of his books, and if we are to grant him breadth we must take him in the whole group which he required to work out his *comédie humaine*. Each one of Mr. Henry James's books is as broad as any one of Balzac's; and we believe his *Princess Casamassima* is of a scope and variety quite unknown to them. Thackeray, to be sure, wandered through vast spaces, but his greatest work was concerned with the very narrow world of English society; his pictures of life outside of society were in the vein of caricature. As for Tolstoï, he is the incomparable; and no novelist of any time or any tongue can fairly be compared with him, as no dramatist can fairly be compared with Shakespeare. Nevertheless, if something of this sort is absolutely required, we will instance Mr. J. W. De Forest, in his very inadequately named *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*, as presenting an image of American life during the late rebellion, both North and South, at home and in the field, which does not "shrink to pitiful dimensions" even when "put by the side of Tolstoï's" *War and Peace;* it is an admirable novel, and spacious enough for the vast drama glimpsed in it. Mr. Cable's *Grandissimes* is large enough to reflect a civilization; and Mr. Bishop, in *The Golden Justice* and *The House of a Merchant Prince*, shows a feeling for amplitude in the whole design, as well as for close and careful work in the details.

The present English fiction is as narrow as our own; and if a Southerner had looked a little farther abroad he would have found that most modern fiction was narrow in a certain sense. In Italy he would have found the best men writing novels as brief and restricted in range as ours; in Spain the novels are intense and deep, and not spacious; the French school, with the exception of Zola, is narrow; the Norwegians are narrow; the Russians, except Tolstoï, are narrow, and the next greatest after him, Tourguénief, is the narrowest great novelist, as to mere dimensions, that ever lived, dealing nearly always with small groups, isolated and analyzed in the most American fashion. In fine, the charge of narrowness accuses the whole tendency

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of modern fiction as much as the American school. But we do not by any means allow that this superficial narrowness is a defect, while denying that it is a universal characteristic of our fiction; it is rather, for the present, a virtue. Indeed, we should call the present American work, North and South, thorough, rather than narrow. In one sense it is as broad as life, for each man is a microcosm, and the writer who is able to acquaint us intimately with half a dozen people, or the conditions of a neighborhood or a class, has done something which cannot in any bad sense be called narrow; his breadth is vertical instead of lateral, that is all; and this depth is more desirable than horizontal expansion in a civilization like ours, where the differences are not of classes, but of types, and not of types either so much as of characters. A new method was necessary in dealing with the new conditions, and the new method is world-wide, because the whole world is more or less Americanized. Tolstoï is exceptionally voluminous among modern writers, even Russian writers; and it might be said that the *forte* of Tolstoï himself is not in his breadth sidewise, but in his breadth upward and downward. *The Death of Ivan Illitch* leaves as vast an impression on the reader's soul as any episode of *War and Peace*, which indeed can only be recalled in episodes, and not as a whole. In fine, we think that our writers may be safely counselled to continue their work in the modern way, because it is the best way yet known. If they make it true, it will be large, no matter what its superficies are; and it would be the greatest mistake to try to make it big. A big book is necessarily a group of episodes more or less loosely connected by a thread of narrative, and there seems no reason why this thread must always be supplied. Each episode may be quite distinct, or it may be one of a connected group; the final effect will be from the truth of each episode, not from the size of the group.

IV.

Take, for instance, a number of studies like *A Humble Romance, and Other Stories*, by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and you have the air of simple village life as liberally imparted as if all the separate little dramas were set in a single frame and related to one another. The old maids and widows aging and ailing and dying in their minute wooden houses; the forlorn elderly lovers; the simple girls and youths making and marring love; the husbands and wives growing apart and coming together; the quarrels and reconciliations; the eccentricities and the heroisms; the tender passions and true friendships; the funerals and weddings; the hates and spites; the injuries; the sacrifices; the crazy consciences; the sound common-sense—are all suggested and expressed in a measure which, we insist, does not lack breadth, though each sketch is like the sentences of Emerson, "an infinitely repellent particle," and will have nothing to do with any other, so far as community of action is concerned. Community of character abounds: the people are of one New England blood, and speak one racy tongue. It might all have been done otherwise; the lives and fortunes of these villagers might have been interwoven in one texture of narrative; but the work would not necessarily have gained breadth in gaining bulk. Breadth is in the treatment of material, not in the amount of it. The great picture is from the great painter, not from the extensive canvas. Miss Wilkins's work could hardly have given a wider sense of life in a Yankee village and the outlying farms if it had greater structural unity. It has unity of spirit, of point of view, of sympathy; and being what the author intended, we ask no other unity of it; many "broader" views lack this unity which is so valuable. Besides, it has humor of a quaint, flavorous sort, it has genuine pathos, and a just and true respect for the virtues of the life with which it deals. We are tempted to give some passages illustrative of a very remarkable freshness in its description; they are abundant, but perhaps we had better content ourselves by referring the reader to the opening of the touching sketch, "A Far-away Melody." What is notable in all the descriptions is the absence of literosity; they are as unrhetorical as so many pictures of Tourguénief's, or Björnson's, or Verga's, and are interesting proofs of the fact that the present way of working is instinctive; one writer does not learn it from another; it is in the time, in the air, and no critic can change it. When you come to the motives of these little tales, the simplicity and originality are not always kept; sometimes they ring false, sentimental, romantic; but even then they are true in the working out of character, though this does not redeem them from the original error. For the most part, however, they are good through and through, and whoever loves the face of common humanity will find pleasure in them. They are peculiarly American, and they are peculiarly "narrow" in a certain way, and yet they are like the best modern work everywhere in their directness and simplicity. They are somewhat in the direction of Miss Jewett's more delicate work, but the fun is opener and less demure, the literature is less refined, the poetry is a little cruder; but there is the same affectionate feeling for the material, a great apparent intimacy with the facts, and a like skill in rendering the Yankee parlance. We have our misgivings, however, about "thar" and "whar" on New England tongues, though we are not ready to deny that Miss Wilkins heard them in the locality she evidently knows so well.

V.

We own our misgiving with misgiving; for so clever a writer has probably thought upon this point already. We do not suppose infal-

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libility in clever writers; but we do suppose a greater intelligence concerning their own work than any critic can bring to it; their ignorance even may be more valuable than his information; it may keep them at least from attempting to do their own work in some one else's way, and that is a great matter. In fact, if our present literary condition were bad, North or South, we should have no such hope of its improvement from criticism as the Southerner whom we have been quoting. In his belief that severity of censure would avail much, he advises Southern writers to turn from the mistaken kindness of Northern editors, and if they cannot get wholesome castigation from their Southern contemporaries, to go back to Poe, "and take from his critical writings a certain standard of originality, contempt of mediocrity, and passion for beauty." But we doubt if it is possible to take any such standard, contempt, and passion from Poe, who, with great talent, had a perversity, arrogance, and wilfulness that render him wellnigh worthless as a censor of others' work, and a mechanical ideal that disabled him from doing any very noble work of his own. He was of his time, and his tales and poems remain a part of literary history; but if they were written to-day, most of them could not be taken seriously. Do not go to Poe, we should say to our Southern writers if we felt it our office to instruct them, but go to Life. Do not trouble yourselves about standards or contempts or passions; but try to be faithful and natural; and remember that there is no greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth to your own knowledge of things. In the mean time, that "standard of mere acceptableness at the hands of the great Northern magazines" which a Southerner laments as ruinous to Southern writers is, to our thinking, the best critical standard they could have; and although these magazines certainly do "publish, almost monthly, poems or short stories which never live as literature," this does not disable them as criterions. At least three-fifths of the literature called classic, in all languages, no more lives than the poems and stories that perish monthly in our magazines. It is all printed and reprinted, generation after generation, century after century; but it is not alive; it is as dead as the people who wrote it and read it, and to whom it meant something, perhaps; with whom it was a fashion, a caprice, a passing taste. A superstitious piety preserves it, and pretends that it has æsthetic qualities which can delight or edify; but nobody really enjoys it, except as a reflection of the past moods and humors of the race, or a revelation of the author's character; otherwise it is trash, and often very filthy trash, which the present trash at least is not. The "standard of mere acceptableness at the hands of the great Northern magazines" is a very high standard. They are not perfect; but there is an even texture in the quality of their literature which so wide a variety of literature has never presented before. They are made with conscience and intelligence, and with an instinctive preference for what is most modern as, upon the whole, the best. Any Southern writer who contributes to them may be sure that their editors will be the first to know when he is repeating himself, when he is standing still, and when he is going backward, and may confidently await their warning signal.

The whole field of human experience was never so nearly covered by imaginative literature in any age as in this; and American life especially is getting represented with unexampled fulness. It is true that no one writer, no one book, represents it, for that is not possible; our social and political decentralization forbids this, and may forever forbid it. But a great number of very good writers are instinctively striving to make each part of the country and each phase of our civilization known to all the other parts; and their work is not narrow in any feeble or vicious sense. The world was once very little, and it is now very large. Formerly, all science could be grasped by a single mind; but now the man who hopes to become great or useful in science must devote himself to a single department. It is so in everything—all arts, all trades; and the novelist is not superior to the universal rule against universality. He contributes his share to a thorough knowledge of groups of the human race under conditions which are full of inspiring novelty and interest. He works more fearlessly, frankly, and faithfully than the novelist ever worked before; his work, or much of it, may be destined never to be reprinted from the monthly magazines; but if he turns to his book-shelf and regards the array of the British or other classics, he knows that they too are for the most part dead; he knows that the planet itself is destined to freeze up and drop into the sun at last, with all its surviving literature upon it. The question is merely one of time. He consoles himself, therefore, if he is wise, and works on; and we may all take some comfort from the thought that most things cannot be helped. Especially a movement in literature like that which the world is now witnessing cannot be helped; and we could no more turn back and be of the literary fashions of any age before this than we could turn back and be of its social, economical, or political conditions.

VI.

These, like those, are greatly improved in the present everywhere, and how much they have been improved with us, at a focal point, the reader may learn from the entertaining *Reminiscences* of Major Ben: Perley Poore. That veteran journalist, who recently ended a long life of hard work performed with fidelity and constancy, was for sixty years the correspondent of various newspapers at the national capital, and saw Washington

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grow up from an uncouth village into the most charming city in the world. His recollections of more than half a century date from the inauguration of John Quincy Adams to that of Grover Cleveland; they are apparently impartial, and certainly temperate and guarded. But their chief value is the panorama of events at Washington which they unfold from the year 1825 to the year 1885, and the encouragement they bring to the lover of his country and of his species. In nearly everything that dignifies and beautifies life the thronging figures and incidents of this long canvas testify to the immense improvement that has taken place in the nation as represented at the capital. One cannot read the volumes and not be convinced that the tone of manners and morals is, on the whole, better at Washington now than it was sixty years ago, both in private and in public, and that through all apparent arrests and reactions the national conscientiousness has made itself more and more felt at the national capital.

Major Poore was a good story-teller, and he tells stories without end, but his work is not a mere texture of long or short yarns. It is also a sketch of our history for the time being, which is to be praised for the ease and clearness with which now the personal and now the general side is shown, or the history is resumed and the anecdote is dropped. The work has no profundity, but a good deal of shrewdness; it is for the most part both outspoken and amiable. Here and there the author seems to be airing a personal prejudice, but not often; he either dislikes very few people, or else he keeps his dislikes to himself. His work is done with tact and with good feeling, if not good taste, always.

A book of less consecutive interest and of less *bonhomie* than Major Poore's *Reminiscences* is the late Henry B. Stanton's *Random Recollections*, which has the same sort of value as the materials of history. Mr. Stanton, who began political life an abolitionist and ended it a Tilden Democrat, seems to have touched at some point all the men and measures of his long day, and to have had a personal knowledge of many things which posterity must not ignore in judging the past. Some celebrities, some fames, may suffer; we shall have rather fewer political heroes; but there will always be enough and to spare of these, and the race will, upon the whole, be the gainer through their decimation. Mr. Stanton was a keen observer, but he was not dispassionate, and there is not the effect of impartiality in his book which pleases in Major Poore's. Still he is of such an open make himself that no great harm is done; one sees what comes from his convictions, and what comes from his preferences. He bore courageously his part, which was perhaps all the harder to bear because it was not a leading part, in a political world which now seems as extinct as if it had perished very much more than ten years ago.

The country seems to have come of age in many ways during the war. Of what it was in art before that epoch the reader may get some glimpses in the pleasant collection of the *Letters of Horatio Greenough to his Brother Henry Greenough*, whose widow, Mrs. Frances Boott Greenough, accompanies the letters with biographical sketches and some illustrative contemporary correspondence, enabling us to know our first great American sculptor in many relations, at home and abroad. He was a man whose career was apparently marked out for him from the beginning, and neither the straitness of private circumstance nor the absence of incentive, in what was once perhaps the most provincial country in the world, could stay him in it. He went abroad at the age of twenty, and his after-life was passed in Italy, in steadfast devotion to his art, with brief visits to America, until he finally returned to die here in his forty-eighth year. It was mainly a serene and tranquil life; it had its sorrows, and it was vexed near its close by what the artist felt to be the shabbiness of our government in its dealings with him; but it was never embittered, and he was in the joyous ardor of an enterprise at New York which consoled him for official reluctance at Washington when it suddenly ended. His letters bear witness to a spirit wholly unspoiled by success; and they signally record his fidelity to democratic traditions in a wily Old World which flatters so many successful Americans out of faith in them. There is a manly gentleness throughout, a tone of self-respect, a temperamental kindliness, with quick observation and good sense, and a lovely simplicity of expression, which make one think of Longfellow, with the difference that necessarily lies between the poet and the sculptor in everything relating to art. In the letters and in the graceful sketches which Mrs. Greenough contributes there are glimpses of the great political events which occurred at Florence during the artist's residence there; he saw the success and failure of the revolution of 1848; and the remote life of Boston, when Boston was only a large town, is attractively suggested. In these days, when the new science of heredity is perhaps disposed to vaunt itself a little, a fact which Mrs. Greenough notices in the family history has its interest. The sculptor and his five brothers, all of artistic bent, and all finally more or less devoted to art, sprang from a stock in which, so far as is known, the artistic impulse had never been felt before. Probably science would tell us that the impulse was always there, though unconscious and unrecognized, and that the removal of the Greenoughs from the country to the more favorable environment of the town freed and developed the latent gift. Boston was then a more purely intellectual centre than now; it had enthusiasms, especially æsthetic enthusiasms, and the local atmosphere must have been invigorating if not congenial for the young artist.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of July. —The public debt of the United States was decreased in June $16,852,725 17, and for the fiscal year $109,707,046 38.

The Mormon Convention at Salt Lake City to draft a Constitution for the proposed State of Utah adjourned July 7. The Constitution that they drew up provides for the entire separation of Church and State, and for non-sectarian education, and forbids polygamy, providing penalties therefor.

Jacob Sharp, tried for bribing New York Aldermen, was convicted June 29, and sentenced, July 14, to four years' imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of $5000.

The Jubilee in honor of the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria was celebrated in London, June 21, with royal splendor. A thanksgiving service was held in Westminster Abbey. The procession thither from Buckingham Palace was witnessed by a million people, who loudly cheered the Queen. The pageant was one of the most brilliant and imposing ever seen in England.

The Jubilee Yacht Race around Great Britain was won by the *Genesta*, which sailed the distance in 12 days, 16 hours, and 55 minutes, reaching the end June 27.

The Crimes Bill passed the British House of Commons July 8, by a vote of 349 to 262. Among the amendments rejected was one by Mr. Morley limiting the duration of the act to three years. The vote was 180 to 119. The royal assent was given to the bill July 19.

The Irish Land Bill passed its report stage in the House of Lords July 1, and its first reading in the Commons July 4.

The House of Lords, July 7, by a majority of 11, abolished primogeniture in cases of intestacy.

Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was elected Prince of Bulgaria by the Sobranje July 7. A new Bulgarian cabinet was announced July 11, with M. Stoiloff as President of the Council and *ad interim* Minister of Finance.

The French Chamber of Deputies, June 27, rejected a motion that Senators should be chosen by universal suffrage.

The Hungarian elections resulted in the return of 224 Liberals, 38 Moderate Oppositionists, 59 Independents, 9 Anti-Semitics, and 15 members of no particular party.

King Otto of Bavaria has been officially declared insane.

The dissatisfaction with King Kalakaua's government of the Hawaiian kingdom culminated on June 30. A mass-meeting of citizens of Honolulu, in which residents of American birth took the most prominent part, having organized a military company and practically seized the government, demanded of the King the dismissal of his cabinet and the appointment of another, to consist of persons whom the meeting named, the restitution of $71,000 bribe-money which the King had taken, and a pledge "not in future to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with the election of representatives, and not to interfere with or attempt to unduly influence legislation or legislators."

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has adopted a bill declaring two-fifths of a workman's pay inalienable, and one-fifth free from liability to be taken even in legal process. Clerks' salaries are made free from liability to seizure unless they exceed $240 per annum.

DISASTERS.

June 18.—Nearly two hundred pilgrims drowned by the capsizing of a boat crossing the Danube near Pak.

June 24.—Fire in the Best and Belcher Mine, Virginia City, Nevada. Fifteen lives lost.

July 5.—Twenty-seven soldiers killed and many wounded by an explosion of dynamite at Pesth.

July 6.—Land-slide at Zug, Switzerland. Many houses precipitated into the lake, and one hundred persons, including the President of the Canton, killed.

July 9.—Alcazar Theatre, Hurley, Wisconsin, burned. Seventeen lives lost.

July 10.—Sloop *Mystery* capsized in a squall in Jamaica Bay, New York. Twenty-four persons drowned.

July 15.—Excursion train in collision with an oil train at St. Thomas, Ontario. Twelve lives lost.

OBITUARY.

June 20.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Daniel Pratt, the "Great American Traveller," aged seventy-eight years.

June 25.—In Jefferson County, Kentucky, General James Speed, ex-United States Attorney-General, aged seventy-five years.

June 29.—In Philadelphia, William H. H. Ross, ex-Governor of Delaware, aged seventy-four years.

July 2.—In Waterville, Vermont, Luke P. Poland, ex-United States Senator from Vermont, aged seventy-one years.

July 4.—In Augusta, Maine, ex-Governor Anson P. Morrill, aged eighty-four years.

July 8.—At Portland, Oregon, Ben Holliday, pioneer of the Pony Express in the United States, aged sixty-eight years.

July 14.—Near Essen, Germany, Alfred Krupp, artillery founder, aged seventy-five years.

July 18.—At Fount Hill, Virginia, R. M. T. Hunter, ex-Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy, aged seventy-eight years.

July 19.—At Cohasset, Massachusetts, Uriel Crocker, the oldest New England publisher and bookseller, aged ninety-one years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has not yet heard of any associations of young women for the education of young men. The matter has been talked about in remote villages, but the absurdity of the proposal is evident to any one who visits the great centres of the higher education. It is useless to paint the lily, and even feminine ingenuity and enthusiasm could add little to the æsthetic development of many of the young gentlemen in our great colleges and universities. Education is not at all the bare scholastic struggle that it formerly was. The early graduate who remembers the Spartan experiences of his college life, the untimely morning bell that called him from his hard couch to the barn-like chapel, the bare walls of his cell-like study, the uncomfortable chairs and the rude table—everything, indeed, subordinated to the one idea of discipline—must have bitter thoughts of what he might have become if he had enjoyed all the aids to development which the modern student has. And the bevy of girls who are permitted on rare holidays to inspect the monastic apartments where the young gentlemen study modern life must feel a sinking of the heart when they realize how impossible it will be for them to make a home at all worthy of the modern highly educated young man. What a place it is, this Sybaritic bower, for the cultivation of the intellect! Neither Webster nor Calhoun had any such influences about him. What a stimulus to the mind it is, this rug-covered and curtained chamber! its tinted walls hung with exquisite etchings and bits of color in oil, and the winning pictures of the most beautiful actresses and singers of our time; silken portières; deep chairs that invite to the profoundest reflection upon the great problems of existence; carved tables strewn with all the literature of the boudoir; rows of book-shelves where the grand classics jostle the latest dialect and realistic outcome of our civilization; an elegant chandelier on whose branching arms hang a hundred souvenirs of the german; bats, balls, rackets—all the tools of the higher education; a deep window-seat of blue plush, where the young anchorite lies and ponders perhaps an epic, perhaps an oration in the senate, perhaps a great argument at the bar, more probably the solution of the chronic struggle between capital and labor. Do we forget the piano, the rack of carved pipes? These are for relaxation, for relief in the hardships of the stern collegiate life, for the hours of sentiment that come alike to pitcher and stroke oar, when he sings,

"Such an ed-u-ca-tion has my Mary Ann."

Naturally this ascetic life manifests itself more or less in the undress apparel of the devotees of learning. But the striped caps and striped jackets that mark the student are not imposed by the State, and not adopted in the humility of penance for sins, but are noble signs of the fraternity of learning, taken from the tennis-court and the boat-house and the race-course, and show that all education is one, an æsthetic democracy, a fellowship between the construer of Greek and the flying rider of the thorough-bred. It is a note of the higher education of the period. There was a good deal said some time ago about what was called the luxurious life of some of the students at one of our universities. And an impression was spread abroad that this must necessarily interfere with the pursuit of learning, and consequently with success in life. "I don't see how you can study in such a bower," said an old-fashioned person who saw for the first time one of these silken scholastic dens. The reply was only a pitying smile. Study? Why, did this ignorant questioner know that in this very university an undergraduate had received the offer of a higher salary as pitcher in a base-ball nine than was ever made to any of its graduates for filling any professor's chair in this country?

WHAT undoubted progress out of simplicity we have made in something over half a century! In the summer of 1817 Joseph Sansom, Esq., of Philadelphia, member of the American Philosophical Society, set out from his beloved city to make a tour of the North and Canada. At three o'clock in the afternoon he stepped on board the Bristol steam-boat at the Market Street wharf, carrying for all baggage a portmanteau, a cane, and Thomson's "Seasons" in his pocket; took coach at Bristol, and passed rapidly on; lodged that night at Princeton, and taking another steamboat at Elizabethtown Point, landed at New York in time to dine at the City Hotel, a place of entertainment little, if at all, inferior to the London Tavern. Some idea may be formed of the extent and accommodations of this Superb Inn by the sum laid out in furnishing it. This was thirty thousand dollars, and the tenant paid a rent of ten thousand dollars a year. There were elegant drawing-rooms in this establishment for family parties, and apartments of magnificent dimensions on the principal floor for the public; at the table d'hôte every day in the summer season there were as many as a hundred persons. But what excited Mr. Sansom's admiration more even than this magnificent hotel was the City Hall, for the costly magnificence of which he thought we were probably indebted to the national taste for the substantial. After a careful description of the imposing exterior of this "noble structure," the author says: "I shall not describe the interior of this superb edifice, with its Circular Hall, and double Stair Case; with its columns, its balustrade, and its Dome. The Picture Gal-

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BETRAYED BY HER ACCENT.

GERMAN PROFESSOR (*to young American*). "You don't musht make yourself drouble to shpeak Cherman by me; ven you shpeak English, I know your *meanness* ferry vell."

lery, or Hall of Audience, hung with portraits of the Governors of New York and the Presidents of the Union. Or the Council Chamber; glittering with gold and scarlet. And I am not *quite* satisfied that so much splendour is consistent with practical Republicanism; as we know that the Town Hall of Amsterdam has been *already* converted into the Palace of a Sovereign. In short, I am sufficiently superstitious in political omens to dread the inference (however unlikely it may be thought—every where—but *at Washington*) that *where there are Palaces, there will be Princes.*"

Not less astonishing to the philosophical traveller were the steam-boats of the North River, justly entitled to the proud appellations of *Paragon* and *Car of Neptune*, "since they proceed—not *wind and weather permitting*, like all anterior Navigators: but *against* wind and tide at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour." The distance of one hundred and sixty miles to Albany was accomplished in twenty-two hours. It was no wonder to see spectators, from the superb country-seats on the river, "mostly line the bluffs, at the passage of the Steam Boats, which seem to electrify everything within their sphere." And, to add to the delight of travel in those days, "people of the first consequence were often among the passengers." Alas for that mood of mind in which the New York City Hall should seem a danger to republicanism, and Thomson's "Seasons" an entertaining companion for a journey!

HARD ON THE COUNSEL.

THE following experience of a Mississippi lawyer was related by himself to the writer many years ago. He said:

I was defending a prisoner for horse-stealing, and seeing no other means of defending him, under the circumstances, I set up the plea of insanity. I argued it at length, read many extracts from works on medical jurisprudence, and had the patient attention of the Court. The prosecuting attorney did not attempt to reply to my argument or controvert my authorities; I seemed to have things my own

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way, and whispered to the prisoner that he needn't be uneasy. Then came the Judge's charge, in which he reminded the jury that there was no dispute between counsel as to the facts of the case. Indeed, there could not have been, for several witnesses had sworn positively that they saw my client steal the horse. "But," concluded the Court, "the plea of insanity has been set up, and I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, that it should receive your very grave and serious deliberation; but I must be allowed to say, gentlemen, that for myself, upon a review of the whole case, I can discover no evidence of insanity on the part of the prisoner, except, perhaps, in the selection of his counsel."

IN A NEW YORK BOBTAIL CAR.

CAR-DRIVER. "You can't smoke in this car."

PASSENGER. "Why not?"

C. D. "Because there are ladies in the car."

P. "Why, that's the very reason I have to smoke: I want to deaden the smell of musk and patchouly."

PA AND THE CHILDREN.

A SMALL boy, Tommy Peterby, who is one of a family of ten, was taken out in the family carriage with his mother. As they drove past a small cottage of three rooms Mrs. Peterby remarked how pretty it looked.

"Yes, it looks very nice," said Tommy; "and it wouldn't be a bit too big for our family, if it wasn't for pa and the children."

AN AMERICAN "DAISY."

WON'T this American daisy compare favorably with the shamrock?

A short time ago, in a village not so very far from the city of Rochester, a political aspirant for office with an oleaginous tongue was stumping for the support of the farmers at the impending election. Discovering, to his dismay, after half an hour's liberal expenditure of perspiration and logic, that he was exciting no interest, he determined to conquer his audience by flattery, and this he proceeded to do somewhat in this style: "I have always had a leaning toward farmers. I admire and love them, and for their vocation I entertain the most profound respect. It is the noblest and most honorable of occupations. All the virtues grow spontaneously on a farm. Every man should be a tiller of the soil, and every woman a dairymaid. I married a farmer's daughter. I popped to her at four o'clock in the morning, when she was milking. I can never forget the incident, for in her confusion she lost her grip of an Alderney's teat and shot a stream of milk into my eye. She was the *cream* of her sex, gentlemen. Yes, the country's the place to be born in, and to live in, and I speak from personal experience, for my cradle was the gently swaying bough, and my lullaby the gurgling of the brook and the songs of birds. Yes, I know all about a farm." And here stretching himself to his full height, and drawing a long breath, he shouted (and this "blast upon his bugle-horn was worth"—he thought—"a thousand men"): "Why, my friends, I was raised in a cornfield!"

A declaration that elicited from an inspired husbandman the cry: "*Pumpkin*, be gosh!"

C. G.

THE following verses were composed by a little girl of twelve, whose poetical susceptibilities seem to have been deeply moved by the fact that her pastor, the Rev. Mr. P——, of this city, was about to visit Palestine. The spelling and the free use of capital letters are quite as unconventional as anything else in the poem, which is curiously entitled

THE R.V. MR. P——'S VOYAGE ON THE SEA.

Be calm yea seas;
Blow soft each breeze; O cease
Just for a time; the noble pastor of our
Church has gone to Phalastine.

Upon the seas,
he sails away; that noble hero bright
They music of his manly voice, inspires
us with Delight.

Fan, gently Fan;
Those amber locks; shed on his
manly form; which like a graceful
Seeder bends, before the raging storm.

When naught but sky and sea
Appear; he does the ocean plow; may
Angles fair protect him there; O God
be with him now.

A more undonted hero bright
Nare plowed the restless wave;
He's gentle as a bleeting lamb; though
As a lion brave.

Now he shall soon return again
To be with us all the time and
Nare again shall cross the mane
To see dear Phalastine.

HOUSE-KEEPING INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. MOLLY BIGMAN, a newly married lady, does not know anything about house-keeping, but she is anxious to have her husband believe that there is nothing in the house-keeping line that she does not know. He happened to be in the room when the cook came and said:

"Will you please gib me out de coffee? De water is been a-bilin' dis las' half-hour."

"Let the water boil, Matilda," replied Mrs. Bigman, calmly; "the longer it boils, the stronger it will be."

THE quotation from Thackeray's *Virginians*, in the Drawer for July, 1887, recalls a similar passage in Lyell's *Visit to the United States*, in the years 1841–42, Vol. I., pp. 54, 55, Harper's edition. Describing his journey through the region southwest from Albany, New York, under date September 7–27, he makes the following statement: "I rejoiced to see the sugar-maple (*Acer saccharinum*), an ornamental tree, spared in the new clearings. The sap from which sugar is made was everywhere trickling down into wooden troughs from gashes made in the bark. The red maples were beginning

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to assume their bright autumnal tints, but the rest of the forest was as verdant as ever."

A writer of fiction may well be excused for following the trail of so distinguished a scientist as Charles Lyell in a veritable record of travels made expressly for scientific investigation. Has any notice of this passage ever been taken in print? W. M. RICE.

STORIES FROM DOWN EAST.

MANY arguments appeal to the rustic New-Englander, but there is one that never fails—the *argumentum ad crumenam*.

An elderly farmer and his middle-aged son Sam had been spending the day at the county fair. When it came to be time to go homeward, Sam appeared, rather the worse for his day's pleasuring.

"Sam," said his father, "what ails ye? Hain't ye got no sense? I don't care a cent about yer takin' a nipper or so, but how kin ye be such a tormented fool ez to go and git corned, ez ye be now?"

A gleam of triumph shone in Sam's watery eye as he answered, "*Wot ye goin' ter do w'en folks* GIN *it tu ye?*"

There is no reply known in rural New England to such reasoning as this.

Honest John Blank was for several years the well-known Governor of a New England State. Governor John had a brother William, perhaps equally honest, though less well known, who was a sportsman, and somewhat given to the cheering cup. On one of his shooting excursions William and a boon companion found that their horse did not trot quite rapidly enough to correspond with their exhilarated notions of the proper speed, and the companion fired a charge of bird-shot into the animal to encourage him. The horse dashed wildly off, the buggy rocking, hats and parcels flying in all directions, and William, ruler of the storm, shouted with delight: "Shoot 'im ag'in! shoot 'im ag'in! He goes adm'ably."

In a Massachusetts town some thirty years ago, when, as now, the Congregationalist parish was made up of the exoteric "society" and the esoteric "church," the profane society, which votes and pays the vulgar necessary money for parish purposes, had certain liberal views which it proposed to have carried out. The indignation of the church was great, but it found no adequate expression till one elderly member rose and put it all in one bold metaphor: "If such things as these is to be done, Mr. Moderator, I think we had better go further; I think we'd better rip up the bars at both eends, and *let the vineyard of the Lord run rampart.*"

The late Professor Benjamin Peirce, long of Harvard College, and later at the head of the United States Coast Survey, was at the time of his death one of the few very great mathematicians in the world. A friend once asked him about a paper of his, "How many men now alive, do you think, could read that paper and follow it?"

"Half a dozen, I suppose," was the answer.

Outside the lines of his own science, too, he was a man of the keenest intellect and the soberest judgment. One evening just after the close of the war he was at an evening party in Washington, and was introduced to a quiet man, whose name he did not catch; but he sat down beside him, and soon was engaged with him in a long and earnest talk. At the end of the evening he asked his host, "Who was that man to whom you introduced me? I didn't catch his name, but he seems to me the cleverest and solidest man I have met in years—a man of very great powers."

"Why," said his host, "didn't you know? That was General Grant."

Professor Peirce was much more than a moderate Democrat in politics—he was an extreme Democrat—but the impression of that evening was never effaced.

TEXAS HAPPENINGS.

BY ALEX SWEET.

ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCES.

AN Austin gentleman asked Gus De Smith if it was hotter in Austin than in Galveston. Gus replied that Austin was much the hottest. The Austin man said that in Austin the thermometer did not often go much higher than ninety.

"That may be," responded Gus, "but it is so cool at Galveston when the thermometer is ninety that you feel chilly, and need an overcoat."

A SUGGESTION.

A Dallas lady was giving her daughter instructions in etiquette, and how to acquire a husband.

"If a gentleman enters the room, etiquette demands that you arise from your seat, and advance a few steps to meet him, with a bright, sunny smile."

"But suppose no gentleman ever comes into the room?"

"Then of course you don't change your position: you remain just as you are."

NO REGARD FOR HER FEELINGS.

An Austin family has a colored servant that, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer. Purely as an experiment the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress, and gave it to her, saying,

"I am glad to have the pleasure, Matildy, of giving you this dress."

"Yer mout hab had dat pleasure long ago, ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gracious reply.

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FEMININE PERVERSITY.

She-Gossip (*alluding to newly wedded pair*): "There go 'Beauty and the Beast,' as they're called! She *would* marry him: her parents strongly opposed the match, as you may imagine!"

He-Gossip (*who flatters himself he understands the sex*): "By George! The parental opposition *must* have been strong—to make her marry such a ruffian as that!"

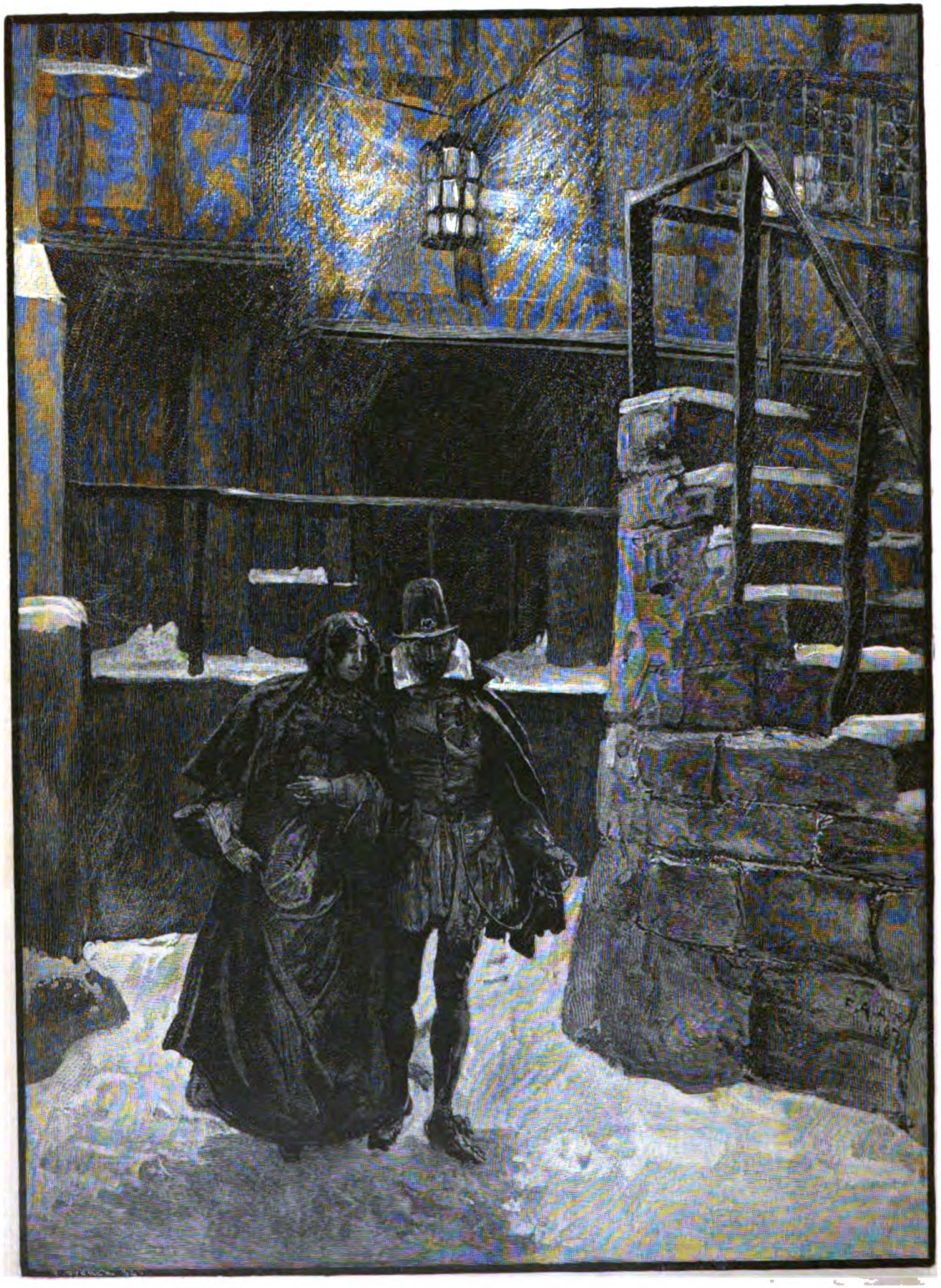
—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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"AS WE WALKED HOME TOGETHER."—Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey.

(See Wither's "Love Song," page 742.)

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. OCTOBER, 1887. No. CCCCXLIX.

OUR SUMMER'S OUTING.

BY KATE FIELD.

"HURRAH!" said Uncle Sam, rushing into the drawing-room with an open letter, his face beaming with superlative satisfaction. "If there's a bore on earth, it is finding an abiding-place for the summer. There's always something wrong about American resorts—too fashionable, or too expensive, or too noisy, or too—too— I've just received a letter from Hopewell that settles the business. I don't know anything more delightful on earth than to have a friend in whose judgment you can repose implicit confidence. I never knew Hopewell to make a mistake."

"What, never?" I asked.

"Never."

"Then it's about time. I don't believe in people who *never* make mistakes. They are too good for this world, and ought to go straight to heaven. Mr. Hopewell is not an angel, so he must be wrong sometimes."

"There you go, Puss," replied Uncle Sam. "I never knew you to agree with anybody about anything. What has Hopewell ever done to you?"

"Nothing, dear uncle. It's what Hopewell *may* do that concerns me."

"Puss," said Aunt Fanny, "for goodness' sake stop arguing, and let's hear Mr. Hopewell's letter. If he has found a place for our outing, I'm thankful."

So Uncle Sam sat down in his easy-chair and read the epistle that sealed our fate for one summer:

"'——, *May* 20, '85.

"'DEAR SAM,—I've discovered the loveliest spot on earth—at least it will be the loveliest spot in about two weeks; now the snow lies on the side of the hills, the roads are very muddy and rough, and a cold rain freezes one's marrow—'"

"A good beginning," I interrupted.

"Puss, be still. Hear the whole story before you criticise."

On read Uncle Sam: "'But they say that by the 1st of June the snow will disappear, the roads be in excellent condition, and the temperature be warm—'"

"*They* say! Who are '*they*,' uncle? What does Mr. Hopewell know about it?"

"Puss, do be quiet," cried Aunt Fanny. "*I* want to hear the letter, if *you* don't."

"'If you want rest, here it is. There's not a railroad within a dozen miles. Even the clicking of the telegraph is unheard. The telephone, however, connects with the telegraphic station some miles distant. The only ingress and egress is by stage over a mountain road. One is not pestered with mails more than once in twenty-four hours. The hotel and its dependencies constitute the entire place, and are beautifully situated on the shore of an exquisite lake and at the foot of a fine wooded mountain. Water and air are delicious, game and fish abundant. The landlord keeps a dozen cows. Bread and butter are good. Perhaps the cooking might be better, but you can't expect to find Delmonico in the mountains, and for nine dollars a week, can you?'"

"Certainly not," responded Aunt Fanny. "Nine dollars a week! How very reasonable! We'll take the horses and carriage and dog and all the impedimenta necessary to make us comfortable for the next six months. I don't want to see brick walls and dirty pavements before Thanksgiving. Go on, Sam."

Uncle Sam went on: "'Liberty Hall is well named. Fashion is unknown. Everybody does exactly as he pleases, all wear their old clothes, and there is positively nothing going on, so that there's no inducement to keep you up o' nights.

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To rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed, is the rule of the place.'"

"I'm glad of it," again broke forth Aunt Fanny. "I'm worn to the bone with late hours; and as for you, Puss, unless you turn over a new leaf you'll be reduced to a spinal column."

"'One feature is unique, and I'm sure will be greatly to your liking,'" continued Mr. Hopewell's letter. "'Liberty Hall is not only a summer resort, but a sanitarium. Visitors can take hot and cold baths under experienced medical advice, and without extra charge.'

"Capital!" exclaimed Uncle Sam. "My liver is torpid, I'm sure of it. There's nothing like water treatment for liver and dyspepsia; so, Fanny my darling, we've found a haven of rest at last. How lucky that Hopewell should have stumbled upon such a paradise! Oh, here's a P.S.

"'You can have the first floor of a cottage until the new hotel is completed, when you may select your own rooms. Let me know your decision. Liberty Hall is a strictly temperance resort. No drunkenness possible.'"

"Write at once, Sam, that we'll take the cottage," said Aunt Fanny.

This blind faith was absolutely maddening to me, for in all my life I never met a man who had an eye for domestic detail. Men are great in their way, but they don't look into corners. They deal in generalities, not in particulars. As for the immaculate Hopewell, he might have written *me* about Liberty Hall until the Day of Judgment without producing the least effect. Yet those babes in the wood, Uncle Sam and Aunt Fanny, trusted six months of our existence to his judgment!

"Think how cheap, Puss," said confiding Aunt Fanny.

"Cheap—and nasty," was my laconic reply. I haven't lived forever, but I never tried to get a great deal for very little that I didn't pay dearly in the end. But these are hard times. Bank presidents run away with deposits; railroad stock is "wiped out." We've put our remains into government bonds, and it takes a "double million magnifying gas microscope of hextra power" to discover the interest; so I preserved a serenity of exterior that would have done credit to a Christian martyr.

"I long for the quiet of the country," sighed Aunt Fanny. "People only half live to whom the repose, the beauty, the healthfulness of the country are unknown. We all need a change, so we'll start on the 1st of June."

On that memorable day there left town three horses, a carriage, a bull-terrier, a banjo, easy-chairs, boxes of books—for Uncle Sam was going to do a deal of reading—Tom's bicycle, trunks innumerable, two women, and one man. Tom was to join us as soon as his vacation permitted.

It takes as much time as patience to reach Liberty Hall. First, you travel all day and night, get out at a way-station very early in the morning, pay seventy-five cents for the privilege of trying to eat what out of respect for tradition is called beefsteak, and then fancy you've got to the end of your route; but you haven't. You must take another train on another road. As this road is a rival of the one you have just patronized, the amount of information you obtain from the first with regard to the second would not overcome an inquiring idiot. At last, however, after much wrestling with policemen and cabmen, Uncle Sam learns that the first train for our next town left five minutes before our arrival. This spirit of accommodation struck us forcibly, as it obliged us to remain five hours in a damp station on a cold and rainy morning.

"Well, really," murmured Aunt Fanny, "if June is to be as cold as this, I shall almost regret our comfortable home in town."

Uncle Sam declared such weather to be exceptional, and I—hoped so.

What accommodation trains lack in comfort and pure air they make up in deliberation. It was afternoon before we got out at the station where we were to be consigned to the tender mercies of a stage. Could we get anything to eat? Certainly not. Every human being in the village had eaten up everything an hour before; so we fell back upon hardtack and dignity.

Amiable Uncle Sam was heard to wonder why Hopewell had not warned him of the inconveniences of the journey. If I hadn't been so hungry I'd have taken a certain satisfaction in the situation. I always like people to live up to my expectations of them, and I expected a great deal of Hopewell.

Well, we clambered into a very open stage, and had driven a mile or two when

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Jehu, who seemed to be completely absorbed in chewing gum, said, "I forgot ter tell yer thet one of them trunks is kerried ter the next town."

"Good gracious!—which?" gasped Aunt Fanny.

Uncle Sam got out, counted the trunks on the back of the stage, and with a fallen countenance informed the partner of his bosom that the missing trunk contained the necessaries of life.

"What shall we do?"

"Nothin'. They're always up to thet there game," replied the unmoved Jehu. "It 'll come along p'r'aps ter-morrer, an' p'r'aps not. Oh, it's safe enough. Only you won't see it as soon as you want it."

Uncle Sam groaned, Aunt Fanny sighed, and Jehu drove on.

"Did you notify Liberty Hall of our coming?" I asked, to change the train of thought.

"Certainly," said Uncle Sam. "I ordered them to telephone from the last town."

"Oh!"

I believe in a telephone when I'm at one end and an intelligent being is at the other; but when somebody else talks for me to the unknown, I prefer the good old-fashioned telegraph.

Perhaps the country was beautiful and picturesque. Hopewell said so; but we were all so cold in our summer attire that we saw nothing. There is no landscape that can interest an empty stomach or a shivering body. I hear a great deal of the triumph of mind over matter. There is not mind enough in this world to triumph over the matter of starvation or the thermometer at freezing-point. It is about time that the old Puritanical contempt for the body yielded to profound study and respect.

Toward evening we reached our destination, and rejoiced at the thought of a cozy cottage with bright fires. Fire doesn't seem to go with Lowell's month of June, but we'd got beyond the range of poetry, and all we wanted was physical content.

"Where's Hopewell?" asked Uncle Sam, on descending from the lumbering stage.

"He's gone fishing."

"Didn't he know we were coming? Did you get my message through the telephone?"

"No; the wire has been down for twenty-four hours," drawled the clerk, who looked as though he had seen his best days in a prehistoric period, and was now living on the dry bones of the past, moistened by smuggled whiskey.



HOPEWELL.

"Bless my soul! *bless* my soul!" groaned Uncle Sam. "Then you've built no fires in the cottage."

"Fires! Nobody said nothin' about fires. There ain't no stoves up."

"Stoves!" ejaculated Aunt Fanny; "are there no fireplaces?"

"Nary one; air-tight stoves is good enough for us."

"Sam," gasped Aunt Fanny, "you know my weak lungs. I shall certainly die in a room with an air-tight stove. Let's go back."

"My dear, you're crazy. We can't return to-night. We must make the best of it."

We did. We sat around an air-tight stove in the general sitting-room, while silent women done up in plaid shawls came in, sat solemnly on horse-hair chairs of unparalleled rigidity, and glared. The stony stare of her fellow-creatures made poor Aunt Fanny quite nervous. She might have dropped into hysterics had we not been carried off to our cottage in the nick of time. Stoves had been hastily put up, and we suddenly jumped from

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the north pole to the equator. There's a quick responsiveness about an air-tight stove that would be admirable were a mortal sure he had but ten minutes to live. A very little of it goes a great way. Once thawed out, sweet Aunt Fanny called her stove "a black devil."

"It certainly is devilish hot," growled Uncle Sam. "As a choice of evils I don't know whether it's better to sit on the piazza and freeze, or remain inside and melt."

"You'd better consult Mr. Hopewell; he never makes mistakes," I replied. I couldn't help it.

"Confound Hopewell!" said Uncle Sam.

Yes he did. He confounded Hopewell. I became quite cheerful after this ebullition of rebellion. My revered uncle was not an abject slave to one-man power after all.

Our cottage, as a cottage, was not unsuccessful, but being some distance from the hotel, it was not particularly convenient for meals and baths, especially in bad weather. Of course that missing trunk contained everything most needed, and when Uncle Sam discovered that it harbored his razor, his recklessness in the use of language was appalling. I didn't know he had it in him. Extraordinary circumstances produce extraordinary results. Unlike most Americans, who object to shave themselves, however ready they may be to shave others, Uncle Sam abhors barbers. He considers them a relic of the Dark Ages, when blood-letting went hand in hand with hair-cutting. Nothing, from his point of view, so shows the physical demoralization of our men as their dependence upon hirelings for a clean face.

"To think that I should ever come to this!" muttered my uncle, as he walked off early in the morning in search of a barber, returning shortly after with lightning in his mild eye. "They've piled Pelion on Ossa; they've added insult to injury. Not only do they walk off with my razor, but when I asked the clerk the way to the barber's, he told me to go ten miles and then turn to the left. 'Heaven and earth, man!' I replied, 'don't you keep a barber on the premises?' 'Not much,' he answered. 'We don't fly in the face of nater in these parts, *we* don't. If the Lord didn't make beards on men's faces fur ter grow, what *did* He make 'em fur? That's what I'd like ter know. These city folks think they ken *im*prove on God Almighty. I don't need no barber nor nothin'. I grow a beard, *I* do.' At that supreme moment of impertinence Hopewell loomed in the horizon, having got back from his fishing after we'd gone to bed. He said he was delighted to see me. Under the trying circumstances I was *not* delighted to see him. I could get no razor out of him. He's bearded like a pard."

That missing trunk was not restored for one long week, during which time Uncle Sam, the gentle and gentlemanly, went about looking like a demoralized pirate or the first murderer in *Macbeth* (villains in novels and on the stage never shave), and in a measure lived up to his appearance by being as cross as he looked.

Time overcame these minor agonies, but time only aggravated the horrors of the table. Taken in connection with summer boarding, it is an awful fact that the average human stomach requires to be fed three times a day. It is an unfortunate fact that a cultivated stomach can no more feed on indigestible and unpalatable viands than a cultivated eye can gaze upon bad chromos, or a cultivated ear listen to bad music. A human being artistically developed can not endure discords without torture, and the more I travel and the more dyspepsia I acquire, the more I am persuaded that good digestion waits on cookery, and morals on both. The influence of the frying-pan upon American civilization has not yet become a subject for scientific investigation, but when it does, marvellous will be the revelations thereof. Perhaps a noble race may be evolved out of fried meat, hot soda biscuits, ice-water, and the great American pie; but I don't believe it. I do not forget that Emerson ate pie for breakfast, and with childlike simplicity asked what pie was for if not to be eaten; but I also remember that Emerson's rare intellect lost its balance at an age when Gladstone and Bright and our own Wendell Holmes are still at work. Who can say but disregard of diet marks the difference between the dead and the living? An insulted stomach wreaks revenge upon an exhausted brain—exhausted because it has not been properly fed. Why do State lunatic asylums house so many farmers and farmers' wives? Because of a monotonous existence, overwork, fried pork, and pie.

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"I GROW A BEARD, I DO."

The effect of Liberty Hall diet on our family was positively appalling. The immaculate Hopewell knew nothing about the regulation food. Fishing with him was a midsummer madness. He ate fish for breakfast that he caught the night before. After swallowing the last morsel he went off in a tub of a boat, fished all day, cooked his own dinner of fish in the woods at some convenient landing, came home to sup on his fish, and go to bed in order to be up by daylight, when the blessed fish are supposed to bite best. Hopewell, therefore, as a cheerful companion was a delusion.

"Not fish!!!" he exclaimed, when Uncle Sam declined his invitation to put on a rubber coat and go off and sit all day in a Scotch mist holding up a pole with a dejected worm at the end of it. "It never occurred to me that you didn't like fishing, nor hunting either."

"I detest both," replied Uncle Sam, with considerable asperity.

"Dear! dear! What will become of you at Liberty Hall?"

"That's just what *I* want to know."

"Really this is too bad. And you've brought your horses and dog and everything for a long stay."

"Precisely."

"Well, if I'd known that—"

If he'd known that! This was the last straw that broke the back of Uncle Sam's

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faith in Hopewell. The thoughtlessness with which he lured us into the woods, and the cold-blooded selfishness with which he left us to flounder after we got there, were a revelation that made Uncle Sam positively ill. If you want to find out a man, go into the woods with him. It's far better than a sea-voyage. At sea people are dependent upon one another for all pleasure, and must be more or less considerate. In the woods the situation changes. The hunter or fisherman likes to be alone, and has a magnificent opportunity to exhibit all the selfishness born or bred in him. Hopewell's nature came out splendidly. The superficially polite man of Fifth Avenue, the good fellow of Wall Street, was an egotist. He mounted his blessed hobby and ambled off, leaving his friends to walk.

Our meals were the mothers of nightmares. Tom, on his arrival, refused to call them anything but "grub." It took us some time to get used to the young ladies, daughters of farmers within fifty miles, who condescended to wait upon us in their own pleasing fashion. I am not of those who think that pianos, crimps, and flirtation should be restricted to what are called the "upper circles." There are certainly two kinds of people in this world, common and uncommon; but as the uncommon most frequently emerge from the common, and as the common pervade what is called "society," it never occurs to me to use the obnoxious phrase "the common people"; hence I repudiate all aspersions of snobbishness when I object to waiter-girls done up in curl-papers for balls, which so preoccupy their minds as to completely obliterate the fact that knives and forks are accessories of civilized tables. Neither do I like waiter-girls who play on the general piano after the breakfast bell has rung, nor do I pine for a waiter-girl who ignores my existence while lavishing attention upon a black-eyed young man near by, at will joins in the conversation, sits down, takes an inventory of your attire, and mingles her laughter with your own. There may be a hunger that rises superior to fried shoe-leather and underdone potatoes. I know there is, because I've read about it; but never having been on the verge of cannibalism, and not wanting to be, my appetite ceases where vile cooking begins.

One thing is certain: though nothing agreed with us, everything agreed with everything else at Liberty Hall. There was harmony in discord. All was wrong. The horses were as badly groomed as we were fed, and developed wicked proclivities before unknown. They objected to roads in which were holes big enough to break their legs. They objected to everlastingly climbing mountains in order to get a view. It really seemed as though the poor beasts were no sooner half-way down one mountain than they were climbing up another. Uncle Sam one day drove out, and came back on foot leading the horses.

"Where's the carriage?" we shouted.

"I don't know."

"Don't know, Sam!" cried Aunt Fanny. "Are you crazy?"

"Not quite, but the tendency is in that direction. All I need is time."

"My dear husband, what *is* the matter?"

"Well, the first road I innocently took was full of pitfalls, and so narrow that I could not turn round with a four-wheeled vehicle. The best way out of the trouble was to go on to the next cross-road. This I was about to do, when a broken-down wagon loaded with hay stopped the way. You won't believe me when I tell you that I backed that team for an eighth of a mile, in holes and out, with every spring in agony. By the time I reached a side road I was ready to hang the Road Commissioners, and went in search of the chairman. His neighbors gave him a fine character. 'Don't you know why he won't repair that 'ere road?' said a farmer. 'It's because he has a tavern on the good road, and by keeping t'other dangerous he forces folks up his way, and he sells more liquor—don't you see?' I found this noble official asleep in his own bar-room, and I gave him a big piece of my mind, which probably did as much good as though I had talked to the moon. Fine and imprisonment should be the penalty for such wilful neglect of public convenience. Then driving along a smooth road I turned a sharp corner, and suddenly came upon a steam-thresher, puffing and spluttering, in full possession of the highway. The horses, that had been fretted by backing so long, took fright and ran down an embankment, so severely wrenching and injuring the carriage as to make it good for nothing. On reaching the bottom the horses seemed to realize their madness, stopped, and turned round

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"NOT FISH!!!"

to find out what had become of me. The pole was broken. Landing in a foot of water, I released the beasts, and, assisted by the drivers of the thresher, got them on to the road, walked them four miles, and here are my remains. I presented the wreck to the threshing men, and informed them that I should prosecute them for damages. 'Well, stranger,' said one of the men, 'you kin prosecute to the day o' judgment, but the question is what kind of a verdict kin you git out of a jury of farmers? They all want threshers, and they'll go agin you every time. You'll

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be wuss off than you are now, stranger, 'cos you'll hev to pay costs.' I'm enjoying my summer immensely," concluded Uncle Sam, grimly.

Even our dog became infected with the discordant atmosphere. If Hopewell had written us that dogs swarmed at Liberty Hall, that there was a dog to every other person, we'd have left Bolus at home. There is no dog so true, so intelligent, so affectionate, so plucky, as a bull-terrier, and Bolus is the finest of his breed. It was his misfortune to be thorough-bred. It appears to be ever a misfortune to be thorough-bred, whether one walks on two legs or four. All the curs of Liberty Hall conspired against Bolus, who had never fought a battle in his life, as he had been reared in paths of peace. At first Bolus didn't know what to make of such extraordinary conduct. Like all gentlemen, he gave his persecutors the benefit of the doubt, and good-naturedly wagged his expressive and vigorous tail, to indicate that, so far as he was concerned, he felt kindly toward all mankind, including the curs of Liberty Hall.

"Pay no attention to the whelps, Bolus," Tom would say (Tom having the dog in his charge), and Bolus, looking up understandingly, would make a detour to avoid collisions. Open warfare was thus avoided for some days, until there arrived a dog, with a man annex, from the City of Brotherly Love. The way that dog went about with a chip on his shoulder, followed by his annex, who carried a whip that ever and anon he snapped defiantly, as if to say, "Here we are! come on who dares!" was enough to spoil the sweetest temper that ever abided in man or beast. Bolus didn't like this dog, nor did another thorough-bred that had on several occasions vainly attempted to pick a quarrel with Bolus. It was as good as a play to see this creature apologize for his previous uncivil conduct, which apology Bolus generously received. In conclusion the two dogs shook hands, as it were, by putting their noses together, violently wagging their tails, and going through other friendly ceremonies. Then and there these two small animals solemnly covenanted to join forces and make mincemeat of that yellow brother the next time he defied them. I know by what followed. Off the new friends trotted as inconsequentially as though they had nothing on their minds. Presently the big yellow-haired appeared, followed by his whip and annex. Blood was in his eye. He growled, he barked, he snapped. Quick as a flash that innocent young Bolus jumped upon him and fastened his teeth in his neck. His ally was about to seize a leg, when, as if by magic, all the curs of Liberty Hall surrounded the duellists, set up a howl, and the ally kept them at bay that there might be fair play. This led to various complications, which resulted in several outside encounters, in which the ally distinguished himself. Of course the howls brought forth the men who belonged to them, women screamed, somebody cried, "Mad dog!" an old lady fainted, and still Bolus held on.

"Let go my dog!" shouted the annex, lashing Bolus with the whip.

This was too much for Tom. With one bound he jumped into the ring, collared the annex, and wrenched the whip from him, saying, "Dare to touch my dog again and I'll cowhide you."

"You're no gentleman," whined the annex.

"You're not a judge," replied Tom.

"I'll have you prosecuted for assault and battery. This is an outrage."

"Prosecute and be d——," said Tom.

"No one has any business to travel with such a dog as yours. He's dangerous."

"Yes," said the wife of the annex. "It's a shame to have bull-dogs at hotels. Oh, my beautiful Carlo! The ugly brute has killed my Carlo."

"Madam," replied Tom, who by this time had regained his self-possession, "your dog committed the first offence. Bolus is as kindly a dog as ever lived, but he resents prolonged insults. He's *not* a bull-dog, madam; he's a bull-terrier."

"Oh, it's the same thing. Oh, my darling Carlo, did a wicked bull-dog eat you up?" continued the exasperating woman, throwing her arms about the panting yellow bully, from whom Bolus had been separated by Tom.

"If that idiotic woman had only been a man, wouldn't I have given her a brief lecture on dogs?" said Tom, as we went back to the cottage with Bolus in chains, but with his tail higher than ever. "The idea of not knowing the difference between a bull-terrier and a bull-dog! And she isn't the only fool of her kind."

Give a dog a bad name, and there's no knowing what the result will be—on the

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OUR WAITER-GIRL.

dog. From the hour of his triumphant encounter Bolus was master of all he surveyed. The curs gave him a wide berth, the big yellow bully sulkily avoided him, and his annex as sulkily avoided Tom.

At Bolus's approach women gathered up their skirts and introduced the enlivening topic of hydrophobia. In deference to outrageous public opinion poor Bolus was only allowed to go about with a chain, while the yellow bully enjoyed his usual freedom. What a commentary on morals! Restraint so preyed upon Bolus that one day we let him follow the horses when we rode out. Alack and alas! that day deprived him of his sole remaining shreds of character. In his delight at freedom he drove all the cats up trees, barked at every cow, caused several to break from their tethers, frightened sheep into a stampede, and crowned his wickedness by chasing a turkey. As we rode up to a farm-house there stood Bolus with his mouth full of feathers; there stood a farmer holding a fluttering turkey in his arms. We stopped.

"I say, mister," said the farmer, "is this your dog?"

"Yes," said Uncle Sam.

"Well, he's killed my turkey."

"*Killed?* The turkey's alive. My dog was only playing."

"Playing? What do you call this, sir?" Whereupon the farmer lifted a wing and displayed a wound. Bolus had drawn blood. "The turkey's as good as killed, and we'll have to finish the job, and get her out of her misery."

"Misery!" exclaimed Tom. "Look at her, father. She's playing 'possum."

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Uncle Sam looked. "I confess that the turkey does not appear to be suffering; but then I'm no judge of turkeys."

"That's where it is, you see," quickly responded the farmer, who by this time had been joined by wife, mother, father, and five children. It was an awe-inspiring group—a one-sided jury that shook its combined head at Bolus, who was as unconscious as a heathen Chinee.

"If my dog has seriously injured your turkey," said Uncle Sam, "I am ready to pay for the loss."

The farmer stroked the turkey and almost shed tears. "She's the most valuable turkey I've got. She's a-settin' on thirteen aigs. She's a turkey to be relied on. She always hatches her aigs."

"Name your price," said Uncle Sam.

"It's difficult. Come Thanksgiving-time and them thirteen turkeys would fetch a fine price. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that turkey."

"My good man, you don't mean to say you expect me to pay you a hundred dollars for your turkey?"

"Oh no, I don't mean that."

"Well, what do you mean? Please explain."

"Them thirteen turkeys, if they'd been hatched—"

"But they're not hatched," expostulated Uncle Sam. "What do you ask for the turkey that was to hatch them?"

The farmer looked the wounded bird over, scratched his head, and finally said, "Well, I guess ten dollars would be fair."

Uncle Sam dismounted, paid the money, read Bolus a lecture in the presence of his victim, Bolus wagging his tail throughout the entire performance as though it were a joke.

Off we rode, much disturbed. There was no doubt about it—Bolus's hind-legs in active operation could no longer gladden us in our rides. Ten dollars a day for turkeys seemed more than those low-comedy legs were worth.

"I'll never have any more pets," said Uncle Sam, lugubriously. "When they don't die of an awful disease or get run over, they develop some unexpected quality that makes them obnoxious to the rest of creation. Bolus must be tied up."

"I don't believe Bolus hurt that turkey," asserted Tom. "The turkey attempted to fly, and Bolus caught her by the wing. I believe that farmer has cheated you, father."

"Oh, Tom, how *can* you be so suspicious?" exclaimed Aunt Fanny. "You're always imputing the worst motives to people. The idea of thinking that simple-minded farmers could be guilty of such outrageous deception! I'm ashamed of you, Tom."

"Very well, mother. I'd like to believe my fellow-creatures angels, but my experience proves that they are not, and when it comes to farmers, they can be about as mean as any class I ever encountered."

"Nonsense, Tom. They live too close to nature to be sordid or untruthful."

Tom gave a long, incredulous whistle. "Now, mother, let me ask one question. Did you ever meet as mean people in all your life as in Switzerland?"

"Never."

"Well, if they don't live close to nature, and the grandest sort at that, what *do* they live next to? It's all stuff and nonsense to assume that fine scenery makes fine souls. 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' Was there ever such a set of swindlers as infested Niagara Falls until New York State bought the park?"

It is amazing how news flies in the country. By some mysterious agency Bolus's attack on the turkey became the topic of conversation at Liberty Hall in a few hours after our return. "There go the people who keep a bull-dog that bites children and eats turkeys," said one woman to another, in a stage-whisper, as we entered the supper-room.

"This really is too dreadful," muttered Uncle Sam. "We must get away from this awful place."

"But where shall we go in midsummer, with the horses and all our impedimenta and—and Bolus?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"And my bicycle, that I can't use because of the bad roads and everlasting hills," added Tom.

Uncle Sam sighed over the social problem.

"Let's give Liberty Hall another trial, Sam. Let's all take the baths. There's nothing the matter with us, but water is a great tonic, and one never can be too well."

Tom refused point-blank, but the rest of us accepted the proposition as a distraction, and the physician was called in to sit on the family. A bomb-shell could not have produced more consternation. Uncle Sam had an enlarged liver that needed

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THE TURKEY DEAL.

immediate attention, Aunt Fanny was suffering from nervous exhaustion, and the action of my heart was defective.

"Aunt Fanny," I said, when the learned man withdrew, "I believe in the scientific use of water, and I don't mind experimenting with myself out of curiosity, but I don't believe my heart is out of order. If you are nervous and Uncle Sam bilious, it is because you are both worried."

"Puss, you've as much confidence in your kind as Tom," replied Aunt Fanny. "I shall take the doctor's advice, and try to derive some benefit from our outing."

We invested in sheets and towels, and sat in hot and cold water until Tom called us "dem damp, moist, unpleasant bodies." We were every inch of what we were called.

The more hot water Uncle Sam got into, the weaker he became; the weaker he became, the crosser he grew, and the more he drank—milk. The effect of that innocent beverage upon a naturally amiable man was startling.

"Sam, dear," expostulated Aunt Fanny, "don't you remember that our old physician, who understands your constitution, told you never to drink milk?"

"Bother our old physician! The medical man here says to drink it. What else *can* I do? I can't eat the meat, and I can't live on air. Do you want me to starve?"

Nobody wanted the dear man to starve, so he plunged recklessly into a vortex of milk, and became more and more pessimistic. Aunt Fanny had neuralgia for the first time in her life, and I tried to find my pulse to learn whether it beat regularly—I who never before knew I had a pulse.

The cottage had to be given up shortly to others, so we moved that day into the new hotel. It was unfinished and without water, but the manager said everything would be righted in a few days, and as the workmen ceased hammering at six o'clock, we were assured of quiet nights. Taking a suite of rooms at the top of the house to avoid cats, etc., we had such a glorious view of lake and mountain, of

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sunset and sunrise, of moon and shadow, as would thrill the soul of Ruskin.

"If we could only *eat* scenery, there would be some satisfaction in this view," said Uncle Sam.

Behold the demoralizing effect of bad food! My uncle's æstheticism had succumbed to an outraged stomach.

Such is the force of example that other guests of Liberty Hall moved into the new building at once, and the repose we sought vanished like a dream. Several babies took the place of frogs and cats. Like cherubim and seraphim they continually did cry. Children by day tore up and down the uncarpeted stairs; by night, iron-shod boots broke the stillness. Then a so-called piano was moved into the "music-room," and a ball was given, at which the neighbors for miles around assembled. A brass band came purposely to aid in the pandemonium.

Uncle Sam, with a wet bandage around his throbbing brow, gazed out of his window upon a moon of wondrous beauty. "'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

This quotation had not grown cold on Uncle Sam's lips when the thunder of boots was heard on the stairs. "We're bound to see all we can," shrieked a female voice, whereupon our sitting-room door was flung wide open, and in walked, unasked and unannounced, a bevy of country maidens. Unabashed, they stood gazing at the walls, the furniture, and lastly at ourselves.

"This is a private room," mildly expostulated Uncle Sam.

"Well, suppose it is," replied a hoyden. "We don't bite."

This sally was rapturously received by the hoyden's companions.

"Young ladies," interposed Aunt Fanny, "the public are not admitted to this room. Be good enough to leave."

"Oh, certainly, when we get ready," retorted the hoyden. "Come along, girls; let's go where there isn't quite so much style. This family has too many frills." And off these winning creatures bounced to try the doors and invade the apartments of our neighbors.

"I tell you what it is, Fanny," said Uncle Sam, coming in the next morning with an open telegram, "this place will drive me into a lunatic asylum. I shall not only lose my temper and health, but it looks as though I should lose what's left of my fortune too. Look at this telegram! Look! It was despatched from New York yesterday morning, and should have been repeated by the telephone twenty-four hours ago. Instead of which those noodles of Muddletown have sent it by mail. I've lost a chance of making $25,000. Oh, what is the use of living? Eleven o'clock —my bath hour." Off went Uncle Sam to drown his perturbed thought in hot water as a stiff "norther" rushed down the lake, lashing its waters into a fine frenzy, and changing the temperature twenty degrees in one hour. Uncle Sam came back chilled through, and went to bed to get warm, while Aunt Fanny put on her furs and arctics and sat by the window, "just to see what that disgusting lake would do next. Tom says," she continued, "that you can no more depend upon the wind on that water than you can depend upon the government's promises to Indians. It blows almost simultaneously from every point of the compass. Great heavens! what do I see? A boat capsized! Puss, where's Tom?"

How my heart thumped! Tom had gone out in a big catamaran, and though catamarans are said *never* to capsize, it was just like our beautiful lake to do the impossible. Still, under the circumstances, it was my duty to assure Aunt Fanny that catamarans were invincible.

"Dear me! this is dreadful. Boats have put out from the opposite shore. If anybody should be drowned, what a climax to our misery, and Tom—"

"But Tom's on board a catamaran, Aunt Fanny, and must be all right. Then you know he's a famous swimmer, and couldn't drown."

"It's the famous swimmers that *do* drown. They're always rescuing others, and consequently never have attention when they need it. Self-sufficient people invariably get the worst of it. It would be just like Tom to rescue everybody; and the doctor says the lake is too cold for bathing."

Uncle Sam, on emerging from his bedroom, gazed at the catastrophe for a moment through an opera-glass, turned pale, and quietly disappeared.

Aunt Fanny grew less apprehensive on seeing the several row-boats return to the shore as though their task had been accomplished. In the course of half an hour Uncle Sam returned, saying: "Tom's all right, Fanny; he's in his room. But

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COUNTRY VISITORS.

it was the catamaran that upset. The fellows who took him out didn't know how to manage the boat, and ran her straight into the teeth of the wind, all sails flying. On trying to 'tack' they upset her. Tom saw what was coming, threw off his coat, and jumped overboard in time to be free of the rigging. One fellow got entangled in it, and Tom barely escaped drowning in rescuing him. But he's safe and sound now. He's gone to bed to get warm."

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, hurrying to her first and only born. "Nobody knows *what* may be the end of this."

Poor Tom! He was as blue as indigo, and shivered like an aspen. We rubbed him and poured down brandy.

"Now's the time for hot water," said Uncle Sam, bitterly; "but when hotels are a third of a mile from bath-houses, freezing humanity is not specially benefited."

The sequel of Tom's bravery was rheumatic fever.

The wind subsided as quickly as it arose. Sundown brought a pleasure-steamer, having on board a noisy company of men and women.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked the lord of Liberty Hall.

"Excursionists."

"We were told no boat arrived or departed after sunset."

"No reg'lar boat."

"It was particularly stated that *no* boat whistle would be heard after that hour."

"Excursionists don't count."

"How often do they come?"

"Several times a week."

"When does the boat leave with its precious load?"

"There ain't nothin' partickler 'precious' about 'em, though they're precious hungry and eats awful. Midnight."

There lay Tom with a burning fever. There lay the boat, that kept up its steam and sputtered under the poor fellow's window. The excursionists took possession of the hotel. During their supper they sang a choice selection of negro melodies very badly to an accompaniment of knives and tumblers. When the inner man was sated they rushed to the music-room and took the piano by assault and battery. One maiden shrieked that she'd "like to be an angel." "Oh, if you only were," sighed Tom, "what a blessing it would be!"

The excursionists yielded to Uncle Sam's appeal to their sympathies in so far as to remain quiet while they were in the house, but they assembled on the piazza and made night hideous with loud talking and laughter. It was not malice. They knew no better. On the stroke of twelve the boat's whistle shrieked, and the

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voice of the excursionists was heard no more.

The next morning we assembled in solemn conclave around Tom's bed. He was better, the fever had abated somewhat, and Tom made a short speech in a feeble voice: "I shall die if I remain in this howling hole."

Liberty Hall is not a "hole," although it does howl; but Tom was too ill to be criticised.

"We shall all die, Tom," responded Uncle Sam. "Notwithstanding that it is midsummer, we'll return home to-morrow, if you are able to be moved and I can telephone for a special private car and a freight car."

"Amen!" we murmured. A mountain was lifted from our shoulders, and even aching Tom smiled.

The telephone was out of order, of course. Weak as he was, Uncle Sam mounted Roger and rode twelve miles, secured the cars, left Roger to be shipped the next day, and came back on top of a lumber wagon.

"Every bone in my body feels as though it were dislocated," he said on returning; "but *dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*. I am striking for my altars and my fires—particularly the latter. By going myself I discovered the only close carriage within twenty miles. It will be here to-night, and we'll start as early to-morrow as Tom is able."

That night the voice of the excursionist gave way to the voice of the boarder. At every summer resort there is one young lady who prides herself on her singing. She is generally a soprano with a special fondness for high notes, which she attacks half a tone too low. Somebody who owes the world a grudge always asks her to sing about eight o'clock in the evening. She goes to the piano reluctantly, and remains until half past ten. Toward the close of the performance this shrieking soprano is joined by a more retiring barytone; then duets set in with great severity. Such was the programme of our last night at Liberty Hall. And when the soprano and barytone came upstairs and talked loud nothings for fifteen minutes in the hall, it seemed to me that as a choice of evils I preferred cats. Cats simply fulfil their destiny; nothing better can be expected from them.

About three o'clock in the morning I was startled by the fall of a heavy body, the sudden departure of masculine boots, and the singing, "We won't go home till morning," by retreating men's voices. There was something wrong with my next-door neighbor. He seemed to be arguing with his furniture and getting the best of it. Sleep no more sat upon my eyelids, and soon I beheld a strange and fearful sight. I saw my neighbor's chairs flying out of his windows, falling with a crash upon the roof of the balcony. The boarders were soon astir, and Uncle Sam knocked at my door to know if I were safe.

"Yes, up to the present moment," I replied; "but as there is only one thin door between me and an eccentric athlete, there's no knowing what will happen next."

This was enough. Uncle Sam went straight to the athlete's door. It was unlocked. He knocked, and was told to enter at peril of his life. Armed with a stout cane, he opened the door, and discovered a man in the act of setting fire to the bedclothes. Giving the alarm, Uncle Sam rushed upon the madman, and held him until aid came. Of course the watchman was the last to arrive. "Just what I expected," he growled. "No. 30's got 'em again. He 's sent here to get cured of drinking. People are such fools they think 'cos we don't sell no liquor it's a good place for such as him. Just as if he couldn't go across the lake and get all the rum he wants! He's been to Jim's beer garden. Sure enough, and if he and his pals hasn't brought a keg up these stairs!"

That was the heavy body I heard fall.

"There's nothing else, it seems to me, that *can* happen," said Uncle Sam the next morning, as we helped poor Tom, done up in shawls and mufflers, down the stairs into the close carriage; "but I wouldn't risk another night under that accursed roof for the wealth of Midas. Were I not quite sure I am still in possession of my senses I could not believe that such things had occurred as have made our summer horrible. If we get Tom home alive we may be happy yet."

We did. Home never seemed such heaven. Even the tinkle of the distant horse-cars was grateful to our poor ears after the brass band and amateur singing of Liberty Hall; the dirty streets never looked less dirty; the heat never seemed so endurable. "Thank goodness," said Uncle Sam, "for a temperature that does

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not necessitate fires and winter flannels in August! Though the thermometer revels in the nineties, yet will my soul rejoice."

We sent for our old doctor.

"What's the matter with you all?" he asked, looking from one to the other. "Have you been in search of the north pole? Have you been lost in the woods? You're starved."

"It serves *you* right," said the doctor. "You were old enough to know better. You've been dissipating in milk. And as for you, Puss, let me see that tongue again."

I extended my unruly member.

"Very queer—very queer indeed. And you're feverish. What have you been doing?"

I couldn't remember one indiscretion.



THE INEBRIATED GENTLEMAN.

We told our story, and that hard-hearted man roared. But he grew serious enough when he felt our pulses and looked at our tongues, and was taken to Tom's bedside. Tom certainly had rheumatic fever; but he was young, and would get over it before cold weather set in. Aunt Fanny was a bundle of quivering nerves which it would take some months to soothe. Uncle Sam was steeped in bile, entirely due to a milk diet.

"But, my dear child, your appearance and symptoms are malarial. There are no such effects without a cause."

"Impossible, doctor. Our rooms in the new hotel—"

"Stop! *New* hotel. Were excavations going on?"

"Oh yes, indeed. Men were constantly digging to lay down sewer and gas and water and steam pipes."

"That accounts for all. You've the

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seeds of malaria in your system. You're very good specimens of a large army of fools who leave their comfortable homes in town to endure starvation, sudden changes of temperature, questionable company, and poisoned air in hotels and boarding-houses managed by heartless cormorants whose only aim is to fill their empty pockets. And you thought you were economizing, I dare say."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, faintly.

"Now let's see, Puss, how this summer's account stands."

Armed with paper and pencil, we went to work. I gave the items, and the doctor wrote them down.

The tabulated list made a fine array of facts and figures, as the reader will see, but it truly represents the sum total of our summer's outing.

Losses.

One carriage	$500 00
Sweet temper of four adults	Incalculable loss.
Three months of Tom's time, salary $5000 per annum	$1250 00
Doctor's bill for four adults, no one knows for how long	No one knows how much.
Faith in Hopewell.	
Faith in children of nature.	
Faith in humanity generally.	
One privater car	$150 00
Freight car to and fro	$100 00

Gains.

One liver complaint.	One rheumatic fever.
One nervous prostration.	One malaria.

"Take my advice," said the dear old doctor; "the next time you want to save money, either cross the continent and learn something of your own great country, or go to Europe, or—stay at home."

"We'll stay at home," said Uncle Sam, solemnly. Amen.

AARON BURR'S WOOING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

FROM the commandant's quarters on Westchester Height
The blue hills of Ramapo lie in full sight;
On their slope gleam the gables that shield his heart's queen,
But the redcoats are wary—the Hudson 's between.
Through the camp runs a jest, "There 's no moon, 'twill be dark,—
'Tis odds little Aaron will go on a spark,"—
And the toast of the troopers is, "Pickets, lie low,
And good luck to the Colonel and Widow Prevost!"

Eight miles to the river he gallops his steed,
Lays him bound in the barge, bids his escort make speed,
Loose their swords, sit athwart, through the fleet reach yon shore:
Not a word! not a plash of the thick-muffled oar!
Once across, once again in the seat, and away—
Five leagues are soon over when love has the say;
And "Old Put" and his rider a bridle-path know
To the Hermitage Manor of Madame Prevost.

Lightly done! but he halts in the grove's deepest glade,
Ties his horse to a birch, trims his cue, slings his blade,
Wipes the dust and the dew from his smooth handsome face
With the kerchief she broidered and bordered in lace;
Then slips through the box-rows and taps at the hall,
Sees the glint of a wax-light, a hand white and small,
And the door is unbarred by herself all aglow—
Half in smiles, half in tears—Theodosia Prevost.

Alack, for the soldier that's buried and gone!
What's a volley above him, a wreath on his stone,
Compared with sweet life and a wife for one's view
Like this dame ripe and warm in her India fichu?
She chides her bold lover, yet holds him more dear,
For the daring that brings him a night-rider here:
British gallants by day through her doors come and go,
But a Yankee 's the winner of Theo Prevost.

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Where 's the widow or maid with a mouth to be kist,
When Burr comes a-wooing, that long would resist?
Lights and wine on the beaufet, the shutters all fast,
And "Old Put" stamps in vain till an hour has flown past—
But an hour, for eight leagues must be covered ere day:
Laughs Aaron, "Let Washington frown as he may,
When he hears of me next in a raid on the foe
He'll forgive this night's tryst with the Widow Prevost!"

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CRATER OF A VOLCANO.

THE SMALLEST OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

NEARLY four hundred years ago an old sailor coasted along the eastern shore of Costa Rica in a bark not much bigger than a canal-boat, searching for a passage to the western sea. He had a bunk built in the bows of his little vessel where he could rest his weary bones and look out upon the world he had discovered. There was little left of him but his will. He had explored the whole coast from Yukatan to Trinidad, and found it an unbroken line of continent, a contradiction of all his reasoning, a defiance of all his theories, and an impassable obstacle to the hopes he had cherished for thirty years. The geography of the New World was clear enough in his mind. The earth was a globe; there was no doubt of it; and there must be a navigable belt of water around. So he groped along, seeking the passage he felt should be there, cruising into each river, and following the shore lines of each gulf and bay. Instinctively he hovered around the narrowest portion of the continent, where was but a slender strip of land, upheaved by some mighty convulsion, to shatter his theories and defy his dreams. It was the most pathetic picture in all history. Finally, overcome by age and infirmity, he had to abandon the attempt, and fearing to return to Spain without something to satisfy the avarice of his sovereign, surrendered the command of his little fleet to his brother Bartholomew, and wept while the carnival of murder and plunder, that was to last three centuries, was begun.

Among other points visited for barter with the Indians was a little harbor in which were islands covered with limes, and Columbus marked the place upon his chart "Puerto de Limon." To-day it is a collection of cheap wooden houses and bamboo huts, with wharves, warehouses,

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and railway shops, surrounded by the most luxurious tropical vegetation, alive with birds of gorgeous plumage, venomous reptiles, and beautiful tiger-cats. Here and there about the place are patches of sugar-cane and groups of cocoa-nut trees, with the wide-spreading bread-fruit that God gave to the tropical savage as He gave rice and maize to his Northern brother, and the slender, graceful rubber-tree, whose frosty-colored mottled trunk looks like the neck of a giraffe. It scarcely casts a shadow; but the banana, with its long pale green plumes, furnishes plenty of shelter for the palm-thatched cabins, the naked babies that play around them, and the half-dressed women who seem always to be snoozing in the sun.



RUBBER-TREES.

Surrounding the city for a radius of threescore miles is a jungle full of patriarchal trees, stately and venerable, draped with long moss and slender vines that look like the rigging of a ship. Their limbs are covered with wonderful orchids, as bright and radiant as the plumage of the birds, the Espiritu Santo and other rare plants being as plentiful as the daisies in a New England meadow. There is another flower, elsewhere unknown, called the "turn-sol," which in the morning is white and wax-like, resembling the camellia, but at noon has turned to the most vivid scarlet, and at sunset drops off its stem. This picture is seen from shipboard through a veil of mist—miasmatic vapor—in which the lungs of men find poison, but the air-plants food. It reaches from the breasts of the mountains to the foam-fringed shore, broken only by the fleecy clouds that hang low and motionless in the atmosphere, as if they, with all the rest of nature, had sniffed the fragrance of the poppy and sunk to sleep.

But in the mornings and the evenings, when the air is cool, Limon is a busy place. Dwarfish engines with long trains of cars wind down from the interior, laden with coffee and bananas. Half-naked roustabouts file back and forth across the gang-planks loading steamers for Liver-

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pool, New York, and New Orleans. The coffee is allowed to accumulate in the warehouses until the vessels come, but the bananas must not be picked till the last moment, at telegraphic notice, the morning the steamer sails. Trains of cars are sent to the side tracks of every plantation, and are loaded with the half-ripe fruit still glistening with the dew. There are often as many as fifty thousand bunches on a single steamer, representing six million bananas, but they are so perishable that more than half the cargo goes overboard before its destination is reached. The shipments of bananas from Costa Rica are something new in trade. Only a few years since all our supply came from Honduras and the West Indies, but the development of the plantations around Limon has given that port almost a monopoly. This is due to the construction of a railway seventy miles into the interior, intended to connect the capital of the country and its populous valley with the Atlantic Ocean. The road was begun by the government, but before its completion passed into the hands of Minor C. Keith, of Brooklyn, who now has a perpetual lease, and is attempting to extend it to San José, from and to which freight is now transported in ox-carts, a distance of thirty miles.

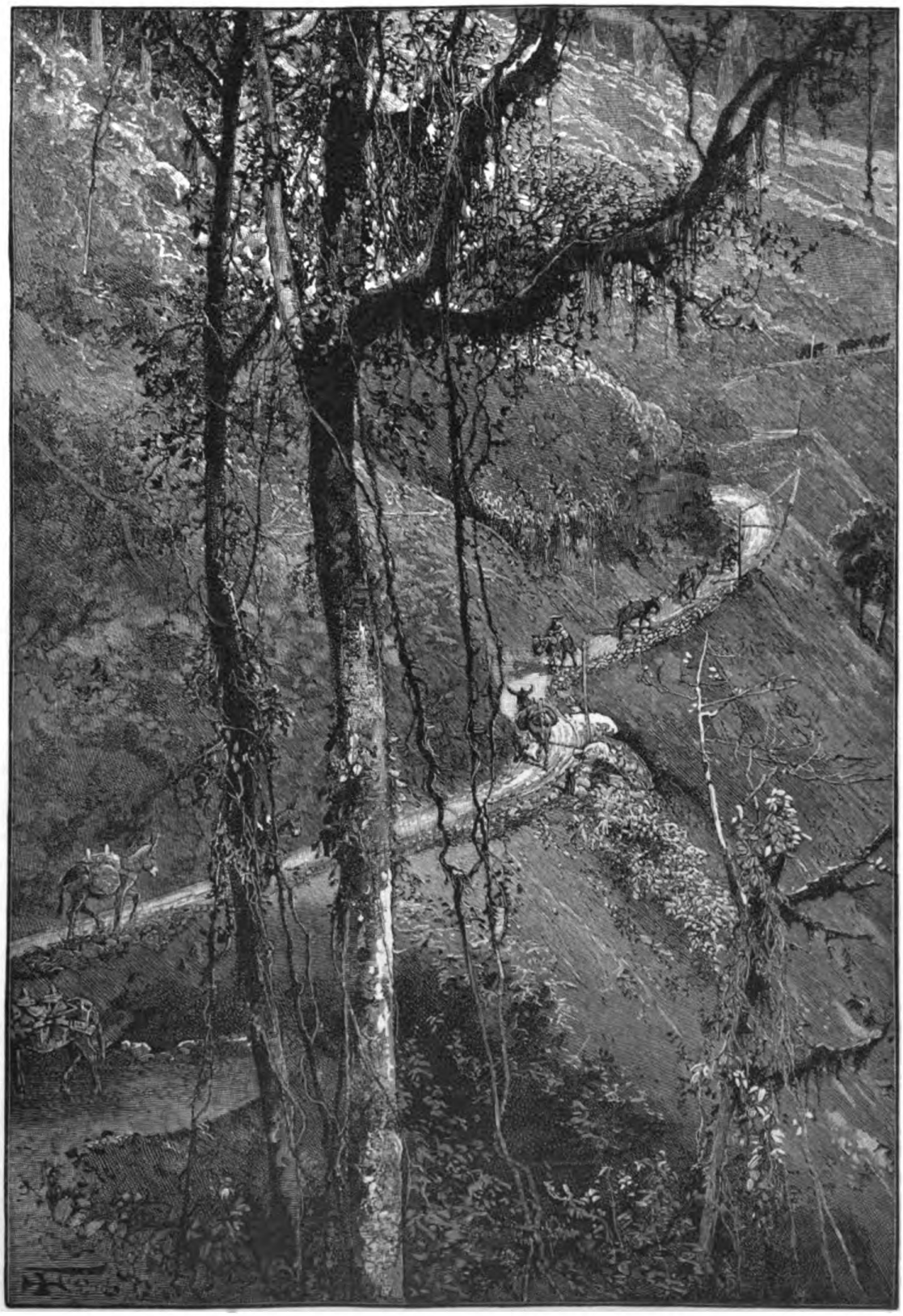
Along the track many plantations have been opened in the jungle, and produce prolifically. Many of the settlers are from the United States, from the South particularly, and it being the fashion to christen the plantations, the traveller finds over the entrances sign-boards that bear familiar names. Over the gateway to one of the finest haciendas, as they are called, is the inscription, "Johnny Reb's Last Ditch," a forlorn and almost hopeless ex-Confederate having drifted there, after much buffeting by fortune, and taken up government land, on which he now is in a fair way to make a fortune.

From the terminus of the railway the ride to the capital is over picturesque mountain passes and through deep gorges and cañons whose mighty walls never admit the sun. There are no coaches, but the ride must be made on mule-back, starting before sunrise so as to reach the city by dark. San José is found in a pretty valley between the two ranges of the Cordilleras, and surrounded by an entertaining group of volcanoes, not less than eight being in sight from any of the house-tops. Ordinarily they behave very well, and sleep as quietly as the prophets, but now and then their slumbers are disturbed by indigestion, when they get restless, yawn a little, breathe forth fire and smoke, and vomit sulphur, lava, and ashes. One would think that people living continually in the midst of danger from earthquakes and eruptions would soon become accustomed to them; but it isn't so. The interval since the last calamity, when the city of Cartago was destroyed, has been forty years—so long that the next entertainment is expected to be one of unusual interest; and as no announcements are made in the newspapers, the people are always in a solemn state of uncertainty whether they will awake in a pile of brimstone and ashes or under their ponchos as usual. This gives life a zest the superstitious do not enjoy.

It is the theory of the local scientists that there is a subterranean connection between the group of volcanoes, and that prodigious fires are constantly burning beneath. Therefore it is necessary for at least one of them to be always doing business, to permit the smoke and gases to escape through its crater, for if all should suspend operations the gases would gather in the vaults below, and when they reached the fires would shake the earth by their explosion. It is said to be a fact that the total cessation of all the volcanoes is followed by an earthquake, and if Tierra Alba, which is active now, should cease to show its cloud of smoke by day and its pillar of fire by night, the people would leave their houses and take to the fields in anticipation of the impending calamity. All the buildings in the country are built for earthquake service, being seldom more than one story in elevation, and never more than two, of thick adobe walls, which are light and elastic.

The city has about 30,000 inhabitants—nearly one-seventh of the entire population of the republic—and seems quaint and queer to the North American traveller because of its unlikeness to anything he has seen at home. The climate is a perpetual spring. The flowers are perennial; the foliage fades and falls in autumn, dying from exhaustion, but never from frost. The days are always warm and delightful, and the nights cool and favorable to sweet rest. Winter is not so agreeable as summer, for when it isn't raining, the winds blow dust in your eyes,

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THE ROAD FROM PORT LIMON TO SAN JOSE.

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PEON.

and you miss the foliage and fruits. There is not such a thing as an overcoat in the place—the store-keepers do not sell them—and the natives never heard of stoves. One can look over the roofs of the town from the tower of the cathedral and not see a chimney anywhere. The mercury seldom goes above eighty, and never below sixty, Fahrenheit. The thick walls of the houses make an even temperature within, scarcely varying five degrees from one year to another, and it never rains long enough for the dampness to penetrate them. There is no architectural taste displayed, and a never-ending sameness marks the streets. It is only in the country that picturesque dwellings are found, and usually nature, not man, has made them so. The shops differ from the residences only in having wider doors and larger rooms, while the warehouses are usually abandoned monasteries or discarded dwellings.

The merchants are mostly foreigners—Frenchmen or Germans; the professional men and laborers are natives. The people are more peaceful and industrious than in the other Central American states, and have the reputation for greater honesty, but less ingenuity, than their neighbors. They take no interest in politics, seldom vote, and do not seem to care who governs them. There has not been a revolution in Costa Rica since 1872, and that grew out of the rivalry of two English banking houses in securing a government loan. The prisons are empty; the doors of the houses are seldom locked; the people are temperate and amiable, and live at peace with one another. The national vice is indolence—*mañana* (pronounced manyannah), a word that is spoken oftener than any other in the language, and means "some other time." It is a proverb that the Costa-Rican is "always lying under the mañana-tree," and that is why the people are poor and the nation bankrupt. The resources of the country, agricultural, mineral, pastoral, and timber, are immense, but have not even been explored. Ninety per cent. of the natives have never been outside the little valley in which they were born; while the government has done little to invite immigration and encourage development. There are two railroads, both unfinished, and the money that was borrowed to build them was wasted in the most ludicrous way.

In 1872 it was decided that the future prosperity of the country demanded the construction of railways connecting the one inhabited valley with the two oceans, and the Congress ordered a survey. It was made by English engineers, who submitted profiles of the most practicable routes and estimates of the cost of construction. There being no wealth in the country, a loan was necessary, and the two banking houses, both operated by Englishmen upon English capital, sought the privilege of negotiating it. The President made his selection. The disappointed banker decided to overthrow the government and set up a new one that would cancel the contract and recognize his claims. Down on the plains of Guanacasta was a cow-boy, Tomas Guardia by name, who had won reputation as the commander of a squad of cavalry in a war with Nicaragua, and was known over all Central America for his native ability, soldierly qualities, and desperate valor.

The banker who had failed to get his

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spoon into the pudding called into the conspiracy a number of disappointed politicians and discontented adherents of the existing government, and it was decided to send for Guardia to come to the capital and lead the revolution. By offering him pecuniary inducements, and a promise of being made commander-in-chief of the federal army if the revolution was a success, the services of the cow-boy were secured. He called together about one hundred men of his own class, made a rendezvous at a plantation just outside of the city limits, and one moonlight night rode into town, surprised the guard at the military garrison, captured the commander of the army and all his troops, took possession of the government offices, and proclaimed martial law. As the Costa-Rican army consisted of but 250 men, accustomed only to police duty and parades, this was not a difficult or a daring undertaking. Those of the officials who were captured were locked up, and those who escaped fled to the woods and then left the country. Among the latter class was the "Constitutional President," as the regularly elected rulers in Spanish America are always called, to distinguish them from the frequent "Pronunciamento Presidents" and "Jefes de Militar," or military dictators.



A BANANA PLANTATION.

Having thus dethroned the legitimate ruler, Guardia proclaimed himself Military Dictator, and called a Junta, composed of the men who had employed him to overthrow the government. They met, with great formality, and solemnly issued

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a proclamation, reciting that the Constitutional President having absented himself from the country without designating any one to act in his place, it became necessary to choose a new Chief Magistrate. In the mean time the Junta declared Guardia Provisional President until the election could be held. The latter took possession of the Executive Mansion, called all the people into the plaza, swore them to support him, reorganized the bureaus of the government and the army, placing the cow-boys who had come up from Guanacasta with him in charge. The father-in-law of the English banker who suggested the revolution was announced as the candidate for the Presidency, and it was expected that he would be chosen without opposition. But General Guardia, having had a taste of power, thought more of the same would be agreeable, and passed the word quietly around among his officers that he was a candidate himself. As they constituted the judges of election and the returning board, this hint was sufficient, and when the returns began to come in after election day the banker and his co-conspirators found, to their surprise and chagrin, that their tool had become their master, and General Guardia was declared Constitutional President by a unanimous vote, only 2000 ballots having been cast by a population of 200,000.

This cow-boy, when he took his seat, could neither read nor write. He was, however, a man of extraordinary natural ability, gifted with brains and a laudable ambition. He sprang from a mixture of the Spanish and native races, had energy, shrewdness, a cool head, and a fair idea of government: in all respects the most remarkable and in many respects the greatest man the little republic ever produced. He learned rapidly, and selected the wisest and ablest men in the country for his advisers. Under his administration the nation showed greater development than it has enjoyed before or since, and, so far as lay in his power, he introduced and encouraged a spirit of moral, intellectual, and commercial advancement, established free schools and a university, overthrew the domination of the priests, sent young men abroad to study the science of government, and preserved the peace as he aided the progress of the people. If he had been as wise as he was progressive, Costa Rica would have made rapid strides toward the standard of modern civilization, but in his mistaken zeal for the development of the country he left it bankrupt.

The two railroads were commenced by him. Under the estimates of the engineers the cost of construction and equipment for two narrow-gauge lines, from San José to Port Limon, on the Atlantic coast, and Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, a total distance of 160 miles, was placed at $6,000,000--$37,500 per mile. The line from Port Limon was constructed under the direction of a brother of Henry Meiggs, the famous fugitive from California (who fled to Peru, and lived there like a second Monte Cristo), but the shorter line, from San José to Punta Arenas, was attempted under the personal supervision of the President himself, who went at it in a very queer way.

All the necessary material and supplies to build and equip the road were purchased in England, sent by sailing vessels around the Horn, and landed at Punta Arenas. But instead of commencing work there, the President, who had never seen a locomotive in his life, repudiated all advice, rejected all suggestions, and ordered the whole outfit to be carried seventy-five miles over the mountains on carts and mule-back, so as to begin at the other end. This undertaking was more difficult and expensive than the construction of the road. But Guardia's extraordinary departure from the conventional was not without reason. It was based upon a mixture of motives, not only ignorance and inexperience, but pride and precaution. The conservative element of the population, the Bourbon hidalgos and the ignorant and the superstitious peons, were opposed to all departures from the past, and saw in every improvement and innovation a dangerous disturbance of existing conditions. The methods their fathers used were good enough for them. There was also a large amount of capital and labor engaged in transporting freight by ox-carts, which had always been the "common carriers" of the republic, and those interested recognized that the construction of the railway would make their cattle useless, and leave the peon carters unemployed. To resist the construction of the railroad they organized a revolution, threatening to tear up the tracks and destroy the machinery. To mollify this sentiment, and furnish employment for the cartmen to keep them out of mischief,

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PICKING COFFEE.

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was the controlling idea in Guardia's mind, so, with great labor and difficulty, and at an enormous expense, the locomotives and cars were taken to pieces and hauled over the mountains to San José. The first rails were laid at the capital by the President himself, with a great demonstration, and the work continued until the money was exhausted; and the government, having destroyed its credit by this remarkable proceeding, was unable to borrow more. The loan, which under ordinary circumstances would have been sufficient to complete the enterprise, was all expended before forty miles of track were laid, ten miles of which extend between Punta Arenas, the Pacific seaport, and Esparza, the next town, and thirty miles between San José and Alajuela, at the western end of the valley. This road is now operated by the government, under the direction of a native engineer, who was never outside of the boundaries of the republic, and never saw any railway but this. He is, however, a man of genius and practical ability, and if he were allowed to have his way, the road might be a paying enterprise. But the government uses it as a political machine, employs a great many superfluous and incompetent men—mostly the relatives and dependents of influential politicians—carries freight and passengers on credit, and does many other foolish things that make profits impossible, and cause a large deficiency to be made up by taxation each year. On every train of three cars, one for baggage and two for passengers, are thirteen men. First a manager or conductor who has general supervision, a locomotive engineer and stoker, two ticket takers, two brakemen for each car, and two men to handle baggage and express packages—all of them being arrayed in the most resplendent uniforms, the conductor having the appearance of a major-general on dress parade. Freight trains are run upon the same system and at a similar expense. Shippers are allowed thirty and sixty days after the goods are delivered to pay their freight charges, and passengers who are known to the station agents can get tickets on credit and have the bill sent them upon their return—a concession to a public sentiment that justifies the postponement of everything until to-morrow—the mañana policy that keeps the nation poor.

Thousands of ox-carts are still employed between the towns of Esparza and Alajuela, the termini of the railway, carrying freight over the mountains, and it usually takes a week for them to make the journey of thirty-five miles, often longer, for on religious festivals, which occur with surprising frequency, all the transportation business is suspended. A traveller who intends to take a steamer at Punta Arenas must send his baggage on a week in advance. He leaves the train at Alajuela, mounts a mule, rides over the mountain to the town of Atenas, where he spends the night. The next morning at daybreak he resumes his journey, and rides fifteen miles to San Mateo, breakfasts at eleven, takes his siesta in a hammock until four or five in the afternoon, then mounting his mule again, covers the ten miles to Esparza by sunset, where he dines and spends the night, usually remaining there, to avoid the heat of Punta Arenas, until a few hours before the steamer leaves; and then, if the ox-carts have come with his baggage, makes the rest of his trip by rail.

The journey is not an unpleasant one. The scenery is wild and picturesque. The roads are usually good, except in the dry season, when they become very dusty, and after heavy rains, when the mud is deep. But under the tropic sun and in the dry air moisture evaporates rapidly, and in six hours after a rainfall the roads are hard and good. The uncertainty as to whether his trunks will arrive in time makes the inexperienced traveller nervous. The Costa-Rican cartmen are the most irresponsible and indifferent beings on earth. They travel in long caravans or processions, often with two or three hundred teams in a line. When one chooses to stop, or meets with an accident, all the rest wait for him if it wastes a week. None will start until each of his companions is ready, and sometimes the road is blocked for miles, awaiting the repair of some damage. The oxen are large white patient beasts, and are yoked by the horns, and not by the neck, as in modern style, lashings of raw cowhide being used to make them fast. They wear the yokes continually. The union is as permanent as matrimony in a land where divorce laws are unknown. The cartmen are as courteous as they are indifferent. They always lift their hats to a *caballero* as he passes them, and say, "May the Virgin guard you on your journey!" Thousands of dollars in gold are often intrusted

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to them, and never was a penny lost. A banker of San José told me that he usually received $30,000 in coin each week during coffee season by these ox-carts, and considered it safer than if he carried it himself, although the caravan stands in the open air by the road-side every night. Highway robbery is unknown, and the cartmen, with their wages of thirty cents a day, would not know what use to make of the money if they should steal it. Nevertheless they always feel at liberty to rob the traveller of the straps on his trunks, and no piece of baggage ever arrives at its destination so protected unless the strap is securely nailed; and then it is usually cut to pieces by the cartmen as revenge for being deprived of what they consider their perquisite.

At sunset the oxen are released from their burdens at the nearest *tambo*, or resting-place, upon the way, and are kept overnight in sheds provided for them. At these places are drinking and gambling booths, with usually a number of dissolute women to tempt and entertain the cartmen. The evenings are spent in carousal, in dancing, and singing the peculiar native songs to the accompaniment of the "marimba," the national instrument, which is, I believe, found in no other land.



THE MARIMBA.

The "marimba" is constructed of twenty-one pieces of split bamboo of graded lengths, strung upon two bars of the same wood according to harmonic sequence, thus furnishing three octaves. Underneath each strip of bamboo is a gourd, strung upon a wire, which takes the place

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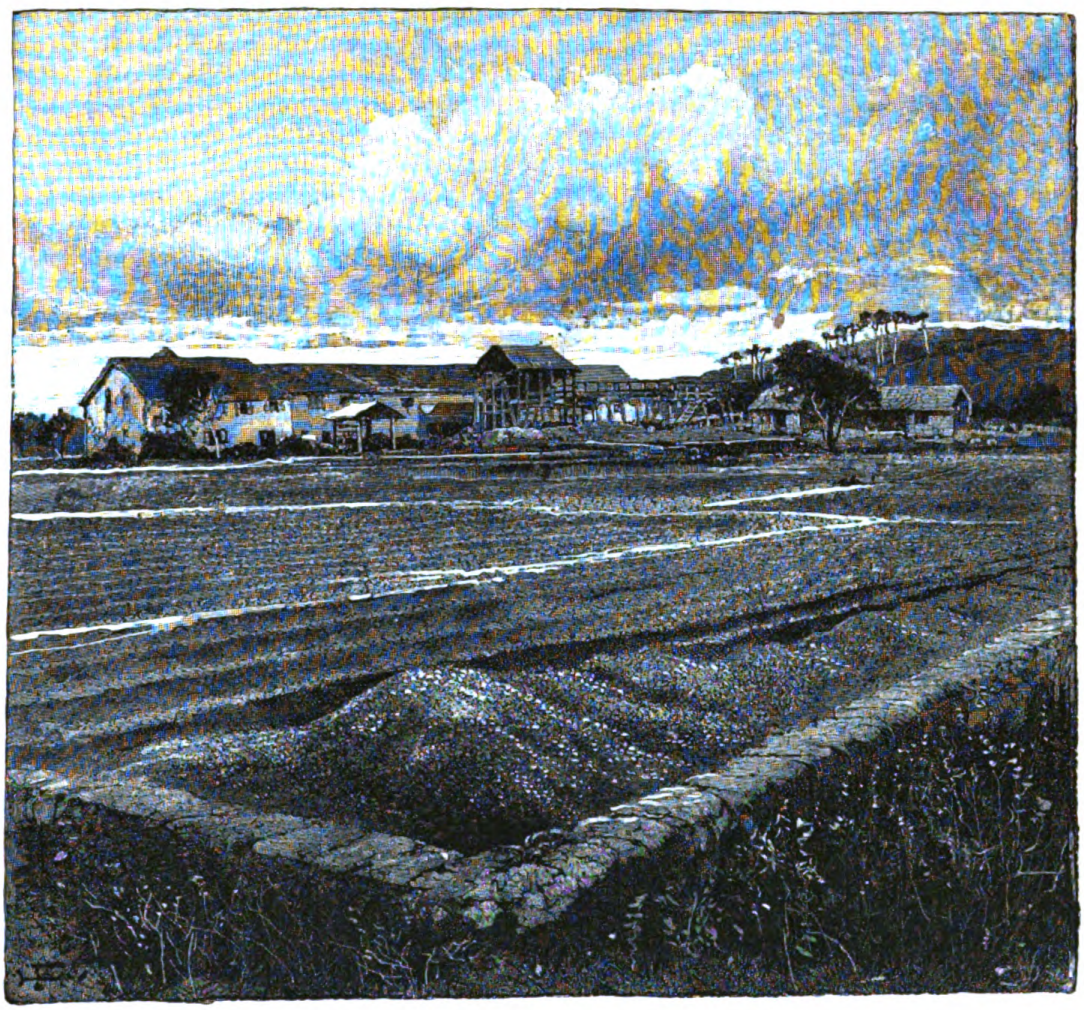
of a sounding-board, and adds strength and sweetness to the tones. The performer takes the instrument upon his knees and strikes the bamboo strips with little hammers of padded leather, usually taking two between the fingers of each hand, so as to strike a chord of four notes, which he does with great dexterity. I have seen men play with three hammers in each hand, and use them as rapidly and skilfully as a pianist touches his keys. The tones of the "marimba" resemble those of the xylophone, which has recently become so popular, except that they are louder and more resonant. The instrument is peculiarly adapted to the native airs, which are plaintive but melodious. At all of the tambos where the cartmen stop "marimbas" are kept, and in every caravan are those who can handle them skilfully. Tourists generally travel in the cool hours of the morning and evening to avoid the blistering sun, and it is a welcome diversion to stop at the *bodegas* to listen to the songs of the cartmen, and watch them dancing with dark-eyed, barefooted señoritas.

The women of the lower classes do not wear either shoes or sandals, but go barefooted from infancy to old age; yet their feet are always small and shapely, and look very pretty under the short skirts that reach just below the knees. The native girls are comely and coquettish in the national dress, which consists of nothing but a skirt and a chemise of white cotton, with a brilliantly colored scarf, or "reboza," as they call it, thrown over their heads and shoulders, and serving the double purpose of a shawl and bonnet. The features of the women are small and even, and their teeth are perfect. Their forms, untrammelled by skirts and corsets, are slender and supple in girlhood, and the scanty garments, sleeveless, and reaching only from the shoulders to the knees, disclose every outline of their figures, and are worn without a suggestion of immodesty. Such a costume in the United States would call for police interference; but one soon becomes accustomed to bare arms and necks and legs, and learns that these innocent creatures are quite as jealous of their chastity as their sisters in the land where the standard of civilization forbids the disclosure of personal charms outside the ball-room or the bathing beach. The ladies of the aristocracy imitate the Parisian fashions, except that hats and bonnets are almost unknown. They seldom leave their homes except to go to mass, and at the entrance of a church every head must be uncovered. There is not a millinery store in the land. Every woman wears a "reboza" of a texture suitable to her rank and wealth, and as it is not considered proper to expose their faces in public, the scarf is generally drawn over the features so as to conceal all but their ravishing eyes. And it is well that this is so, for they plaster their faces with a composition of magnesia and the whites of eggs that gives them a ghastly appearance, and effectually conceals, as it ultimately destroys, the freshness and purity of their complexions. This stuff is renewed at frequent intervals, and is never washed off. There is a popular prejudice against bathing. A man who has been on a journey will not wash the dust off his face for several days after arrival, particularly if he has come from a lower to a higher altitude, as it is believed that the opening of the pores of the skin is certain to bring on a fever.

While passing over a dusty road upon a hot, sultry day I dismounted at a foaming brook, rolled up my sleeves, and commenced to bathe my head and face and arms. The guide who was with me cried "Caramba!" in astonishment, and tried to pull me away. When I demanded an explanation of his extraordinary behavior he begged me for the love of the Virgin not to wash my face, for I would certainly come down with the fever the next day. I smiled at this remonstrance, and gave myself a refreshing bath, while he looked on as solemnly as if I intended to commit suicide. For an hour after, as we travelled on, he muttered prayers to the Virgin and his patron saint to protect me from the fever, and to-day, no doubt, believes that I was saved by the interposition of Divine power in answer to his petitions. He afterward reproached me for not having made a vow because of my remarkable deliverance.

However, if anybody supposes that the inhabitants of the little republic are uncouth, unmannerly, or uneducated, he makes a great mistake. They are quite up to our standard of intelligence, and although education is not so universal as in this country, the leading families of Costa Rica are as cultivated as our own. They surpass us in social graces, in con-

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COFFEE-DRYING.

versational powers, in linguistic and other accomplishments. They have keener perceptions than we, are more carefully observant of the nicer proprieties, can usually speak one or two languages beyond their own fluently, and have a cultivated taste for music and the arts. No Costa-Rican lady or gentleman is ever embarrassed; they always know how to do and say the proper thing, and while in many cases their sympathetic interest in your welfare may be only skin-deep, and their affectionate phrases insincere, they are nevertheless the most hospitable of hosts and the most charming of companions. In commerce as well as in society this deportment is universal; in their stores and offices they are as polite as in their parlors, and the same manners are found in every caste. No laborer ever passes a lady in the street without lifting his hat; every gentleman is respectfully saluted, whether he be a stranger or an acquaintance, and in the rural districts whoever you meet says, "May the Virgin prosper you!" or "May Heaven smile upon your errand!" or "May your patron saint protect you from all harm!" He may not care a straw whether you reach the end of your journey or not, and may not have any more regard for your welfare than the fleas on his coat, and if you ask him how far it is to the next place he will tell you a falsehood; but he recognizes and practises the beautiful custom of the country, and says, "God be with you!" as if he intended it as a blessing.

The government supports a good university at San José, under the direction of Dr. Juan F. Ferras, and a system of free graded schools, managed by the Minister of Education, who is a member of the cabinet. Education is compulsory,

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the law requiring the attendance of all children between the ages of eight and fourteen; and it is enforced, except in the sparsely settled districts where the schools are infrequent. Those who send their children to private schools, or do not send them at all, are subject to a heavy fine, which goes into the school fund. There is also a poll-tax for the support of the educational system. The schools are entirely free from sectarian influences. In fact, both the Minister of Education and the Director of the University belong to the German school of materialists, toward which all men of education in these countries drift when they leave the Mother Church. There is no other place for them to go. The Protestants in San José have a little chapel where the Church of England service is recited, hymns are sung, and usually Sabbath mornings a selected sermon from some published volume is read by a lay member; but the flock is too small to support a pastor, and none of the missionary societies in England or America appear to care to enter the field. During the administration of President Guardia there was a constitutional amendment adopted separating the Church and the state. The monks and nuns were expelled from the country, the monasteries and nunneries confiscated, and by legislation the priests were deprived of much of their power and perquisites. In 1884, a few months before his death, the late President Fernandez expelled the Archbishop from the country. The latter went to him demanding a voice in the management of the university, and a share of the public funds for the use of the Catholic theological seminary. The controversy was heated, and when the Archbishop departed from the Presidential mansion he left the curse of Rome behind him. Fernandez, hearing that his Grace was talking about a revolution, sent him a passport and a file of soldiers to escort him out of the country, to which he has not been allowed to return.

The confessional is open and public by law, and the priests are forbidden to wear their vestments in the streets. But these statutes are not enforced, and, regardless of the offensive attitude of the government, the devotion of the masses to the Church is quite as marked as in any of the Catholic countries. The intelligent families, however, are gradually growing unmindful of their ancestral religion, and the next generation will see a more rapid decline of the power of the priests. Business and professional men never attend mass, leaving that duty to their wives and daughters and servants. They are seldom seen inside a church, except upon occasions of ceremony, or at funerals. But the women invariably attend mass each morning.

A familiar sight in Costa Rica is a death procession. When some one is dying the friends send for a priest to shrive him. The latter comes, not silently and solemnly, a minister of grace and consolation, but accompanied by a brass band, if the family are rich enough to pay for it (the priest receiving a liberal commission on the business), or, if they are poor, by a number of boys ringing bells and chanting hymns. Behind the band or bell-boys are two acolytes, one bearing a crucifix and the other swinging an incense urn. Then follows the priest in a wooden box or chair, covered by a canopy, and carried by four men wearing the sacramental vestments, and holding in his hand, covered with a napkin, the Host—the emblem of the body of Christ. People upon the streets kneel as the procession passes, and then follow it. Reaching the house of the dying, the band or bell-ringers stand outside, making all the disturbance they can, while the priest, followed by a motley rabble, enters the death-chamber, administers the sacrament, and confesses the dying soul. Then the procession returns to the church as it came. Going and coming and while at the house the band plays or the bells are rung constantly, and every man, woman, and child within hearing fall upon their knees, whether in the street or at their labor, and breathe a prayer for the repose of the departing spirit.

Funerals are occasions of great ceremony. Notices, or *avisos*, as they are called, are printed and posted upon all of the dead-walls, like announcements of an auction or an opera, and printed invitations are sent to all the acquaintances of the deceased. The priests charge a large fee for attendance, proportionate to the means of the family, and when they are poor it is common for some one to solicit contributions to pay it. The spectacle of a beggar sitting at a street corner asking alms to pay the burial fee of his wife or child is a very common one, and

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quite as often one can see a father carrying in his arms to the cemetery the coffin of a little one, not being able to pay for a priest and a carriage too.

The number of illegitimate births in the country is accounted for, not so much by a low state of morals, as by the enormous fees exacted by the priests for performing marriage ceremonies. Unfortunately the government has not yet established the civil rite, as is the case in several of the Spanish American states. It takes all a peon can earn in three months to pay the priest that officiates at his nuptials.



DON BERNARDO DE SOTO, PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

The government of Costa Rica consists of a President, two Vice-Presidents, who are named by the President, and are called Designado Primero and Designado Segundo (the first and second designated). They have authority to act in the place of the President in case of his absence from the seat of government, or in the event of his death or disability, and he is responsible for their official conduct.

There is a Congress, consisting of a Senate of twelve members and a Chamber of Deputies of twenty-four, elected biennially, as in the United States. Also a Council of six men, selected from the Congress by the President, who act as a sort of cabinet and Supreme Court combined. They are continually in session, have power to review the decisions of the courts, to reverse or affirm them, to issue decrees which have the force of law until the next session of the Congress, to audit the accounts of the Treasury, and perform various other acts. This Council is confirmed by the Congress, and is supposed to act as a check upon the President and the judiciary. The President has a cabinet of two members, appointed by himself, and they are usually the two Vice-Presidents, or Designados. To one he will assign the duty of looking after foreign affairs and the finances of the government, while the other will have the army, the educational system, and other internal affairs to manage.

The successor of the famous cow-boy President, Guardia, was his brother-in-law, General Prospero Fernandez, one of his lieutenants in the revolution by which he came into power, and who was made commander-in-chief of the army of 250 men when Guardia took the Executive chair. He was a man of fine appearance, but of dull and slow mental powers, spending most of his time upon his hacienda, or plantation, and leaving the affairs of the state to his secretaries, Don Jesus Maria Castro and Don Bernardo de Soto. Fernandez died before the expiration of his term, in the spring of 1885, and was succeeded by De Soto, a young man of whom much is expected. He was a pet and protégé of the great Guardia, and after graduating at the University of San José was sent to Europe to complete his education, and by a study of the world as well as books to qualify himself to succeed his patron in the Presidential chair. Guardia died, however, before De Soto had reached the age that made him el-

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igible to the Presidency, and Fernandez stepped in to fill the interim. He conscientiously acted as a sort of trustee or executor of Guardia's will, and made the young man, then only twenty-seven, his Minister of War, Education, and Public Works. When Fernandez died De Soto assumed the Presidency, just as if he had inherited a crown, there being no other candidate. The President has just passed his thirtieth birthday, and commands the respect and confidence of the people.

Costa Rica was the first discovered of all the countries on this continent, but of its resources the least is known. The Cordilleras of the Andes pass through the republic from the southeast to the northwest. South of Cartago they divide into two ranges, one running up the Pacific coast, and the other tending toward the Atlantic until it is broken off at Lake Nicaragua. These ranges not only enclose rich valleys, in the chief of which is San José, but along their slopes on either side are extensive tracts of land already cleared and abounding in fertility. Along the coast are large areas of jungle and plains of more or less extent, only slightly developed because of the malarious atmosphere. The Pacific coast is healthier and more thickly settled. A large prairie covers the northern part of the republic, upon which many cattle are grazed, and it extends over the Nicaragua boundary. In the northeastern corner is an extensive forest, inhabited by bands of roaming Indians, and full of the most valuable timber.

What the country needs is enterprise and capital, and these it must secure by immigration. The population has increased somewhat during the last half-century, but entirely from natural causes, as more people have moved away than have come in to settle. No attempt has been made by the government to attract immigrants until recently, for years ago the conservative element of the population were opposed to inviting strangers into their midst. This sentiment has, however, died out, and there is an increasing desire to do something to call in capital and labor.

The staple products of the country are coffee, corn, sugar, cocoa, bananas, and other tropical fruits, but only coffee and bananas are exported in any quantity. The increase in the coffee crop has been very large, the product in 1850 being 14,000,000 pounds, while in 1884 it was over 40,000,000. The quality is said to be superior to that grown elsewhere, and the yield greater in proportion to the number of trees. England and France take the greater share of the crop, the exports to the United States reaching only 8,500,000 pounds in 1884. The land is practically free, for the government sells it at a nominal price per acre, and allows long time for payment. Quite a number of settlers from the United States and the West Indies have come in recently and located on the line of the eastern road, which is to connect Port Limon, on the Atlantic, with the interior.

TO A MOST COMELY LADY.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

YOUR presence floods the room with wiles, with grace and soft heart-melting glory;
Like thistle-down along the aisles float rumors of your olden story.

They say your lip is scarce sincere; that from love's arm ambition won you;
They say the King was sad the year death's keen requitals fell upon you.

What odds? I am your friend, elate, howe'er the bubbling gossip plashes:
But here is grievous smart and great, if your fair flesh be dust and ashes!

My pulses at your beauty sing, and urge the world, an evil donor,
To bring you blame of anything before this last, this strange dishonor.

I hear them call you pitiless, shrewd, poison-sweet; nor yet resent it:
But—"dead"? Nay, that, my Marchioness, I'll not believe! Let them repent it,

While hour by hour their skeptic grows your dupe, O beauty flushed and stirring!
And with Vandyck for voucher, knows no art on earth can prove him erring.

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JOHN S. SARGENT.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I WAS on the point of beginning this sketch of the work of an artist to whom distinction has come very early in life by saying, in regard to the degree to which the subject of it enjoys the attention of the public, that no American painter has hitherto won himself such recognition from the expert; but I find myself pausing at the start as on the edge of a possible solecism. Is Mr. Sargent in very fact an American painter? The proper answer to such a question is doubtless that we shall be well advised to claim him, and the reason of this is simply that we have an excellent opportunity. Born in Europe, he has spent his life in Europe, but none the less the burden of proof would rest with those who should undertake to show that he is a European. Moreover, he has even on the face of it this great symptom of an American origin, that in the line of his art he might easily be mistaken for a Frenchman. It sounds like a paradox, but it is a very simple truth, that when to-day we look for "American art" we find it mainly in Paris. When we find it out of Paris, we at least find a great deal of Paris in it. Mr. Sargent came up to the irresistible city in his twentieth year, from Florence, where in 1856 he had been

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born of American parents, and where his fortunate youth had been spent. He entered immediately the studio of Carolus Duran, and revealed himself in 1877, at the age of twenty-two, in the portrait of that master—a fine model in more than one sense of the word. He was already in possession of a style; and if this style has gained both in delicacy and in assurance, it has not otherwise varied. As he saw and "rendered" ten years ago, so he sees and renders to-day; and I may add that there is no present symptom of his passing into another manner.

Those who have appreciated his work most up to the present time emit no wish for a change, so completely does that work seem to them, in its kind, the exact translation of his thought, the exact "fit" of his artistic temperament. It is difficult to imagine a young painter being less in the dark about his own ideal, having from the first more the air of knowing what he desires. In an altogether exceptional degree does he give us the sense that an intention and the art of carrying it out are for him one and the same thing. In the brilliant portrait of Carolus Duran, which he was speedily and strikingly to surpass, he gave almost the full measure of this admirable peculiarity, that perception with him is already by itself a kind of execution. It is likewise so, of course, with many another genuine painter; but in Mr. Sargent's case the process by which the object seen resolves itself into the object pictured is extraordinarily immediate. It is as if painting were pure tact of vision, a simple manner of feeling.

From the time of his first successes at the Salon he was hailed, I believe, as a recruit of high value to the camp of the Impressionists, and to-day he is for many people most conveniently pigeon-holed under that head. It is not necessary to protest against the classification if this addition always be made to it, that Mr. Sargent's impressions happen to be interesting. This is by no means inveterately the case with those of the ingenuous artists who most rejoice in the title in question. To render the impression of an object may be a very fruitful effort, but it is not necessarily so; that will depend upon what, I won't say the object, but the impression, may have been. The talents engaged in this school lie, not unjustly, as it seems to me, under the suspicion of seeking the solution of their problem exclusively in simplification. If a painter works for other eyes as well as his own, he courts a certain danger in this direction —that of being arrested by the cry of the spectator: "Ah! but excuse me; I myself take more impressions than that." We feel a synthesis not to be an injustice only when it is rich. Mr. Sargent simplifies, I think, but he simplifies with style, and his impression in most cases is magnificent.

His work has been almost exclusively in portraiture, and it has been his fortune to paint more women than men; therefore he has had but a limited opportunity to reproduce that generalized grand air with which his view of certain figures of gentlemen invests the model, which is conspicuous in the portrait of Carolus Duran, and of which his splendid "Docteur Pozzi," the distinguished Paris surgeon (a work not sent to the Salon), is an admirable example. In each of these cases the model has been of a gallant pictorial type, one of the types which strike us as made for portraiture (which is by no means the way of all), as especially appears, for instance, in the handsome hands and frilled wrists of M. Carolus, whose cane rests in his fine fingers as if it were the hilt of a rapier. The most brilliant of all Mr. Sargent's productions is the portrait of a young lady, the magnificent picture which he exhibited in 1881; and if it has mainly been his fortune since to commemorate the fair faces of women, there is no ground for surprise at this sort of success on the part of one who had given so signal a proof of his having the secret of the particular aspect that the contemporary lady (of any period) likes to wear in the eyes of posterity. Painted when he was but four-and-twenty years of age, the picture by which Mr. Sargent was represented at the Salon of 1881 is a performance which may well have made any critic of imagination rather anxious about his future. In common with the superb group of the children of Mr. Edward Boit, exhibited two years later, it offers the slightly "uncanny" spectacle of a talent which on the very threshold of its career has nothing more to learn. It is not simply precocity in the guise of maturity—a phenomenon we very often meet, which deceives us only for an hour; it is the freshness of youth combined with the artistic experience, really felt and assimilated, of generations. My admiration for this deeply distinguished work is such that I am perhaps in danger of over-

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PORTRAIT OF CAROLUS DURAN.—From the painting by John S. Sargent.

stating its merits; but it is worth taking into account that to-day, after several years of acquaintance with them, these merits seem to me more and more to justify enthusiasm. The picture has this sign of productions of the first order, that its style clearly would save it, if everything else should change—our measure of its value of resemblance, its expression of character, the fashion of dress, the particular associations it evokes. It is not only a portrait, but a picture, and it arouses even in the profane spectator something of the painter's sense, the joy of engaging also, by sympathy, in the solution of the artistic problem. There are works of which it is sometimes said that they are painters' pictures (this description is apt to be intended invidiously), and the production of which I speak has the good fortune at

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once to belong to this class, and to give the "plain man" the kind of pleasure that the plain man looks for.

The young lady, dressed in black satin, stands upright, with her right hand bent back, resting on her waist, while the other, with the arm somewhat extended, offers to view a single white flower. The dress, stretched at the hips over a sort of hoop, and ornamented in front, where it opens on a velvet petticoat, with large satin bows, has an old-fashioned air, as if it had been worn by some demure princess who might have sat for Velasquez. The hair, of which the arrangement is odd and charming, is disposed in two or three large curls fastened at one side over the temple with a comb. Behind the figure is the vague faded sheen, exquisite in tone, of a silk curtain, light, undefined, and losing itself at the bottom. The face is young, candid, peculiar, and delightful. Out of these few elements the artist has constructed a picture which it is impossible to forget, of which the most striking characteristic is its simplicity, and yet which overflows with perfection. Painted with extraordinary breadth and freedom, so that surface and texture are interpreted by the lightest hand, it glows with life, character, and distinction, and strikes us as the most complete—with one exception perhaps—of the author's productions. I know not why this representation of a young girl in black, engaged in the casual gesture of holding up a flower, should make so ineffaceable an impression, and tempt one to become almost lyrical in its praise; but I well remember that, encountering the picture unexpectedly in New York a year or two after it had been exhibited in Paris, it seemed to me to have acquired an extraordinary general value, to stand for more artistic truth than it would be easy to declare, to be a masterpiece of color as well as of composition, to possess much in common with a Velasquez of the first order, and to have translated the appearance of things into the language of painting with equal facility and brilliancy. The language of painting—that is the tongue in which, exclusively, Mr. Sargent expresses himself, and into which a considerable part of the public, for the simple and excellent reason that they don't understand it, will doubtless always be reluctant and unable to follow him. The notation of painting, as one may call it—the signs by which objects are represented—is a very special affair, and of the special the public at large has always a perceptible mistrust. Fortunately the spirit, the feeling, of this magnificent art is not special, but as general and comprehensive as life itself.

Two years before he exhibited the young lady in black, in 1879, Mr. Sargent had spent several months in Spain, and here, even more than he had already been, the great Velasquez became the god of his idolatry. No scenes are more delightful to the imagination than those in which we figure youth and genius confronted with great examples, and if such matters did not belong to the domain of private life we might entertain ourselves with reconstructing the episode of the first visit to the museum of Madrid, the shrine of the painter of Philip IV., of a young Franco-American worshipper of the highest artistic sensibility, expecting a supreme revelation, and prepared to fall on his knees. It is evident that Mr. Sargent fell on his knees, and that in this attitude he passed a considerable part of his sojourn in Spain. He is various and experimental; if I am not mistaken, he sees each work that he produces in a light of its own, and does not turn off successive portraits according to some well-tried receipt which has proved useful in the case of their predecessors; nevertheless there is one idea that pervades them all, in a different degree, and gives them a family resemblance—the idea that it would be inspiring to know just how the great Spaniard would have treated the theme. We can fancy that on each occasion Mr. Sargent, as a solemn preliminary, invokes him as a patron saint. This is not, in my intention, tantamount to saying that the large canvas representing the contortions of a dancer in the lamp-lit room of a *posada*, which he exhibited on his return from Spain, strikes me as having come into the world under the same star as those great compositions of Velasquez which at Madrid alternate with his royal portraits. This singular work, which has found a somewhat incongruous home in Boston, has the stamp of an extraordinary energy and facility—of an actual scene, with its accidents and peculiarities caught, as distinguished from a composition where arrangement and invention have played their part. It looks like life, but it looks also, to my view, rather like a perversion of life, and has the quality of an enormous "note" or

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY.—From the painting by John S. Sargent.

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memorandum, rather than of a representation. A woman in a very voluminous white silk dress and black mantilla is pirouetting in the middle of a dusky room, to the accompaniment of her own castanets, and that of a row of men and women who sit in straw chairs against the white-washed wall, and thrum upon guitar and tambourine, or lift other castanets into the air. She appears almost colossal, and the twisted and inflated folds of her long dress increase her volume. She simpers, in profile, with a long chin, while she slants back at a dangerous angle, and the lamp-light (it proceeds from below, as if she were on a big platform) makes a strange play in her large face. In the background the straight line of black-clad, black-hatted, white-shirted musicians projects shadows against the wall, on which placards, guitars, and dirty finger-marks display themselves. The merit of this production is that the air of reality is given in it with remarkable breadth and boldness; its defect it is difficult to express, save by saying that it makes the spectator vaguely uneasy and even unhappy—an accident the more to be regretted as a lithe, inspired female figure, given up to the emotion of the dance, is not intrinsically a displeasing object. "El Jaleo" sins, in my opinion, in the direction of ugliness, and, independently of the fact that the heroine is circling round incommoded by her petticoats, has a want of serenity.

This is not the defect of the charming, dusky, white-robed person who, in the Tangerine subject exhibited at the Salon of 1880 (the fruit of an excursion to the African coast at the time of the artist's visit to Spain), stands on a rug, under a great white Moorish arch, and from out of the shadows of the large drapery, raised pentwise by her hands, which covers her head, looks down, with painted eyes and brows showing above a bandaged mouth, at the fumes of a beautiful censer or chafing-dish placed on the carpet. I know not who this stately Mohammedan may be, nor in what mysterious domestic or religious rite she may be engaged; but in her muffled contemplation and her pearl-colored robes, under her plastered arcade, which shines in the Eastern light, she is beautiful and memorable. The picture is exquisite, a radiant effect of white upon white, of similar but discriminated tones.

In dividing the honor that Mr. Sargent has won by his finest work between the portrait of the young lady of 1881 and the group of four young girls which was painted in 1882, and exhibited, with the success it deserved, the following year, I must be careful to give the latter picture not too small a share. The artist has done nothing more felicitous and interesting than this view of a rich, dim, rather generalized French interior (the perspective of a hall with a shining floor, where screens and tall Japanese vases shimmer and loom), which encloses the life and seems to form the happy play-world of a family of charming children. The treatment is eminently unconventional, and there is none of the usual symmetrical balancing of the figures in the foreground. The place is regarded as a whole; it is a scene, a comprehensive impression; yet none the less do the little figures in their white pinafores (when was the pinafore ever painted with that power and made so poetic?) detach themselves, and live with a personal life. Two of the sisters stand hand in hand at the back, in the delightful, the almost equal, company of a pair of immensely tall emblazoned jars, which overtop them, and seem also to partake of the life of the picture; the splendid porcelain and the aprons of the children shine together, and a mirror in the brown depth behind them catches the light. Another little girl presents herself, with abundant tresses and slim legs, her hands behind her, quite to the left; and the youngest, nearest to the spectator, sits on the floor and plays with her doll. The naturalness of the composition, the loveliness of the complete effect, the light, free security of the execution, the sense it gives us as of assimilated secrets and instinct and knowledge playing together—all this makes the picture as astonishing a work on the part of a young man of twenty-six as the portrait of 1881 was astonishing on the part of a young man of twenty-four.

It is these remarkable encounters that justify us in writing almost prematurely of a career which is not yet half unfolded. Mr. Sargent is sometimes accused of a want of "finish," but if finish means the last word of expressiveness of touch, "The Hall with the Four Children," as we may call it, may stand as a permanent reference on this point. If the picture of the Spanish dancer illustrates, as it seems to me to do, the latent dangers of the Impressionist practice, so this finer

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performance shows what victories it may achieve. And in relation to the latter I must repeat what I said about the young lady with the flower, that this is the sort of work which, when produced in youth, leads the attentive spectator to ask unanswerable questions. He finds himself murmuring, "Ay, but what is left?" and even wondering whether it is an advantage to an artist to obtain early in life such possession of his means that the struggle with them, the discipline of *tâtonnement*, ceases to exist for him. May not this breed an irresponsibility of cleverness, a wantonness, an irreverence—what is vulgarly termed a "larkiness"—on the part of the youthful genius who has, as it were, all his fortune in his pocket? Such are the possibly superfluous broodings of those who are critical, even in their warmest admirations, and who sometimes suspect that it may be better for an artist to have a certain part of his property invested in unsolved difficulties. When this is not the case, the question with regard to his future simplifies itself somewhat portentously. "What will he do with it?" we ask, meaning by the pronoun the sharp, completely forged weapon. It becomes more purely a question of responsibility, and we hold him altogether to a higher account. This is the case with Mr. Sargent; he knows so much about the art of painting that he perhaps does not fear emergencies quite enough, and that having knowledge to spare, he may be tempted to play with it and waste it. Various, curious, as we have called him, he occasionally tries experiments which seem to arise from the mere high spirits of his brush, and runs risks little courted by the votaries of the literal, who never expose their necks to escape from the common. For the literal and the common he has the smallest taste, when he renders an object into the language of painting, his translation is a generous paraphrase.

As I have intimated, he has painted little but portraits; but he has painted very many of these, and I shall not attempt in so few pages to give a catalogue of his works. Every canvas that has come from his hands has not figured at the Salon; some of them have seen the light at other exhibitions in Paris; some of them in London (of which city Mr. Sargent is now an inhabitant), at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. If he has been mainly represented by portraits, there are two or three little subject-pictures of which I retain a grateful memory. There stands out in particular, as a pure gem, a small picture exhibited at the Grosvenor, representing a small group of Venetian girls of the lower class, sitting in gossip together one summer's day in the big, dim hall of a shabby old palazzo. The shutters let in a clink of light; the scagliola pavement gleams faintly in it; the whole place is bathed in a kind of transparent shade; the tone of the picture is dark and cool. The girls are vaguely engaged in some very humble household work; they are counting turnips or stringing onions, and these small vegetables, enchantingly painted, look as valuable as magnified pearls. The figures are extraordinarily natural and vivid; wonderfully light and fine is the touch by which the painter evokes all the small familiar Venetian realities (he has handled them with a vigor altogether peculiar in various other studies which I have not space to enumerate), and keeps the whole thing free from that element of humbug which has ever attended most attempts to reproduce the Italian picturesque. I am, however, drawing to the end of my remarks without having mentioned a dozen of those brilliant triumphs in the field of portraiture with which Mr. Sargent's name is preponderantly associated. I jumped from his Carolus Duran to the masterpiece of 1881 without speaking of the charming "Madame Pailleron" of 1879, or the picture of this lady's children the following year. Many, or rather most, of Mr. Sargent's sitters have been French, and he has studied the physiognomy of this nation so attentively that a little of it perhaps remains in the brush with which to-day, more than in his first years, he represents other types. I have alluded to his superb "Docteur Pozzi," to whose very handsome, still youthful head and slightly artificial posture he has given so fine a French cast that he might be excused if he should, even on remoter pretexts, find himself reverting to it. This gentleman stands up in his brilliant red dressing-gown with the *prestance* of certain figures of Vandyck. I should like to commemorate the portrait of a lady of a certain age, and of an equally certain interest of appearance—a lady in black, with black hair, a black hat, and a vast feather, which was displayed at that en-

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"THE HALL OF THE FOUR CHILDREN."—From the painting by John S. Sargent.

tertaining little annual exhibition of the "Mirlitons," in the Place Vendôme. With the exquisite modelling of its face (no one better than Mr. Sargent understands the beauty that resides in exceeding fineness), this head remains in my mind as a masterly rendering of the look of experience—such experience as may be attributed to a woman slightly faded and eminently sensitive and distinguished. Subject and treatment in this valuable piece are of an equal interest, and in the latter there is an element of positive sympathy which is not always in a high degree the sign of Mr. Sargent's work.

What shall I say of the remarkable canvas which, on the occasion of the Salon of 1884, brought the critics about our artist's ears, the already celebrated portrait of "Madame G."? It is an experiment of a highly original kind, and the painter has had in the case, in regard to what Mr. Ruskin would call the "rightness" of his attempt, the courage of his opinion. A beauty of beauties, according to Parisian fame, the lady stands upright beside a table on which her right arm rests, with her body almost fronting the spectator, and her face in complete profile. She wears an entirely sleeveless dress of black satin, against which her admirable left arm detaches itself; the line of her harmonious profile has a sharpness which Mr. Sargent does not always seek, and the crescent of Diana, an ornament in diamonds, rests on her exquisite head. This

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work had not the good fortune to please the public at large, and I believe it even excited a kind of unreasoned scandal—an idea sufficiently amusing in the light of some of the manifestations of the plastic effort to which, each year, the Salon stands sponsor. The picture will always remain interesting to those who follow the artist's career and note its different stages, even though they may not clearly see the light by which some portions of it are painted. It is a work to take or to leave, as the phrase is, and one in regard to which the question of liking or disliking comes promptly to be settled. It is full of audacity of experiment and science of execution; it has singular beauty of line, and certainly in the body and arms we feel the pulse of life as strongly as the brush can give it.

Two of Mr. Sargent's recent productions have been portraits of American ladies whom it must have been a delight to paint; I allude to those of Lady Playfair and Mrs. Henry White, both of which were seen in the Royal Academy of 1885, and the former subsequently in Boston, where it abides. These things possess, largely, the quality which makes Mr. Sargent so happy as a painter of women—a quality which can best be expressed by a reference to what it is not, to the curiously literal, prosaic, Philistine treatment to which, in the commonplace work that looks down at us from the walls of almost all exhibitions, delicate feminine elements have evidently so often been sacrificed. Mr. Sargent handles these elements with a special feeling for them, and they borrow something of nobleness from his brush. This nobleness is not absent from the two portraits I just mentioned, that of Lady Playfair and that of Mrs. Henry White; it looks out at us from the erect head and frank animation of the one, and the silvery sheen and shimmer of white satin and white lace which form the setting of the slim tallness of the other. In the Royal Academy of 1886 Mr. Sargent was represented by three important canvases, all of which reminded the spectator of how much the brilliant effect he produces in an English exhibition arises from a certain appearance that he has of looking down from a height—a height of cleverness, a kind of giddiness of facility—at the artistic problems of the given case. Sometimes there is even a slight impertinence in it; that, doubtless, was the impression of many of the people who passed, staring, with an ejaculation, before the triumphant group of the three Misses V. These young ladies, seated in a row, with a room much foreshortened for a background, and treated with extraordinary freedom and vigor, excited in London a chorus of murmurs not dissimilar to that which it had been the fortune of the portrait exhibited in 1884 to elicit in Paris, and had the further privilege of drawing forth some prodigies of purblind criticism. Works of this character are a genuine service; after the short-lived gibes of the profane have subsided, they are found to have cleared the air. They remind people that the faculty of taking a fresh, direct, independent, unborrowed impression is not altogether lost.

In this very rapid review I have accompanied Mr. Sargent to a very recent date. If I have said that observers encumbered with a nervous temperament may at any moment have been anxious about his future, I have it on my conscience to add that the day has not yet come for a complete extinction of this anxiety. Mr. Sargent is so young, in spite of the place allotted to him in these pages, so often a record of long careers and uncontested triumphs, that, in spite also of the admirable works he has already produced, his future is the most valuable thing he has to show. We may still ask ourselves what he will do with it, while we indulge the hope that he will see fit to give successors to the two pictures which I have spoken of emphatically as his best. There is no greater work of art than a great portrait—a truth to be constantly taken to heart by a painter holding in his hands the weapon that Mr. Sargent wields. The gift that he possesses he possesses completely—the immediate perception of the end and of the means. Putting aside the question of the subject (and to a great portrait a common sitter will doubtless not always conduce), the highest result is achieved when to this element of quick perception a certain faculty of lingering reflection is added. I use this name for want of a better, and I mean the quality in the light of which the artist sees deep into his subject, undergoes it, absorbs it, discovers in it new things that were not on the surface, becomes patient with it, and almost reverent, and, in short, elevates and humanizes the technical problem.

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TONY, THE MAID.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANTIC BOATMAN FRITZ BINDER OVERTHROWS TONY'S BEST-LAID PLANS.

TONY, the wise—it may be the almost too wise—virgin, with all her forethought, never suspected that while she blithely sang and whistled and folded and packed, the foolish virgin was reclining upon cushions and skimming over the golden lake. Entranced, Miss Aurelia watched handsome Fritz Binder's lazy, swaying motion, listened to the click of the oars in the rowlocks, the soft fall of the water drops from the blades, the thud of the waves on the prow. Against the fading sunset sky the towers of the old city and the arched bridge receded in mysterious dimness. The shores grew indistinct. On they sped in the warm, dusky, languid summer night.

Miss Aurelia, in plain English, let herself go. Tony had unwittingly set powerful machinery in motion. The repressed, timid, apologetic being, once awakened and encouraged to self-assertion, flattered and strengthened in her opinions, was taking unconscionable leaps along the path of personal liberty.

She was perfectly aware that she was doing something extraordinary and reprehensible. "Some day you will repent of this sorely," protested the stifled voice of conscience from the hidden recesses of her nature, where she had relentlessly thrust it. "Let that day take care of itself," replied her new-born recklessness. Other boats glided past them. Other people were enjoying themselves, she thought, accustoming herself to her wickedness. The stars came out and the town lights. There was music from gardens and row-boats and sail-boats. The lake seemed vast and dark, yet furrowed under the stars by happy little skiffs full of melody and laughter. "I am wicked, you are wicked, they are wicked," reflected Miss Aurelia, not with poignant self-reproach, but merely in a matter-of-course way, admitting the fact, as she leaned back comfortably against the cushions.

Meanwhile handsome Fritz Binder had not spoken. He was content with the silent eloquence of his costume, his attitudes, and his personality. He had rowed too many years on the Lake of Constance not to know something of the feminine heart. Princesses and peasants, widows, spinsters, and school-girls, had fallen victims to his charms. Why, indeed, should he seek to hasten the inevitable development of things?

Lazily lying back on his oars, at length he said, in a gentle, musical voice,

"The gracious Fräulein has not been here long?"

"Three weeks."

"Ah! I forget," he returned, with graceful *nonchalance*. "I myself have been absent. The Prince Botowski positively insisted upon my accompanying him on an extended tour round the lake. I could not refuse, although it was rather a bore. He would not take no for an answer, and we are like brothers, the prince and I. Otherwise I should at once have remarked the gracious Fräulein. Anything distinguished and elegant among the summer guests I always remark. I have a great deal of experience."

Miss Aurelia curled herself still closer against the cushions, and felt singularly comfortable and happy. The stars grew brighter. She glanced over her shoulder at the city. It was a low, irregular mass far behind them, a row of lights marking the shore.

They passed a villa, dark except for a dim light in an upper room.

"That is the abode of a monster," said Fritz Binder.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Aurelia, straining her eyes to see it.

"A monster," he repeated, emphatically. "A man who hates women and flowers is nothing less. He employs only men-servants. He has had all the roses in his garden pulled up by the roots and flung over the wall. I would not allow him to put his foot in my boat for love or money. Money he's got enough of; but love he knows nothing about. Not he, the wretch!"

"You speak with feeling," stammered Miss Aurelia.

"I do," returned the young man, in a still more impassioned tone. "A man who despises roses and flings women over his wall!"

Miss Aurelia laughed.

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He knew that she would laugh. He paused, indeed, to give her the opportunity.

The romantic boatman laughed too—apologetically.

"I beg pardon," he said. "But how can a man choose his words when he is boiling with indignation—and I, who love flowers and adore women!"

Miss Aurelia hardly knew what to reply, or whether to reply at all. She was fairly blushing in the darkness, and felt that this conversation was becoming extremely intimate. But what an extraordinary young man! What refinement! what depth of sentiment!

"There," he remarked, in a less amorous tone, as they passed another villa, "lives Count Eyglas with his three beautiful daughters. The youngest, Countess Olga, is the image of yourself. A lovely creature of twenty-two. When the gracious Fräulein came along toward the steps, I thought she was Countess Olga."

Whatever Miss Aurelia ought to have felt at this moment, the truth is that she was in no respect offended at being likened to a beautiful young countess of twenty-two.

"She goes out rowing with you?" she asked, her voice somewhat excited and embarrassed.

"She?" laughed Binder. "Of course. She and all fair ladies, far and near. Ah, gracious Fräulein, women see that I adore them, that I am their slave. My heart is tender to a painful, to an extraordinary degree. But what can I do? It is my nature. It is my destiny. I suffer, but I do not complain."

"Ah!" murmured Miss Aurelia.

"It is true," he sighed, rowing now with the least possible effort, his voice tender and melodious, "and I do not hesitate to say that I am always in love. If I were not in love, I should die. I am in love now, deeply, desperately, and, ah, how respectfully!"

What could he mean? Miss Aurelia shivered with excitement.

"I am only a poor boatman," he remarked, sadly. "I know my position but too well."

"Oh," said Miss Aurelia, touched and distressed; "as to that, I am sure a boatman can be very nice indeed, and you know in America we believe that there is no such thing as counts and kings—I mean to say—"

"Some weeks ago," interrupted Fritz Binder, in a mournful manner, "there was a teacher here from a school on the Rhine, with nine young ladies. I rowed them about all day. When they left there were tears in their eyes. They were mostly from the nobility. They gave me their photographs. And one of them sent me this anchor" (pointing to one of the large ornaments dangling from his heavy silver watch chain). "I have sixty-three anchors, all given me by ladies; but what of that," he exclaimed, vehemently, "if one was born for better things?"

Miss Aurelia felt the deepest sympathy, but hardly dared to intrude upon his private griefs with the questions that trembled upon her lips.

"Enough!" he exclaimed, with a tragic gesture; "it is the decree of fate."

Presently he began to hum a Strauss waltz under his breath.

"He is concealing his sufferings beneath a semblance of gayety," thought Miss Aurelia, much agitated. "Poor, brave, unhappy young man! how I wish I could help him! If I should talk with Uncle John about him! If I could but help him find his sphere!"

Binder's waltz merged into a whistle, and he rowed on a few strokes with commendable cheerfulness for so great a sufferer.

Again his voice broke the silence, and his oars grew languid: "In my letters I express myself. A letter I once wrote always brings tears to my eyes. 'Dearest Amalie'—her name was Amalie—'though parted by cruel fate, you are the bright star that cheers my lone and barren path; and oh, Amalie, where'er your foot may stray, remember one true heart beats for you still, and is until death your faithful and ever desolate Fritz Binder.'"

"Did you write that? That sounds beautiful."

"Oh yes, I wrote it," he answered, with considerable pride. "There are more of them. I know them all by heart. There was Sophie's. Perhaps you would like Sophie's better than Amalie's. 'Oh, Sophie, you are the sunshine that warms my lone and barren path, and though cruel fate parts our fond hearts, remember, so long as my life lasts, every breath I draw and every thought I think will be for you alone, my lost, but ever dear, Sophie; with true love from one who is faithful unto death. Fritz Binder.'"

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"But did you love them both?" asked Miss Aurelia, timid and greatly confused. "Both Amalie and Sophie?"

"Them and more," rejoined Fritz Binder. "I never count; I always love. I am all love. I love now—madly, hopelessly, passionately."

"Oh, dear me! I am afraid it's getting late. Perhaps you'd better row toward the hotel," Miss Aurelia ejaculated, tremulously.

No, she was not mistaken. Her boatman drew a long and profound sigh. She too was agitated, but blissful.

"Shall I not repeat some poetry for you?" he asked, softly. "The young ladies from the school on the Rhine, mostly from the nobility, wept over my poetry."

"Oh, do," she murmured.

He began. The more he recited the less he rowed, in order not to break the effect of the metre, she concluded. It was the longest poem she had ever heard, and she could not sufficiently admire his memory.

The stanzas rolled forth from his lips with the regularity of machine-work. Miss Aurelia by no means understood it all, but the theme seemed to be very beautiful and touching. There were frequent allusions to forget-me-nots and weeping-willows, and lovers shedding tears over each other's graves. Fritz Binder's magnetic cadences and the gathering darkness and the gentle rocking of the boat were very soothing. Like a baby in a cradle, Miss Aurelia fell asleep.

Lower, with the same lulling monotony, the boatman's voice continued, while his arms were all but motionless. It was a most remarkable poem. Various stanzas seemed to recur with curious frequency, and after a while the weeping-willows and forget-me-nots and lovers' tears were mingled in inextricable confusion.

He must have repeated something like a hundred and seventeen stanzas, when he lighted a match and looked at his watch, his voice going on independently.

"Hum! so late!" he muttered. Then yawned, and caused the boat to make a violent lurch.

Miss Aurelia started. "That is a beautiful poem," she said, guiltily.

"It brings tears to every eye—to mine—as often as I repeat it," answered the soulful boatman.

She became suddenly aware that there was not another boat visible or audible.

"I really must go in," she said, alarmed.

"It is not so very late," he assured her. "I have often been out later with ladies." But he began to row fast toward the hotel. They were, indeed, not far away, for Binder had not over-exerted his muscles, but had limited his performance to a sheltered cove a few rods down the shore.

Presently the boat ran alongside the marble steps, where a bright gas lamp was burning. He helped her out with lingering tenderness. Looking up at the picturesque, handsome youth, she felt embarrassed and tremulous. How could she offer such a being money?

"Seven marks, if you please," he said, in a business-like tone. "After nine o'clock it's night tariff."

She slipped a ten-mark gold piece into his hand.

"I have no change," he observed, quickly.

"Never mind," she murmured.

A radiant smile played over the boatman's fine features.

"And at what time to-morrow shall I have the honor?"

"Ah, to-morrow," she returned, sadly. "To-morrow I am going away."

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Binder.

"I'm afraid so."

He made a desperate and dangerous movement. "Unsay those cruel words, or I will throw myself into the lake!"

"Oh, please don't do anything rash," she begged.

"Then promise me this shall not be farewell. I might have known," he declared, gloomily, plunging his hand through his hair. "I am only a poor boatman. But"—throwing up his handsome head, gazing at the stars, and pounding his chest vigorously—"am I to blame that I have something here that beats?" he demanded, fiercely.

"No, you are not. Certainly not," replied Miss Aurelia, with emotion.

"Then stay," he implored.

"Why should I not, after all? What harm would there be? He is very, very romantic, but could anybody be more respectful? It would seem almost cruel to refuse." The quiet stars looked down upon the curious pair. The little waves plashed against the stone steps.

"Stay, oh, stay!" pleaded the sad and gentle voice. Again he leaned against the balustrade in his picturesqueness. The silver anchors shone resplendent in

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the gas-light. He held his cap in his hand.

"Well, I will; there!" ejaculated Miss Aurelia, laying her conscience prostrate.

Binder straightened himself. "What time shall I come?" he said, quickly.

"At four."

"Very well," he answered, cheerfully. "Good-night, gracious Fräulein. Sleep well."

"Good-night," turning away.

"The main garden gate will be locked at this hour," he called after her. "In such cases they've always got in through the small gate at the left."

Such cases! What cases? They! Who? She experienced a vague discomfort. Was this exquisite, starlight, unique episode only one of many boating *tête-à-tête*?

But she was too excited to consider this point long, and hurried toward the hotel garden. As she opened the convenient little gate she paused, her heart fluttering wildly, and listened to the regular sweep of Binder's oars. He was whistling an opera air with scrupulous care in the execution of the trills.

"Heroic young man!" she murmured. "What marvellous self-control!"

The great hotel with its blaze of lights now loomed up before her, like a huge monument to conventionality, and reminded her of the full meaning of her social and moral transgression, yet nothing could quite destroy her exaltation of spirits. She approached the house slowly, dreading the moment of entrance. Suddenly, from a by-path, a little figure darted toward her. She saw that it was Tony, but there was scarcely time to speak before the doors opened and they were ushered obsequiously into the hotel corridor. The light dazzled Miss Aurelia's eyes. Surely this was another world from that tender, dusky, gliding realm she had just left. Tony, with an important air, as if she had been several hours on special escort duty, a pile of wraps on her arm, solemnly marched behind her pale and dazed mistress. Only once did either speak, when Tony, as she passed three or four staring waiters, let fall, with admirable distinctness, a remark about the rare beauty of Count Eyglas's rose garden. Miss Aurelia had no idea what she meant, and scarcely heard; but Tony knew, and the waiters heard, and, with the positive accuracy which characterizes most of our remarks about our neighbors, the whole hotel knew the next day that Miss Vanderpool had passed Sunday evening in Count Eyglas's villa. Once within the shelter of her own room, Miss Aurelia breathed more freely, but she longed for solitude, and avoided meeting Tony's conspicuously cheerful and unconscious glance. Turning away quietly, she said,

"I do not need you to-night, Tony."

"Very good," assented the smiling little maid.

"And, Tony" — Miss Aurelia's pale cheeks flushed—"I have decided—I have concluded—I have made up my mind—to remain a little longer. You may unpack, Tony."

"Very good," returned the cheerful voice.

"Not to-night, of course," continued Miss Aurelia, stammering, as she looked at the two neatly and fully packed open trunks, "but to-morrow morning."

"Very good, gracious Fräulein."

Presently Miss Aurelia was left alone with her delicious reveries.

Tony, in her little room across the corridor, sat down with an air of absolute conviction, nodding gravely.

"It's a man!" she said.

CHAPTER VII.

FRITZ BINDER TEACHES THE INFATUATED MISS AURELIA TO ROW, WHILE TONY NOURISHES SCHEMES OF VENGEANCE.

"A MAN," reflected Tony. "That changes everything; that turns everything topsy-turvy. Well, it's a lesson to me. One ought always to be attentive even when one's packing for dear life. She was excited. She was pale as a ghost. Then she blushed. 'Tony,' she said, quite brisk and unlike herself—'Tony, you may unpack.' Her clothes and hair were damp. She's been on the lake with a man. The dear, good, innocent lady!"

The next day Miss Aurelia remained secluded in her room.

Mrs. Ruy-Bric sent her dear love, and they all had missed their sweet friend so very much, and could she be ill?

Mrs. High-Dudgeon invited her to four-o'clock tea, "quite among ourselves."

Miss Aurelia returned best thanks to both ladies. She was not ill, but had a previous engagement.

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She was astonished at her own fluency and boldness.

All day she waited nervously, fearing something would intervene to prevent her from realizing her dear hope. She was restless; could neither sew nor read; changed her dress repeatedly, and spent much time before her mirror when Tony was not there. A woman of a certain age, whom a handsome being of the other sex has likened to a lovely young countess of twenty-two, can hardly be expected to neglect her toilet. Miss Aurelia's costume to-day expressed fresh juvenility—a bright knot of ribbons at the throat, some blush-roses on her hat—a general air of bloom and dewiness. Tony might have been blind for all that she seemed to observe of these preparations.

But when, toward four, Miss Aurelia stole softly out of the room, there stood Tony, conspicuously on duty, her hat on her head, on her arm wraps, on her face the repose of an unsuspicious spirit.

"But I don't need you," stammered the lady, dismayed.

"Oh, I can come perfectly, the sewing is so well along," responded Tony.

Miss Aurelia stalked on moodily. What excuse could she give? Single ladies at the hotel, when walking and boating, were usually accompanied by their maids, if they had any. "Oh dear! I wish I didn't have any maid," she thought, all her clinging fondness for Tony in thankless abeyance.

A queer, vivid little smile flashed across Tony's face, and left it demure as before.

"The gracious Fräulein is going for a walk in the woods, I presume?"

"No, I am not," said Miss Aurelia, curtly.

Down through the winding garden paths they passed, and along the shore road toward the marble steps, where the gallant Binder, in his unapproachable attitude, already stood. How Miss Aurelia's heart beat! With a rush of pride she could not refrain from looking to see what effect her hero was producing upon Tony. But the small person, having given the boatman one indifferent glance, was gazing searchingly up and down the shore, as if expecting the approach of some other individual. Seeing no one, extreme astonishment, for an unguarded instant, was revealed upon her quiet features.

Miss Aurelia was tremulously uncertain whether Binder did or did not squeeze her hand. But no, he could have done nothing so familiar. The fancied squeeze must have been produced by the legitimate necessity of steadying her as she stepped into the boat.

Tony, who, unseen, had crossed herself, and commended her perishable body and immortal soul to all her saints, brusquely declined his assistance, and with a certain stoniness of aspect followed her mistress. Miss Aurelia thought she had never seen her look so unpleasant. "I never before realized how long and pinched her nose is," she reflected.

Tony's nose did look pinched, and her complexion became sallow, assuming various shades of green and yellow, with a suspicious whiteness about the mouth. She hated and feared a small boat as only an inland-bred German girl, of what may be denominated the upper-lower class, knows how to hate everything appertaining to that treacherous and hideous element, water. But not even the miserable feeling at the pit of her stomach could induce her to desert Miss Aurelia in this extremity. Tightly clutching the boat, she fastened her eyes steadily upon Fritz Binder's embroidered blue sailor blouse, far too much cut down at the throat for her ideas of propriety, and, with more loyalty than logic, mentally ejaculated, "And if I drown, I'll stay in this boat!"

Binder, putting off from the landing, rowed well. People were standing there, admiring him as a model of manly grace and strength, and he was willing to grant them this joy. But no sooner had he passed the bridges leading to the bathing-houses, and the piers and seats where idlers were lounging and fishing and reading, than he palpably eased up, and presently he struck into his favorite little cove, where the current pulled less forcibly, and where the row of villas along the shore presented pleasing topics of conversation.

Miss Aurelia watched him greedily. Yes, in the strong sunlight he was as beautiful as yesterday in the gloaming. There was no doubt whatever about his personal appearance. His nut-brown face was faultlessly oval, his mustache drooped with silky chestnut ends, his bold blue eyes roamed far and wide with a look before which her shy gaze sank. "He is a perfect picture," she thought. "After all, it is well that Tony came; for if he should

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be tender and impassioned now, I really don't know what I should do."

Tony meanwhile had shut her eyes tight. During the starting of the boat, and its passage with what she considered appalling rapidity through fierce surges —the lake, in point of fact, was like glass —she suffered torments in rigid silence. Perceiving a decided slackening of the motion, she forced herself to open her eyes.

"Impertinent jackanapes, what a stare he's got!" was her immediate reflection.

"This is the house of a monster," began Binder's melodious voice.

Miss Aurelia smiled in anticipation of the chivalrous sentiments about to follow. She had heard them the day before, it is true, but in a certain palpitating frame of mind tender repetitions do not weary us.

The women and the roses were advantageously produced, likewise Binder's excessive tender-heartedness.

The boat was scarcely moving. Little Tony, clutching it tightly, hating it when it stirred, physically very uncomfortable, resolved to do her duty at any cost. Fritz Binder's like she had never seen. Quiet, watchful, her pale face as expressionless as she could render it, she made her observations.

She in turn puzzled him, but not long. For he speedily ascribed her evident want of approbation to her dread of the water. "She'll get over that, and then she'll be like all the rest of them," he concluded, easily. "Nice, neat little thing; heaps more fun in her than in the long old one."

"She's afraid," he said aloud, with a good-humored laugh.

"She is unaccustomed to the water," Miss Aurelia began, eagerly. "But I—I adore it. Water! water! what is so beautiful as water? There's nothing so heavenly on earth as water!"

"Quite like Countess Olga: she too adores water. 'Fritz,' she often says—she calls me Fritz so sweetly—'Fritz, there's nothing in the world like water.'"

A jealous pang shot through Miss Aurelia's heart at the thought of another woman sweetly calling him Fritz.

"Beautiful creature, the Countess Olga," he continued, "quite in the style of the gracious Fräulein. When I saw that graceful figure coming toward the steps, says I to myself, 'That's Countess Olga.'"

Miss Aurelia grew rosy with delight.

Antoninia Zschorcher pricked up her ears.

"Being obliged to go off with Botowski—a very good fellow the prince is, but would not take no for an answer. 'Binder,' said he—'my dear Binder, I depend upon you.'"

"Ho! ho! that's the kind of a man you are!" decided Tony.

"And off with him, I hadn't observed the new arrivals. Anything distinguished and elegant I always observe," with a tremendous stare at his happy victim.

His pleasant voice and smiling, comely face made sad havoc with her heart. He would row a couple of languid strokes, then rest generously, and gently speak. All that he said sounded this evening even more charming than the first time.

Presently Tony nerved herself to a species of heroism.

"Why do we always remain opposite the same house?" she demanded, although her misery was far less acute when the boat was quiescent.

"That's because you are not used to the water," he said, condescendingly. "It only seems so." Nevertheless, he plied his oars with more vigor.

"It's awful," shuddered Tony, secretly. "But if the gracious Fräulein has come out for a row, she ought to have her money's worth. If staying on one spot is all that's required, she might as well sit in a boat on shore."

He soon diminished his muscular action, and ushered in the boarding-school on the Rhine, and the nine young ladies, mostly from the nobility, who had bedewed his boat with their tears. Fixing his eyes upon Miss Aurelia, he repeated, nearly *verbatim*, his erotic peroration of the previous evening. She wondered, yet was subtly flattered, that Tony's presence did not deter him. On the contrary, he glanced easily from one to the other as he declared himself desperately in love at the moment, and his conviction that he should die if he were not always in that sensitive condition.

Tony gave a low groan.

"Do you feel ill?" Miss Aurelia asked, kindly. Finding Tony no impediment, she had recovered from her nervous irritability.

"Thanks," said Tony, "I am much better. I am beginning to enjoy it." She certainly looked better. On her cheeks was a slight flush such as might be pro-

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duced by the sun or wind, or indignation, and her lips were compressed in a flexible mocking line.

Binder now alluded to mysterious hidden griefs. There seemed to be a certain irrelevance in his remarks. Miss Aurelia's imagination lavishly filled in the gaps.

"Dearest Amalie," he began, "though parted by cruel fate, you are the one bright star that cheers my lone and barren path; and oh, Amalie, remember, wherever your foot may stray, one true heart—"

Tony at this point was seized with a fit of coughing so loud and convulsive that it would have damaged the effect of the most eloquent love-letter ever written; her face was concealed in her handkerchief, above which her very temples were crimson with mantling color. Miss Aurelia was sorry for her, but thought it a pity anything so touching as Binder's recitation should be interrupted.

"—beats for you still," he went on, imperturbably, as soon as her paroxysm had subsided, "and is until death your faithful and ever-desolate Fritz Binder."

Tony continued to cough in a stifled manner behind her handkerchief.

"And Sophie," suggested Miss Aurelia, sympathetically, longing to comfort him for all his lost loves.

Sophie's missive followed.

Suddenly he sprang up like a rampant lion.

"Tell me you are going to stay, that for a little while you will gladden my lone and barren path, or I jump!"

How ardent, how nobly reckless, he looked! Before Miss Aurelia, in her agitation, could find words to soothe him, a voice said, dryly, "Well, you can swim, can't you?"

Binder sat down quickly.

"Tony!" exclaimed her mistress, in shocked reproof.

Binder was, however, not a whit disconcerted. "Swim?" he replied, with his bright young boastful smile. "I'm the best swimmer on the Lake of Constance."

Miss Aurelia admired his rapid transitions. "If you would be so kind as to repeat that beautiful poem," she pleaded, "that moved all those young ladies to tears, and I am sure it would have made me cry too," she added, zealously, "except that without the dictionary at hand the German construction is so difficult."

Binder began sonorously.

The poem was long, but by no means as long as it had been the night before. Tony nipped its growth in the bud. "You've already said that about the willows," she interrupted, or caught him up with, "That's the fifth time Cunigunde has put forget-me-nots in her hair."

"Yes; she liked them," Binder responded, placidly.

"She's a sharp little thing. She is the kind I like. After fooling about on the lake all day with such as the long one, it wouldn't be bad to come home to a neat, quick-witted little woman like her."

He looked long and smilingly at her.

She looked long and unsmilingly at him, then reached over compassionately and put an extra wrap over Miss Aurelia's shoulders.

"Thanks, Tony," said the lady; "it is a little fresh." It was such a relief that Tony really did not interfere.

"I suffer," announced Fritz Binder, quite unexpectedly. "I suffer incredibly. I have sixty-three anchors, tokens of affection and remembrance from ladies. But, alas! the decree of fate is immutable."

"You don't like to row?" inquired Miss Aurelia, with timid sympathy.

He pulled off his blue cap and plunged his hands through his thick brown hair. "Never mind," he said, tragically. "A cold world spurns a heart like mine. Am I to blame that it beats?" frantically clutching his blouse.

"Oh, Tony!" murmured Miss Aurelia, extending her hand, appealingly.

"He'll get over it," answered the maid, with asperity. "Hadn't you better row a little, by way of variety?" she demanded, too rapidly and with too much dialect to be intelligible to her mistress.

"Anything in the world to please you," returned Binder, fervently.

"What is it?" inquired Miss Aurelia, ill at ease.

"He is going to row now," Tony said, her voice odd and hard.

Miss Aurelia looked wonderingly at them, but her attention was engrossed by her boatman's magnificent strokes. "How strong he is! how masterly!" she said to herself, in triumph.

"You will stay?" he begged, with an enamored glance.

"Well, I suppose there is no absolute necessity of my going quite yet," she replied, attempting to be arch.

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"A COLD WORLD SPURNS THIS HEART OF MINE."

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"What time to-morrow?"

"At the same time as to-day," she murmured, with a lingering maidenly glance.

As she stepped out of the boat she was in no doubt whatever, on the contrary, knew, that he gave her hand an undeniable squeeze; but, ah, the fatally easy *descensus Averni!*—already she regarded this little dereliction from the path of etiquette with indulgence.

"Shall you come too?" inquired Binder, eagerly, as Tony, avoiding his touch, sprang from the boat.

She deigned no answer.

Miss Aurelia, fumbling with embarrassment in her purse, again presented Fritz Binder with a gold piece, and required no change.

The two women, each absorbed in her own thoughts, walked up the garden paths.

Blithe as a canary-bird sounded the boatman's whistle as he rowed away.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS AURELIA, TONY, AND FRITZ BINDER AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

MISS AURELIA sat in her low chair by the window and looked smilingly out toward the lake. It was too dark to discern anything beyond the nearest trees of the garden, but the picture in her memory was charmingly vivid. Even the jaunty ribbon ends floating from Fritz Binder's sailor cap she recalled with tender delight.

The peculiar softness of her reveries was no doubt due in part to their novelty. A vernal freshness characterized her sentiments. There is a prevalent impression that every unmarried woman has had her love affair, her "opportunity," as maiden ladies delicately call a marriage offer. It being often unwise and always dangerous to oppose prevalent impressions, the question at large shall be here discreetly avoided, and merely in the individual case of Miss Aurelia, and as a necessary fact in the study of her psychological problems, will it be stated that up to this epoch she had never had any love affair or "opportunity" whatsoever. Her sober wishes had never strayed farther than an eminently Platonic attachment to a gentleman who had lectured two winters in her native town, and, like all the ladies of the Rev. Mr. Brown's parish, she was wont to wreathe his sensible and slightly bald head with a more or less sentimental halo. But nearer to the dangerous ground upon which, with a certain wistful curiosity, she had seen her friends marching off in couples, her timid foot had never trod; and any attention more compromising than the offer of an umbrella, or a seat in a horse-car, or the opening of a door, she could attribute to no man living.

She had, indeed, gone so far as to think it must be very pleasant to be engaged to be married, though this, of course, was not a thing one could very well say. She was apt to skip the descriptions and general conversations in novels that she might come quicker to the love passages—which in most romances begin to occur somewhere near the 278th page—and these she usually read three times at the first sitting. Not that she liked silly books. On the contrary, her reading was excellently well chosen, according to the monthly list suggested in a literary journal to which she was a subscriber. But she did like now and then a real love-story. Of late she had found more analysis than love in fiction, and consequently returned to her less modern friends, with whom the story is more important than philosophy. Miss Kavanagh's *Nathalie* was her favorite novel, and M. de Sainville her hero.

It would puzzle most people mightily to discover any resemblance between grave Monsieur de Sainville in his château and jolly Fritz Binder in his boat. Miss Aurelia found no difficulty in the comparison, in which all advantages were, it is needless to remark, conspicuously on the side of Binder. Pleasantly occupied in meditating upon their respective noses and voices, and what she called their souls, she was greatly disturbed by Tony, who at this ill-judged moment knocked and entered the room.

Unlike her usual direct and self-possessed manner, she stood still, in evident hesitation.

"Well, Tony, everything is in order, I believe," remarked the lady, eager to return to her absorbing employment.

"Gracious Fräulein," began Tony, rapidly, "the packing and unpacking is nothing at all. A lady has a right to change her mind, and it's my duty and my pleasure to change with her. But, gracious Fräulein, there's something that I have

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on my conscience to say—knowing my duty."

Now what one has on one's conscience to say is rarely palatable to the other party, and in this case Miss Aurelia could not fail to suspect that Tony was about to communicate something unpleasant about Fritz Binder. "No scandal shall influence me," she instantly resolved. "Poor, calumniated young man! Something tells me that he is truly noble. However misunderstood he may be, I am his friend."

Tony had every intention of finding out all available facts of Fritz Binder's career, and even a little calumny would not have been unwelcome to her; but she had had, as yet, no time for special detective service.

"What is it, Tony?" said the lady, coldly.

"It is this," returned the maid, deprecatingly. "And I wish there were any way to tell the gracious Fräulein without telling her; but there isn't. That Fritz Binder—I don't say he's a bad man; I don't know anything about him out of his boat; but in it he makes money—with his eyelashes. If he's said all that once, he's said it five hundred times. The love-making and his lone path—why, that's his stock in trade, like a carpenter's tools. Every lady has a right to her little pleasures—but—there, I've said it!"

"Tony," rejoined Miss Aurelia, deeply hurt, and wondering whether dignified silence or a warm defence of the aspersed being would be the more efficacious, "all I have to say is, I am perfectly astonished at you—perfectly. I thought you were such a very nice girl!"

Silent and distressed, Tony cast down her eyes. After a pause, she began, with much sweetness and modesty; "When I was working in Marseilles I often made mistakes in people before I knew the language easily. Half knowing a language is so dangerous! One can't judge. Of course the gracious Fräulein has made great progress; still Binder is a foreigner, and a man, and—"

"Which of us two would be likely to have the most discernment about my own individual affairs?" interposed Miss Aurelia, with the air of an incensed mouse.

Tony gave her one half-pitying, half-pleading glance, then answered, meekly, "The gracious Fräulein, of course."

"Well, then!" concluded the lady, in triumph.

"But—"

"Say no more, Tony."

This crisis passed, Miss Aurelia felt that she had evinced unswerving loyalty as well as judgment and tact. Tony's preposterous allegations made absolutely no impression upon her.

"Oh!" groaned Tony, when alone—"oh, if it were only not a man! The very last day, and things in so good a condition, and she going on so nicely—through people's nonsense and hatefulness and all the ins and outs—and was so nice and quiet, and everywhere looked up to; and now she's almost escaped me, because she's in love—the dear, good, innocent lady! Of course she wouldn't hear a word against him. Who would? Would I myself, against Eduard? But then, to be sure, I've got a man worth having, and not an anchor-dangling lazybones with a dreadful blue flannel low-necked shirt; and he ought to be ashamed of himself! And a woman may be a lamb when she's in her right mind, but when she's in love you can no more influence her against the object than you can coax a great fiery locomotive to take a quiet walk in the woods with you. Well, I've had a long rest since the countess, and my mistress is good as gold, with no harm in her heart for anybody, and I'll take care of her—and we'll see, Fritz Binder!"

Tony's troubles now began in earnest. To be vigilant, yet to awaken no suspicion; to cheerfully accompany Miss Aurelia on the dreaded aquatic excursions, and not let fear or nausea dull her observation; above all, to sustain her mistress's aristocratic prestige in the house, in spite of her spasmodic mania for the water and her conspicuous avoidance of the mighty conclave—all this was by no means easy.

Fortunately for Tony, Miss Aurelia, at Binder's suggestion, chose, at this juncture, to take lessons in rowing. She would have tried to learn to fly, had he proposed it. Every day she was to be seen painfully and awkwardly pulling against the current—blisters on her hands, but joy in her heart. Tony was divided between pity for her mistress and grim rage toward the lazy, smiling boatman, who let himself be luxuriously rowed about, far and wide, scarcely touching the oars. She secretly vowed personal vengeance when the time should be ripe. As yet she had no distinct plans, and could only watch and pray, growing each day more distressed

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and uncertain of the end, as Miss Aurelia grew more radiant.

Still Tony could not deny that the rowing freak was a help, or what would be called in law an extenuating circumstance. It permitted her, for instance, to allude to the necessity of expanding Miss Vanderpool's chest. This theme, judiciously interlarded with the names of a couple of world-renowned doctors, was well started at the servants' table, and ascended with due rapidity.

All was grist that came to Tony's mill. "I will take care of her, whether I work above-ground or under-ground," she resolved. "Above-ground I prefer; still, one can't always choose; and the world is so dull! Have they no eyes? Can they not see she has lost her senses? Why, the very statues on the bridge laugh when the poor lady goes under the arch, pulling for dear life against the stream, and so proud when that Fritz Binder, sitting there behind her ogling me, condescends to praise her. Can't they see she's got anchors everywhere, and a blouse like a school-girl, and a rolled-up sailor hat, all to be more like him? Can't they see that I can't stop her, and nothing can stop her? Lord help us! If I speak she'll send me away, and then there'll be nobody to help her, and nobody to throw dust in people's eyes: and healthy dust it is for them, too! Why should they understand and laugh at her? Would that help matters? And yet—and yet—if she were anybody else, how they would jeer! How fortunate it is that she is very plain, and that I started her with a fortune!"

Yet indulgent as Tony believed the world to be toward the eccentricities of the owner of unlimited millions and a plain countenance, she was daily in an agony of fear lest some one should set the ball rolling in the other direction, above all, lest some one should laugh. "Why they don't laugh is a mystery to me," she sighed. "If it wasn't my dear, good, innocent lady, I should laugh myself until I'd die. And no wonder that old French woman looked at her curiously the other day through an eye-glass, and called her '*une espèce d'Anglaise*'!"

Miss Aurelia's face, unlike Fritz Binder's, did not brown handsomely under the August sun, but grew irregularly red, particularly on the end of her nose. It must also be confessed that she showed to less advantage in her piquant juvenile boating costume than in the soft and sober draperies in which Tony's good taste had delighted to array her. Moreover, she was growing thinner each day, and her form was one that could ill bear a diminution of its charms.

Since she had begun to row, the distances traversed were really considerable, for Binder manifested no want of energy in suggesting the longest possible tours. His combinations and fertility of resource were now most admirable, and nothing in the whole neighborhood was neglected. She rowed him to the Grand-Duke's Schloss at Mainau, and was more than rewarded for her exertions when Binder bestirred himself sufficiently to pluck an ivy leaf from the castle wall and present it to her. They made an excursion to Reichenau, and listening to the romantic tale of Ekkehardt, Miss Aurelia cast enraptured glances at her graceful boatman, and only wished Ekkehardt stood there in the flesh beside him, that the world might see which was the greater hero. And when she paid her respects to the good parson who had invented Volapük—the world language—she longed, instead, for a tongue which she and Binder could alone command.

Tony begged to be allowed to learn to row, but this Miss Aurelia jealously refused. The little maid never grew sufficiently accustomed to the boat to feel quite comfortable or safe in it, but often she fancied that her continued (if slight) sensation of nausea might proceed as much from acute disgust at Fritz Binder as from the motion of the water. His manner to her, however, was sensible and manly enough, and full of undisguised admiration. She did not dare, in Miss Aurelia's presence, to be less than civil to him; but she jumped in and out of the boat without his assistance, avoiding his hand as if it were a viper, and she scowled at him with appalling fierceness whenever she could do so with impunity.

With all her pent-up restraint she was wise enough never by word or look to criticise him before Miss Aurelia. It required her utmost power of self-restraint; but after that first and only rebuke she knew that she must be patient. One day she grew sick at heart, so great were her impotent rage and displeasure. They had had a long row. Binder had deigned to accompany Miss Aurelia; that is, sitting behind, he had gently plied his oars in

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unison with hers, meanwhile throwing tender glances over her shoulder at Tony.

Miss Aurelia thought that it was heavenly. It reminded her of the music of the spheres. What harmony of soul! What rhythm in the heart-beats! Why need it ever end? Why in tenderest sympathy should they two not row on forever? He had sadly called himself a poor boatman, but was he not eminently superior to any one she had ever, ever known? A little cottage nestled among the trees on the shore of that blessed lake, and that almost too tender, almost too sensitive heart to— But let us throw the veil of charity over the remainder of her maiden meditation.

It was impossible for Tony not to comprehend what Binder's eyes were saying, asking, urgently pleading. For many days he had persistently endeavored to gain a smile or friendly glance from her. As she now stared over his head or far out on the water, and forced herself to keep the contempt out of her face, that Miss Aurelia, smiling blissfully and pulling bravely with all her strength, might not see, a sudden and to her remarkable thought leaped up freshly in her perturbed brain. She repulsed it with a shudder. It reappeared, bold and tenacious. But Eduard? What would he say? "Never mind. Knowing my duty, I can make him all right afterward." She was silent and abstracted the whole way home.

When they reached the landing she accepted Binder's assistance for the first time, and drawing her breath hard, and nerving herself as if to touch a reptile, when he squeezed her hand, she, Tony Zschorcher, squeezed his in return.

That evening she wrote to Eduard. After reading the letter she tore it into many long strips, and burned them, one by one, in her candle. "Knowing my duty," she murmured, softly: "the best of men are queer. Some day I will tell him—with my voice—not with written words." Still she was glad that she had written the letter, for it had laid the situation clearly before her, and exposed the enemy's weak points. Going across to Miss Aurelia, that lady, she discovered, was also writing, apparently the first draft of something important. Her manuscript consisted chiefly of erasures, and the English-German lexicon was lying open close at hand.

Tony asked permission to go out, which Miss Aurelia, hustling her papers confusedly together, gave with precipitation. The maid, with her demure, respectful air, passed out of the room; but as the door closed her quiet face grew distressed and frightened. "There's not a moment to lose—oh dear! oh dear!" Smiling again, as if life to her were purest balm, she sought the servants' hall, and her friend the great High-Dudgeon.

"Oh," she began, sweetly, "would you please be so kind? Suppose, General High-Dudgeon, that you wished your sister in England to come to you, how would you telegraph that in your English?"

"I should say, 'Emmeline, come direkly,' or words to that effect."

"Would you please write it for me?"

"That and more, for you," responded the great man, gallantly. "Must you telegraph to England? Emmeline, you know, would not be necessary unless the party's name was Emmeline."

"No; I must not telegraph to England or to Emmeline. But it does seem a shame to neglect opportunities such as I have at present to learn really superior English. All you gentlemen speak French so easily that I get on very well. Still it would be an advantage to me to know English, and I never felt it more than at this very moment. It's a great language, your English."

"Well, that's true," he admitted, much gratified, and accepting her praise as if he were the sole originator and proprietor of the English tongue. "Shall I write some more for you, Miss Vanderpool?"

"To-morrow, thanks, Major-General High-Dudgeon," said Tony, escaping as fast as possible.

She now went straight to the telegraph office and carefully wrote a message, hesitating slightly at the signature. "Knowing my duty, it's too late to stop for trifles," she concluded, and signed her despatch with a bold "A."

Her next task was more difficult, and she turned red and white by turns as she advanced to it. On the pier some boys were playing a species of leap-frog. She called one of them.

"Do you know Fritz Binder?" she asked.

He grinned assent.

"Do you know where he is likely to be at this time?"

"Likely to be a-drinkin' beer."

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"Will you find him, and give him this? And here's something for you."

Binder, in the midst of a convivial circle of men, pipes, and beer mugs, sprang up joyfully, uttering the German equivalent of "By thunder!" Upon the paper the urchin had given him was written: "The park. Last walk. Third tree. *Now.* T."

On wings of hope he flew to the trysting-place.

A little figure in a water-proof and muffled in much veil was awaiting him.

"Oh," stammered the hero of a thousand rowing parties, the ideal of boarding-schools, suddenly growing shy, awkward, and happy, "I never expected this, never—of you!"

"Nor I either," muttered Tony, with a groan of exasperation.

"You see, you were always so frosty and so queer!"

"Was I?" gasped Tony, hoarsely, the vials of her wrath about to empty themselves upon him. There was a choking sensation in her throat, and she had been nursing her ire and contempt so long that now, at the critical moment, she could find no words.

"I've rowed on this lake ten years," continued the deluded young man, "and I've never seen anything like you, and that's why I couldn't keep my eyes off of you," coming a little nearer and attempting to take her hand.

"Let me alone!" she exclaimed, fiercely.

"Why, Tony!"

"Don't Tony me!"

Binder had had a large experience with the fair sex, and from these symptoms, on the part of a young woman who had herself proposed a rendezvous, he not unreasonably concluded that she was jealous.

"Come, come, now," he murmured, coaxingly. His voice was eager and sincere. By the dim park light she saw before her a good-looking young man in a rough coat and an unromantic hat. She shrank as much as possible into the shadow.

"Fritz Binder," she began—'Fritz Binder—Fritz Binder, you—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Tony, I do want to please you awfully. You know I do. You're mad, and no wonder, because she and I are going to meet in the woods to-morrow. But can I help it if she says she wants to see me in the leafy grove? I'm not a swan; I can show on land," stretching his strong straight legs with a conscious laugh.

Tony clung spasmodically to the tree, and thought that she should die.

"Too mad to speak? Well, I'm sorry. But, honest, now, could I know you'd care? And if a lady tells a man to meet her in the woods, he goes, doesn't he? She says she has something to tell me—me alone. Well, I don't suppose it will hurt me much. And if it pleases her," laughing heartily, "what's the odds? She isn't the first woman that ever made a fool of herself. She won't be the last."

"The woods," repeated Tony, mechanically. "What woods?"

"You know very well—the woods beyond the villas. Don't try to fool me, you little witch. You've heard her whispering at me for days. But what's the use of wasting time about her? See here, Tony, don't play off. When a girl like you meets a man at night in this way, she's in earnest. You are in earnest, Tony?"

"Yes, I'm in earnest," she groaned.

"There, now, that's something like," he went on, cheerfully. "And I'm in earnest. I mean it as honest as ever a man did. And I won't go near the woods and that silly, scraggy old maid. It was only a lark, you know; and her money is handsome, if she isn't."

In Tony's ordinarily clear head the wildest confusion prevailed. Plans and counter-plans, indignation and astonishment, ran riot.

"Tony, don't be so queer. Be a little friendly, can't you? Haven't you a word to say to me?"

"To-morrow," she answered, with a violent effort.

"To-morrow?" he questioned, joyfully.

"Yes. I shall have something to say to you to-morrow."

"Where? Here?"

"No. In the woods."

"Oh," he laughed, "instead of the other one?"

"Yes, instead of the other one."

"But hadn't we better say somewhere else? There might be a collision."

"No. Nowhere else. Only in those woods."

"Whew! How jealous the little thing is!" he thought, complacently.

"Well, well, as you like," he said, in a soothing tone. "Only take care of her."

"Yes, I'll take care of her. Trust me

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for that," she replied, in her strange, stifled voice.

"What! are you going?"

"Yes, I am."

"And won't even give me your hand?"

She darted off two or three steps and paused. "You—wait until to-morrow, Fritz Binder," she remarked, with extraordinary emphasis, and ran rapidly away.

Binder returned to his friends, and indulged in sanguine reflections.

"She was only trying to punish me. I like a girl with spirit. The neat, pert, pretty, wide-awake little thing! And I shouldn't be surprised if her savings were considerable. We must make the old one give us her blessing, and fork over."

CHAPTER IX.

TONY WINS.

"I SHALL not need those things to-day, Tony," said Miss Aurelia, with a vivid blush.

Tony, as usual after lunch, had laid the boating costume out, and the rowing gloves, and the sailor hat with the anchors.

"Why should I feel embarrassed?" thought Miss Aurelia. "Tony will soon know all."

"I am going to take a stroll in the woods," she announced, with a vain attempt at composure. "I will wear the grenadine, Tony, and the pretty little tulle hat."

Tony with alacrity made the requisite changes in her dispositions.

"Shall I take parasols or umbrellas?" she asked, innocently. "Umbrellas, perhaps. The weather is uncertain."

"I did not say that you were to come," stammered Miss Aurelia, with another painful blush.

"Oh, will the gracious Fräulein walk in the woods quite alone? Will that be safe?"

"I'm not afraid," replied Miss Aurelia, ashamed of her equivocation, yet dwelling with pride upon the manly strength which would support and protect her.

"But am I not to meet the gracious Fräulein somewhere to walk home with her?"

Miss Aurelia looked at her reflectively.

Why not? Everything would be settled then. He would have read what she had written, the outpouring of her deepest and truest sentiments. How fortunate that she had proposed the woods! There, in leafy solitude, amid the song of birds, he would not hesitate to declare himself. Would he deem her unmaidenly? Ah, no! Already he had said so very much in eloquent sighs and glances, in vague yet unmistakable hints! She did hope her German was clear enough. She had at least taken the greatest pains, and written it three times. The wood was indeed necessary. How could she give the precious missive to him in the boat? How could he read it there? But Tony was waiting for her answer.

"Well, yes, Tony. I don't mind your coming after I am through with my walk. I prefer to be undisturbed until five," she faltered. "I am going at four. You might leave the hotel at five, Tony."

"At five," Tony repeated, dutifully. "And where?"

Tony was now quite pale, and watched her mistress's uncertain features closely.

"I cannot have her meet him," reasoned the lady. "He will be so rapturous, so agitated."

"Tony," she said, "you know the broad middle path. Well, you go down that as far as the stone, and then turn to the right—the right, you understand, Tony."

"The right, gracious Fräulein."

"At five, or a little later, and go to the right, Tony, and wait by that tallest pine."

"At five, to the right, and wait by the pine."

"And you may go now, Tony. I do not need you. I have something to do. Everything is quite ready, thanks," she said, hurriedly, longing to prepare herself once more for the coming interview, which she had rehearsed a score of times, picturing herself gently alluring, yet perfectly discreet—in short, all that a woman ought to be, whose lover, of humble station, is consumed by the passion he dares not reveal. There was that princess who proposed to a doctor. It seemed to Miss Aurelia her case was very similar. To be sure, she was not a princess. But Fritz was certainly infinitely more fascinating than any doctor could possibly be. Then to propose fairly and squarely was far from her intentions. She was merely going to delicately give him to understand that—

"Tony, why are you waiting?"

"There is something I would like to

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"'TAKE ME AWAY,' SHE SAID, FEEBLY."

beg of the gracious Fräulein," said the girl, softly, regarding her mistress with a singular expression, which that lady was far too excited to observe. Affection, distress, pity, and something like a prayer for pardon were portrayed on the little maid's face.

"If the gracious Fräulein should hear voices or anything, will she please stand perfectly still and listen before she goes on?" Tony was very pale indeed.

"How absurd, Tony! Those woods are so peaceful!"

"Yes; but sometimes there are people there one wouldn't like to meet. I should feel so much happier," she pleaded, "if the gracious Fräulein would only promise me this."

"Well, then, I promise. Why not?"

"To stand perfectly still and listen. It is a promise?"

"Yes, yes. But go now, Tony, please."

Before Miss Aurelia prepared to start, Tony was walking rapidly toward the woods. "If things only work right!" she sighed, throwing a half-frightened look back at the hotel windows. Reaching the stone in the broad path, she murmured, "To the right, and wait by the pine," then unhesitatingly turned to the left, and waited by an oak, where Miss Aurelia used to come to read in the old days before she had discovered Fritz Binder.

"If he doesn't come I could choke him," she muttered. Presently she heard a foot-

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fall on the soft turf and the breaking of little twigs.

"Thank Heaven, it's Binder!"

On he came, smiling, complacent. "Tony," he cried, stretching out his arms playfully, "give me a kiss to make up for last night."

"You stand where you are, and keep your distance. First of all, you must answer some questions."

"All right," returned Binder, indulgently; "only don't try a fellow's patience too long."

It seemed to Tony's sharpened senses that there was already a rustling in the undergrowth not far off, and from the direction in which she had come.

"Stand more to the right," she commanded, hastily; "so—profile against the path."

"Are you going to take my photograph?" laughed Binder.

"Don't move," said Tony, sternly. "Answer me, and fast."

"Oh, I'll answer fast enough. I want my reward."

"And honestly?"

"And honestly. Here's my hand on it."

"Keep your hands at home."

"For the present, since it's your whim, I will."

"Fritz Binder," she demanded, solemnly, "where did you get all those lies you tell in your boat?"

She spoke louder than usual, and it was not easy for her to keep her eyes fixed on him, and at the same time to closely watch the motions of a figure leaning against a tree at a little distance.

Binder threw back his head and laughed immoderately. "Some of them at the theatre, some of them out of my own head," he answered at last, with great glee.

"Is there any Prince Botowski?"

"There may be, for all of me, but I never saw him."

"Is there any Countess Olga?"

"There is, but I don't know her."

"Is there any school-mistress with nine young ladies from the Rhine?" demanded his stern inquisitor.

"Yes, there is, and they all dote on me. That's no lie, or the sixty-three anchors either. 'Most through with your catechism?"

"How many times have you repeated that weeping-willow poem? Five hundred?"

"At least."

"And you say it backward and forward, and zigzag, and upside down, don't you?"

"Why not?" he chuckled, triumphantly. "The foreign ladies know so little German."

"Do you know any other poem?"

"Not I. I've made heaps of money out of that one. It's a splendid investment."

"And you chose it for its length, didn't you? To keep people out in your boat—night tariff?"

"Oh yes. It belongs to my stock in trade. Hurry, Tony. Time's about up."

"What's all that about your heart that beats, and your cruel fate, and your sleepless nights? Is there anything particular the matter with you?"

"No, there isn't," he declared, with a great honest laugh. "I'm sound as a nut—heart, stomach, and liver. But, you see, suffering pleases. No man on the lake makes as much money as I do. Do you suppose mere rowing pays? It's the extras, Tony—the extras."

"What extras? Tell me everything."

"What an eager little thing you are! Well, the fact is, Tony, you can hardly make it too strong for most women. Look at them boldly, roll up your eyes at them, and they may say you are impudent, but they come again the next day. They taught me my business themselves. When I began I thought only of rowing. 'What a beautiful boy,' they said, 'with his blue blouse, and his loose collar!' And they'd look at me and talk about me as if I was a part of the pier or the landscape. Of course I'd have been a born fool if I hadn't made my blouse bluer and my collar looser—wouldn't I, little Tony?"

"Go on! go on!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"'What an attitude!' the ladies would say; 'how picturesque!' as I stood quite careless like on the landing. That was ten years ago. Well, of course I've kept that attitude and been improving upon it ever since. The picturesque pays. I've learned to spout a few phrases and to hit my breast like anything. The boat is my theatre, and the same thing answers the purpose year after year. The women always like it. They just dote on love-making. I'm sometimes surprised that they don't get tired, for I'm awfully bored often, and mighty glad to get into these

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other clothes, when nothing is expected of me but to take my glass of beer like an honest man, without any nonsense. But, looking at it as business, there's nothing on the lake that pays like love-making. Don't you see, Tony?"

"Oh yes, I see."

"But the ladies teach me; the ladies began it, bless 'em! Now that little dodge of mine about being but a poor boatman, and my aspiration, and the curse of fate, and all that, why, it was a lady that showed me the whole thing. She made eyes at me, and asked me if I didn't suffer. Of course I said yes. She said she saw it, and sympathized with me, and I must not despair. She knew I was a noble soul. I said that I was. She said, though but a humble boatman, my aspiration soared beyond the cold and cruel world. I said that it did. The lake business is queer, but it's paying, because the ladies educate a man in his profession. I've got a couple of pupils. They're green and shy still, and inclined to laugh. But they'll do bravely as soon as I launch them. But what has all this to do with us, Tony? Don't let's talk shop. Let's talk of ourselves."

Tony drew her breath, grew paler, and cast a quick glance over her shoulder.

"What have you been trying to do with Miss Vanderpool?"

"Nothing in particular. I've had plenty of regular customers like her, easily pleased, you know, and liberal. It's like fishing. Some fish bite, some don't. My bait is always the same. It's luck. She bites."

"Have you ever met any other lady in these woods?" she asked, in a clear voice, throwing a pained, pitiful glance over her shoulder.

"In these woods? Good Lord! that's the regular thing. If ever I've had a wholesale customer like Miss Vanderpool, it always ends in the woods."

Tony looked as if she were suffering acute physical pain. High and distinct came her next question:

"And you don't love Miss Vanderpool, don't admire her, don't care for her at all?"

It seemed to Tony that the very trees leaned forward to listen to his answer.

He laughed merrily. "Do you take me for a fool? Tony, business is business, and I say and do what I must, whether women are old and scraggy or not. But, as I'm an honest man, I never before asked a girl to marry me, and I do ask you. I don't know anything about you. But you please me. You've taken hold of me. Would I marry one of those ogling, silly fools? No; not if she was a princess. What I like is a neat, clean, clever, sensible, pretty little thing, with a head on her shoulders, like you, Tony. Do you suppose I'd marry a girl that couldn't see through me? Speak up now yourself. Say you like me a little, Tony. Come, now!"

She darted back as he approached. "Fritz Binder, in the first place, I'm proud to say that I've been engaged to be married for years, to a man that lives by honest work, and not upon his looks. And in the second place, if I had nobody at all, I'd be ashamed to keep company with such as you, trading on a low-necked shirt collar and love glances and lies. And in the third place, Miss Vanderpool has heard every word you've said, from behind that tree, and she sends her compliments, and has amused herself very much this summer, but doesn't require your boat any more. And as for me, I despise you, and so good-day to you, Fritz Binder!"

She was gone.

Binder, open-mouthed, stared after her, and saw her join her mistress. The situation being unequivocal, he concluded not to face the two irate women, but to retire at once with long strides.

Tony found Miss Aurelia pressed as close to a tree trunk as its mantle of moss. How they reached the hotel neither of them ever knew. Tony put her mistress to bed with a hot-water flask at her feet.

Miss Aurelia turned her face to the wall, and spoke not a word. Tony ministered to her with vast and silent sympathy, in nameless tender ways that women know.

Shivers ran down Miss Aurelia's back. Hot tears burned her eyes. She felt weak, crushed, helpless, and infinitely ashamed. From her station behind the tree she had seen no hero, but only a vulgar and hearty young man in respectable and ill-fitting clothes. She had listened to the exposition of his principles. They were natural enough. She could even find some excuse for him. But she did not recognize him. He was to her an utterly unknown being. Where was the hero of her one romance? where was her boatman, her gondolier, her gallant, beautiful, high-souled, aspiring, sensitive, suffering friend?

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She had gazed in his deep eyes for the last time yesterday in the boat. As if sunk in the lake, he had vanished forever. This heavy, respectable-looking day-laborer had nothing in common with that tender and exquisite youth.

She would fain have visited her mortification, confusion, and bitter disappointment upon Tony, but that discreet little person was a rare combination of devotion and tact, perceived no rebuff, and persisted in regarding Miss Aurelia as ill from too much rowing. She told the doctor so; she announced it to the servants and to all inquiring friends; she said it, in fact, so often that she finally believed it herself.

In the course of the following morning Mr. John Vanderpool made his appearance, to his niece's immoderate surprise. She was lying in bed, because it suited Tony's views to keep her there, and Miss Aurelia cared too little what became of herself to remonstrate.

"Well, you do look pulled down, Aurelia, upon my word," he said, kindly, after the first greetings, patting her hand with solicitude, "and you did right to telegraph."

Miss Aurelia stared, and was about to speak, when she was emphatically pinched by Tony—the only act of positive disrespect of which she was ever guilty.

"It gave me a start, my dear girl. I took the first train, and here I am. Now what can I do for you?"

"Take me away," she said, feebly, tears starting to her eyes.

Tony hurried him out of the room.

"But she's not able to travel," he said, anxiously.

"Oh yes; all she needs is change of air. Now her dear uncle is here, she will be better. She is only fatigued from too much rowing."

"Rowing!" exclaimed the astonished old gentleman. "Can she row?"

"Magnificently," returned Tony, with enthusiasm.

Toward evening Miss Aurelia was pronounced able to be dressed, and even to take a turn on the lake with her uncle.

"I cannot, Tony—I cannot; indeed I cannot," whispered Miss Aurelia.

Tony dressed her, cheered her, comforted her, petted her, cooed over her as if she were a baby, but to the lake she had to go.

"Mr. John Vanderpool," Tony rejoined, with cheerful significance, "is a man worth seeing. When one has a gentleman like him in the family it is well that people should know it. It prevents misunderstandings."

More dead than alive, Miss Aurelia was dragged into the boat of an old, gray-headed rower. "Tony is cruel to bring me here," she groaned, as she beheld the scene of her lost illusions. Pale, passive, speechless, she leaned back with half-closed eyes.

"Isn't it too much for her?" asked Uncle John.

"She will be better for it afterward," replied Tony, sweetly.

Presently Mr. Vanderpool broke into a hearty laugh.

"What is that dandy boatman trying to do over there?" he inquired.

At a short distance from them, in a dainty white boat, sat two ladies, gazing enraptured upon a young man attired in a highly picturesque sailor suit. He had dropped his oars, and was beating his breast vigorously. Now he stood up, and made frantic motions, as if about to plunge into the water.

"What's the matter with him? and what a theatrical puppy he is!" commented Uncle John, still laughing.

"It's only Binder," volunteered the old boatman, with a grin. "He's always a-doing that. He says the ladies like it. He does act like a fool, but he ain't one on shore."

Miss Aurelia gasped for breath.

"Row toward him," said Uncle John. "Why, Tony, you ought to have engaged him. He's as good as a circus."

"The gracious Fräulein has often employed Binder," Tony rejoined, seriously. "He is amusing at first, but one tires of him."

The boats approached.

Uncle John turned his laughing, quizzical face broadly upon Fritz Binder.

"He is telling about a monster who hates women and roses," Tony calmly explained to Mr. Vanderpool. "I know by the gestures. Now he says that he loves madly, yet how respectfully."

"Ah, gracious Fräulein," she whispered, imploringly, "if you would only look happy! if you would sit up and laugh straight in his face! dear Fräulein, just once, *now!*"

Inspired by her eagerness, Miss Aurelia straightened herself, and accomplished a

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smile which, if not characterized by perfect spontaneity, was at least a perceptible exercise of the facial muscles, such as society often demands of us; and as the boats passed each other Binder saw three laughing faces surveying him—four, in fact, for no boatman on the lake ever met him without a knowing grin.

He stared an instant in surprise at the stout, elderly cavalier; then swinging his blue cap, smiled back frankly and unabashed, the strong sunlight shining on his handsome brown hair and bare throat. He looked hard at Tony, conflicting emotions struggling in his face, but a merry parting glance won, and with a shrug of his shoulders, equivalent to "After all, business is business," he resumed the duties of his profession.

"Handsome young rogue," said Uncle John, "and enjoys life vastly. I wish I had his waist."

"His waist is a very different thing in his other clothes," returned Tony, with composure.

"Tony," said Miss Aurelia, late that night, blushing, and looking very miserable, "do you think that it is my duty to—to explain; that is to say, to relate anything that has happened to my uncle?"

"Mr. John Vanderpool," returned Tony, stoutly, "no doubt has his little pleasures which he does not relate to the gracious Fräulein. The gracious Fräulein has the same right to keep her little pleasures to herself. After all," she added, airily, "it was the merest bagatelle!"

Miss Aurelia gave her a grateful glance, but Tony was looking unconsciously in another direction. Happily she was not one of the women who after every event experience the gloating desire to "talk it over," and Miss Aurelia was ashamed and sore in the deepest recesses of her heart, and only silence could heal her wounds.

The next day they left Constance, amid impressive adieux, which greatly astonished Uncle John. Everybody was at the door, even the wise man from the den below, and Miss Aurelia was presented with countless bouquets and boxes of chocolate. Mrs. High-Dudgeon stood conspicuously in sight till the very last. Mrs. Ruy-Bric murmured lovingly in her dearest Miss Vanderpool's ear that she would not fail to write to her every detail of the progress of the little church in Wales, in which she took so deep and gratifying interest. Mr. Puggums toddled about, and gurgled to the mystified Uncle John: "Take care of her. She is truly precious. We have all loved her well. Let me always know the sweet girl's address." "She's a *lady!*" thundered Mrs. High-Dudgeon, in a tone that made Uncle John jump.

Off went the omnibus, amid wavings of handkerchiefs, waftings of kisses, and obsequious salams from the crowd of waiters. Tony had distributed the *pourboire* prudently, not lavishly, for she knew that a millionaire need never give as a poor man must.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Uncle John, looking curiously from one to the other. He had believed that he knew his niece. Miss Aurelia was silent and pale; indifferent to her triumphs, one would say.

"She has been much admired here," said Tony, softly.

"Indeed!" remarked Uncle John, and fell into a brown study.

Several times that day Tony caught him furtively casting searching glances at his niece.

They went to a place of Tony's choosing, called Herzensruh'. (This name will not be found on Cook's list.) Here, as Miss Aurelia had desired, people were kind, and enjoyed themselves. Some of them had titles which would have interfered with the enjoyment of a stern and rock-bound republican. But Uncle John neither bowed down to them nor paid their owners the equally flattering tribute of scathing and contemptuous disapproval. He took them simply, as they took themselves, and found them amiable companions, good whist-players, and clever at political discussions. He even privately admitted to his own conscience that had he been born a French marquis with a large estate, he might have had a sneaking fondness for his own land, language, and associations, and succumbed to the weakness of not emigrating to America.

Tony did not push the Vanderpools here. Where others were at rest, she deemed struggling out of place. Everybody was kind to Miss Aurelia, and admired her rowing. Uncle John was particularly impressed with this new accomplishment.

"I would never have believed it!" he exclaimed, with much respect. "You really row very well, my dear. Who ever supposed you had any muscle and 'go'?"

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"I had a great deal of practice at Constance," she would reply, at first with a blush, but gradually she took an honest pride in her rowing, and enjoyed being praised for it. The Fritz Binder episode assumed by degrees a less painful aspect, and finally imparted a certain dignity to her meditations, and a pensive air of experience to her countenance when the tender passion was under discussion.

In every respect her uncle found her improved. She looked better: he could not tell how or why. She spoke better, with more clearness and decision, no longer irritating him with her stammering repetitions.

"Aurelia's rather nice," he found himself often thinking. "Travel is improving her. She's liked too. What a fuss they made over her at Constance!" Even here at Herzensruh' the ladies said, "That quiet Miss Vanderpool must be a lovely character; her bright, clever little maid worships the ground she walks on."

One day Uncle John was watching Tony's healthy, supple little figure moving lightly about the room as she put things to rights, and struck anew with the keen look of her eyes and her charming smile, he demanded, suddenly, "Tony, why haven't you married?"

"Oh, Uncle John!" remonstrated Miss Aurelia. "Don't! Every woman has her heart history." She sighed, and looked wise.

"Tony doesn't mind," he persisted. "Why aren't you married, Tony?"

"Well, sir, I might have, several times, but—"

"But—"

"But you know if you set your heart on anybody, that's the end of it. The others were the right sort, and good-looking, and diligent; but there— I don't want anybody but him!" she exclaimed, with a splendid flash of color and a happy smile.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing, thank God!"

"Does he like you?"

"Of course," with a serene look.

"Then you're engaged?"

"Oh yes, surely."

"Where is he?"

"At his work, in a little town in the Suabian Oberland."

"What is he?"

"A master-builder. Oh, he's educated. He can talk with anybody about styles," she added, proudly. "One look at a building, and he can tell you all about it—Gothic, Renaissance, everything."

"How long have you been engaged?" demanded Uncle John.

Tony's bright, courageous face looked at him cheerily. "Eleven years," she said.

"Here—here—is the German Fatherland!" he muttered. "But why in the dickens don't you marry?"

She hesitated. "We shall—some day, when we have saved something."

"Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel."

"In Germany Rachel serves too," rejoined Tony, brightly.

"But why haven't you saved your earnings? You have good wages."

"You see, sir, there are the parents."

"Whose parents?"

"My parents."

"Are they feeble?"

"Happily no. They are strong and able-bodied."

"Then, Tony, what do you mean?"

"Oh," she said, distressed, "I'm not bound to work for them. They don't ask; but if I don't give, it makes me unhappy. I can't bear cold looks, or the door closed on me a Sunday afternoon. It isn't the right kind of a home where there's no peace. I'd do anything for peace. And so it goes year after year. I might have had three thousand mark in the bank if it weren't for my father. The mother—it's not her fault, but of course when he sulks she gives way, and it's no home to come back to, so I think, 'Well, they may have it this time.'"

"How old is your father?" asked Uncle John, walking rapidly up and down the room.

"Father's forty-eight, and well and strong, and has his trade. He's not my real father."

"Where is your real father?" Mr. Vanderpool asked, much puzzled.

She hesitated.

"Is he dead?"

"I never had any," she answered, very gently.

"Ah!" said Uncle John; and thought, "Poor little girl, with your finely cut face, and your brain and nerve, and race and sensitiveness, and mastery of us all—this is the problem I have unconsciously been studying. No father!"

"Tony," he began, peremptorily, "you mean to say that you have been supporting

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for years an able-bodied man who isn't even of your own blood?"

"Since I was twelve years old I have helped—yes."

"And for what earthly reason, I should like to inquire?"

"He is a respectable man," she said, softly, "and he married my mother when I was a little baby. My mother is good and patient and faithful—the best of women; but every man wouldn't have done what he did. I don't know as it's unnatural that he should expect me to do something for him. He is so very respectable. His reputation is excellent. Of course it was always a trial to him that I was there." With a pretty, deprecating look at Miss Aurelia, "I am very sorry," she added. "These things aren't pleasant, but they are in the world. They are true."

"God bless my soul, yes!" ejaculated Uncle John. After a pause, "See here, Tony," he began, "have you never tried to stop this black-mail business?"

"Oh yes. That's why I came home. Once I had a dress-making shop. I've learned my trade thoroughly. I was doing well—very well. But I couldn't keep anything. It all went. It will be better some day," she said, bravely.

"Does the man drink?"

"Oh no. He is most respectable, as I have said. He is very pleasant with me, too, when all goes well. The mother is glad when we all go out together."

"Tony, my girl, it's a relief to me to be able to tell you that you are a little fool. You have struck me as so supernaturally clever, so far beyond anybody's years, so happy and gentle and cheery and good, such a paragon, in fact, that you made me rather uncomfortable. Now that I know that you are a little fool, I feel better."

Mr. Vanderpool was flourishing his handkerchief about his nose and eyes in a singular manner.

Tony laughed brightly.

"You need a bit of sound advice, you and your Jacob."

"Eduard," she corrected, prettily, and as if she loved the name.

"You two ought to marry and done with it, and start fresh somewhere else. Eleven years! Merciful powers!"

"It's I that won't go to him with empty pockets. He would take me without a penny. But his parents are very respectable. They have the right to look high." She sighed, but quickly smiled again. "He will wait," she said.

"Have you never thought of going far away with him?"

"Oh yes; but it's such a step!"

"It's more than a step—it's a voyage. You send for Jacob, and let me have a talk with him. I may want to engage a master-builder myself—one that knows Gothic from Renaissance. I think you'd better leave all these very respectable old parties. And I presume you could look after Miss Vanderpool just the same, couldn't you? Aurelia, they might have a couple of rooms in the gardener's house, I should think. Once in America, Tony, you could easily bring your people to terms, and help them too, very decently, if you should wish."

"America!" exclaimed Tony, rosy with delight. "Oh, sir—"

"Oh, Tony! oh, Uncle John! What a beautiful and perfect plan!"

"You send for Jacob," he repeated, as he left the room.

"Knowing my duty, I will."

"Tony," Miss Aurelia began, "I am glad too that you have been foolish. It was good and generous, but foolish—very. Everybody is foolish once," she said, with a sigh, and her newly acquired look of romantic reminiscence. "But some more than others. Tony, there is something—We have never spoken of it. I never could—but I have often wished to ask you since—since that peculiar and unfortunate experience on the Lake of Constance, when—"

"Since the gracious Fräulein chose to learn to row," suggested Tony, serenely.

"Yes, since I chose to learn to row. It is this, Tony: do you, or do you not, know right from left?"

"When the gracious Fräulein explains, I seem to understand," began Tony, casting down her eyes.

Miss Aurelia shook her head incredulously. "That day—that dreadful day, Tony—there was enough that I understood too well; but there was much I could not understand. I told you the right path, and you had time to think and choose, and yet you went to the left. How much was accident, Tony? How much did you know?"

Tony hesitated an instant. Her eyes sparkled. "Gracious Fräulein," she answered, "I've knocked about this world

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more than a dear, good, innocent lady can ever imagine, and this much I've learned: things are right or left according as one stands. The path I took was the right path—coming home."

Miss Aurelia looked at her in gentle perplexity. "Ah, Tony, I fear that you are a sad rogue."

The little maid returned her gaze with a benevolent and humorous smile. "Knowing my duty, gracious Fräulein, I am."

THE END.

APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XLIII.

DAN had learned, with a lover's keenness, to read Alice's moods in the most colorless wording of her notes. She was rather apt to write him notes, taking back or reaffirming the effect of something that had just passed between them. Her notes were tempered to varying degrees of heat and cold, so fine that no one else would have felt the difference, but sensible to him in their subtlest intention.

Perhaps a mere witness of the fact would have been alarmed by a note which began without an address, except that on the envelop, and ended its peremptory brevity with the writer's name signed in full. Dan read calamity in it, and he had all the more trouble to pull himself together to meet it because he had parted with unusual tenderness from Alice the night before, after an evening in which it seemed to him that their ideals had been completely reconciled.

The note came, as her notes were apt to come, while Dan was at breakfast, which he was rather luxurious about for so young a man, and he felt formlessly glad afterward that he had drunk his first cup of coffee before he opened it, for it chilled the second cup, and seemed to take all character out of the omelet.

He obeyed it, wondering what the doom menaced in it might be, but knowing that it was doom, and leaving his breakfast half finished, with a dull sense of the tragedy of doing so.

He would have liked to ask for Mrs. Pasmer first, and interpose a moment of her cheerful unreality between himself and his interview with Alice, but he decided that he had better not do this, and they met at once, with the width of the room between them. Her look was one that made it impassable to the simple impulse he usually had to take her in his arms and kiss her. But as she stood holding out a letter to him, with the apparent intention that he should come and take it, he traversed the intervening space and took it.

"Why, it's from mother!" he said, joyously, with a glance at the handwriting.

"Will you please explain it?" said Alice, and Dan began to read it.

It began with a good many excuses for not having written before, and went on with a pretty expression of interest in Alice's letters and gratitude for them; Mrs. Mavering assured the girl that she could not imagine what a pleasure they had been to her. She promised herself that they should be great friends, and she said that she looked forward eagerly to the time, now drawing near, when Dan should bring her home to them. She said she knew Alice would find it dull at the Falls except for him, but they would all do their best, and she would find the place very different from what she had seen it in the winter. Alice could make believe that she was there just for the summer, and Mrs. Mavering hoped that before the summer was gone she would be so sorry for a sick old woman that she would not even wish to go with it. This part of the letter, which gave Dan away so hopelessly, as he felt, was phrased so touchingly that he looked up from it with moist eyes to the hard cold judgment in the eyes of Alice.

"Will you please explain it?" she repeated.

He tried to temporize. "Explain what?"

Alice was prompt to say, "Had you promised your mother to take me home to live?"

Dan did not answer.

"You promised *my* mother to go abroad. What else have you promised?" He continued silent, and she added, "You are a faithless man." They were the words of Romola, in the romance, to Tito; she had often admired them; and they seemed to her equally the measure of Dan's offence.

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"Alice—"

"Here are your letters and remembrances, Mr. Mavering." Dan mechanically received the packet she had been holding behind her; with a perverse freak of intelligence he observed that though much larger now, it was tied up with the same ribbon which had fastened it when Alice returned his letters and gifts before. "Good-by. I wish you every happiness consistent with your nature."

She bowed coldly, and was about to leave him, as she had planned; but she had not arranged that he should be standing in front of the door, and he was there, with no apparent intention of moving.

"Will you allow me to pass?" she was forced to ask, however, haughtily.

"No!" he retorted, with a violence that surprised him. "I will not let you pass till you have listened to me—till you tell me why you treat me so. I won't stand it—I've had enough of this kind of thing."

It surprised Alice too a little, and after a moment's hesitation she said, "I will listen to you," so much more gently than she had spoken before that Dan relaxed his imperative tone, and began to laugh. "But," she added, and her face clouded again, "it will be of no use. My mind is made up *this* time. Why should we talk?"

"Why, because mine isn't," said Dan. "What is the matter, Alice? Do you think I would force you, or even ask you, to go home with me to live unless you were entirely willing? It could only be a temporary arrangement anyway."

"That isn't the question," she retorted. "The question is whether you've promised your mother one thing and me another."

"Well, I don't know about *promising*," said Dan, laughing a little more uneasily, but still laughing. "As nearly as I can remember, I wasn't consulted about the matter. *Your* mother proposed one thing, and *my* mother proposed another."

"And *you* agreed to *both*. That is quite enough—quite characteristic!"

Dan flushed, and stopped laughing. "I don't know what you mean by characteristic. The thing didn't have to be decided at once, and I didn't suppose it would be difficult for either side to give way, if it was judged best. I was sure my mother wouldn't insist."

"It seems very easy for your family to make sacrifices that are not likely to be required of them."

"You mustn't criticise my mother!" cried Dan.

"I have *not* criticised her. You insinuate that we would be too selfish to give up, if it were for the best."

"I do nothing of the kind, and unless you are determined to quarrel with me you wouldn't say so."

"I don't wish a quarrel; none is necessary," said Alice, coldly.

"You accuse me of being treacherous—"

"I didn't say treacherous!"

"Faithless, then. It's a mere quibble about words. I want you to take that back."

"I can't take it back; it's the truth. Aren't you faithless, if you let us go on thinking that you're going to Europe, and let your mother think that we're coming home to live after we're married?"

"No! I'm simply leaving the question open!"

"Yes," said the girl, sadly, "you *like* to leave questions open. That's your way."

"Well, I suppose I do till it's necessary to decide them. It saves the needless effusion of talk," said Dan, with a laugh; and then, as people do in a quarrel, he went back to his angry mood, and said: "Besides, I supposed you would be glad of the chance to make some sacrifice for me. You're always asking for it."

"Thank you, Mr. Mavering," said Alice, "for reminding me of it; nothing is sacred to you, it seems. I can't say that *you* have ever sought any opportunities of self-sacrifice."

"I wasn't allowed time to do so; they were always presented."

"Thank you again, Mr. Mavering. All this is quite a revelation. I'm glad to know how you really felt about things that you seemed so eager for."

"Alice, you know that I would do anything for you!" cried Dan, ruing his precipitate words.

"Yes; that's what you've repeatedly told me. I used to believe it."

"And I always believed what *you* said. You said at the picnic that day that you thought I would like to live at Ponkwasset Falls if my business was there—"

"That is not the point!"

"And now you quarrel with me because my mother wishes me to do so."

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Alice merely said: "I don't know why I stand here allowing you to intimidate me in my father's house. I demand that you shall stand aside and let me pass."

"I'll not oblige you to leave the room," said Dan. "*I* will go. But if I go, you will understand that I don't come back."

"I hoped that," said the girl.

"Very well. Good-morning, Miss Pasmer."

She inclined her head slightly in acknowledgment of his bow, and he whirled out of the room and down the dim narrow passageway into the arms of Mrs. Pasmer, who had resisted as long as she could her curiosity to know what the angry voices of himself and Alice meant.

"Oh, Mr. Mavering, is it you?" she buzzed; and she flung aside one pretence for another in adding, "Couldn't Alice make you stay to breakfast?"

Dan felt a rush of tenderness in his heart at the sound of the kind, humbugging little voice. "No, thank you, Mrs. Pasmer, I couldn't stay, thank you. I—I thank you very much. I—good-by, Mrs. Pasmer." He wrung her hand, and found his way out of the apartment door, leaving her to clear up the mystery of his flight and his broken words as she could.

"Alice," she said, as she entered the room, where the girl had remained, "what have you been doing now?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, with a remnant of her scorn for Dan qualifying her tone and manner to her mother. "I've dismissed Mr. Mavering."

"Then you want him to come to lunch?" asked her mother. "I should advise him to refuse."

"I don't think he'd accept," said Alice. Then, as Mrs. Pasmer stood in the door, preventing her egress, as Dan had done before, she asked, meekly: "Will you let me pass, mamma? My head aches."

Mrs. Pasmer, whose easy triumphs in so many difficult circumstances kept her nearly always in good temper, let herself go, at these words, in vexation very uncommon with her. "Indeed I shall not!" she retorted. "And you will please sit down here and tell me what you mean by dismissing Mr. Mavering. I'm tired of your whims and caprices."

"I can't talk," began the girl, stubbornly.

"Yes, I think you can," said her mother. "At any rate, *I* can. Now what is it all?"

"Perhaps this letter will explain," said Alice, continuing to dignify her enforced submission with a tone of unabated hauteur; and she gave her mother Mrs. Mavering's letter, which Dan had mechanically restored to her.

Mrs. Pasmer read it, not only without indignation, but apparently without displeasure. But she understood perfectly what the trouble was, when she looked up and asked, cheerfully, "Well?"

"Well!" repeated Alice, with a frown of astonishment. "Don't you see that he's promised us one thing and her another, and that he's false to both?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pasmer, recovering her good-humor in view of a situation that she felt herself able to cope with. "Of course he has to temporize, to manage a little. She's an invalid, and of course she's very exacting. He has to humor her. How do you know he has promised her? He hasn't promised *us*."

"Hasn't *promised* us?" Alice gasped.

"No. He's simply fallen in with what we've said. It's because he's so sweet and yielding, and can't bear to refuse. I can understand it perfectly."

"Then if he hasn't promised us, he's deceived us all the more shamefully, for he's made us *think* he had."

"He hasn't *me*," said Mrs. Pasmer, smiling at the stormy virtue in her daughter's face. "And what if you *should* go home awhile with him—for the summer, say? It couldn't last longer, much; and it wouldn't hurt us to wait. I suppose he hoped for something of that kind."

"Oh, it isn't that," groaned the girl, in a kind of bewilderment. "I could have gone there with him joyfully, and lived all my days, if he'd only been frank with me."

"Oh no, you couldn't," said her mother, with cozy security. "When it comes to it, you don't like giving up any more than other people. It's very hard for you to give up; he sees that—he knows it, and he doesn't really like to ask any sort of sacrifice from you. He's afraid of you."

"Don't I know that?" demanded Alice, desolately. "I've known it from the first, and I've felt it all the time. It's all a mistake, and has been. We never could understand each other. We're too different."

"That needn't prevent your understanding him. It needn't prevent you

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from seeing how really kind and good he is—how faithful and constant he is."

"Oh, you say that—you praise him—because you like him."

"Of course I do. And can't you?"

"No. The least grain of deceit—of temporizing, you call it—spoils everything. It's over," said the girl, rising, with a sigh, from the chair she had dropped into. "We're best apart; we could only have been wretched and wicked together."

"What did you say to him, Alice?" asked her mother, unshaken by her rhetoric.

"I told him he was a faithless person."

"Then you were a cruel girl," cried Mrs. Pasmer, with sudden indignation; "and if you were not my daughter I could be glad he had escaped you. I don't know where you got all those silly, romantic notions of yours about these things. You certainly didn't get them from me," she continued, with undeniable truth, "and I don't believe you get them from your Church. It's just as Miss Anderson said: your Church makes allowance for human nature, but you make none."

"I shouldn't go to Julie Anderson for instruction in such matters," said the girl, with cold resentment.

"I wish you would go to her for a little common-sense—or somebody," said Mrs. Pasmer. "Do you know what talk this will make?"

"I don't care for the talk. It would be worse than talk to marry a man whom I couldn't trust—who wanted to please me so much that he had to deceive me, and was too much afraid of me to tell me the truth."

"You headstrong girl!" said her mother, impartially admiring at the same time the girl's haughty beauty.

There was an argument in reserve in Mrs. Pasmer's mind which perhaps none but an American mother would have hesitated to urge; but it is so wholly our tradition to treat the important business of marriage as a romantic episode that even she could not bring herself to insist that her daughter should not throw away a chance so advantageous from every worldly point of view. She could only ask, "If you break this engagement, what do you expect to do?"

"The engagement is broken. I shall go into a sisterhood."

"You will do nothing of the kind, with my consent," said Mrs. Pasmer. "I will have no such nonsense. Don't flatter yourself that I will. Even if I approved of such a thing, I should think it wicked to let you do it. You're always fancying yourself doing something very devoted, but I've never seen you ready to give up your own will, or your own comfort even, in the slightest degree. And Dan Mavering, if he were twice as temporizing and —circuitous"—the word came to her from her talk with him—"would be twice too good for you. I'm going to breakfast."

XLIV.

The difficulty in life is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions which we have taught ourselves that we ought to feel. This is all the truer when the occasion is tragical: we surprise ourselves in a helplessness to which the great event, death, ruin, lost love, reveals itself slowly, and at first wears the aspect of an unbroken continuance of what has been, or at most of another incident in the habitual sequence.

Dan Mavering came out into the bright winter morning knowing that his engagement was broken, but feeling it so little that he could not believe it. He failed to realize it, to seize it for a fact, and he could not let it remain that dumb and formless wretchedness, without proportion or dimensions, which it now seemed to be, weighing his life down. To verify it, to begin to outlive it, he must instantly impart it, he must tell it, he must see it with others' eyes. This was the necessity of his youth and of his sympathy, which included himself as well as the rest of the race in its activity. He had the usual environment of a young man who has money. He belonged to clubs, and he had a large acquaintance among men of his own age, who lived a life of greater leisure, or were more absorbed in business, but whom he met constantly in society. For one reason or another, or for no other reason than that he was Dan Mavering and liked every one, he liked them all. He thought himself great friends with them; he dined and lunched with them; and they knew the Pasmers, and all about his engagement. But he

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did not go to any of them now with the need he felt to impart his calamity, to get the support of some other's credence and opinion of it. He went to a friend whom, in the way of his world, he met very seldom, but whom he always found, as he said, just where he had left him.

Boardman never made any sign of suspecting that he was put on and off, according to Dan's necessity or desire for comfort or congratulation; but it was part of their joke that Dan's coming to him always meant something decisive in his experiences. The reporter was at his late breakfast, which his landlady furnished him in his room, though, as Mrs. Nash said, she never gave meals, but a cup of coffee and an egg or two, yes.

"Well?" he said, without looking up.

"Well, I'm done for!" cried Dan.

"Again?" asked Boardman.

"Again! The other time was nothing, Boardman—I knew it wasn't anything; but this—this is final."

"Go on," said Boardman, looking about for his "individual" salt-cellar, which he found under the edge of his plate; and Mavering laid the whole case before him. As he made no comment on it for a while, Dan was obliged to ask him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, with the smile that showed the evenness of his pretty teeth, "there's a kind of wild justice in it." He admitted this, with the object of meeting Dan's views in an opinion.

"So *you* think I'm a faithless man *too*, do you?" demanded Mavering, stormily.

"Not from your point of view," said Boardman, who kept on quietly eating and drinking.

Mavering was too amiable not to feel Boardman's innocence of offence in his unperturbed behavior. "There was no faithlessness about it, and you know it," he went on, half laughing, half crying, in his excitement, and making Boardman the avenue of an appeal really addressed to Alice. "I was ready to do what either side decided."

"Or both," suggested Boardman.

"Yes, or both," said Dan, boldly accepting the suggestion. "It wouldn't have cost *me* a pang to give up if I'd been in the place of either."

"I guess that's what she could never understand," Boardman mused aloud.

"And I could never understand how any one could fail to see that that was what I intended—expected: that it would all come out right of itself—naturally." Dan was still addressing Alice in this belated reasoning. "But to be accused of bad faith—of trying to deceive any one—"

"Pretty rough," said Boardman.

"Rough? It's more than I can stand!"

"Well, you don't seem to be asked to stand it," said Boardman, and Mavering laughed forlornly with him at his joke, and then walked away and looked out of Boardman's dormer-window on the roofs below, with their dirty, smoke-stained February snow. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face with it. When he turned round, Boardman looked keenly at him, and asked, with an air of caution, "And so it's all up?"

"Yes, it's all up," said Dan, hoarsely.

"No danger of a relapse?"

"What do you mean?"

"No danger of having my sympathy handed over later to Miss Pasmer for examination?"

"I guess you can speak up freely, Boardman," said Dan, "if that's what you mean. Miss Pasmer and I are quits."

"Well, then, I'm glad of it. She wasn't the one for you. She isn't fit for you."

"What's the reason she isn't?" cried Dan. "She's the most beautiful and noble girl in the world, and the most conscientious, and the best—if she *is* unjust to me."

"No doubt of that. I'm not attacking her, and I'm not defending you."

"What are you doing, then?"

"Simply saying that I don't believe you two would ever understand each other. You haven't got the same point of view, and you couldn't make it go. Both out of a scrape."

"I don't know what you mean by a scrape," said Dan, resenting the word more than the idea. Boardman tacitly refused to modify or withdraw it, and Dan said, after a sulky silence, in which he began to dramatize a meeting with his family: "I'm going home; I can't stand it here. What's the reason you can't come with me, Boardman?"

"Do you mean to your rooms?"

"No; to the Falls."

"Thanks. Guess not."

"*Why* not?"

"Don't care about being a fifth wheel."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Boardman! Look here, you *must* go. I want you to go. I

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—I want your support. That's it. I'm all broken up, and I couldn't stand that three hours' pull alone. They'll be glad to see you—all of them. Don't you suppose they'll be glad to see you? They're always glad; and they'll understand."

"I don't believe you want me to go yourself. You just think you do."

"No. I really do want you, Boardman. I want to talk it all over with you. I do want you. I'm not fooling."

"Don't think I could get away." Yet he seemed to be pleased with the notion of the Falls; it made him smile.

"Well, see," said Mavering, disconsolately. "I'm going round to my rooms now, and I'll be there till two o'clock; train's at 2.30." He went toward the door, where he faced about. "And you don't think it would be of any use?"

"Any use—what?" asked Boardman.

"Trying to—to—to make it up."

"How should I know?"

"No, no; of course you couldn't," said Dan, miserably downcast. All the resentment which Alice's injustice had roused in him had died out; he was suffering as helplessly and hopelessly as a child. "Well!" he sighed, as he swung out of the door.

Boardman found him seated at his writing-desk in his smoking jacket when he came to him, rather early, and on the desk were laid out the properties of the little play which had come to a tragic close. There were some small bits of jewelry, among the rest a ring of hers which Alice had been letting him wear; a lock of her hair, which he had kept, for the greater convenience of kissing, in the original parcel, tied with crimson ribbon; a succession of flowers which she had worn, more and more dry and brown with age; one of her gloves, which he had found and kept from the day they first met in Cambridge; a bunch of withered blueberries tied with sweet-grass, whose odor filled the room, from the picnic at Campobello; scraps of paper with her writing on them, and cards; several photographs of her, and piles of notes and letters.

"Look here," said Dan, knowing it was Boardman without turning round, "what am I to do about these things?"

Boardman respectfully examined them over his shoulder. "Don't know what the usual ceremony is," he said. He ventured to add, referring to the heaps of letters, "Seems to have been rather epistolary, doesn't she?"

"Oh, don't talk of her as if she were dead!" cried Dan. "I've been feeling as if she were." All at once he dropped his head among these witnesses of his loss, and sobbed.

Boardman appeared shocked, and yet somewhat amused; he made a soft, low sibilation between his teeth.

Dan lifted his head. "Boardman, if you ever give me away!"

"Oh, I don't suppose it's very hilarious," said Boardman, with vague kindness. "Packed yet?" he asked, getting away from the subject, as something he did not feel himself fitted to deal with consecutively.

"I'm only going to take a bag," said Mavering, going to get some clothes down from a closet where his words had a sepulchral reverberation.

"Can't I help?" asked Boardman, keeping away from the sad memorials of Dan's love strewn about on the desk, and yet not able to keep his eyes off them across the room.

"Well, I don't know," said Dan. He came out with his armful of coats and trousers, and threw them on the bed. "Are you going?"

"If I could believe you wanted me to."

"Good!" cried Mavering, and the fact seemed to brighten him immediately. "If you want to, stuff these things in, while I'm doing up these other things." He nodded his head sidewise toward the desk.

"All right," said Boardman.

His burst of grief must have relieved Dan greatly. He set about gathering up the relics on the desk, and getting a suitable piece of paper to wrap them in. He rejected several pieces as inappropriate. "*I* don't know what kind of paper to do these things up in," he said at last.

"Any special kind of paper required?" Boardman asked, pausing in the act of folding a pair of pantaloons so as not to break the fall over the boot.

"I didn't know there was, but there seems to be," said Dan.

"Silver paper seems to be rather more for cake and that sort of thing," suggested Boardman. "Kind of mourning too, isn't it—silver?"

"I don't know," said Dan. "But I haven't got any silver paper."

"Newspaper wouldn't do?"

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"Well, *hardly*, Boardman," said Dan, with sarcasm.

"Well," said Boardman, "I should have supposed that nothing could be simpler than to send back a lot of love-letters; but the question of paper seems insuperable. Manila paper wouldn't do either. And then comes string. What kind of string are you going to tie it up with?"

"Well, we won't start that question till we get to it," answered Dan, looking about. "If I could find some kind of a box—"

"Haven't you got a collar box? Be the very thing!" Boardman had gone back to the coats and trousers, abandoning Dan to the subtler difficulties in which he was involved.

"They've all got labels," said Mavering, getting down one marked "The Tennyson," and another lettered "The Clarion," and looking at them with cold rejection.

"Don't see how you're going to send these things back at all, then. Have to keep them, I guess." Boardman finished his task, and came back to Dan.

"I guess I've got it now," said Mavering, lifting the lid of his desk, and taking out a large stiff envelop, in which a set of photographic views had come.

"Seems to have been made for it," Boardman exulted, watching the envelop, as it filled up, expand into a kind of shapely packet. Dan put the things silently in, and sealed the parcel with his ring. Then he turned it over to address it, but the writing of Alice's name for this purpose seemed too much for him, in spite of Boardman's humorous support throughout.

"Oh, *I* can't do it," he said, falling back in his chair.

"Let me," said his friend, cheerfully ignoring his despair. He philosophized the whole transaction, as he addressed the package, rang for a messenger, and sent it away, telling him to call a cab for ten minutes past two.

"Mighty good thing in life that we move by steps. Now on the stage, or in a novel, you'd have got those things together, and addressed 'em, and despatched 'em, in just the right kind of paper, with just the right kind of string round it, at a dash; and then you'd have had time to go up and lean your head against something and soliloquize, or else think unutterable things. But here you see how a merciful Providence blocks your way all along. You've had to fight through all sorts of sordid little details to the grand tragic result of getting off Miss Pasmer's letters, and when you reach it you don't mind it a bit."

"Don't I?" demanded Dan, in as hollow a voice as he could. "You'd joke at a funeral, Boardman."

"I've seen some pretty cheerful funerals," said Boardman. "And it's this principle of steps, of degrees, of having to do this little thing and that little thing, that keeps funerals from killing the survivors. I suppose this is worse than a funeral—look at it in the right light. You mourn as one without hope, don't you? Live through it too, I suppose."

He made Dan help get the rest of his things into his bag, and with one little artifice and another prevented him from stagnating in despair. He dissented from the idea of waiting over another day to see if Alice would not relent when she got her letters back, and send for Dan to come and see her.

"Relent a great deal more when she finds you've gone out of town, if she sends for you," he argued; and he got Dan into the cab and off to the station, carefully making him an active partner in the whole undertaking, even to checking his own bag.

Before he bought his own ticket he appealed once more to Dan.

"Look here! I feel like a fool going off with you on this expedition. Be honest for once, now, Mavering, and tell me you've thought better of it, and don't want me to go!"

"Yes—yes, I do. Oh yes, you've got to go. I—I do want you. I—you make me see things in just the right light, don't you know. That idea of yours about little steps—it's braced me all up. Yes—"

"You're such an infernal humbug," said Boardman, "I can't tell whether you want me or not. But I'm in for it now, and I'll go." Then he bought his ticket.

XLV.

Boardman put himself in charge of Mavering, and took him into the smoking-car. It was impossible to indulge a poetic gloom there without becoming unpleasantly conspicuous in the smoking and euchre and profanity. Some of the men

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were silent and dull, but no one was apparently very unhappy, and perhaps if Dan had dealt in absolute sincerity with himself, even he would not have found himself wholly so. He did not feel as he had felt when Alice rejected him. Then he was wounded to the quick through his vanity, and now, in spite of all, in spite of the involuntary tender swaying of his heart toward her through the mere force of habit, in spite of some remote compunctions for his want of candor with her, he was supported by a sense of her injustice, her hardness. Related with this was an obscure sense of escape, of liberation, which, however he might silence and disown it, was still there. He could not help being aware that he had long relinquished tastes, customs, purposes, ideals, to gain a peace that seemed more and more fleeting and uncertain, and that he had submitted to others which, now that the moment of giving pleasure by his submission was passed, he recognized as disagreeable. He felt a sort of guilt in his enlargement; he knew, by all that he had ever heard or read of people in his position, that he ought to be altogether miserable; and yet this consciousness of relief persisted. He told himself that a very tragical thing had befallen him; that his broken engagement was the ruin of his life and the end of his youth, and that he must live on an old and joyless man, wise with the knowledge that comes to decrepitude and despair; he imagined a certain look for himself, a gait, a name, that would express this; but all the same he was aware of having got out of something. Was it a bondage, a scrape, as Boardman called it? He thought he must be a very light, shallow, and frivolous nature not to be utterly broken up by his disaster.

"I don't know what I'm going home for," he said, hoarsely, to Boardman.

"Kind of a rest, I suppose," suggested his friend.

"Yes, I guess that's it," said Dan. "I'm tired."

It seemed to him that this was rather fine; it was a fatigue of the soul that he was to rest from. He remembered the apostrophic close of a novel in which the heroine dies after much emotional suffering. "Quiet, quiet heart!" he repeated to himself. Yes, he too had died to hope, to love, to happiness.

As they drew near their journey's end he said, "I don't know how I'm going to break it to them."

"Oh, probably break itself," said Boardman. "These things usually do."

"Yes, of course," Dan assented.

"Know from your looks that something's up. Or you might let me go ahead a little and prepare them."

Dan laughed. "It was awfully good of you to come, Boardman. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Nothing I like more than these little trips. Brightens you up to see the misery of others; makes you feel that you're on peculiarly good terms with Providence. Haven't enjoyed myself so much since that day in Portland." Boardman's eyes twinkled.

"Yes," said Dan, with a deep sigh, "it's a pity it hadn't ended there."

"Oh, I don't know. You won't have to go through with it again. Something that had to come, wasn't it? Never been satisfied if you hadn't tried it. Kind of aching void before, and now you've got enough."

"Yes, I've got enough," said Dan, "if *that's* all."

When they got out of the train at Ponkwasset Falls, and the conductor and the brakeman, who knew Dan as his father's son, and treated him with the distinction due a representative of an interest valued by the road, had bidden him a respectfully intimate good-night, and he began to climb the hill to his father's house, he recurred to the difficulty before him in breaking the news to his family. "I wish I could have it over in a flash. I wish I'd thought to telegraph it to them."

"Wouldn't have done," said Boardman. "It would have given 'em time to formulate questions and conjectures, and now the astonishment will take their breath away till you can get your second wind, and then—you'll be all right."

"You think so?" asked Dan, submissively.

"*Know* so. You see, if you could have had it over in a flash, it would have knocked you flat. But now you've taken all the little steps, and you've got a lot more to take, and you're all braced up. See? You're like rock, now—adamant." Dan laughed in forlorn perception of Boardman's affectionate irony. "Little steps are the thing. You'll have to go in now and meet your family, and pass the time of day with each one, and talk about the

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weather, and account for my being along, and ask how they all are; and by the time you've had dinner, and got settled with your legs out in front of the fire, you'll be just in the mood for it. Enjoy telling them all about it."

"Don't, Boardman," pleaded Dan. "Boardy, I believe if I could get in and up to my room without anybody's seeing me, I'd let you tell them. There don't seem to be anybody about, and I think we could manage it."

"It wouldn't work," said Boardman. "Got to do it yourself."

"Well, then, wait a minute," said Dan, desperately; and Boardman knew that he was to stay outside while Dan reconnoitred the interior. Dan opened one door after another till he stood within the hot, brilliantly lighted hall. Eunice Mavering was coming down the stairs, hooded and wrapped for a walk on the long verandas before supper.

"Dan!" she cried.

"It's all up, Eunice," he said at once, as if she had asked him about it. "My engagement's off."

"*Oh*, I'm so glad!" She descended upon him with outstretched arms, but stopped herself before she reached him. "It's a hoax. What do you mean? Do you really mean it, Dan?"

"I guess I mean it. But don't— Hold on! Where's Minnie?"

Eunice turned and ran back upstairs. "Minnie! Min!" she called on her way. "Dan's engagement's off."

"I don't believe it!" answered Minnie's voice, joyously, from within some room. It was followed by her presence, with successive inquiries. "How do you know? Did you get a letter? When did it happen? Oh, *isn't* it too good?"

Minnie was also dressed for the veranda promenade, which they always took when the snow was too deep. She caught sight of her brother as she came down. "Why, Dan's here! Dan, I've been thinking about you all day." She kissed him, which Eunice was now reminded to do too.

"Yes, it's true, Minnie," said Dan, gravely. "I came up to tell you. It don't seem to distress you much."

"Dan!" said his sister, reproachfully. "You know I didn't mean to say anything. I only felt so glad to have you back again."

"I understand, Minnie—I don't blame you. It's all right. How's mother? Father up from the works yet? I'm going to my room."

"Indeed you're not!" cried Eunice, with elder-sisterly authority. "You shall tell us about it first."

"Oh no! Let him go, Eunice!" pleaded Minnie. "Poor Dan! And I don't think we ought to go to walk when—"

Dan's eyes dimmed, and his voice weakened a little at her sympathy. "Yes, go. I'm tired—that's all. There isn't anything to tell you, hardly. Miss Pasmer—"

"Why, he's pale!" cried Minnie. "*Eunice!*"

"Oh, it's just the heat in here." Dan really felt a little sick and faint with it, but he was not sorry to seem affected by the day's strain upon his nerves.

The girls began to take off their wraps. "Don't. I'll go out with you. Boardman's out there."

"Boardman! What nonsense!" exclaimed Eunice.

"He'll like to hear your opinion of it," Dan began; but his sister pulled the doors open, and ran out to see if he really meant that too.

Whether Boardman had heard her, or had discreetly withdrawn out of ear-shot at the first sound of voices, she could not tell, but she found him some distance away from the snow-box on the piazza. "Dan's just managed to tell us you were here," she said, giving him her hand. "I'm glad to see you. Do come in."

"Came along as a sort of Job's comforter," Boardman explained, as he followed her in; and he had the silly look that the man who feels himself superfluous must wear.

"Then you know about it?" said Eunice, while Minnie Mavering and he were shaking hands.

"Yes, Boardman knows; *he* can tell you about it," said Dan, from the hall chair he had dropped into. He rose and made his way to the stairs, with the effect of leaving the whole thing to them.

His sisters ran after him, and got him upstairs and into his room, with Boardman's semi-satirical connivance, and Eunice put up the window, while Minnie went to get some cologne to wet his forehead. Their efforts were so successful that he revived sufficiently to drive them out of his room, and make them go and show Boardman to his.

"You know the way, Mr. Boardman,"

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said Eunice, going before him, while Minnie followed timorously, but curious for what he should say. She lingered on the threshold, while her sister went in and pulled the electric apparatus which lighted the gas-burners. "I suppose Dan didn't break it?" she said, turning sharply upon him.

"No; and I don't think he was to blame," said Boardman, inferring her reserved anxiety.

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that," said Eunice, rejecting what she had asked for. "You'll find everything, Mr. Boardman. It was kind of you to come with Dan. Supper's at seven."

"How *severe* you were with him!" murmured Minnie, following her away.

"Severe with *Dan*?"

"No—with Mr. Boardman."

"What nonsense! I had to be. I couldn't let him defend Dan to me. Couple of silly boys!"

After a moment Minnie said, "*I* don't think he's silly."

"Who?"

"Mr. Boardman."

"Well, Dan is, then, to bring him at such a time. But I suppose he felt that he couldn't get here without him. What a boy! Think of such a child being engaged! I hope we sha'n't hear any more of such nonsense for *one* while again—at least till Dan's got his growth."

They went down into the library, where, in their excitement, they sat down with most of their out-door things on.

Minnie had the soft contrary-mindedness of gentle natures. "I should like to know *how* you would have had Dan bear it," she said, rebelliously.

"How? Like a man. Or like a woman. How do you suppose Miss Pasmer's bearing it? Do you suppose she's got some friend to help her?"

"If she's broken it, she doesn't need any one," urged Minnie.

"Well," said Eunice, with her high scorn of Dan unabated, "I never could have liked that girl, but I certainly begin to respect her. I think I could have got on with her—now that it's no use. I declare," she broke off, "we're sitting here sweltering to death! What *are* we keeping our things on for?" She began to tear hers violently off and to fling them on chairs, scolding, and laughing at the same time with Minnie, at their absent-mindedness.

A heavy step sounded on the veranda without.

"There's father!" she cried, vividly, jumping to her feet and running to the door, while Minnie, in a nervous bewilderment, ran off upstairs to her room. Eunice flung the door open. "Well, father, we've got Dan back again." And at a look of quiet question in his eye she hurried on: "His engagement's broken, and he's come up here to tell us, and brought Mr. Boardman along to help."

"Where is he?" asked the father, with his ruminant quiet, pulling off first one sleeve of his overcoat, and pausing for Eunice's answer before he pulled off the other.

XLVI.

"He's up in his room, resting from the effort." She laughed nervously, and her father made no comment. He took off his arctics, and then went creaking upstairs to Dan's room. But at the door he paused, with his hand on the knob, and turned away to his own room without entering.

Dan must have heard him; in a few minutes he came to him.

"Well, Dan," said his father, shaking hands.

"I suppose Eunice has told you? Well, I want to tell you why it happened."

There was something in his father that always steadied Dan and kept him to the point. He now put the whole case fairly and squarely, and his candor and openness seemed to him to react and characterize his conduct throughout. He did not realize that this was not so till his father said at the close, with mild justice, "You were to blame for letting the thing run on so at loose ends."

"Yes, of course," said Dan, seeing that he was. "But there was no intention of deceiving any one—of bad faith—"

"Of course not."

"I thought it could be easily arranged whenever it came to the point."

"If you'd been older, you wouldn't have thought that. You had women to deal with on both sides. But if it's all over, I'm not sorry. I always admired Miss Pasmer, but I've been more and more afraid you were not suited to each other. Your mother doesn't know you're here?"

"No, sir, I suppose not. Do you think it will distress her?"

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"How did your sisters take it?"

Dan gave a rueful laugh. "It seemed to be rather a popular move with them."

"I will see your mother first," said the father.

He left them when they went into the library after supper, and a little later Dan and Eunice left Boardman in charge of Minnie there.

He looked after their unannounced withdrawal in comic consciousness. "It's no use pretending that I'm not a pretty large plurality here," he said to Minnie.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad you came!" she cried, with a kindness which was as real as if it had been more sincere.

"Do you think mother will feel it much?" asked Dan, anxiously, as he went upstairs with Eunice.

"Well, she'll hate to lose a correspondent—such a regular one," said Eunice, and the affair being so far beyond any other comment, she laughed the rest of the way to their mother's room.

The whole family had in some degree that foible which affects people who lead isolated lives; they come to think that they are the only people who have their virtues; they exaggerate these, and they conceive a kindness even for the qualities which are not their virtues. Mrs. Mavering's life was secluded again from the family seclusion, and their peculiarities were intensified in her. Besides, she had some very marked peculiarities of her own, and these were also intensified by the solitude to which she was necessarily left so much. She meditated a great deal upon the character of her children, and she liked to analyze and censure it both in her own mind and openly in their presence. She was very trenchant and definite in these estimates of them; she liked to ticket them, and then ticket them anew. She explored their ancestral history on both sides for the origin of their traits, and there were times when she reduced them in formula to mere congeries of inherited characteristics. If Eunice was self-willed and despotic, she was just like her grandmother Mavering; if Minnie was all sentiment and gentle stubbornness, it was because two aunts of hers, one on either side, were exactly so; if Dan loved pleasure and beauty, and was sinuous and uncertain in so many ways, and yet was so kind and faithful and good, as well as shilly-shallying and undecided, it was because her mother, and her mother's father, had these qualities in the same combination.

When she took her children to pieces before their faces, she was sharp and admonitory enough with them. She warned them of what their characters would bring them to if they did not look out; but perhaps because she beheld them so hopelessly the present effect of the accumulated tendencies of the family past, she was tender and forgiving to their actions. The mother came in there, and superseded the student of heredity: she found excuse for them in the perversity of circumstance, in the peculiar hardship of the case, in the malignant misbehavior of others.

As Dan entered, with the precedence his father and sister yielded him as the principal actor in the scene which must follow, she lifted herself vigorously in bed, and propped herself on the elbow of one arm while she stretched the other toward him.

"I'm glad of it, Dan!" she called, at the moment he opened the door, and as he came toward her she continued, with the amazing velocity of utterance peculiar to nervous sufferers of her sex: "I know all about it, and I don't blame you a bit! And I don't blame *her!* Poor helpless young things! But it's a perfect mercy it's all over; it's the greatest deliverance I ever heard of! You'd have been eaten up alive. I saw it and I knew it from the very first moment, and I've lived in fear and trembling for you. You could have got on well enough if you'd been left to yourselves, but that you couldn't have been nor hope to be as long as you breathed, from the meddling and the machinations and the malice of that unscrupulous and unconscionable old *Cat!*"

By the time Mrs. Mavering had hissed out the last word she had her arm round her boy's neck and was clutching him, safe and sound after his peril, to her breast; and between her kissing and crying she repeated her accusals and denunciations with violent volubility.

Dan could not have replied to them in that effusion of gratitude and tenderness he felt for his mother's partisanship; and when she went on in almost the very terms of his self-defence, and told him that he had done as he had because it was easy for him to yield, and he could not imagine a Cat who would put her daughter up to entrapping him into a promise that she knew must break his mother's

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heart, he found her so right on the main point that he could not help some question of Mrs. Pasmer in his soul. Could she really have been at the bottom of it all? She was very sly, and she might be very false, and it was certainly she who had first proposed their going abroad together. It looked as if it might be as his mother said, and at any rate it was no time to dispute her, and he did not say a word in behalf of Mrs. Pasmer, whom she continued to rend in a thousand pieces and scatter to the winds till she had to stop breathless.

"Yes! It's quite as I expected! She did everything she could to trap you into it. She fairly flung that poor girl at you. She laid her plans so that you couldn't say no—she understood your character from the start!—and then, when it came out by accident, and she saw that she had older heads to deal with, and you were not going to be *quite* at her mercy, she dropped the mask in an instant, and made Alice break with you. Oh, I could see through her from the beginning! And the next time, Dan, I advise you, as you never suspect anybody yourself, to consult with somebody who doesn't take people for what they seem, and not to let yourself be flattered out of your senses, even if you see your father is."

Mrs. Mavering dropped back on her pillows, and her husband smiled patiently at their daughter.

Dan saw his patient smile and understood it; and the injustice which his father bore made him finally unwilling to let another remain under it. Hard as it was to oppose his mother in anything when she was praising him so sweetly and comforting him in the moment of his need, he pulled himself together to protest: "No, no, mother! I don't think Mrs. Pasmer was to blame; I don't believe she had anything to do with it. She's always stood my friend—"

"Oh, I've no doubt she's made you *think* so, Dan," said his mother, with unabated fondness for him; "and you think so because you're so simple and good, and never suspect evil of any one. It's this hideous optimism that's killing everything—"

A certain note in the invalid's falling voice seemed to warn her hearers of an impending change that could do no one good. Eunice rose hastily and interrupted: "Mother, Mr. Boardman's here. He came up with Dan. May Minnie come in with him?"

Mrs. Mavering shot a glance of inquiry at Dan, and then let a swift inspection range over all the details of the room, and finally concentrate itself on the silk and lace of her bed, over which she passed a smoothing hand. "Mr. Boardman?" she cried, with instantly recovered amiability. "Of course she may!"

XLVII.

In Boston the rumor of Dan's broken engagement was followed promptly by a denial of it; both the rumor and the denial were apparently authoritative; but it gives the effect of a little greater sagacity to distrust rumors of all kinds, and most people went to bed, after the teas and dinners and receptions and clubs at which the fact was first debated, in the self-persuasion that it was not so. The next day they found the rumor still persistent; the denial was still in the air too, but it seemed weaker; at the end of the third day it had become a question as to which broke the engagement, and why; by the end of a week it was known that Alice had broken the engagement, but the reason could not be ascertained.

This was not for want of asking, more or less direct. Pasmer, of course, went and came at his club with perfect immunity. Men are quite as curious as women, but they set business bounds to their curiosity, and do not dream of passing these. With women who have no business of their own, and cannot quell themselves with the reflection that this thing or that is not their affair, there is no question so intimate that they will not put it to some other woman; perhaps it is not so intimate, or perhaps it will not seem so; at any rate, they chance it. Mrs. Pasmer was given every opportunity to explain the facts to the ladies whom she met, and if she was much afflicted by Alice's behavior, she had a measure of consolation in using her skill to baffle the research of her acquaintance. After each encounter of the kind she had the pleasure of reflecting that absolutely nothing more than she meant had become known. The case never became fully known through her; it was the girl herself who told it to Miss Cotton in one of those moments of confidence which are necessary to burdened minds; and it is doubtful if

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more than two or three people ever clearly understood it; most preferred one or other of several mistaken versions which society finally settled down to.

The paroxysm of self-doubt, almost self-accusal, in which Alice came to Miss Cotton moved the latter to the deepest sympathy, and left her with misgivings which became an intolerable anguish to her conscience. The child was so afflicted at what she had done, not because she wished to be reconciled with her lover, but because she was afraid she had been unjust, been cruelly impatient and peremptory with him; she seemed to Miss Cotton so absolutely alone and friendless with her great trouble, she was so helpless, so hopeless, she was so anxious to do right, and so fearful she had done wrong, that Miss Cotton would not have been Miss Cotton if she had not taken her in her arms and assured her that in everything she had done she had been sublimely and nobly right, a lesson to all her sex in such matters forever. She told her that she had always admired her, but that now she idolized her; that she felt like going down on her knees and simply worshipping her.

"Oh, *don't* say that, Miss Cotton!" pleaded Alice, pulling away from her embrace, but still clinging to her with her tremulous, cold little hands. "I can't bear it! I'm wicked and hard—you don't *know* how bad I am; and I'm afraid of being weak, of doing more harm yet. Oh, I wronged him cruelly in ever letting him get engaged to me! But now what you've said will support me. If *you* think I've done right— It must seem strange to you that I should come to you with my trouble instead of my mother; but I've *been* to her, and—and we think alike on so few subjects, don't you know—"

"Yes, yes; I know, dear!" said Miss Cotton, in the tender folly of her heart, with the satisfaction which every woman feels in being more sufficient to another in trouble than her natural comforters.

"And I wanted to know how *you* saw it; and now, if you feel as you say, I can never doubt myself again."

She tempested out of Miss Cotton's house, all tearful under the veil she had pulled down, and as she shut the door of her coupé, Miss Cotton's heart jumped into her throat with an impulse to run after her, to recall her, to recant, to modify everything.

From that moment Miss Cotton's trouble began, and it became a torment that mounted and gave her no peace till she imparted it. She said to herself that she should suffer to the utmost in this matter, and if she spoke to any one, it must not be to some one who had agreed with her about Alice, but to some hard, skeptical nature, some one who would look at it from a totally different point of view, and would punish her for her error, if she had committed an error, in supporting and consoling Alice. All the time she was thinking of Mrs. Brinkley; Mrs. Brinkley had come into her mind at once; but it was only after repeated struggles that she could get the strength to go to her.

Mrs. Brinkley, sacredly pledged to secrecy, listened with a sufficiently dismaying air to the story which Miss Cotton told her in the extremity of her fear and doubt.

"Well," she said at the end, "have you written to Mr. Mavering?"

"Written to Mr. Mavering?" gasped Miss Cotton.

"Yes—to tell him she wants him back."

"Wants him back?" Miss Cotton echoed again.

"That's what she came to you for."

"*Oh*, Mrs. Brinkley!" moaned Miss Cotton, and she stared at her in mute reproach.

Mrs. Brinkley laughed. "I don't say she knew that she came for that; but there's no doubt that she did; and she went away bitterly disappointed with your consolation and support. She didn't want anything of the kind—you may comfort yourself with that reflection, Miss Cotton."

"Mrs. Brinkley," said Miss Cotton, with a severity which ought to have been extremely effective from so mild a person, "do you mean to accuse that poor child of dissimulation—of deceit—in such —a—a—"

"No!" shouted Mrs. Brinkley; "she didn't know what she was doing any more than you did; and she went home perfectly heart-broken; and I hope she'll stay so, for the good of all parties concerned."

Miss Cotton was so bewildered by Mrs. Brinkley's interpretation of Alice's latent motives that she let the truculent hostility of her aspiration pass unheeded. She looked helplessly about, and seemed faint, so that Mrs. Brinkley, without appearing to notice her state, interposed the question of a little sherry. When it had been brought, and Miss Cotton had sipped the

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glass that trembled in one hand while her emotion shattered a biscuit with the other, Mrs. Brinkley went on: "I'm glad the engagement is broken, and I hope it will never be mended. If what you tell me of her reason for breaking it is true—"

"Oh, I feel so *guilty* for telling you! I'd no right to! Please never speak of it!" pleaded Miss Cotton.

"—Then I feel more than ever that it was all a mistake, and that to help it on again would be a—crime."

Miss Cotton gave a small jump at the word, as if she had already committed the crime: she had longed to do it.

"Yes; I mean to say that they are better parted than plighted. If matches are made in heaven, I believe some of them are *un*made there too. They're not adapted to each other; there's too great a disparity."

"You mean," began Miss Cotton, from her prepossession of Alice's superiority, "that she's—"

"Altogether his inferior, intellectually and morally."

"Oh, I can't admit *that!*" cried Miss Cotton, glad to have Mrs. Brinkley go too far, and plucking up courage from her excess.

"Intellectually and morally," repeated Mrs. Brinkley, with the mounting conviction which ladies seem to get from mere persistence. "I saw that girl at Campobello; I watched her."

"I never felt that you did her justice!" cried Miss Cotton, with the valor of a hen-sparrow. "There was an antipathy."

"There certainly wasn't a sympathy, I'm happy to say," retorted Mrs. Brinkley. "I know her, and I know her family, root and branch. The Pasmers are the dullest and most selfish people in the world."

"Oh, I don't think *that's* her character," said Miss Cotton, ruffling her feathers defensively.

"Neither do I. She has *no* fixed character. *No* girl has. *Nobody* has. We all have twenty different characters—more characters than gowns—and we put them on and take them off just as often for different occasions. I know *you* think each person is permanently this or that; but my experience is that half the time they're the other thing."

"Then why," said Miss Cotton, winking hard, as some weak people do when they think they are making a point, "do you say that Alice is dull and selfish?"

"I don't—not always, or not simply so. That's the character of the Pasmer blood, but it's crossed with twenty different currents in her, and from somebody that the Pasmer dulness and selfishness must have driven mad she's got a crazy streak of piety; and that's got mixed up in her again with a nonsensical ideal of duty; and everything she does she not only thinks is right, but she thinks it's religious, and she thinks it's unselfish."

"If you'd seen her, if you'd heard her, this morning," said Miss Cotton, "you wouldn't say *that*, Mrs. Brinkley."

Mrs. Brinkley refused this with an impatient gesture. "It isn't what she is now, or seems to be, or thinks she is. It's what she's going to finally harden into—what's going to be her prevailing character. Now Dan Mavering has just the faults that will make such a girl think her own defects are virtues, because they're so different. I tell you Alice Pasmer has neither the head nor the heart to appreciate the goodness, the loveliness, of a fellow like Dan Mavering."

"I think she feels his sweetness fully," urged Miss Cotton. "But she couldn't endure his uncertainty. With her the truth is first of all things."

"Then she's a little goose. If she had the sense to know it, she would know that he might delay and temporize and beat about the bush, but he would be true when it was necessary. I haven't the least doubt in the world but that poor fellow was going on in perfect security, because he felt that it would be so easy for *him* to give up, and supposed it would be just as easy for her. I don't suppose he had a misgiving, and it must have come upon him like a thunder-clap."

"Don't you think," timidly suggested Miss Cotton, "that truth is the first essential in marriage?"

"Of course it is. And if this girl was worthy of Dan Mavering, if she were capable of loving him or anybody else unselfishly, she would have felt his truth even if she couldn't have seen it. I believe this minute that that manœuvring, humbugging mother of hers is a better woman, a kinder woman, than she is."

"Alice says her mother took his part," said Miss Cotton, with a sigh. "She took your view of it."

"She's a sensible woman. But I hope she won't be able to get him into her toils again," continued Mrs. Brinkley, recur-

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ring to the conventional estimate of Mrs. Pasmer.

"I can't help feeling—believing—that they'll come together somehow still," murmured Miss Cotton. It seemed to her that she had all along wished this; and she tried to remember if what she had said to comfort Alice might be construed as adverse to a reconciliation.

"I hope they won't, then," said Mrs. Brinkley, "for they couldn't help being unhappy together, with their temperaments. There's one thing, Miss Cotton, that's more essential in marriage than Miss Pasmer's instantaneous honesty, and that's patience."

"Patience with wrong?" demanded Miss Cotton.

"Yes, even with wrong; but I meant patience with each other. Marriage is a perpetual pardon, concession, surrender; it's an everlasting giving up; that's the divine thing about it; and that's just what Miss Pasmer could never conceive of, because she is self-righteous and conceited and unyielding. She would make him miserable."

Miss Cotton rose in a bewilderment which did not permit her to go at once. There was something in her mind which she wished to urge, but she could not make it out, though she lingered in vague generalities. When she got a block away from the house it suddenly came to her. Love! If they loved each other, would not all be well with them? She would have liked to run back and put that question to Mrs. Brinkley; but just then she met Brinkley lumbering heavily homeward; she heard his hard breathing from the exertion of bowing to her as he passed.

His wife met him in the hall, and went up to kiss him. He smelt abominably of tobacco smoke.

"Hullo!" said her husband. "What are you after?"

"Nothing," said his wife, enjoying his joke. "Come in here; I want to tell you how I have just sat upon Miss Cotton."

XLVIII.

The relations between Dan and his father had always been kindly and trustful; they now became, in a degree that touched and flattered the young fellow, confidential. With the rest of the family there soon ceased to be any reference to his engagement; his sisters were glad, each in her way, to have him back again, and whatever they may have said between themselves, they said nothing to him about Alice. His mother appeared to have finished with the matter the first night; she had her theory, and she did it justice; and when Mrs. Mavering had once done a thing justice, she did not bring it up again unless somebody disputed it. But nobody had defended Mrs. Pasmer after Dan's feeble protest in her behalf; Mrs. Mavering's theory was accepted with obedience if not conviction; the whole affair dropped, except between Dan and his father.

Dan was certainly not so gay as he used to be; he was glad to find that he was not so gay. There had been a sort of mercy in the suddenness of the shock; it benumbed him, and the real stress and pain came during the long weeks that followed, when nothing occurred to vary the situation in any manner; he did not hear a word about Alice from Boston, nor any rumor of her people.

At first he had intended to go back with Boardman and face it out; but there seemed no use in this, and when it came to the point he found it impossible. Boardman went back alone, and he put Dan's things together in his rooms at Boston and sent them to him, so that Dan remained at home.

He set about helping his father at the business with unaffected docility. He tried not to pose, and he did his best to bear his loss and humiliation with manly fortitude. But his whole life had not set so strongly in one direction that it could be sharply turned aside now and not in moments of forgetfulness press against the barriers almost to bursting. Now and then, when he came to himself from the wonted tendency, and remembered that Alice and he, who had been all in all to each other, were now nothing, the pain was so sharp, so astonishing, that he could not keep down a groan, which he then tried to turn off with a cough, or a snatch of song, or a whistle, looking wildly round to see if any one had noticed.

Once this happened when his father and he were walking silently home from the works, and his father said, without touching him or showing his sympathy except in his tone of humorously frank recognition, "Does it still hurt a little occasionally, Dan?"

"Yes, sir, it hurts," said the son; and

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he turned his face aside, and whistled through his teeth.

"Well, it's a trial, I suppose," said his father, with his gentle, soft half-lisp. "But there are greater trials."

"How, greater?" asked Dan, with sad incredulity. "I've lost all that made life worth living; and it's all my own fault, too."

"Yes," said his father; "I think she was a good girl."

"Good!" cried Dan; the word seemed to choke him.

"Still, I doubt if it's all your fault." Dan looked round at him. He added, "And I think it's perhaps for the best as it is."

Dan halted, and then said, "Oh, I suppose so," with dreary resignation, as they walked on.

"Let us go round by the paddock," said his father, "and see if Pat's put the horses up yet. You can hardly remember your mother, before she became an invalid, I suppose," he added, as Dan mechanically turned aside with him from the path that led to the house into that leading to the barn.

"No; I was such a little fellow," said Dan.

"Women give up a great deal when they marry," said the elder. "It's not strange that they exaggerate the sacrifice, and expect more in return than it's in the nature of men to give them. I should have been sorry to have you marry a woman of an exacting disposition."

"I'm afraid she was exacting," said Dan. "But she never asked more than was right."

"And it's difficult to do all that's right," suggested the elder.

"I'm sure you always have, father," said the son.

The father did not respond. "I wish you could remember your mother when she was well," he said. Presently he added, "I think it isn't best for a woman to be too much in love with her husband."

Dan took this to himself, and he laughed harshly. "She's been able to dissemble her love at last."

His father went on, "Women keep the romantic feeling longer than men; it dies out of us very soon—perhaps too soon."

"You think I couldn't have come to time?" asked Dan. "Well, as it's turned out, I won't have to."

"No man can be all a woman wishes him to be," said his father. "It's better for the disappointment to come before it's too late."

"I was to blame," said Dan, stoutly. "She was all right."

"You were to blame in the particular instance," his father answered. "But in general the fault was in her—or her temperament. As long as the romance lasted she might have deluded herself, and believed you were all she imagined you; but romance can't last, even with women. I don't like your faults, and I don't want you to excuse them to yourself. I don't like your chancing things, and leaving them to come out all right of themselves; but I've always tried to make you children see all your qualities in their true proportion and relation."

"Yes; I know that, sir," said Dan.

"Perhaps," continued his father, as they swung easily along, shoulder to shoulder, "I may have gone too far in that direction because I was afraid that you might take your mother too seriously in the other—that you might not understand that she judged you from her nerves and not her convictions. It's part of her malady, of her suffering, that her inherited Puritanism clouds her judgment, and makes her see all faults as of one size and equally damning. I wish you to know that she was not always so, but was once able to distinguish differences in error, and to realize that evil is of ill-will."

"Yes; I know that," said Dan. "She is now—when she feels well."

"Harm comes from many things, but evil is of the heart. I wouldn't have you condemn yourself too severely for harm that you didn't intend—that's remorse—that's insanity; and I wouldn't have you fall under the condemnation of another's invalid judgment."

"Thank you, father," said Dan.

They had come up to the paddock behind the barn, and they laid their arms on the fence while they looked over at the horses which were still there. The beasts, in their rough winter coats, some bedaubed with frozen clots of the mud in which they had been rolling earlier in the afternoon, stood motionless in the thin, keen breeze that crept over the hillside from the March sunset, and blew their manes and tails out toward Dan and his father. Dan's pony sent him a gleam

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of recognition from under his frowzy bangs, but did not stir.

"Bunch looks like a caterpillar," he said, recalling the time when his father had given him the pony; he was a boy then, and the pony was as much to him, it went through his mind, as Alice had ever been. Was it all a jest, an irony? he asked himself.

"He's getting pretty old," said his father. "Let's see: you were only twelve."

"Ten," said Dan. "We've had him thirteen years."

Some of the horses pricked up their ears at the sound of their voices. One of them bit another's neck; the victim threw up his heels and squealed.

Pat called from the stable, "Heigh, you divils!"

"I think he'd better take them in," said Dan's father; and he continued, as if it were all the same subject, "I hope you'll have seen something more of the world before you fall in love the next time."

"Thank you; there won't be any next time. But do you consider the world such a school of morals, then? I supposed it was a very bad place."

"We seem to have been all born into it," said the father. He lifted his arms from the fence, and Dan mechanically followed him into the stable. A warm, homely smell of hay and of horses filled the place; a lantern glimmered, a faint blot, in the loft where Pat was pitching some hay forward to the edge of the boards; the naphtha gas weakly flared from the jets beside the harness-room, whence a smell of leather issued and mingled with the other smell. The simple, earthy wholesomeness of the place appealed to Dan and comforted him. The hay began to tumble from the loft with a pleasant rustling sound.

His father called up to Pat, "I think you'd better take the horses in now."

"Yes, sir: I've got the box-stalls ready for 'em."

Dan remembered how he and Eunice used to get into the box-stall with his pony, and play at circus with it; he stood up on the pony, and his sister was the ring-master. The picture of his careless childhood reflected a deeper pathos upon his troubled present, and he sighed again.

His father said, as they moved on through the barn: "Some of the best people I've ever known were what were called worldly people. They are apt to be sincere, and they have none of the spiritual pride, the conceit of self-righteousness, which often comes to people who are shut up by conscience or circumstance to the study of their own motives and actions."

"I don't think she was one of that kind," said Dan.

"Oh, I don't know that she was. But the chances of happiness, of goodness, would be greater with a less self-centred person—for you."

"Ah, yes! For *me!*" said Dan, bitterly. "Because I hadn't it in me to be frank with her. With a man like me, a woman had better be a little scampish too! Father, I could get over the loss; she might have died, and I could have got over that; but I can't get over being to blame."

"I don't think I'd indulge in any remorse," said his father. "There's nothing so useless, so depraving, as that. If you see your wrong, it's for your warning, not for your destruction."

Dan was not really feeling very remorseful; he had never felt that he was much to blame; but he had an intellectual perception of the case, and he thought that he ought to feel remorseful; it was this persuasion that he took for an emotion. He continued to look very disconsolate.

"Come," said his father, touching his arm, "I don't want you to brood upon these things. It can do no manner of good. I want you to go to New York next week and look after that Lafflin process. If it's what he thinks—if he can really cast his brass patterns without air-holes—it will revolutionize our business. I want to get hold of him."

The Portuguese cook was standing in the basement door which they passed at the back of the house. He saluted father and son with a glittering smile.

"Hello, Joe!" said Dan.

"Ah, Joe!" said the father; he touched his hat to the cook, who snatched his cap off.

"What a brick you are, father!" thought Dan. His heart leaped at the notion of getting away from Ponkwasset; he perceived how it had been irking him to stay. "If you think I could manage it with Lafflin—"

"Oh, I think you could. He's another slippery chap."

Dan laughed for pleasure and pain at his father's joke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A DEAD PORTUGUESE CITY IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

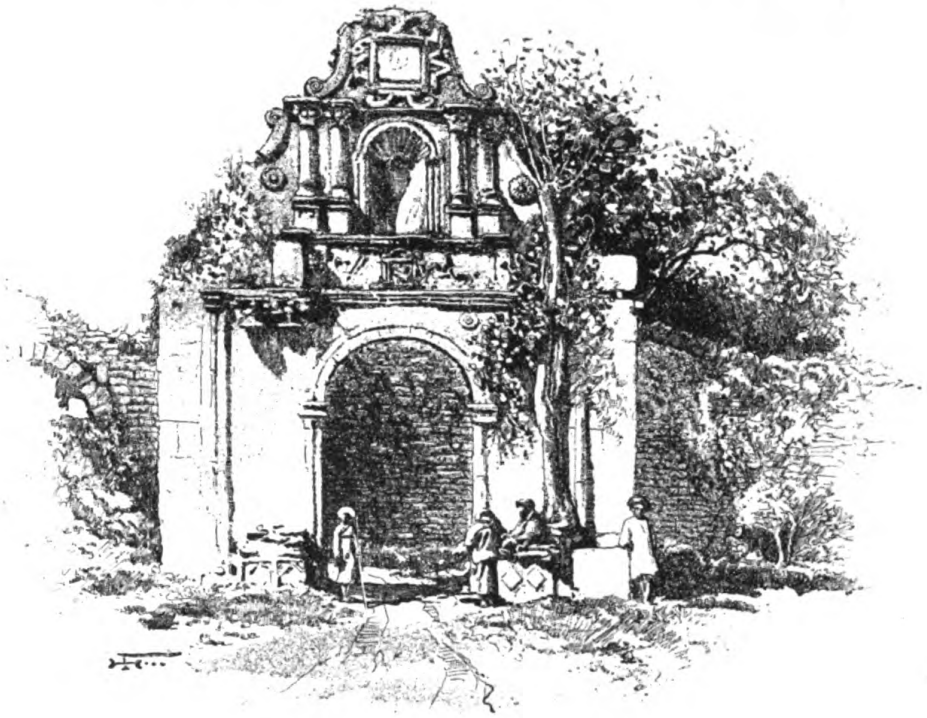
THE English, to gain India, have had to conquer the Portuguese, the French, and the native princes. This long gauntlet she had to run for two centuries and a half, and there is no chapter in English history which presents a stronger proof of the tact, persistence, and consummate bravery of the Anglo-Saxon character than this romantic Indian episode. It proves the masterful quality of the Englishman's mind, that his skill in planning is commensurate with his power to bring to pass, and that in both he has been as fully at home on the banks of the Indus and Ganges as on the Thames, the Tweed, and the St. Lawrence.

The story of the Portuguese in India is a marvellous bit of wild religious romance. It is now an old affair, its very memories being almost blotted out by the large later drama of the Saxon conquests and the later firm and wise rule. The Portuguese went first to India for wealth. The idea of general conquest was never fully in their mind. But no sooner had they gained a footing along the western coast, at Goa, Chaul, and Bassein, than the missionary idea even superseded the passion for gold. Francis Xavier determined to win for the Jesuits in this land what they had lost by the Reformation in the heart of Europe. The scope of his plans was broad, while his desperate energy hesitated no more in the presence of the pagan millions of India than if they had been a few scores of Mexican Aztecs.

What was India in those days? An unknown land. Its vast jungles had not yet been disturbed by the gun and dog of the European hunter. There was native splendor beyond all conception of the Occidental world. The tribes could destroy each other and the great nations of Europe know nothing about it. The Mohammedan, after many centuries of desperate effort, had at last crossed the Indus, and swept down its valley and that of the Ganges, and filed over the tableland to the south of them, and reached the narrowing of the peninsula, and laved himself in the equatorial surf at Cape Comorin. He built up the great Mogul Empire, with its varying capitals of Lahore, Delhi, and Agra, which was now beginning to show signs of decay. The Portuguese sailor came in this stage of decadence. His thought was for gold, and to take it back to Portugal and live behind his gilded jalousie in splendid idleness in his far-off Lisbon home. With him came the Jesuit missionary. Brazil is a strong American proof of how the two men combined for a complete conquest. Nay, there was sometimes added a third—the soldier and the knight. Put these three together, and you have the Brazilian conquest. The same applies to the Spaniard in Mexico. The sailor, the soldier, and the priest, by a strong triple alliance, broke up the old life of the Aztec and the Inca, and built up the Spanish politico-ecclesiastical system which has only come to dissolution in our day. In the Indian case there were only two Portuguese characters, the sailor and the priest. The courtly knight staid away, save as governor and aids to administer law in the name of the king. The romance was not wild enough to attract him.

Goa was the great centre of this new Portuguese life in India. It lies about midway between the harbor of Bombay and Cape Comorin, and in the old days was a natural outlet for the productions of that vast and rich country which constitutes the Mysore. During the present century the railroad system of India has left Goa quite in the rear. It is a city of vast ruins. It is only a memory. Just now, however, there are indications that the fine harbor will be utilized as a point of departure for a new railway for a new piercing of the Mysore. But if Goa rises as a commercial city once more, it will be at the expense of the great Portuguese memorials. The ruined cathedrals and monasteries must soon disappear. No one can now conceive its former importance as a great Jesuit capital. It was a European fashion for long years to make rich gifts, from every part of the Roman Catholic world, to the institutions of Goa. Prince and peasant in Europe were induced to send thither their offerings, in the belief that nowhere was there a more promising field for the conversion of millions. One after another there arose in this vicinity buildings which would have adorned the broadest streets in Lisbon. Schools arose like mushrooms. Native

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CITADEL GATE.

children were gathered in from the outlying country, crucifixes hung about their necks, and they were taught the whole ceremonial of the mother Church. Students to a great number were in quick training for the priesthood. Xavier went up the coast to Bassein, then down to the Cape, and up the coast of the Bay of Bengal; and, not satisfied with his Indian achievements, went to China and Japan, and gathered in communicants by the same methods—a mere compromise with the heathen faiths—which he had adopted in western India. A single sermon and a dash of water made the Hindu a Christian.

The first collapse of Goa as a missionary centre came with the native conquest of the Portuguese. But there was still a hope, and a great one, that with the now rising French power in India there might be a Roman Catholic restoration, and a new field for Jesuit operations. Yet France, while Romanist, does not put her political machinery at the mercy of her priesthood. She lets her priests take care of the ecclesiastical life. Goa, in the case of final French occupation, might continue its work of propagandism, but the Church would have to look after the work and foot all the bills. But the final collapse came when the battle of Plassy was fought, and Clive claimed all India for England. This sealed the fate of Goa. Its harbor now shelters only an occasional ship. The streets are grass-grown. The vast churches are piles of hopeless ruins.

Bassein was to northern India what Goa was to the southern region. Its field was even more promising, for the territory which it commanded was broader, and embraced the two greatest valleys of all Asia. Xavier had his keen eye upon it, and three times visited it, and kept up a correspondence with the ecclesiastical leaders of the place. He came in the wake of the founder of Bassein as a centre of Portuguese authority in India, Nuno da Cunha, who ruled here from 1529 to 1538, and whose praises were sung by Camoens:

"Then the fierce Sampaio shall be succeeded by Cunha, who the helm long time shall wisely guide;
The lofty towers of Chalé [Chaul] he shall raise on high,
While famous Dio shall tremble when by him tried.
Strong Baçaim [Bassein] shall not his artillery deny,
But not without bloodshed; Melique with humbled pride

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Shall see her superb palisades down-torn,
And not less because the work of the sword shall mourn."*

While Bassein was a commercial and political centre, and was held by Portuguese troops, and strongly fortified, it was still stronger as a base of ecclesiastical propagandism. The religious idea dominated over all. The absorption of all the hoarded wealth by the Church, and the city in which the Jesuits really subsidized the military force of the Portuguese in India to strengthen their position, form a most entertaining chapter in the Indo-European life of two centuries ago. Bassein is an island, hugging the shore closely, about thirty miles north of Bombay. The Portuguese fortified it by running a great wall around it, with towers and projections and all the appliances for long defence. It was honey-combed with secret chambers for stores in case of siege. From its parapets one could see at a great distance vessels approaching the coast, while from its peculiar relation to the land an enemy from the interior could be resisted with every hope of success. This island, with its bold headland, pushed its nose boldly out into the sea, tempted its owners to fortify it, build upon it, and prepare to hold it for all the ages to come.

The relations of the Portuguese to the Mogul rulers of the north were anything but fixed. But these rulers conceived the idea of using the Portuguese as allies against other intruders. Now friendly and now hostile, these Moguls, who sat on jewelled thrones and made the whole Eastern world tremble at the mere mention of their names, found it to their advantage, after long meditation, to have such daring sailors as the Portuguese in alliance with them. They could be carriers of their goods and the fruits of their soil to the Western markets. They could check the newly coming English too, who were just now showing too decided a taste for Indian life, and showed a suspicious love of Hindu adventure. Hence, when the Portuguese would build up Bassein, and make it a strong fortress for war and an ecclesiastical centre in peace, the Moguls had little to fear. They let them go on without disturbance. In due time, however, the upstart Mahrattas, who had risen on the ruins of the vast Mogul Empire, saw no use for the Portuguese in India at all. They resolved on their departure, and hence conquered Bassein, in the year 1750, as the key to their whole position. The Portuguese had dominated there two hundred and nineteen years, but had now fired their last gun. The strife of the Mahrattas with the English was long and bitter. They were at last conquered, however, and after holding Bassein sixty-eight years, surrendered it to the English in 1818, when it was incorporated with the Bombay Presidency.

I had planned for a visit to Bassein when in Bombay, just after coming from Europe, but failed to find the needed day. However, on the completion of my Indian tour, when returning from the Punjab, I found my opportunity. But the discomfort was extreme. I reached the railway station from Jaipore about three o'clock in the morning. There was not a place where I could find even fair accommodation for the rest of the night. In most of the Indian stations one can secure a room, where he may spread his bedding, which he must take with him on all his journeying, on a plain bed frame, and so pass the night, and get his meals in the restaurant department. But this time there was no room for a most weary traveller.. I was referred to a bungalow a few hundred yards from the station. On going there, and being shown the room, it had a most woe-begone appearance, and seemed far from inviting to even the most sleepy occupant. There were too many crevices, and I feared insects large and small. I returned to the station, and half sat and half reclined until the broad daylight. After a frugal breakfast, I engaged a bullock cart for the four miles and a half to the town or fort of old Bassein. There are no springs to the typical bullock cart, and your best position is to sit flat on the bottom of the contrivance. If you have a tuft of hay for a cushion, that is clear gain. My two little bullocks started off in frisky style, and in an hour I was within the narrow and winding streets of the town which has grown up outside the old one, and yet must have had its beginnings even during the existence of the original Bassein. The scenery from the station to Bassein proper is charming, and I thoroughly enjoyed it, notwithstanding the many and almost dislocating motions of the cart. Fields of rice and various other grain stretch out on either hand. Here and there was a pond, which was all radiant with the sa-

* Lusiad, canto x., lxi. (Mitchell's version).

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cred lotus in full flower and fragrance. One of the most conspicuous objects on getting fairly into the village was a ruined church. Its walls and roof were entire, but it was in wretched condition. Its windows were a curiosity, the first I had seen in India where the panes were of the pearl-oyster shell, cut thin, and about an inch and a half square. This was the Portuguese window. The labor of making great windows of such small pieces of shell neatly cut and smoothed must have been immense, even for one building. At least one-half the light was obstructed by the shell strata, and when one adds to this the wooden framing for the shells, there must have been a considerable addition to the semi-opaqueness. But then this is India, and it is always a study to keep out the glare of the sun.

I soon left the town behind, and came upon a rising ground by a winding road, through a thick grove of mango and peepul trees. Off to the left stood the grim ruins of the old fort. I had now crossed the bridge, and so had passed upon the island of Bassein, which is about four miles long and two miles broad. This, nearly three centuries ago, was a very paradise of Portuguese enterprise and luxury on the one hand, and of Jesuit worldly wisdom on the other. Any way that I might turn brought me face to face with some vast ruined cathedral. Now it was only the bare walls without ceiling or roof, and then I found myself walking over the marble slabs, with nearly effaced inscriptions, which covered the dust of Portuguese ecclesiastics and fidalgos. The dead underlay the entire nave and choir of the church. Some of the towers leaned at threatening angles, and yet in several cases it seemed safe enough to climb to the top of the wall and overlook this weird scene of ruin. There were arches which rose in graceful curves from one side of the portal to the other. Yet at the keystone there was a depression in many instances which made it the part of wisdom not to linger directly in the neighborhood of any of them. Occasionally the central part of the wall had fallen outright, and left the jagged ends of the ruin on either hand.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOSEPH.

Great pains had been taken to ornament the choir. Here was an elaborate

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sculpture, only fragments of which could be seen in scattered pediments and capitals, and bits of the carved shafts themselves. Where the walls had been less disturbed by the ravages of war and the elements there still remained tablets in memory of ecclesiastic or civic officers whose lamp of life had gone out here, far away from the dear Portugal which they left behind, but hoped in every case to see again and die beneath the Western sun.

The Cathedral of St. Joseph is one of the most nearly complete of all the ruins. The great square tower which forms the portal still stands, and has to this day its gallery at the top, and even the ornamental work about its balustrade. Over the entrance one reads, in Portuguese, the still perfect inscription in stone:

"In the year 1601, being Archbishop Primate, the most Illustrious Sr. Dom Frei Aleixo de Menezes, and Vicar the Rev. Pedro Galvao Pereira, this Matriz was rebuilt."

This tower is a most inviting point for a curious ascent. But Da Cunha in his history tells us that he tried it, but on finding two steps crumbling beneath his feet he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. No ruin in Bassein gives one a fairer idea of the splendor of these edifices when the Portuguese held undisputed sway here, and Goa and Bassein wrought hand in hand for bringing the millions of India beneath the Jesuits' crosier. Here were belfries which had sent out their sweet chimes over land and water in the days long gone by. Then there were lancet-windows, side chapels, richly carved archways, and majestic pillars the entire length of the nave, all of such lavish wealth of sculpture and ornament as would have delighted Lisbon itself. The rebuilder of this cathedral died in Goa, but because of his relation to Bassein his remains were transferred here.

The church of St. Antonio was in its time one of the most imposing of the entire group on the island of Bassein. It seems to have been built by Fra Antonio do Porto, who figured largely in the Jesuit operations for the conquest of India. He destroyed two hundred Hindu pagodas, built eleven churches, and converted —that is, in his way—ten thousand one hundred and fifty natives to Christianity.

The Franciscan church, or monastery —for it seems to have combined the two qualities—was, however, the grandest of all these ecclesiastical structures. It divided with that of St. Francis in Goa the honor of having chief authority in India. Several other churches were affiliated with it. The lateral chapels in the ruin are still to be recognized, and contain many tombstones.

I was bewildered with this wonderful scene. From one view I went to another, expecting to find that in some cases at least these relics of the Portuguese past would repeat themselves. But in no instance was this the fact. Each had its well-defined individuality. Where a church had a supporting monastery, the space covered by the latter, as with the Franciscan and Jesuit's monasteries, was at once imposing and immense. The old paths where the monks walked were quite obstructed by the tangled creepers. The walls had lost their perpendicular, and now and then had tumbled to the ground, but it was easy to see the entire outline. The sacred edifices were in all stages of decay. Some were such complete ruins that not even a memorial tablet was longer in place, but had tumbled into the mass of stones and been broken into small pieces. Even the palaces of the General of the North and the Captain of Bassein are utter wrecks, only the broken walls and bastions and tumbling portals remaining to tell of the former splendor of the place, and its importance in the eye of Portugal and the daring and never-resting Xavier.

In one section my guide became uncertain of his way, and we proceeded with caution. We were in a thick jungle, and could see only a short distance ahead of us. The path was overgrown, and I was intent on getting out of the tangled brushwood. All at once we emerged into the clear sunshine and an open space. Here there broke on my vision still another splendid view of a cathedral, with all its vast proportions, and yet far gone in wall and campanile. I was not looking for it, but only for an egress from the place, for already I had been surfeited with these wrecks of the Portuguese past, when all India was the dream of Xavier, and its wealth was the hope of Portugal's richest traders. But this too I was not willing to leave until I had gone along the old nave, looked at its displaced tablets, and clambered over the roots and knolls which surrounded its vast walls.

One feature of this strange place sur-

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CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCANS.

prised me more than any work of the Portuguese priest, governor, or factor. I mean the prodigies of vegetation. The custard-apple, the mango, and the peepul tree grow here with a wild luxuriance which positively defies description. The English throughout India take pains to keep in order the palaces of the Mogul dynasty and other remnants of the past rulers. But here in Bassein there seems to be next to no effort to keep these ruins from going into shapeless masses of decay. Some of the better preserved appear to have had an occasional sweeping, but not of recent date. The rank vegetation has taken possession of them all. Just within the walls where Portuguese fidalgos sat with their wives and children and listened to St. Francis, amid all the wealth and pageantry for which the Portuguese rule in Bassein was famed, there now grow tall trees with immense trunks, their topmost boughs higher even than the walls, and hanging down the exterior of the walls, and meeting the branches of the trees of less sacred growth. Trees have taken root on the walls themselves, and sent down their long roots into the crevices of the rocks and struck the earth, and then twisted the very walls out of place, and grasped whole masses of solid rock, and now hold them in their firm embrace. The creepers, not slender vines, but gigantic trees, have thrust their roots beneath the very walls of the churches, and shot out their arms into the lancet-windows, and gone up the sides of the campanile, and expanded into vast umbrellas, which hang over every side of the carved balcony, as though to hide it from the glare of the sun. No woodman's axe is here. Nature, beneath this prodigal Indian sky, grows with a lavish and rapid splendor, and defies all the patience of the architect, and hides the finest toil of the sculptor's chisel. These vines spare nothing. Where the tree cannot penetrate the mass of rocks, its roots run down either side of bastion or wall until they reach the earth, and then penetrate it

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with such force that the severest monsoons of May and summer do not destroy their perpendicular. These trees do not seem to die, but to live on and grow larger, and send out their branches with such a wild prodigality that they enter any window and climb over any projection.

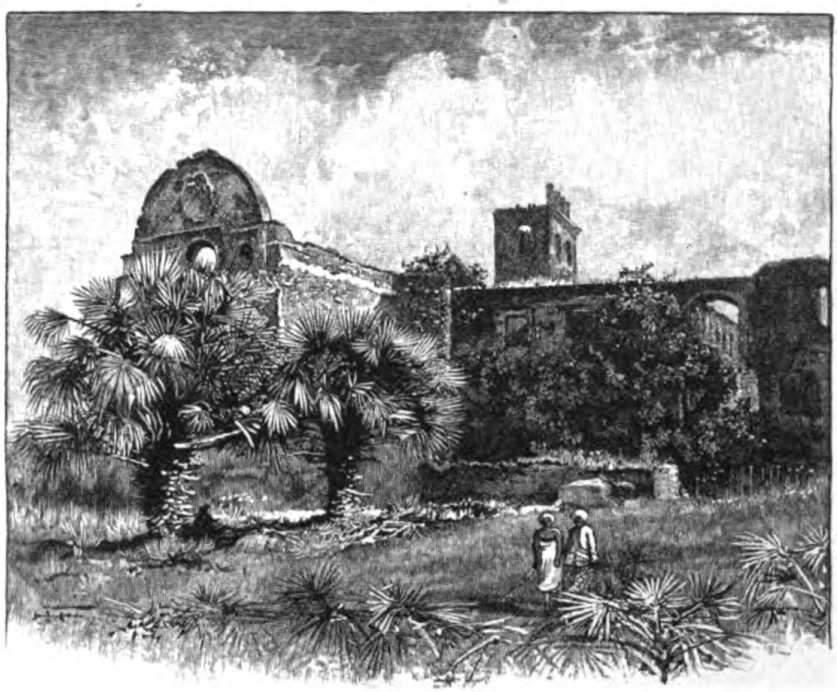
Then, in addition to the trees of creeping proclivities, one sees the cocoa-palm everywhere. It has no vines, but it still asserts its rights. It stands alone, and grows right beside a church portal, and fans the archway with its bold fronds. The dead leaves lie in all directions, but they have only given place to still larger ones, which are beautiful and vigorous in their new growth. The smaller shrubbery is made up of many a species. It would require a very close examination of the botany of India to identify them. But here in Bassein they make a jungle such as I did not see an approach to in Ceylon. The tendency everywhere, except with palms, is to vines. The strings from the trunks shoot off at all angles, catch upon larger shrubbery, grow into a tangled mass, and instead of being stifled and coming to a halt, strike out again, find new holding-places, and grow into even larger masses. The soil becomes a thick mould, and is infested with any number of reptiles, which here in Bassein find only an occasional traveller to disturb their composure. Beneath some of the churches there are secret passages, and in their best days it is most likely that all the larger ones had in this way an underground connection.

One cannot help thinking, while wandering amid this scene of desolation, of the old Portuguese days. The Governor-General of India, who lived here, was supported by an immense salary. He had his rich retainers and vast household, who lived in such splendor as none in Portugal besides the royal family had ever enjoyed. Then the bells sent out their chimes from the many campaniles, and the congregations gathered for worship, and all the elaborate ritual of Romanism was conducted with a splendor and leisure quite in keeping with the hopes for the occupation, some day, of all India. The ladies, each with several attendants, coming from the splendid homes which surrounded Bassein on the water-front, were attired in the richest silks and adorned with the rarest jewels which the India of that day could supply. The music had lost none of its rich melody by coming the long distance from Portugal. It was cultivated on Indian soil as a special agency for winning the Hindu to the new faith from the West. Large place was given to the choir in the service here, and there was no haste to leave the sacred edifice until the last notes had died away in the broad space behind the high altar.

It is a curious question in ethnography, what has been the fate of the Portuguese descendants in India? The conversion to Christianity was never fundamental, and there is a much wider difference between the present race of Portuguese and the English Christians than between the native Hindus and the Portuguese. The Portuguese intermarried with natives, and in time almost all the Iberian characteristics of feature and form disappeared. The matter of faith and language alone remained. In the steamer by which I went from Colombo to Tuticorin, on the main-land, just a trifle above Cape Comorin, and the centre of the pearl fishery, the whole deck was filled by these Portuguese Christians of to-day. I could not have discovered that they were Christians at all but from the crucifix which hung from their dirty necks. They wore the native costume, which was scanty enough, and could not have cost, new, more than three or four rupees. They had all the thriftlessness of the lower Hindu castes, and were ignorant in the extreme. Yet they were so-called Christians, and the direct offspring of the Portuguese missions planted by Francis Xavier around the Indian coast, from Bassein in the northwest around to the Cape, and then nearly up to Madras, on the Bay of Bengal.

The question forces itself upon one, as he walks away from the vast ruins of former Portuguese glory in Bassein, what if those people were to-day dominant over the two hundred and fifty millions of India? A strange Providence has ordered otherwise. Had the masters, civic and ecclesiastic, in Bassein, conducted themselves properly, and in carrying on trade and planting missions been fair types of the Christian colonist, there is no likelihood that they would have been disturbed, but their influence would have extended throughout the great valleys of both the Ganges and the Indus. But neither Hindu nor Mohammedan could see unselfishness in their measures. Theirs

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MONASTERY GARDEN OF THE JESUITS.

were the greed for gold, pride for the Church, and a lust for hasty, violent, and numerous converts. So, when the Mahrattas conquered Bassein, and paved the way unwittingly for the final triumph of the English, they were only helping India to her certain Protestant destiny.

There are many of these Portuguese in Bombay, a race of themselves. All the waiters in the hotel where I lodged are of the same race. They are people who never rise above a very low level.

The Portuguese Roman Catholic here, and all over India, is a poor commentary on the character of the first converts under Xavier. They have churches here and there, but of such quality is their service that one finds it but little above the average Hindu worship. No wonder is it that the native Hindu, in endeavoring to measure the full worth of Christianity, thinks first of all of the Christians who have been longest in India, and hesitates long and seriously before accepting our Protestant Christianity. He looks at character, the Portuguese type, and may well wonder what he and his offspring could gain by the poor exchange. But the Portuguese is in decline. Protestant Christianity is the conquering force to-day.

A LOVE SONG.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

I LOV'D a lasse, a faire one,
As faire as e'er was seene;
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba queen;
But, foole, as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

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"BUT, NOW, ALASSE! SH'AS LEFT ME."

Her haire, like gold, did glister;
  Each eye was like a starre;
She did surpasse her sister,
  Which past all others farre:
She would me hony call;
  She'd, oh, she'd kisse me too!
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
  Falero, lero, loo.

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HER SISTER.

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"THE BOATMEN THERE STOOD READIE."

In summer-time, to Medley
  My love and I would goe—
The boatmen there stood readie
  My love and I to rowe;
For creame there would we call,
  For cakes, and for prunes too;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
  Falero, lero, loo.

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"SHE WAS MY ONELY SWEETING."

Many a merry meeting
  My love and I have had:
She was my onely sweeting;
  She made my heart full glad:
The teares stood in her eyes,
  Like to the morning-dew;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
  Falero, lero, loo.

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And as abroad we walked,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft, as we sweetly talked,
The sun would steale a kisse;
The winde upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheekes were like the cherrie,
Her skin as white as snow;
When she was blyth and merrie,
She angel-like did show;
Her wast exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoo;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer-time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I stil did scorne to stint her
From sugar, sacke, or fire:
The world went round about;
No cares we ever knew;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together,
At midnight, through the towne,
To keepe away the weather,
O're her I'd cast my gowne;
No colde my love should feele,
Whate'er the heavens could doe;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kisse so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kisse the last:
They're Judas kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue;
For, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vowes and swearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them beleeve:
They are as false as faire,
Unconstant, fraile, untrue;
For mine, alasse! hath left me.
Falero, lero, loo.

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"SHE HAD HER HEART'S DESIRE."

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"LIKE DOVES WE WOULD BE BILLING."

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"THE BIRD TO OTHERS FLEW."

'Twas I that paid for all things,
'Twas others dranke the wine;
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a foole to pine:
'Twas I that beat the bush,
The bird to others flew;
For she, alasse! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

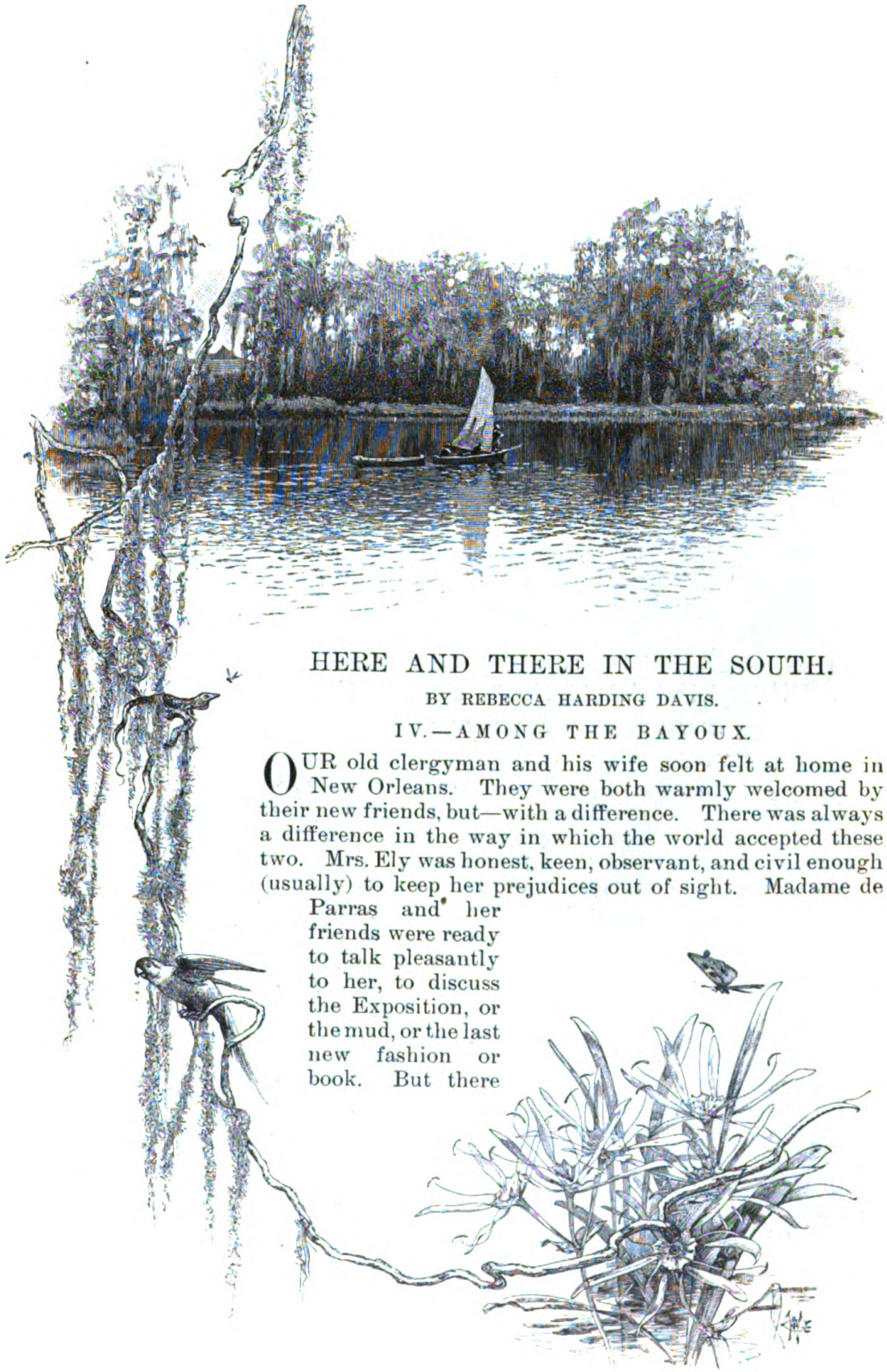
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If ever that Dame Nature,
For this false lover's sake,
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true;
For this, alasse! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

No riches, now, can raise me,
No want make me despaire,
No miserie amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a world it selfe.
My earthly heaven, adue!
Since she, alasse! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.



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HERE AND THERE IN THE SOUTH.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IV.—AMONG THE BAYOUX.

OUR old clergyman and his wife soon felt at home in New Orleans. They were both warmly welcomed by their new friends, but—with a difference. There was always a difference in the way in which the world accepted these two. Mrs. Ely was honest, keen, observant, and civil enough (usually) to keep her prejudices out of sight. Madame de Parras and her friends were ready to talk pleasantly to her, to discuss the Exposition, or the mud, or the last new fashion or book. But there

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the intercourse stopped. She came no nearer to their real selves than if they had been built up each in a cell like the ancient anchorites, with only their eyes looking out at her through the wall.

But the single-minded old man, with his gentle voice, and fiery zeal in your affairs, and gay little jokes, was everybody's kinsman. Men intrusted their business ventures to him, young girls confided to him their innocent plans, and mothers, sitting by the fire at night, told him of the children who had played on the hearth (ah! such a little while ago!), but who were gone, never to come again. There are still men in the world who, like the ancient prophets, have a gift of healing, and all hurt and wounded creatures, knowing it, come near them.

Every day Mr. Ely felt the difference between the Latin American race who surrounded him and the more logical, thinner-blooded people with whom he was more familiar. "And every day," he told Colonel Mocquard, "I am more convinced that I should have been born here."

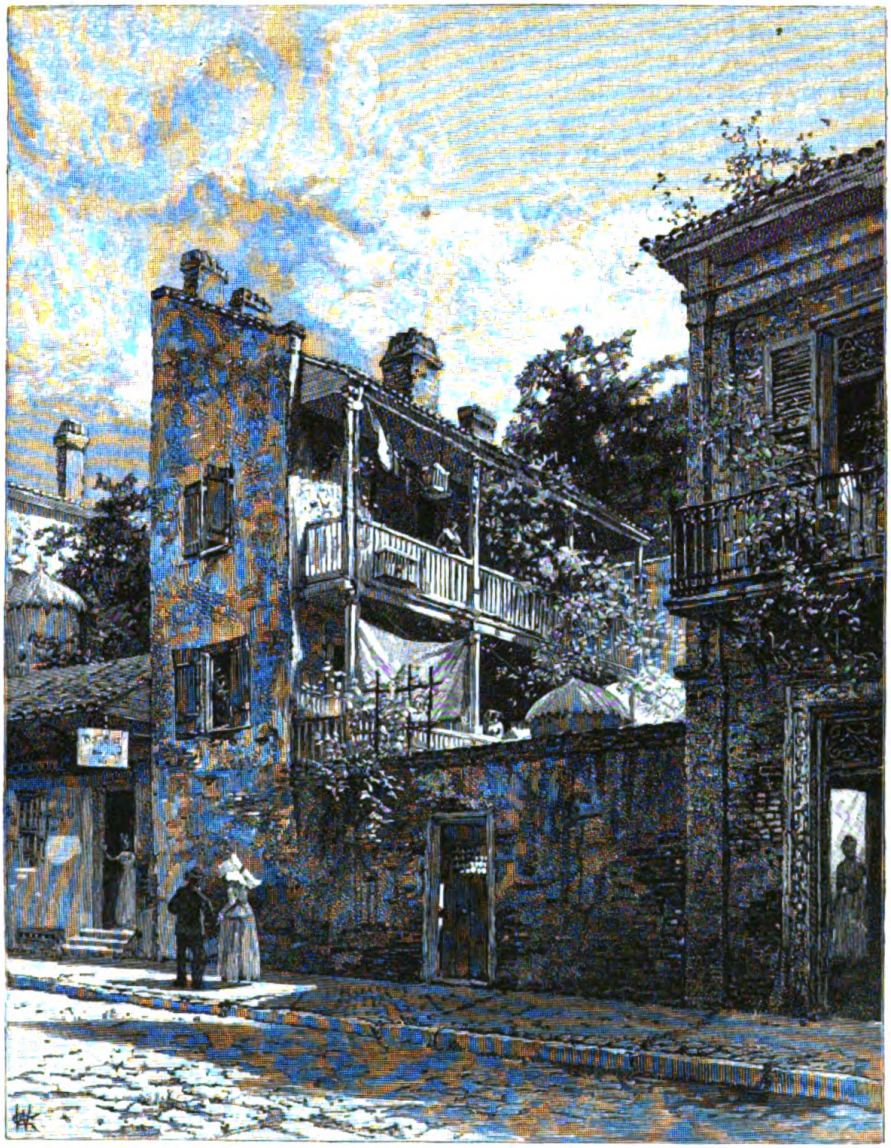
The color and fire which these men and women put into life, their gayety, their melancholy, their inconsequence, all seemed natural to him. *He* should have entertained his friends by the score, or shouted for King Rex on Mardi-Gras.

One day he and his wife lost their way in the French quarter, and Louis, who was a merchant of candles, undertook to set them right, and Jacques, the cobbler, left his bench on the banquette to dispute as to the cars they should take, and his



GLIMPSE THROUGH A GATEWAY.

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OLD ROOKERY, NEW ORLEANS.

wife, baby in arms, with a red kerchief on her head, came to help him, and Baptiste and his wife, and all the boys playing *morra*, followed, and the whole troop escorted them to the corner, anxious, chattering, watching them out of sight, and waving them good luck.

"What a noisy rabble!" said Mrs. Ely, with a groan of relief, as they escaped.

But her husband looked back, laughing. It flashed on him that in some state of being he had been Baptiste or the cobbler, and had chattered and sat singing in the sun, and had so thrown himself vehemently into trifles with tears and laughter.

They paused a minute, waiting, until a funeral should pass, to cross the street.

"Entrez! entrez!" cried a shrill voice behind them, and a woman, very lean and ragged, threw open the door of her cellar. Like herself, it needed water badly. But the bed had a canopy of Turkey red muslin looped up with bunches of old paper flowers, and on the wall hung gay prints of the Virgin and of St. Agnes, decorated with scraps of lace and tinsel rosettes. The woman herself, with all her lean poverty, had brilliant eyes and a pleasant smile, and welcomed them with a sort of airy grace.

"They decorate their misery, and even their religion!" cried Mrs. Ely, with a vindictive horror, as she hurried away.

But her husband said that he had

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caught sight of the photograph of a baby framed in a rag of black *crêpe*, and fastened to the breast of the Virgin. "The poor woman gave her dead child to that other mother in heaven. I can't find fault with her, Sarah, nor with her poor little symbol."

"Rank superstition!" muttered Mrs. Ely.

The old clergyman perceived soon after this that his little friend Betty and her grandmother had fallen into some trouble or perplexity. Even Mrs. Ely discovered it.

"Money difficulties, no doubt," she said. "Trouble of that kind is common enough in the South. But it loses the sting here it has with us, for these people do not feel it a disgrace to be poor. They are incomprehensible to me."

"I do not think any anxiety of that kind would distress our friends so deeply as they are now," said Mr. Ely, gently. "Madame de Parras has a certain stoical philosophy underneath her French vivacity which would not let her succumb to petty annoyances."

"So you call a bill that can't be paid a petty annoyance!" retorted Mrs. Ely, severely.

"It is no trouble of that kind with our friend," said Major Pogue. "It is no secret; but it dates back a long way. Olave de Parras, Betty's father, inherited all his father's estates. He was an affectionate, weak, light-hearted fellow, just the man to be the prey of a sharper who knew how to win his friendship. A Colonel Jean Vaudry, from Point Coupée, soon took him in hand, made a drunkard of him, and then a gambler, and when he had sucked him dry, threw him off. De Parras had spent every dollar he had, and died at thirty, when Betty was a baby in her cradle. Old Vaudry came back to New Orleans about a year ago, a mere wreck in mind and body. He has been lying ill in one of the hospitals for months."

"Serves him right!" exclaimed Mrs. Ely. "Oh, I tell you, Major, there is justice in this world, as well as in the next!"

"He suffers terribly from some incurable disease," said the Major. "Madame de Parras hears of him from the good Sisters every day, and fears he will die before he has made his peace with God. She has offered to go to him, to be friends with him before he dies, but he will not see her."

Mrs. Ely drew a long breath. "Certainly she is acting like a good Christian. I don't believe I could do that."

Colonel Mocquard had entered while the Major was speaking. "De Parras should have shot the scoundrel like a dog!" he said, hastily. "But, as he is alive, it is Madame de Parras's part to forgive him, assuredly. So our Church teaches."

"Oh, any Christian Church would teach the same," rejoined Mrs. Ely, quickly. "But—"

"If he was her friend, kindness to him would be easy enough," said Mocquard, gravely; "but being her enemy, it is her duty, she being a woman."

A week later Madame de Parras sent for Mr. Ely. She was seated in her easy-chair, disabled by rheumatism. Betty, in her street dress, stood beside her. Both were laboring under strong excitement.

"My little girl wishes your escort for her and her maid," said the old lady, trying to smile. "You are so kind to her, and you are a man of God. She is going to the hospital. There is there a poor miserable, who goes soon to die. He will better rest in his grave if he is forgiven by—by those whom he has wronged. Go, my child. Tell him that Olave de Parras's mother and child forgive him; tell him that we will have masses said for the repose of his soul."

When they left the room, Colonel Mocquard followed them, walking, as Mr. Ely noticed, on the other side of Betty, as if he had the right to protect her. They passed in silence through the French quarter. It was a dark, gusty day; the quaint foreign-looking streets were in deep shadow, and the wind sobbed through them fitfully. Betty's face, usually smiling and full of arch coquetry, was set and colorless, and her soft eyes were dull. She had hardly strength enough for her high purpose. The two men kept guard over her, alike awed and silent.

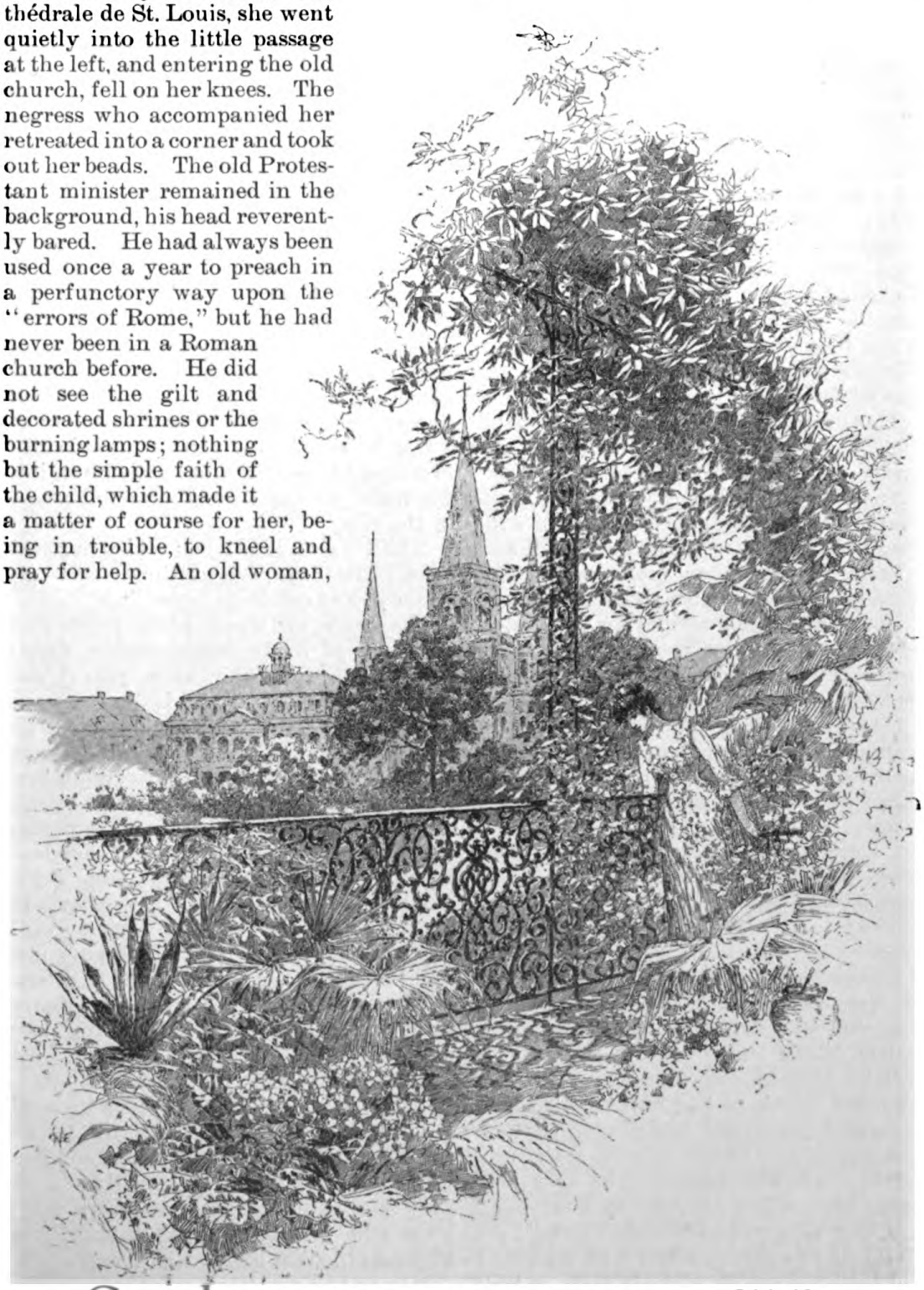
Suddenly she stopped. "Ah, *mon Dieu!* we are too late!" she cried, pointing to a square of black-bordered paper hanging to a lamp-post. On it was the picture of a tomb and weeping-willows, and below, in the old French fashion of a hundred years ago, the passer-by was "prié d'assister au convoi et à l'enterrement de feu *Jean Vaudry*, natif de France, décédé ce matin, âgé de soixante-neuf ans. Le corps est exposé rue Ste. Anne, à l'Asile. De la part de sa famille."

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They stood a moment uncertain; then turned and quietly retraced their steps. Betty drew her veil over her face, crying silently.

"You are too late, my child," whispered Mr. Ely. "But God knows."

When they came to the Cathédrale de St. Louis, she went quietly into the little passage at the left, and entering the old church, fell on her knees. The negress who accompanied her retreated into a corner and took out her beads. The old Protestant minister remained in the background, his head reverently bared. He had always been used once a year to preach in a perfunctory way upon the "errors of Rome," but he had never been in a Roman church before. He did not see the gilt and decorated shrines or the burning lamps; nothing but the simple faith of the child, which made it a matter of course for her, being in trouble, to kneel and pray for help. An old woman, evidently the mother of a family—poor, shabby, and hungry-looking—kneeled beside him, muttering her prayers in Spanish; some men, negroes, Irish, and Italians, from the market, baskets or wooden pails on their arms, came in from time to



A GLIMPSE OF JACKSON SQUARE.

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time, and dropped down silently in the dark corners. As each rose, crossing himself, and went noiselessly out, the heart of the good old man went up to God, hoping that he might have left some of his trouble behind.

"I too pray for help," he thought, "but I am ashamed to do it so openly. Why?"

His eyes that moment rested on Colonel Mocquard, who stood, with bowed head, near him, watching Betty, with all the hunger of a solitary soul in his face. At last he went toward her slowly, as if drawn by a power outside of himself, and fell upon his knees beside her. The old clergyman went hastily out of the church. It seemed to him that he was an intruder. They were alone together before God. He found a quiet seat under the trees before the cathedral, and waited for them. When they came out they walked side by side, and there was a happy shining in both of their faces.

That evening Mrs. Ely told her husband that Major Pogue and his daughter intended to return to Atlanta next week. "And it is my belief that Colonel Mocquard will let the chance slip by of winning Lola. Very well: he never will find a better manager or more economical house-keeper. She has given me some of the most admirable recipes for cheap desserts, and her soups are simply perfect; but he is infatuated with the baby face of that little De Parras girl."

"It is more than that, Sarah. When a man and woman can kneel together with their love before God, they can make life happy even without good soups and cheap recipes."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Ely, shaking her head.

The party which had clung together so long broke up the next week. Colonel Mocquard escorted Madame de Parras and her granddaughter back to their plantation, and Mrs. Ely accepted the invitation of her friend Miss Pogue to make her a visit in Atlanta, while Mr. Ely carried out a scheme which he had formed of exploring the bayoux and prairies of western Louisiana.

"It is the first time that he ever proposed to make a journey without me," Mrs. Ely said to her friend, "and I give him just twenty-four hours to take cold and have his pocket picked; then he will come post after us to Atlanta."

Mr. Ely was a fond husband; yet when he found himself alone at early dawn the next day on the ferry-boat to Algiers, he thought of his favorite hero, Eichendorff's Good-for-Nothing, when he turned his back on work and wages, and set off, fiddle in hand, to explore the lazy, sunny, happy world. The old gentleman took a vicious delight in jerking off his hat from his bald head and standing in a draught, and when a whining beggar came up he emptied his pockets of all his loose cash with a snap of his fingers to far-off Mrs. Ely and the Organized Charity clubs.

Algiers for nearly a century has been the workshop of New Orleans—at times a disorderly and rebellious shop enough. It looked peaceful, in the chilly morning light, as Mr. Ely sauntered about the dry-docks, waiting for the starting of the train on the Morgan and Southern Pacific Railway. He was just making friendly advances to a couple of villanous-looking Lascars who were sunning themselves on a hogshead, when a young man behind him caught his arm and hustled him into the train, adding a good-humored punch in the ribs.

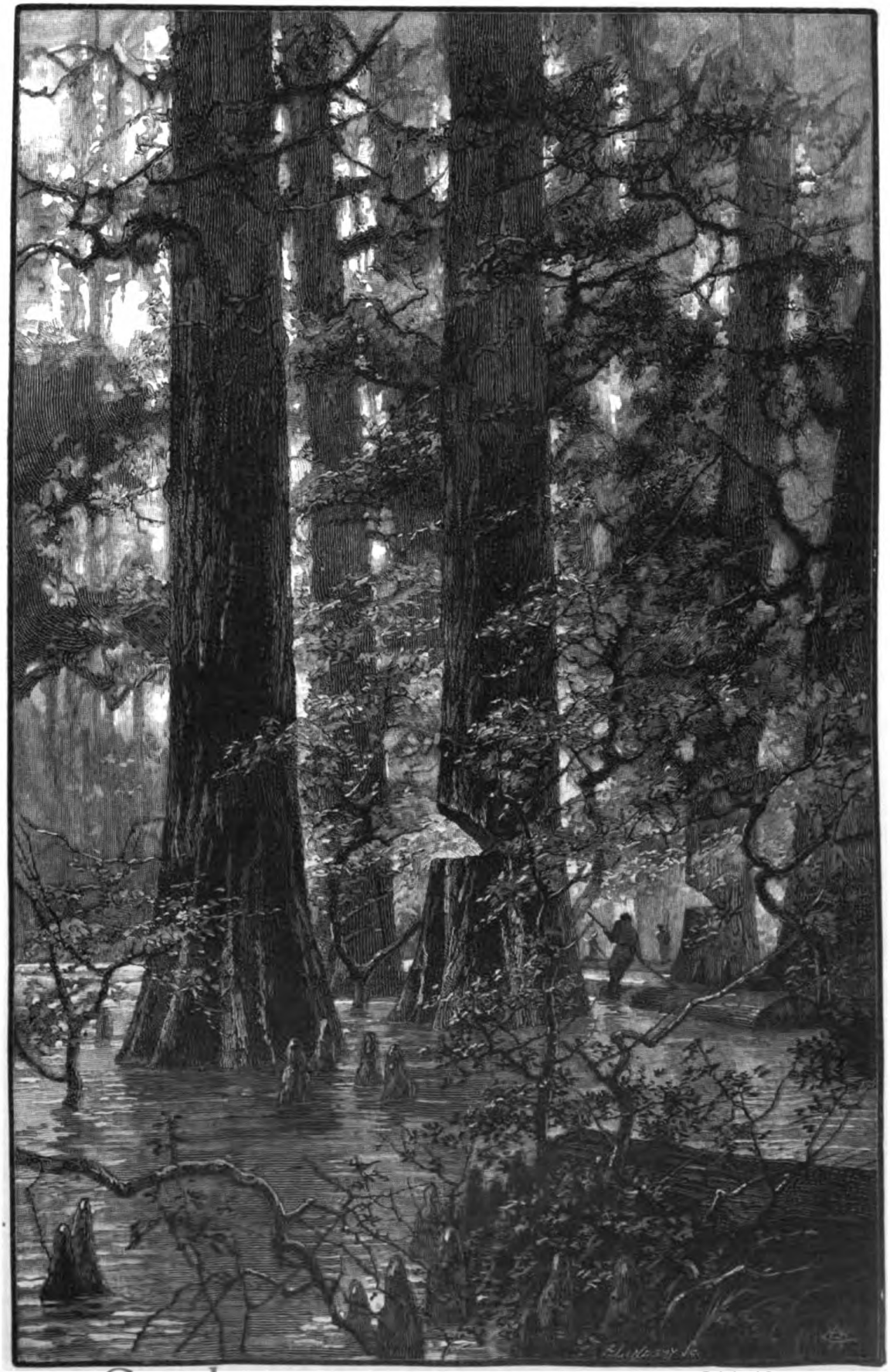
"Hillo, granddad! you really oughtn't to be gittin' into sech cutthroat company when you're out from home."

His protector was a natty youth in a new suit of ready-made clothes, with a high beaver hat, blue satin cravat, seal ring, and shining patent-leather shoes as decorations. His hair was cut close to his scalp, and hair, scalp, and face to the eyelids were burned to a dull terra-cotta hue. "Set right down thah," plumping him into a seat in the car. "I'm goin' to smoke. I saw you buy your ticket. Sez I, he's been to Orleans to see the sights, same's me. But he'll be picked up. I'll look after him. Lord! don't mention it. Lots uv rank strangers a-runnin' round Orleans now lookin' fur sights. Cow-boys, frinstens. They talk uv cow-boys 's if they woz roarin' bulls or rep-tiles. Why"—beaming redly down on Mr. Ely—"I'm a cow-boy. Not much uv the rep-tile about me, I reckon"—stroking down his new lavender trousers. He strutted away complacently to the smoking-car, while a ponderous old gentleman, who consisted principally of a furry coat, an aquiline nose, whiskers, and a huge windy voice, dumped himself heavily into the seat beside Mr. Ely.

"Been to Exposition, suh?"

"Yes, I have, I have," responded Mr.

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SWAMP CYPRESSES.

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Ely, rubbing his thin hands eagerly. "A vast enterprise, sir."

"Vast? E-normous! An answer, suh, to the great economic problem of the American future. It hints that the industrial centeh of the republic will at no distant day be the South, and her best market the South American continent. Did you see no significance in the display of our mineral resources, our agricultural wealth, our rapidly increasing manufactures, and in close juxtaposition the friendly greetings from Mexico, Brazil, the West Indies, and the smaller South American states? Are you aware that those Latin American peoples import nearly seven hundred millions' worth of goods in a year, cottons, clocks, shoes, hats, tools—everything—and that not two millions' worth comes from the South, suh? Why should we not supply it all —*all*? And when we do, we shall take our proper place among nations; then, and not till then, suh."

Mr. Ely assented gently, but soon crept away into another seat. He saw that he had encountered the man with one idea, the pioneer with his axe, who always goes before the army of progress, and he was in no mood to-day for wielding any axe or for welcoming any new ideas, however practical or vast. He wanted to sit in the hot sunshine that streamed into the car, and be borne into some unknown world where he should meet with strange adventures, and where neither wife nor deacons could raise their eyebrows with dismay at his queer tastes or his company. He wanted to slip aside out of these vast currents of trade into which his neighbor panted to plunge, into some obscure corner where there never had been talk of money-making. Turning to look out of the window, his conscience gnawing him with the folly of his own fantastic whims, he beheld his wish accomplished. He had surely found a world unknown before.

From Alabama to Canada this country wears very much the same features—the same golden wheat or green corn fields color all the slopes, and the same pines, maples, oaks, and nut trees give them shadow. The same familiar ferns feather the streams from Maine to Oregon, and the busy five-fingered ivy (which, by-the-way, ought to be our national symbol) trails its soft drapery over the rocks and ugly places of the whole continent.

But here Mr. Ely lost all these life-long familiar companions. The track ran through interminable swamps of giant cypresses, magnolias, and fig-trees. Their myriads of gray trunks stood knee-high in water, opening in silent vistas on either side as the train passed through. Overhead huge vicious coils of vines knotted these bare columns together. It was March, but there was no coy, tender approach of spring here. Nature was a savage—fierce, prolific. The very leaves which in the North would have put forth a timid green burst open here like clots of blood or an angry glare of white; even the thickets of saplings were hoary as with age. Strange red and orange birds flashed through the sombre recesses; now and then a huge alligator rose out of the plane of slimy water, stared at the train with dead eyes, and plunged into it again.

They were on the border of that coast country of Louisiana which fronts the Mexican Gulf between Barataria and Calcasieu bays, a remarkable region, unlike any other in North America in its peculiar features, and in the sombre splendor of its scenery. The cause of its peculiarity is easily explained.

The Mississippi in Louisiana makes a huge bend westward in the shape of a bow or a crescent, the upper point being at Vicksburg, the lower at New Orleans, the middle of the arc running nearly parallel with the distant coast. To the northwest of this arc a stretch of pine-barrens, intersected by ranges of low rolling hills, and broken by numberless lakes and ponds, extends into Texas. Through these the heavy blood-colored flood of the Red River urges its way, carrying with it all lesser watercourses, and emptying itself into the Mississippi near the highest point of this bow or detour. Its red stain tinges the water and the banks of all the outlets of the great river thereafter to the Gulf.

With this last great influx (holding all the streams in the Texan llanos and the mountains of Mexico), the Mississippi now receives the whole drainage of the continent between the Rocky and Appalachian ranges. Every spring and rainfall in that vast territory helps to swell its tremendous tide below Bayou Sara. Hence the flood of water there pushes its way directly to the sea with resistless power, not only on its acknowledged highway, the Mississippi, but through the whole southern half of Louisiana. It literally enters

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in and occupies the land, forcing itself seaward, not only by more than three hundred bayoux, many of which are mighty rivers, but by sluggish, scarce-moving streams, by a perpetual soaking, creeping, oozing, through all the earth, showing itself on the surface in countless lakes, ponds, and enormous dismal swamps, and above it in incessant heavy rolling fogs and mists. You cannot dig three feet down in all this district without reaching water.

We must remember, too, that this spongy soil has been soaking in for ages the fat washings of all the rich alluvial river-bottoms on half of the continent. No such conditions enter into the formation of any other soil in the world. If Louisiana can ever be drained and rescued from the sea and the river, her fecundity under the hot tropical suns would be unparalleled.

As it is, the parishes in this region include the richest cotton, sugar, and orange-bearing ground in the States. The forests grow to the size of the woods before the flood; even the ghastly impenetrable swamps choke with rank life.

Mr. Ely during the next month wandered aimlessly through this territory. Leaving the railway, he explored one bayou after another, in a bateau, or in the little steamers which make leisurely voyages up the larger ones, stopping wherever the captain thinks it safe.

Bayou La Fourche was the first of these bright slow-moving rivers which he entered. As early as 1810, Breckinridge and Schultz, making journeys from Canada to the Gulf, noticed and wrote of the beauty of this bayou and its shores, although, as the land was then owned by French and Spanish *paysans*, it was not guarded by proper levees, and inundations occurred almost yearly. Opulent creole planters, however, soon bought up the grounds of the *petits habitants*, and the result is the immense estates which now line the shores of the upper La Fourche like a beautiful panorama. Not even a small New England farm can surpass in order and method a great sugar plantation. The levees run along either side of the bayou—green ramparts covered with fern, smilax, wild roses, and purple flags. Back of them, and lower than the stream



RETURNING FROM MARKET.

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at high tide, lies the ground, absolutely flat, hundreds of acres often enclosed in a single field, the whole seamed by the plough with mathematical precision, and covered in the spring with delicate lines of feathery green. At one end of the plantation stands the engine-house and works, of substantial brick; at the other, the dwelling of the planter, usually an airy verandaed structure, more or less in need of paint, but covered with such splendor of crimson and golden roses, and so hedged in by orange groves and sloping lawns, and gigantic oaks hung with curtains of moss and wealth of brilliant flowers, that each gay wooden house might put forth its claims to be the fabled dwelling of Selim in the valley of Cashmere.

The old clergyman found his lazy voyages up these bayoux full of picturesque surprises. When the boat stopped at the landing of a plantation, whether early in the morning, or at noon, or in the clear yellow sunset, there was a horde of half-naked black boys half in and half out of the water, or a gray-haired old negro waiting for packages for "de house," or the planter, high-featured and swarthy, surrounded by children and dogs, watching, as eager as they, for the good fortune of an unexpected guest; or perhaps he would catch a glimpse in the grove near the levees of a group of olive-skinned vivacious creole women, or of American girls, shyer of glance and slower of tongue than their Northern sisters.

Thibodeaux, the capital of La Fourche Parish, is a typical Louisianian town, with the usual excess of beauty in the gardens, mud and pitfalls in the streets, and abounding hospitality of soul in the people. There is much solid wealth in this parish, which is the centre of the large sugar plantations of the State.

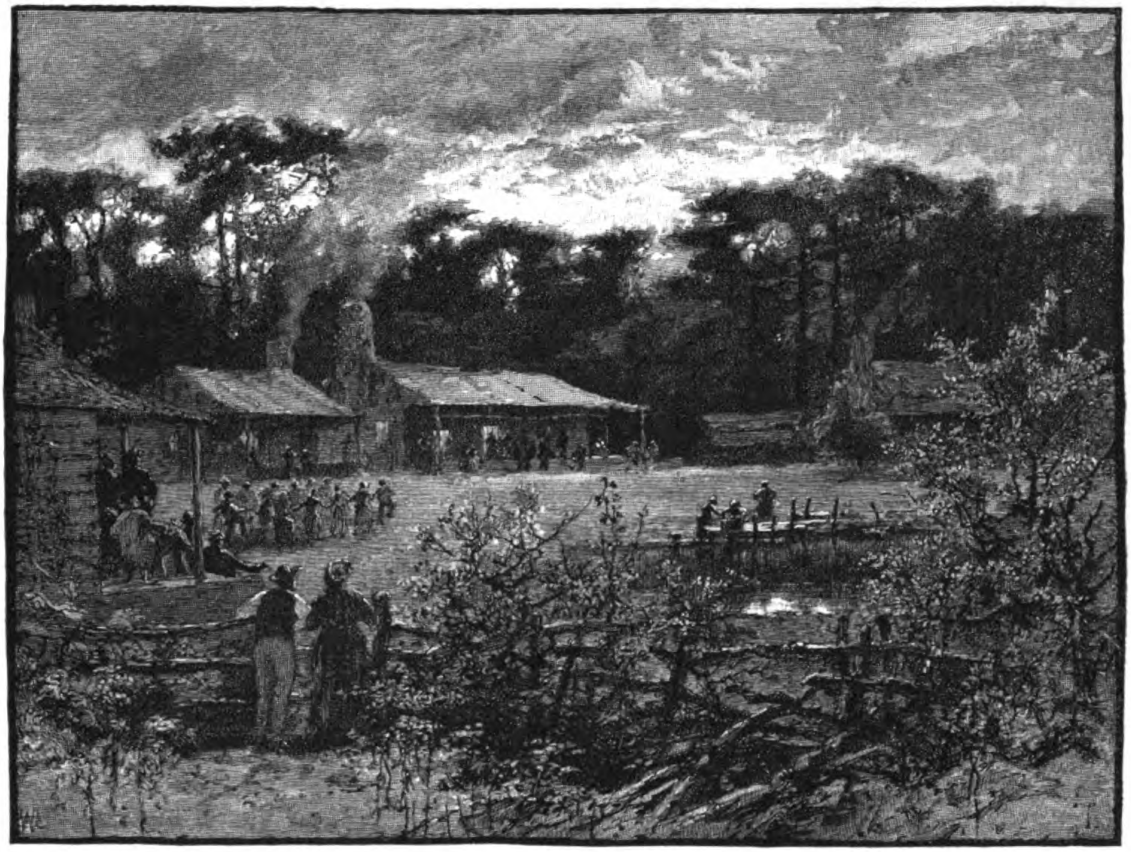
The shores of Bayou Plaquemine resemble those of La Fourche. The soil is exceptionally rich. The estates have been for the most part in the same families for generations. When the Mississippi is gorged, its waters rush through this outlet with a force equal to that of the St. Lawrence below Niagara. It overflows into the Atchafalaya, or the Old River, as it is sometimes called, because of an Indian tradition that it was ages ago the Mississippi itself.

The Teche is a gentle, good-humored stream, which rises in the uplands of St. Landry's Parish, and follows a zigzag



HOEING SUGAR-CANE.

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EVENING AT THE QUARTERS.

course through some of the highest and pleasantest farm-lands of Louisiana, until it too is lost in the Atchafalaya. It has a better character than any other bayou, never having been known to overflow its banks. The live-oaks grow, in the region through which this river lazily flows, to such enormous size that a Louisiana Senator, fifty years ago, offered in Congress to "float enough ship timber down the Teche into the Gulf to build navies for the whole world." Fifty years is a mere moment in the lives of these ancient patriarchs; they have only wrapped themselves in a heavier cloak of moss since then, and are as ready now as they were when De Soto first saw them to help some ship-builder to fortune.

The rich cotton districts lie in the valley of the Red River and its affluents, but Mr. Ely did not travel so far northward. An accident turned him in another direction.

Coming back from a drowsy voyage up one of the bayoux, he struck the railway again one evening near Morgan City. He found that metropolis of the future, as it calls itself, lost for the nonce in fog and rain. A gray drizzle filled the sky, clammy drops trickled down the faces of the discouraged-looking houses, the backs of the tired mules plodding through the mud gave off steam, while white deathly mists crept in from the Atchafalaya, which swept past in the darkness like an angry sea.

The few glimmering lights of the town stared bewildered through the night.

"'Into the hell of waters,' as Byron would have called it," our good clergyman thought, as he too stared out of the window of the hotel into the limitless dark and wet. The damp crept into his marrow, his teeth chattered, though the night was warm. He turned for comfort to the glowing stove, and to a fellow-traveller who was puffing his cigar with his legs stretched out and his hands clasped behind his head.

"This is a wonderful region," ventured Mr. Ely. "Marvellous scenery. But the universal wetness is appalling. I feel to-night," he added, with a nervous laugh, "as the Egyptians must have done when

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the walls of water rushed in on them from every side."

"Not a Southerner, I infer?" said the other, dryly.

"No. But I appreciate the splendor of your scenery to the full," eagerly. "And yet, do you know, I really have great respect for the Germans," lowering his voice confidentially.

"As how?"

"For their choice of a home in this country. The Puritans were satisfied with the bare New England rocks, and the French with this low-lying delta; but the Germans chose the rich high grounds and temperate air of Pennsylvania, the garden spot of the States, sir."

"*I* am a Louisianian," was the curt reply. It drove Puritans, Germans, the inhabitants of all other quarters of the world, into the background.

Mr. Ely, rebuffed, glanced at him deprecatingly; then came nearer, startled, curious. "Why—is it possible? A Louisianian? Weren't you—surely you are Nettley Pym, of Connecticut? Don't you remember the Senior Class and little Jem Ely?"

His old classmate suddenly sloughed off his swelling importance, and shook hands heartily again and again.

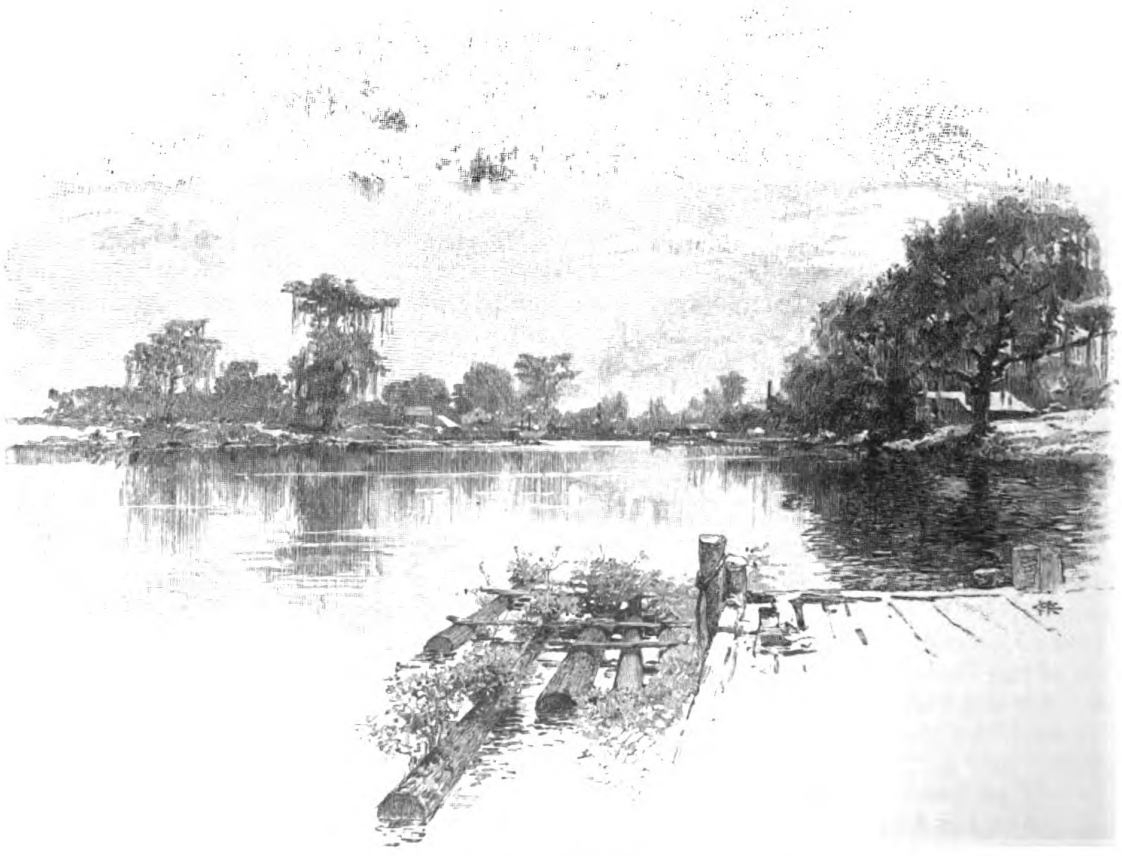
"Jem Ely? I should think I did remember! Always tail of the class, and writing verses to some pretty girl. Minister, eh? Of course you'd choose some starving business! You never were one to lay dollar to dollar," giving a swift glance over the old clergyman's well-kept clothes and cheap shoes.

"You, I suppose, have been more fortunate?" said Mr. Ely, drawing back a little.

"Oh, so so! I came down to this country thirty years ago—tutor—married a rich girl, and have been running a cotton plantation ever since. Naturally I have identified myself with my adopted State. There are not many men who understand what Louisiana can do, and is likely to do, as clearly as Nett Pym."

"You think there is a great future before her, then?" said Mr. Ely, settling himself into a warm corner by the stove.

"That depends," said Nett Pym, who, by-the-way, had gained the title of Judge in his adopted State, besides nearly three



ON BAYOU TECHE.

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OPELOUSAS PRAIRIE.

hundred pounds of flesh, and an accent half French and half negro—"that depends wholly on the action of our leaders in this crisis of our history. The majority of our public men are eager to throw open our ports to immigrants, Irish, Dutch, Scandinavians, to compel them to make New Orleans their port of entry, even if they only remain a month or two on their way to the West. *I*, sir, am opposed to this policy." The Judge fell into an oracular singsong, pulling through his fingers the black beard which fringed his broad pasty face. "We of the South, sir, should control our own interests. We are urging Northern capitalists to come and develop our resources, and foreign workmen to fill our mines and mills. What will be the result? In ten years Northerners and foreigners will run the South. They will edit our papers, own the mines, manufactories, and railroads; take the lead in our business, our politics, and our society, while we Southerners will be pushed to the wall. I—it is true I am not a Louisianian by birth," he stammered, recollecting himself, "but I sympathize with them wholly."

"What would you have them do?"

"Train the mulatto into a skilled laborer, keep out the foreign workmen, put their own capital and energy into other pursuits than agriculture, develop their own resources, and reap the profit themselves."

Mr. Ely drew a long breath of resignation. He could not, it seemed, escape the man of ideas. The Judge had now diverged into facts. "You must study the resources of this State, sir; you must carry home an accurate account of them—the enormous lumber interests, for example. Look at our cypress forests—absolutely illimitable! There is no more durable or beautiful wood. It is as rich a mine of wealth to us as its pine woods are to Maine. Are we to wait until some sharp-eyed Northerner comes here to gather in that crop? As for iron, come with me north of Red River and I will show you iron ore in Ouachita, or south of it, in Natchitoches, Sabine, or Rapides. Four of our parishes produce ore containing nearly fifty per cent. of pure metal. The same parishes have large deposits of coal. Talk of Pennsylvania, indeed! We have petroleum and natural gas as well as Pennsylvania; sulphur and gypsum too; and rock-salt, which your Quaker State has not. You must go to Calcasieu to examine these resources. I'll go with you; I've business in that direction."

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"You are most kind," stammered Mr. Ely. "I will consider the matter."

"You must come to Opelousas. There is a country for you! It contains eight thousand square miles. Fine prairie-land, cotton and sugar plantations, sheep and cattle ranches, and the soil black, oily, sir! Stick in your cane, and it roots and leaves! You must assuredly visit Opelousas. I will myself take you to the principal points of interest."

"Does Opelousas extend to the Gulf?"

"No. Below it is Attakapas. Five thousand square miles. Running from the Atchafalaya to the Gulf. Vast prairies, and on the coast marshes—endless marshes. Peopled by the Acadians, who came here when they were banished from Nova Scotia."

Mr. Ely kindled into eager interest. "They have altered greatly, no doubt? Become modern—American?"

"Not a whit. They are as ignorant and guileless as their own sheep. No progress among *them*. You need not waste your time in that direction."

They parted for the night soon after this. Mr. Ely could not sleep. If he waited until morning he knew he would be swept away to investigate iron, hematites, indigo, or sulphur.

He packed his valise and fairly ran away, leaving a note of courteous regret, stating that he had a deep interest in the Acadians, and had gone on an exploring journey into Attakapas.

The Judge stared at the words in dumb amazement. "The same useless, feather-headed Jem Ely!" he muttered; and lighting his cigar with Ely's note, went on his way.

NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIBYL had returned to Paris the moment the riots were over; but she had not ventured near the disturbed quarters, nor had she seen Marguerite, consequently when the latter walked into her boudoir, half an hour after Narka's arrest, Sibyl welcomed her with double delight.

"You haven't met him!" she exclaimed, running to embrace her.

"Whom?" said Marguerite.

"Basil!—yes, *Basil!* He has only just left me. He is gone off to see you and Narka. He walked in here this morning, and nearly killed me with the joy of the surprise. You look as if you thought I had gone crazy; but it is perfectly true."

"I am only too glad to believe it," replied Marguerite, with disappointing calmness. "I am glad of good news from any direction."

"Why, what do you mean? What has happened?" Sibyl asked, in alarm.

"Narka is in great trouble. She has been arrested."

"Arrested? Again? Here? Good heavens!" Sibyl sat down.

"Yes," said Marguerite, sitting too; "it happened half an hour ago. I was there when the police came."

"And what have they arrested her for?"

Marguerite was embarrassed. If Basil had not spoken of his engagement, it might be indiscreet to mention the papers that had been seized. "I heard nothing except that they had a warrant to arrest her," she said. But the perplexity in her mind got into her face, and Sibyl saw it.

"You know more than that, Marguerite," she said. "Has Narka been associating with those wicked rioters up at La Villette?"

"A man who was wounded and pursued by the police sought refuge with her one night, and that may have been discovered. But what is to be done? How are we to help her? You must know hosts of people who have influence. There is Prince Krinsky; you must go to him."

"But he is the Russian Ambassador!"

"Well, and is not that a reason? What are ambassadors for but to help their countrymen when they get into trouble?"

"That depends upon what the trouble is. It is not likely our Ambassador would feel it his duty to help any Russian for conspiring against our Emperor."

"Why should you at once conclude that

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she has been conspiring against your Emperor? My belief is, the whole affair is either a gross mistake or some cruel trick, and if you won't help her, I will ask Gaston to do it."

"As if I did not care a great deal more than Gaston about Narka!" retorted Sibyl. "The fact is, I suspect I know more about this arrest than you do. We were warned months ago that Narka was associating with disreputable people who would get her into trouble. That Dr. Schenk that she had attending her bears a very compromising character. How came she to know him?"

"Through Ivan Gorff. Ivan brought him to her when she fell ill. That was not her fault."

"It was her misfortune, anyhow. It obliged me to be very circumspect in my intercourse with her. It would not have done for me to become identified with a person who associated with bad characters. My house is a centre of Russian society in Paris, and though I am now a French woman, it might have injured my father and Basil if I had paraded my friendship with a Russian who was on intimate terms with conspirators."

And so this was the *mot de l'énigme*, the secret of the cold aloofness which had wounded Narka so deeply.

"I don't believe Narka has been associating with conspirators," said Marguerite. "You need not have been afraid of her compromising you." Then, after a moment's pause, "What would they do to her if she were accused of anything of that sort?" she asked.

"If she has mixed herself up in any treason against the Emperor of France, the French law would deal with her."

"But if it was against the Emperor of Russia?"

"In that case they would send her to Russia to be tried."

"Oh!"

If Sibyl's answer had been, "They will flog her to death," the interjection could not have expressed more horror. Marguerite's look and tone seemed to hold a terrible revelation.

"Did Narka ever tell you about what happened to her in the prison?" Sibyl asked, in an altered manner.

"She let me guess. Oh, Sibyl!" said Marguerite, clasping her hands, and her eyes filled with tears, "how awful if she were to go through that again!"

Sibyl changed color, and stood up, and moved restlessly about the room. Then, as if conquered by some motive which bore down all opposition, "I will go to Prince Krinsky," she said.

Marguerite burst into tears, and kissed her, and hurried away.

Sibyl ordered the carriage and went to dress. Just as she was ready to go downstairs, Basil came back with M. de Beaucrillon. They were both in high spirits.

"You have not heard?" said Sibyl. "Narka is arrested."

Basil uttered a violent expletive in Russian, and turned pale.

"Arrested! What for?" said M. de Beaucrillon, scarcely less moved.

"Marguerite, who told me about it—she has only just gone—says she knows nothing but the fact of the arrest. She was with Narka when the police came and carried her away."

"I must go to her at once," said Basil, picking up his hat, that he had dropped in his excitement, and he was leaving the room. "I must go to the prison and pay my way in to her. Where is the prison?"

"My dear Basil, you are the last person who ought to go near her," protested Sibyl—"you who are so compromised yourself."

"Sibyl is right," said M. de Beaucrillon. "You would only compromise her still more. But what in Heaven's name has Narka been doing to get into this new trouble?"

Basil took a turn in the room, and then suddenly coming up to Sibyl, he said, "The time has come for me to speak out. I am engaged to Narka."

"*What?*" Sibyl cried, almost with a shriek.

"*Diable!*" exclaimed M. de Beaucrillon.

Then followed a pause of stupefied amazement from both.

"Yes," said Basil, "the night I left Yrakow I asked her to be my wife. I cannot see why the news should strike you both dumb with horror, as if it were a crime. Narka is good and gifted and beautiful, and you, Sibyl, have looked on her as a sister all your life."

But Sibyl could not answer him; the power of speech seemed to have left her. She was clutching the mantel, her face was blanched, the color had faded from her eyes, and they stared fixedly at Basil with an expression that was indefinable.

"*Mon cher ami*," said M. de Beaucril-

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lon, "I must own I don't understand your wonder at the effect of your announcement on my wife. It is not such a surprise to me. I always thought Narka's position in the family was an anomalous one, and likely to end in some catas—culmination of this sort. I said so to Sibyl long ago, but she ridiculed the idea and laughed at me."

"I don't see why the culmination should have excited Sibyl's ridicule," Basil retorted, looking angrily at her.

"One has not far to look for the reason, nevertheless," said Gaston. "Mademoiselle Narka is undoubtedly all that you say, as gifted as she is good; but she is the daughter of a Jewish trader, whereas you are—"

"Her affianced husband," interrupted Basil.

"Ah! just so. Then there is nothing more to be said, and it only remains for me to congratulate you." And M. de Beaucrillon bowed stiffly.

"Oh, Basil! Basil!" Sibyl cried, and she clasped her hands and burst into tears, and flung herself sobbing on a couch.

"So much for a woman's friendship!" said Basil, bitterly; and he looked at his brother-in-law as if expecting him to acquiesce in the contemptuous sentiment. But M. de Beaucrillon walked over and leaned against the chimney-piece, looking down at his sobbing wife with an air of unconcealed annoyance.

"Look here, Sibyl," said Basil, after a momentary hesitation, "and you too, De Beaucrillon, listen to what I have to say, and give me a fair hearing. When I came back that evening with Father Christopher's pardon there was a warrant signed for my arrest. The Stanovoï gave me notice, and offered to let me escape before the warrant reached him if I paid him fifty thousand rubles. I could not by any possibility lay my hands on the sum within the time. I had three hours to find it. I knew you had not half the amount with you, and there was no one else to call upon. I was prepared to be arrested by ten o'clock that night. I told Narka about the warrant, and by mere chance I mentioned the offer made me by the Stanovoï. She gave me the money, and I escaped."

"Narka!" they both exclaimed, aghast.

"Narka gave you *fifty thousand rubles!*" repeated M. de Beaucrillon, in a tone of dense incredulity.

"Narka," replied Basil. "It so happened that that very day she learned that a legacy of precisely fifty thousand rubles had been paid into the hands of Perrow for her by the executor of an uncle of Tante Nathalie. Narka rode in to X., got the money, and returned just in time. The Stanovoï, who had had me closely watched, was lying in ambush at the gate, and I paid him the money. Before making my escape I asked Narka to be my wife."

"*Ma foi!* I don't see how you could have helped it!" exclaimed M. de Beaucrillon, with generous warmth; "no man of honor could have done less."

"I don't see that at all," said Sibyl, whose sobs and tears had been suddenly checked by the counter-current of emotion. "I can't see that honor made it necessary for him to dishonor his name. It was most kind and generous of Narka; but any friend worthy of the name would have done as much. And as far as that went, I would have paid the debt, had I known of it, within a month. I will do so now, and twofold, tenfold, gratefully and willingly."

"There are debts that cannot be paid," said Basil, angry and hurt; "but the money is the least part of what I owe Narka." He pulled at his mustache, and after a moment's wavering and debating, "I had in my possession at the time," he continued, "documents that were then of great importance, and of the most compromising character; I could not destroy them, and I dared not take them with me. I asked Narka to keep them. I knew and she knew that they would bring grievous trouble on any one with whom they were found; but she accepted the trust without hesitating. The Stanovoï, who knew she had been with me to the last, and who no doubt discovered that she had given me the ransom, denounced her as having my papers. She was arrested, and kept six months in prison. God and herself alone know what she suffered there; but they got nothing out of her. She left Kronstadt without having betrayed me by a word." He seemed almost overcome for a moment. "You know the rest," he went on, hurriedly. "Tante Nathalie could not rally from the shock. Narka came away amongst strangers, first in one place, then in another; she suffered every sort of hardship, and it has been all my doing. And because I don't throw her over like

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a heartless scoundrel, you cry out that I am dishonoring myself!"

"Narka is a noble creature," said M. de Beaucrillon, with genuine feeling. "No man worthy of the name could behave otherwise than you are doing."

Sibyl, who had entirely ceased crying, got up and went over to Basil and kissed him. "Yes, Narka has behaved nobly," she said, "and you are the most chivalrous of men. For the sake of all she has done and suffered, we will receive her as your wife."

The concession was probably as much as Basil could have expected from Sibyl under any circumstances; but he took it coldly, and without a word of thanks or comment.

"The question now is," said M. de Beaucrillon, "what is to be done to get her out of this fresh trouble. You have no idea what has led to it?"

"I may still be the cause of it," Basil replied, remembering last night's visit, and the possibility of its having been discovered. "She may have kept those papers; it is very possible."

"Then we must go to Prince Krinsky at once," said Sibyl.

"What has Krinsky to do with it?" asked Basil, sharply.

"If she has been watched by our police—and nobody else had any motive in watching her—Prince Krinsky will know, and he is the only person who can help."

Basil thought it very unlikely that the Prince would help; the name of Krinsky had been as the seven devils let loose on him all these months in St. Petersburg, and the name of Zorokoff was no doubt in equally bad odor with the Krinskys. The ambassador was not likely to extend his favor to any offender who was identified with the family of the man who had rejected Princess Marie.

"Sibyl is right," said M. de Beaucrillon. "Krinsky is the person we must apply to, and no time must be lost."

"I wish I could see Ivan before we move in the matter," said Basil, in evident perplexity. He went to the window, and saw that the brougham was waiting in the court; then pulled out his watch. "I think I could catch him by driving there now. Yes, I will try and see Ivan; he will throw some light on the affair that will guide us. Don't go to the Russian embassy till I come back," he said to Sibyl; and snatching up his hat, he hurried away, and in a minute they heard the brougham driving out of the court.

"Well!" said M. de Beaucrillon, flinging himself into a chair, and he threw up his hands in a gesture of utter amazement; "it is the most astounding story that I ever heard!"

Sibyl tore off her bonnet and tossed it from her, and pulled off her gloves in an excited manner; she seemed too agitated to speak. After a pause, "To think," she burst out, "that Narka should have been all this time engaged to him and never told me! The base hypocrisy of it is incredible. And to think of such a scene going on that night at Yrakow and I left in ignorance of it!"

"She showed extraordinary self-control, certainly," said M. de Beaucrillon; "very few women could go through such an ordeal without betraying themselves. And by heavens she does know how to love a man!" he added, in a tone of admiration that had a ring of envy in it.

"Better than she knows how to love a woman," retorted Sibyl. "To think that she could be so treacherous!"

Sibyl could not wish Basil to be a scoundrel, but neither could she face the other alternative. Surely there must be some way out of the difficulty; surely Providence would rescue the pride of the Zorokoffs from this shame, would save the holy place from that abomination of abominations, Jewish blood! She sat still, except for the nervous mechanical action of twisting her handkerchief into a tight rope, unconscious that her fingers were tearing the costly rag to shreds. The gong sounded, announcing a visitor.

"I hope no one is coming up here," she said, impatiently. "Ring to forbid it."

M. de Beaucrillon rang the bell which sounded the desired prohibition, but before a servant could appear, Marguerite walked into the boudoir. They both greeted her with an exclamation of relief.

"Well, what news?—have you seen her?" said Sibyl.

"No; she has been before the Petit Parquet all the morning; but one of the officials told me that she is to be taken from the depot to-night to St. Lazare."

"Ah! then there is a true case against her?" said Gaston. "There will be a trial?"

"Evidently. But I shall see Narka herself to-morrow."

"Oh, Marguerite," cried Sibyl, "you

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don't know half the trouble. Basil is engaged to her! he is going to marry her! —*Narka!*"

Marguerite uttered something inarticulate, and blushed slowly.

"Yes, it is not to be believed," protested Sibyl, misinterpreting the blush and the exclamation. "And fancy her never breathing a word of it to any of us!—to *me*, that she pretended to love so! It is enough to make one loathe the whole race more than ever!"

M. de Beaucrillon shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with an impatient expletive.

"Perhaps Basil forbade her to tell," Marguerite pleaded.

"Of course he did," said M. de Beaucrillon, facing round. "You talk like a fool, Sibyl. And what difference would it have made if she had told you? Would that have reconciled you to the marriage? Not a whit."

"I should have felt that she had behaved loyally to me."

"Bah! Her first loyalty was due to Basil. And she has proved that right nobly. The only pity is she's not a Narichkin or a Woronsoff. By-the-way," said he, turning to Marguerite, "you have not heard the story yet." And he told her briefly of the ransom, the flight, the papers left with Narka, and the trouble they had brought upon her.

"Oh, Sibyl, is it any wonder that Basil loves her?" Marguerite pleaded. "How could he have done less than make her an offer of his hand?"

"Perhaps not," replied Sibyl; "but Narka took an unworthy advantage in accepting it. She knew the offer was made in a moment of extraordinary excitement, under almost overpowering pressure of motives; she ought to have said, 'Wait a year, and then, if you are of the same mind, ask me again.'"

"I wonder how many men would have been of the same mind at the end of a year!" said Marguerite, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaucrillon looked at her in amused surprise. "You little skeptic, where did you get your estimate of us, I should like to know? I dare say you are right enough, though," he added. "All the same, I'm not sure but that the ficklest among us would prefer the woman who took him at his word—the woman who loved him would be sure to do that; and Narka loves Basil, and no mistake."

"Then, if she loves him, she must do him good," said Marguerite. "Oh, Sibyl, won't you remember all she has suffered for Basil's sake, and try to love her?"

"I have got first to try to forgive her," Sibyl replied, coldly. She looked as cold and hard as if she had been turned to ice.

Marguerite had been prepared for a great deal, but the sight of this frozen hardness under that soft, smiling, sympathetic exterior shocked her inexpressibly.

"What is there to be done?" she said, addressing her brother. "Prince Krinsky will help, will he not?"

"We don't know that yet," replied Gaston. "If, as we fear—as Basil fears—the trouble comes from meddling with Russian politics, the Russian ambassador may refuse to interfere."

"But he has a wife, a daughter? Princess Marie, who is so young, surely she will be kind? Go to her, Sibyl, and tell her everything. Tell her that Basil loves Narka, and is engaged to be married to her."

Sibyl gave a little sardonic laugh. "That would not be the way to touch her: no woman cares to help the rival who has supplanted her. Marie would hate Narka; in her place, any girl would, unless she were an angel."

"And why should she not be an angel? Nothing makes angels or devils of people like believing them to be such. Go to Marie as if you believed she was an angel; tell her everything, and trust to her pity and generosity. Dear Sibyl, do!"

While Marguerite pleaded and entreated, Sibyl seemed to be rapidly debating the question in her own mind; she was looking fixedly out of the window, her features agitated, her hands nervously moving in that unconscious, mechanical twisting of her handkerchief. Suddenly her brow cleared, like a person who sees a way out of a difficulty, and has determined to follow it.

"Yes, you are right," she said; "that is the best thing to do. We must wait till Basil comes back, as we promised him, and if he has no reason for preventing it, I will go at once to Marie and try if she is of the stuff that angels are made of."

Marguerite had now done all that was possible for the moment; so, promising to let them know when she had seen Narka, went away.

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M. de Beaucrillon, observant of the courtesies which French gentlemen never fail in to the women of their family, saw her down-stairs, and then returned to the boudoir. He was struck immediately by the change that had taken place in Sibyl. The strained, angry, perplexed look had entirely passed away from her countenance, and it now wore a resolute, almost a radiant expression. Was it the hope of saving Narka from a horrible fate that had suddenly flushed her pale cheeks and lighted those lamps of triumph in her eyes? What else could it be? And yet, for the first time, as he looked at his wife, M. de Beaucrillon did not think Sibyl beautiful.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NARKA was alone in her cell at St. Lazare. No one had been to see her. She had waited and watched all the day long. Every echoing step on the stone corridor made her pulses quicken with hope: it might be Marguerite, or Sibyl, or even Basil. But the day dragged on to its close, the bars and bolts of the prison were drawn, and no one came.

Narka had not slept the previous night, and she had hardly tasted food since her arrest; she was physically exhausted, and her nerves were strained and excited to the verge of delirium. When the night closed in she was in the state of one prepared to see visions. For a while the lamp burning outside sent a tawny light into her cell through the window above the door; but this was put out, and then all was black as the tomb, and a horror of great darkness fell upon her. She could not say how long it lasted; but suddenly the external blackness was pierced through by a vivid inward illumination. Her whole life, from childhood to the present hour, passed before her, with its sorrows, its blighted hopes, its pathetic failures; every circumstance became invested with a high prophetic meaning, every cruel and humiliating event was instinct with a supreme significance, every incident pointed to momentous issues. Her faith, hitherto a sort of dreamy mysticism, gradually kindled to a kind of frenzy, that she mistook for inspiration. She saw the divine scheme for the redemption of humanity unfolding before her like a scroll, and she read her own part distinctly written there. God, who had created and redeemed every individual soul, could not overlook the very least of His creatures; with Him there was neither greater nor lesser; the monarch on his throne and the moudjik in his hovel were of equal value in His sight; the same hand which fashioned the eagle and bid it soar and fix the mid-day sun, also created the worm, and bade it crawl upon the earth, and both were His creatures, equally entitled to His care. It was, nevertheless, in the order of His providence that amongst men there should be higher and lower; that some should play a grand part in life, and some an obscure one; that some should command and enjoy, and even sin with impunity, while others were condemned to suffer for the sins of all. And these latter were His chosen partners in the plan of redemption. They were to enter into glory with Him through suffering, and become like unto gods.

As the symbolism of her destiny revealed itself to Narka, her heart swelled with a sense of vengeful triumph. She exulted in her Christ-like mission, and in spirit trampled under foot the Pharisees and tyrants who persecuted her. The night wore on in this frenzy of pride and hallucination. The prison clock told away the hours. The dawn broke, but in the cell all was still dark. Suddenly a gleam of light crept in through the window above the door, and Narka, looking up as if something had touched her, saw the white figure of the crucifix, alone visible in the encircling blackness.

"Yes," she said within herself, "it is we who can look down from our gibbet on the children of this world, the fools who feast and revel, while we agonize with Christ in His passion! To us, instead of ashes, He will give a crown and a garment of glory for an afflicted spirit. Those who have dwelt in the tombs shall rejoice and sing canticles, while those who have slept in palaces on pillows of down shall howl for grief and rend their garments!"

In the weird, shadowy dawnlight her thoughts grew concrete, and took tangible form. She saw a long procession marching past—victors and saints who had blessed their generation, and left the world better than they found it; but they were not the prosperous ones whose course had been through flowery meads, full of sunshine and peace; they were men who

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had suffered, who had known poverty, humiliation, and defeat. She saw that never since the beginning of the world had a nation's wrong been made right, or a people's sorrow consoled, by the rich and the satisfied, who had gone through life making merry, crowned with flowers, and sung to and smiled upon; these conquests had been achieved by pilgrims who toiled through the desert in hunger and thirst and nakedness, or by martyrs who walked over the fiery ploughshares.

Narka had always vaguely held that suffering was in itself an agency of redemption, and meritorious apart from all merit or response in the sufferer. The old creed was now asserting itself with the passionate intensity which belongs rather to fanaticism than to faith. She looked upon herself as a victim for her people, an object of complacency to the court of heaven. Her mind, her senses, her heart, inflamed by these stern and sanguine orthodoxies, all shared the intoxication of the vision they had conjured up. In this splendid apotheosis, where she was the central figure, she was not alone—Basil Zorokoff was by her side, he was whispering in her ear; every fibre of her heart was thrilling to what he whispered; she felt his breath upon her cheek, she felt the warm clasp of his arm round her. Ah! let fate do its worst upon her; with that arm clasping her she could never be wholly miserable. But suddenly the smile of rapture that trembled on her lips died away. What fool's paradise had she wandered into? She was in prison, and so perhaps was Basil, for all she knew. There was that box containing the articles in his handwriting! If the writing should be traced? Narka shuddered, but quickly dismissing the horrible thought, she remembered that Basil was in France, and that his own government could not touch him, and the French police were not likely to be able to identify the writing of a Russian.

The great clock struck five, and the profound stillness began to be broken by those sounds which announce, even in a prison, that the inmates are awakening to the activities of life. Warders came and went along the flagged passages, doors were opened and shut, the bell summoned the prisoners to the scant morning meal. Narka was not in the category of those who had to obey its call. Her food was brought to her. She was too faint and feverish to feel any appetite, but she knew that this was partly the effect of hunger, so she ate a few mouthfuls, and went back to her visions. The morning wore on. It was near noon, and she was still sitting on the edge of her bed, listless, tired, her mind strained between something like ecstasy and stupor, when the door of her cell opened, and some one pronounced her name. She started, stood straight up, and felt herself clasped in Sibyl's arms.

"Basil?" she said, in a frightened whisper, and disengaging herself, she fixed her passionate, yearning eyes on Sibyl.

"He has told us everything."

"And you forgive me? You forgive us both?"

"Forgive you! My brave, generous Narka, what have I to forgive?" And Sibyl kissed her again, tenderly, clingingly, and then she drew her to the bed, and they sat down together.

Narka was crying; it was an immense relief both to her nerves and her heart, and Sibyl let the tears flow on, wiping them away gently with her own little cambric handkerchief, and kissing the heavy white lids betweentimes. But Narka was not one to indulge long in the luxury of emotion. She drew a deep breath, and then, lifting her head from Sibyl's shoulder,

"Tell me what has happened," she said. "Has he been arrested?"

"Who? Basil? No. Did you hear that he had been?"

"I have heard nothing. I have seen nobody. I thought Marguerite would have come."

"She has been trying to get to see you from the first, but they made difficulties. Gaston saw the president of the Petit Parquet this morning."

"Ah! And what did he tell him? About the articles in that box? Do they know who wrote them?"

"They have not got the box. It seems that just as the detective was carrying it off, a man fell upon him and knocked him down, and seized it and made away with it."

"Oh! Who was the man, did they say?"

"He was a rebel, who had been wounded in the head during the *émeute*. Gaston did not hear his name."

"It was Antoine Drex!" Narka exclaimed, with sudden elation.

"Oh, Narka!" said Sibyl, shocked at

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what seemed to her like cynical complacency in the disreputable circumstances; "what could have induced you to mix yourself up with those low men and their politics?"

"I did not mix myself up with them," protested Narka. "I have never meddled in their politics here. Why should I?"

"But you have meddled in Russian politics. They say you have been associating with the worst revolutionists, and frequenting their meetings. They say you were at one on the 10th where a plot was discussed for murdering our Emperor."

"That is a lie. I was not there. And if I had been, I should certainly have not voted for such an insane crime as that. What stupidity! What good could it do to murder the Emperor? Who could have said I was there? Not that it matters. Even if I had been, I am in a foreign country, and beyond the reach of Russian tyranny. Their slanders can't touch me here."

"Dear, you are mistaken," said Sibyl, with a certain tender hesitation; "if it is proved, or even asserted on good authority, that you have been mixed up with the revolutionary movement, the Russian law will reach you here just as surely as if you were at home."

"How so?" Narka started perceptibly.

"If the Russian authorities demand it, our ambassador will be obliged to claim you as a Russian subject."

"What do you mean?" said Narka, turning a white face to her.

"Dearest, did you not know? As a Russian subject, guilty of high-treason, you will be handed over to our ambassador and taken back to be tried in Russia."

Narka stared at her, every feature convulsed, while a cold chill of horror stole the heat out of her blood. "*They will send me back to Russia?*" she murmured, in a voice that sounded like a whisper in the dark. Her lips had fallen apart; there came a blackness under her eyes as if they reflected suddenly some invisible spectacle of woe or horror; her hands opened and closed nervously, and then crept slowly up and coiled round her neck; she presented an image of terror and despair awful to behold. Sibyl watched her with intensely curious but not unpitiful eyes; she pitied her sincerely, but she pitied herself more; she wanted to save Narka, but she wanted first to save Basil and the pride of the Zorokoffs. The moment had now come, she thought, for proposing the only expedient which might do this. She laid her hand on Narka's tense arm; it shuddered under the touch.

"This is what I have dreaded from the moment I heard of your being arrested," she said. "I lay awake all last night thinking how I could save you, and praying to God to show me a way. For, Narka, there is no use in trying to deceive ourselves: you will be handed over to the Russian government and taken to St. Petersburg, and then— But, darling, there is one chance still of saving you. I know not how to propose it, for the sacrifice will be almost worse than the sacrifice of your life."

Narka did not make a sign, but sat staring at vacancy, her eyes still riveted on that unseen horror.

"Beloved," continued Sibyl, in her soft, caressing voice, "if you are sent back to Russia, it means Kronstadt"—a tremor ran through Narka—"or Siberia; in either case a fate as cruel as death—and you are parted from Basil forever. If you give him up voluntarily now, you will remain free, and you will be still his sister and mine."

Narka did not speak, but she moved her head imperceptibly toward Sibyl; the movement seemed to say, "What do you mean?"

Sibyl stole one arm round her neck, and speaking rapidly, "Oh, my darling," she said, "if I could take the sting out of the sacrifice for you!... but the alternative is so horrible it will give you courage. Renounce Basil; tell him you have ceased to care for him; that you will not marry him because you don't love him. He will then be free to go and offer himself to Prince Krinsky's daughter, and ask her to obtain your release."

Narka at last was moved from her stony immobility. She slowly drew away her hands from about her neck and dropped them, and looked at Sibyl. "*Tell him that I do not love him?*" she repeated. "He would not believe me; he would know that it was a lie."

"He knew it once, dear; but you may have changed since then. How many women would! Remember it is nearly two years since you have met."

"It is not three days! I saw him here before you did. He came to me the moment he arrived in Paris, and he knows

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whether or not I have ceased to love him. Yes, he knows—he knows that I love him with my whole soul; that to give him up would be to me worse than death, worse than Kronstadt!" Her eyes, a moment ago fixed and lifeless, grew suddenly incandescent as they met Sibyl's, glittering with fury.

"So you have been deceiving me to the very last!" Sibyl said, with a light laugh that sounded horrid; "while I have been watching and praying, and straining every nerve to save you, you have been playing the hypocrite, spreading your toils round my brother, and acting a living lie! a false friend! a companion of men who plot murder! You are a base, guilty woman!"

"Guilty?" repeated Narka, and she rose slowly to her feet, no longer the cowed, terror-stricken creature of a moment ago, but a grand, passionate woman, strong in her innocence, and conscious by her sufferings of being set high above this proud daughter of princes—"guilty? Look at that symbol." And she pointed to the white Figure on the wall. "We shall both of us be judged by it, condemned or acquitted according to the likeness we bear to it. Which of us, you or I, as we stand here, most resembles Him? Is it you with your wealth, your splendor, and your high place in this world, your feasting and purple and fine linen, your pampered ease; or I, in humiliation and poverty, in my body seamed with scars, marked and cut with the hangman's lash"—Sibyl uttered a low cry, and hid her face—"with my heart pierced by the murder of my kindred, with my soul made sorrowful to death by the sufferings of my people, and the sight of the wrongs inflicted on them by you and your caste? Is it I, in imprisonment and persecution, in the martyr's death that perhaps awaits me? Let the Christ speak, and say which of us two is guilty, which of us two deserves that glance of recognition reserved to those who here below have been likened to the Man of Sorrows!"

Narka had begun in a husky, agitated voice, but as she went on it rose, under the stress of irrepressible emotion, to high vibrating tones. As she stood pointing to the Figure on the cross, Sibyl almost expected to hear a voice resound in the dark cell, uttering the awful sentence of acquittal and denunciation: "Come, ye blessed!—Depart, ye accursed!"

"Narka! Narka!" she cried, cowering before the terrible wrath of the woman she had scorned a moment ago, and who now stood like the avenger of the brethren, accusing her before the judgment-seat; "why do you curse me? I have not done those things; I had no hand in the murder of your kindred or in the sorrows that have come upon you. I have loved you always; but you broke away from me; you turned against us, and took part with those who hate us. Why did not you trust me? I wanted to save you—God knows I did—and you upbraid me as if I had been seeking to destroy you."

But Sibyl too had had her hour of exaltation. Her nerves, taxed to their utmost by the strain of the last three days, broke down, and she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Narka seemed hardly conscious of her presence. Her whole soul was torn asunder by this choice that was thrust upon her of renouncing Basil or going back to encounter again those horrors of which she had never spoken to any human being.

The hour struck without either of them hearing it; but it was a relief to both when the warder came and said it was time for Sibyl to come away. When the door had closed upon her, Narka flung herself upon the bed, and her bursting heart once more found relief in a passionate flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN Basil went in search of Ivan on the morning of Narka's arrest, he heard that his friend had left town, and, as usual, without saying where he was going or when he would return. Basil went every day to the house to inquire, and on the fourth day, late in the afternoon, he walked into Ivan's room, and found him smoking a pipe and reading the newspaper.

"You have not heard what has happened?" said Basil, guessing from his quiet air and occupation that he knew nothing.

"What?" said Ivan, removing his pipe, and opening his eyes in hilarious curiosity.

"Narka has been arrested. She has been four days in prison."

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Ivan dropped the newspaper with an oath.

Basil related all he knew of the event. Then he said: "Who has done it? Can it be Schenk?"

Ivan did not answer. He laid his clinched hands on his knees, and bent forward, as if lost in perplexity. He knew of Schenk's passion for Narka, and Olga Borzidoff knew it; she had complained bitterly to Ivan of Schenk's unfaithfulness, and she was a violent, vindictive woman, whose jealousy would be unscrupulous. If Schenk had let out the fact that Narka had documents in her possession, Olga would not have hesitated to use the knowledge in order to destroy her. There was no use, however, in confiding these suspicions to Basil.

"Schenk has never done it," he said; "he is not capable of it; but he may have been fool enough to let out something that compromised her. If he has, he deserves the knout!" Ivan ground his teeth with a sinister sound. "But the thing is, what is to be done for her? Your sister must have interest at court. She will use it, won't she? Napoleon, for all he is a despot, has a man's heart, and can be pitiful, and the Empress is a woman."

"That won't help, if it can be proved that Narka has been mixed up in our work. If they accuse her of offending against the French law, well and good; the people here may help; but if not, there is no one but Krinsky who could do it, and in that case my sister must go to him at once."

"She can't go to him to-day, nor to-morrow either; he left Paris last night for Berlin."

"Confound it! did he?" said Basil, turning suddenly round. "And when is he to be back?"

"I don't know. He is to stop at Berlin two days, and then, unless his business is arranged at once with Bismarck, he will go on to St. Petersburg."

"Have you any idea when the trial is likely to come on?" asked Basil.

"I don't suppose before a month at least."

"And they will keep her in prison all that time untried?"

"Yes. They have got their *prison préventive* here like us, for all their boasted liberty and justice. But it will serve a good purpose for once by giving Krinsky time to be back before the trial comes on."

Basil said nothing for a moment. Then, "We can't wait for Krinsky to come back," he said. "I must start after him at once, and secure him before he leaves for St. Petersburg. If I take the express to-night, I am safe to catch him at Berlin. I shall be able to get to see him through Z——, of our embassy there. He is not a bad fellow, and though my father made a mess between him and me, I don't believe he is as savage against me as they made out. Anyhow, there is nothing else to be done. I will drive now to Sibyl's, and tell her I am off." He pulled out his watch. "It is five o'clock. I have a couple of hours to do a few things and eat a mouthful before I start."

Basil hailed a cab, and drove to the Rue St. Dominique.

Sibyl was out. She had left home three hours ago, the servant said, so was likely to be soon back. But Basil could not wait. He went into the library, and wrote a note to M. de Beaucrillon, telling him of his departure for Berlin, and the motive of it.

Sibyl, meantime, had gone to make a call at the Russian embassy, and had learned to her disappointment that the Prince had left the night before for Berlin, and the ladies for Fontainebleau that morning.

As she drove in under her own gateway, M. de Beaucrillon's brougham was moving away from before the steps of the house. He met her in the hall with two letters in his hand. One was Basil's, the other was from Marguerite.

"Come in here a moment," he said, and they went into the library. "Here is a slate on our heads!" he exclaimed. "Basil is off to Berlin after Krinsky, and Marguerite tells me the trial comes on on Monday. It may be all over before Basil will have seen Krinsky. Though, for the matter of that, we don't know yet whether Krinsky can be of any use."

Sibyl took the two notes from his hand without speaking. There is an electric, instantaneous comprehension that comes to the brain in moments of supreme excitement, and enables it to seize all the points of a question and arrive at a conclusion without any process of argument. Such a moment had come to Sibyl now. With one glance she saw the whole situation, the circumstances, the possibilities. Basil's absence at this crisis was providential. The trial would be over, perhaps,

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before he heard it had begun, and there was an end of the terror which had haunted her of his appearing in court and publicly compromising himself from a sense of chivalrous loyalty to Narka.

"I must see at once about getting counsel," said M. de Beaucrillon, too selflessly absorbed in Narka's trouble and the impending crisis to stop to consider the motive of his wife's silence. "There is no time to lose. I will go at once to Maître X——. If I am late for dinner, don't wait for me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CURATIVE USES OF WATER.

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.

UNDER the general title of watering-place cures a great number of healing agents are grouped together—climate, locality, baths, mineral waters, hygienic, tonic, and alterative treatment, the balm of rest, and the stimulus of pleasant variety, social pleasure, and the enjoyment of nature at its wildest and sweetest. Nearly every medicinal influence, indeed, whether for the body or the mind diseased, is available and efficacious, if the cure be wisely chosen and wisely directed, at one or another of the ten thousand watering-places of Europe and America. A word as to the classification of watering-place cures. They fall naturally into two main classes—climate cures and bath cures.

The climate cure, or climato-therapy, includes the whole subject of climatic conditions, whether of the warmth or cold, the moisture or dryness of the air, the elevation and the exposure, of the region chosen, the choice of summer or winter treatment, the rains, the force, direction, and prevalence of the winds, the amount and strength of the sunlight, the nearness or remoteness of seas and mountains. All the external forces of nature are in a sense at the command of the skilled physician in directing the patient's choice among these manifold therapeutic influences.

The bath cures, or balneo-therapy, present if possible still more abundant alternatives and resources of treatment. They include (1) the use of mineral waters, whether alkaline, saline, sulphur, iron, calcic, or indifferent-thermal, in all the varieties of their delicate yet potent combinations, and also (2) the use of both simple and mineralized waters in baths of numberless kinds, from sea and river bathing to the elaborate appliances of the great European and American bathing establishments in the forms of aerated and vapor baths, mud or peat baths, and the whole apparatus of the water-cures—plunge, sitz, douche, pack, and so on; and all of the foregoing forms of bath are called upon for different curative effects according to the carefully prescribed differences in temperature. The extent and importance of the whole subject are insufficiently understood in this country, where perfectly appointed watering-places are as yet few in number; but in this paper I have not room to enter upon the general subject. I will here consider, from the practical point of view, one of its branches only, that of the curative uses of ordinary water, and will touch upon the companion subject, the uses of mineral waters, only in so far as to include that most valuable class of bathing waters known as the "indifferent-thermal springs," or waters which, though slightly mineralized, like those of the Arkansas Hot Springs, or the charming resorts of Plombières and Néris in France, Gastein and Töplitz in Austria, or the cool Dansville Springs in New York, Wildbad in Würtemberg, are especially curative as baths, and are little taken internally.

The Uses of Water in the System.—And first a glance at the physiology of the subject may not be amiss. It is a commonplace of physiology that water is the chief constituent of all animal bodies, forming no less than two-thirds of the substance of the human frame, and present even in its firmest tissues. That it is in no sense a fixed or abiding, but a restless and volatile constituent, is perhaps a less familiar conception, varying with the age, temperament, diet, health, digestion, and activity of the individual. It is by this very volatility that water, as truly a vital fluid as the blood of which it forms a three-fourth part, works its functions in the healthy body.

The physiological action of water is twofold. First, it is to cleanse; second,

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to cool. The effete substances which cannot, like the carbonic acid gas which is expired with the breath, assume the vaporous state are thus removed in solution from the system, as the phosphates which come from the destruction of nerve and brain tissue, and the sulphates which are produced when the muscular tissue is used. These refuse and poisonous products cannot escape through the lungs; the skin by perspiration and the kidneys by secretion remove them from the blood, washing them away in watery solution. To stop this eliminative action of either the skin or the kidneys would soon be fatal.

Besides water to dilute and to cool, each one of us receives from the outer world aliment to strengthen and to warm us; this aliment is received both in the various forms of food and in the oxygen of the air. The two functions of heating and of cooling are then in constant antagonism, while the balance of the two is so accurately preserved that the temperature of the healthy body never varies more than three or four degrees from 98.6° Fahr., either above or below. A greater range of variation means disease, serious in proportion to the extent of the range. Of about nineteen hundred pounds of water which are eliminated in the course of a year, more than half transpires through the skin. Its evaporation and the consequent coolness is modified by the heat of the surrounding atmosphere, being greatest when the weather is the warmest, except so far as the evaporation is checked by moisture in the atmosphere. But in this way a fairly perfect balance is struck between the cooling and the heating processes, and the body retains its own appointed temperature.

Of all curative agencies water is the readiest, and not the least effective. What are its curative functions? How can the waters of fountain, river, well, or ocean be made useful for the relief or cure of diseased conditions?

Their employment falls naturally under the heads of internal and external use.

Internal Uses of Water.—Ordinary drinking water, if taken in large quantities, acts as a solvent and a diuretic, and also increases the perspiration if the temperature of the air be high. Taken in the quantity of one or two quarts at a time, the diluent effect of water is often sufficient to eliminate an excess of alcohol from the blood, as after taking too much wine. Another effect of large draughts of water is to make the pulse slower, and to diminish slightly the normal temperature of the body.

Increase of weight has been claimed as a result of systematic water-drinking on retiring for the night. The latest researches do not bear out this conclusion. Water thus taken will prevent any actual loss of weight, but it is not shown that it will do anything more. With the addition of a moderate stimulant, however, it has often a decidedly fattening effect.

Swallowed as hot as it can be borne, pure water has lately come into some vogue as an efficient remedy for dyspeptic and rheumatic ailments, and for reducing the obesity consequent upon idle habits and overeating. It is not yet shown that these effects are caused by the hot water. I have seen cases in which this treatment, conjoined with a diet almost exclusively composed of lean meat and stale bread, has been followed by a great reduction of the invalid's weight; but this result seemed to me due to the withholding of superabundant food from the patient, and not to any positive virtue in the hot water itself. In dyspepsia the hot-water treatment sometimes succeeds for the same reason. Nature, if given a chance, has a good deal to say in the cure of the ailments that result from misuse of the digestive organs. But this treatment has the double advantage of giving the disturbed stomach comparative rest, and of gently stimulating it to the digestive duties that it cannot wholly forego, unless the patient is to be sustained by faith alone. Of the internal use of mineral waters this is not the occasion to speak.

External Uses of Water.—These are of great variety. They include its offices in cleansing, moistening, soothing, or stimulating the skin; its absorption, more especially as vapor, through the skin, and its potent thermal values or effects as warm and cold in baths of many kinds. Under this general heading of bath cures come the modern systems of cold-water treatment.

I need say little about the first and obvious external use of water, that of cleansing. The salts deposited by the perspiration are readily removed by the use of water; and the brisk frictions which should accompany the bath have, in addition, a two-fold effect. They remove the dry outer

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layers of the epidermis, and they stimulate the nerves of the true skin. These are valuable tonic effects; but it is to be borne in mind that violent ablutions are not required to produce them. There are bath fanatics who ignorantly think that life without an epidermis is the only desirable form of existence. Their raptures of saponification and of scrubbing are all very well as a luxury, though the inunctions of the Roman *thermæ* were better, because the oil used after the bath supplied some protection to the abraded skin. But the fury of tubbing is only for the strong, and even the strong, if they practise their rites in a malarious country, have been observed to sicken sooner than those who have contented themselves with cleansing, and have not gone on to excoriation.

Until about thirty years ago it was looked upon as a self-evident proposition that both pure and mineral waters were absorbed through the skin in bathing; and from the beginning mineral baths have been frequented in the belief that their virtues were thus explained. Those who took the iron baths had especial faith in this view of the action of the waters. But all this has been changed by recent experiments. It has been shown that the skin will not absorb water, the fatty secretions entirely barring the way to this. But it will absorb the vapor of water in considerable quantity, as in the Russian bath, even in such quantity as to increase materially the amount of the blood, and consequently to put more strain upon the heart and the circulation. In like manner carbonic acid and other gases are absorbed, and this gives us a powerful medicinal influence in vapor-baths and in baths charged with the gases thus absorbable. But water and its contained salts do not enter the system by any smallest part of the twenty-eight miles of tubing that make up the capillary drain channels of the true skin.

If the skin will not absorb water, on the other hand, the lungs will not absorb watery vapor: it is not through this delicate gateway that the moisture of the vapor-bath dilutes the blood. The function of their cell membranes is such as to exclude even the nitrogen of the respired air: these warders of the castle let nothing enter but oxygen for the maintenance of the inmate's life, or the ether vapors for the oblivion of his sufferings.

This double access, through the external absorption of the vapor and the internal absorption of the fluid, gives the physician both healing and preventive powers that were little understood before our own times. The vapor-bath, taken at temperatures of from 100° to 150° Fahr., increases the heat of the body, augments the watery portion of the blood, excites the circulation, increases the frequency of the pulse, produces redness and congestion of the skin, and causes perspiration, for which, however, the moisture condensed upon the cooler skin from the surrounding vapor must not be mistaken. The whole influence of the vapor-bath is strongly exciting and stimulating, and it is of use to persons of strong constitution but of sluggish habits, and to those who require a quickened action of the capillaries of the skin. To a patient at home it may be conveniently given by enveloping him in a woollen cloth or flannel, and then, seating him in an arm-chair, place by his side a pail of boiling water, which is kept boiling by putting bricks highly heated into it. Vapor-baths are taken not less frequently as a luxury than as a remedy; but in either case they are a thing to be used with great circumspection. Persons who have any form of heart-disease should avoid them, and so should persons of very full temperament, even though they are otherwise well. Taken, however, under skilled advice, the Russian bath is a valuable curative agency.

Of the Turkish bath, as consisting simply in exposure to hot air, with consequent elimination of the salts of the blood by perspiration, I need not speak in this place, except to say that its action, which is often of great curative value, has little in common with that of the baths which we are now considering.

Thermal Relations of Water.—One of the great curative virtues of water consists in its heat-conveying and heat-distributing powers. Water is the great purveyor of caloric. In coming from the freezing to the boiling point it receives, and in a sense conceals, no less than 966° Fahr. of so-called latent heat, which the thermometer cannot feel or indicate, but which is all available for our convenience in warming or in conveying warmth, in addition to the 212° Fahr. indicated by the thermometer. Water retains and transports in the slow-moving ocean currents lesser degrees of heat for many thou-

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sands of miles, and thus creates and maintains the equable climates of continents, while on a lesser scale the same storage power for latent heat enables us to warm palaces and cathedrals, and provides in a bottle of hot water far more comfort for cold feet than any other heated substance of equal weight, because it contains a longer-enduring heat than any other. This water-borne heat finds most useful application in the various forms of warm and hot baths.

What is meant, accurately speaking, by the terms hot, warm, tepid, cold, as applied to the temperature of baths? The classifications vary somewhat, and are, indeed, somewhat arbitrary. The one that I use is based on the Centigrade scale, the only really rational thermometrical scale, for it takes the natural interval between the freezing and the boiling points, and divides it into the convenient number of a round hundred degrees. Expressed in the numbers of both Centigrade and Fahrenheit scales, the proper temperatures of the different baths are as follows:

	Centigrade.	Fahrenheit.
Cold bath	Below 20°	Below 68°
Temperate bath	20°–30°	68°–86°
Tepid or indifferent bath.	30°–35°	86°–95°
Warm bath	35°–37°	95°–98.6° (Blood-heat)
Hot bath	37°–50°	98.6°–122°

It is in the different forms of baths as classified by temperature that we shall find the main curative uses of water, which remain to be considered. Let us take them in order, beginning with

Cold Baths, *i. e.*, baths of a temperature lower than 68° Fahr. The essential function of cold baths is to call upon the vital force, the visceral and organic vitality. This is a very different thing from muscular force, though in a well-balanced constitution the latter should imply the former. Vital force is roughly measurable by the individual's power of resistance to cold; the person who could live the longest under a snow-drift, or melt the most ice in a bath-tub without injury to himself, would have the most of this form of vital force. Some people who have no special muscular development would yet bear such a test very creditably. The cold bath calls upon and develops, if rightly used, this power of resistance, and it, like any vital function or organ, is strengthened by constant practice.

If anything has been gained during the last fifteen years in the study of balneology, it is in a better knowledge of the conditions of heat and cold in the human system, and of their effects as applied through baths. I must not stray away into the domain of purely physiological research. But an important point is this: cold baths attack and reduce the temperature of the body, and it is by the instant and powerful demand that they make upon the organism for the restoration of the lost heat that they stimulate and develop the vital powers. The cooling of the skin produces an increased oxygenation and consequent warming of the blood; the sensibility of the superficial nerves is first heightened, then diminished, then heightened again; the pulse quickens at first, then slows. The skin, the motor and the sensitive nerves, the heart, the muscular system, undergo a powerful stimulus from the cold, and the glow of warmth that results is called the reaction. No cold bath is beneficial that does not produce this genial warmth on quitting it. Stimulus, cooling, reaction — these are the essential functions of the cold bath when taken in moderate duration by persons of reasonably strong constitutions. If it be too long protracted, a sense of faintness comes on, the lips become blue, the breathing difficult, and on emerging from the water shivering continues instead of the occurrence of a warm reaction.

River bathing and sea bathing are the forms in which cold bathing is most frequently practised, at least by those who do not dwell in cities; but the temperatures both of sea and river, during the summer and autumn months, are as often those of the temperate bath in its lower ranges (68°–75° Fahr.) as of the cold bath. The sensation of chill on entering, often distressing even at the higher temperature just mentioned, is soon succeeded by a warm glow; the water that felt so cold on entering it seems much warmer, and the reaction of the blood to the surface, especially if the bather take active exercise by swimming or diving, produces such a feeling of comfort that the temptation is often to overdo the bath and to risk its tonic effect by remaining in the water too long. It is far better to enter a cold bath when you are well warmed than to cool off according to the dull routine prescription of the books. To cool off before you enter

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the water is simply to reduce your power of resisting the cold.

For a cold swimming bath such as I have defined it fifteen minutes in stream or sea will generally be enough, though persons of strong constitution may remain in twice as long, or more than twice. Practised swimmers or bathers are a rule for themselves in such matters. A cold bath in-doors should not generally last over five or ten minutes, because the active exercise of swimming is wanting. The bath should be followed immediately by strong frictions with coarse towels, and a prompt resumption of one's clothing. The best time of the day for a cold bath is about three hours after either the morning or the mid-day meal. The aged, delicate, and the very young should not use cold baths, nor should those affected with heart-disease, nor the anæmic, except with great care and moderation. They are essentially a tonic for strong and a stimulant curative for sluggish temperaments.

The cold-water cure may best be described here. In the correct meaning of the term it is the treatment of disease, especially of chronic disease, by the external and internal use of cold water; but it is frequently used to include a complicated system of hygienic and water treatment, with baths and drinks both warm and cold.

Either in the broader or the narrower sense, the mistakes of the water-cure have been mainly these: (1) the application of depressing and exhausting treatment, especially by means of cold, to delicate invalids—the error of ignorant and indiscriminate treatment; and (2) the error of exaggeration, or claiming that the water-cure is a cure-all. I have known the feeble vitality of a patient quenched entirely by too many cold packs and too few meals, and these of meagre quality; and I have known other patients cooped up within the walls of a cure whose only hope lay in travel, or in some active employment which would give relief to a mortal tension of mind and feeling. But at the more intelligently managed water-cures of to-day these mistakes will seldom be made. For certain classes of ailments it will be found a real curative agency. It is useful in the diseases which come of excessive eating and of deranged digestion, in gout, dyspepsia, and in some forms of rheumatism; in many nervous ailments, and in some chronic affections of the skin. No invalid of these classes need hesitate to use this form of medication when it is prescribed for him by a competent physician.

The appliances of the water-cure treatment vary greatly. They consist mainly in plunge-baths; half-baths; sitz-baths, in which the water plays on the lower portion of the body; foot-baths; arm, leg, and hand baths; douches, or jets of water of varied force and direction; wet-sheet packs, complete or partial, in which the patient is wrapped first in a wet sheet, then in warm blankets, and left to perspire; in compresses for throat, spine, pelvis, abdomen, loins, stomach; in rectal and other enemata; in spongings and fomentations, affusion with salt-water, etc.—all given at various temperatures according to the indications of the case. The most completely appointed sanatorium and water-cure in this country is the one at Dansville, New York, where all the above forms of baths and other applications are employed, besides many others not strictly belonging to hydro-therapy, as thermo-electric baths, Roman and Turkish baths, to produce perspiration, rubbing with alcohol, ammonia, and olive or cocoa-nut oil, massage, the admirable Hawaiian lomi-lomi, and various uses of electricity. It is a place not unworthy to be compared in respect of its appointments and accommodations with many European spas. Recent changes and improvements in the management of the institution have put it at the front in matters of diet and regimen, and it is now a place where the water-cure, in conjunction with skilled treatment, can be enjoyed to the best advantage.

Temperate and Tepid Baths (68° to 86°, 86° to 95° Fahr.).—The effects of these baths are mainly confined to the peripheral nervous system. Toward the upper limit of their temperatures they excite the circulation, and are somewhat debilitating; they predispose to sleep, a tendency which of course must be resisted while the bather is immersed, as drowning accidents have occurred in this way. These are the baths usually preferred for in-door bathing, and their function is mainly the important one of cleanliness.

Warm Baths (95° to blood-heat, 98.6° Fahr.) have been well termed "the luxurious bath, that which the invalid enters with pleasure and quits reluctantly." They have a decided influence upon the

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physiological condition of the bather. They decrease the frequency of the respiration and of the pulse, they slightly increase the perspiration, and they relax the muscles, so that in the practice of surgery, before the blessing of anæsthetics was discovered, it was customary, in cases of dislocation, to put the patient into a warm bath before attempting to replace the joint.

Warm baths are calming and sedative; their effects are very beneficial in many diseases; they allay the pain of gall-stones and of vesical inflammations; congestions and inflammations of the liver are relieved by them, and dysmenorrhœa and amenorrhœa, for which the warm bath has been a favorite treatment from the beginning of medicine. Chronic metritis is a less tractable complaint, but is often benefited by the bath; so are the equally stubborn ailments rheumatism and gout, especially when the thermal influence of the warm bath is supplemented by the internal use of the appropriate mineral waters. Nervous and excitable patients find a soothing influence from its use, but the bath should not be continued too long, for faintness sometimes results.

Warm baths may be taken throughout the year in conformity with the following rules: The temperature of the room in which the bath is taken should not be lower than 60° Fahr. The best time for the warm bath is either during the morning or just before retiring at night, a few hours having elapsed in either case, as when the cold bath is used, since eating. On leaving the bath care should be taken to wrap one's self up warmly and promptly, and in the case of a delicate constitution to avoid a too sudden exposure to cold. For an invalid an hour or two of rest in bed after bathing is often an excellent adjunct to the treatment. A weekly warm bath is the best of cleansing tonics for the skin. Soap should be applied toward the close of the bath, after the outer layers of skin have become thoroughly moistened and softened; then a free application of soap, with rubbing, will suffice to remove all of the epidermis that is desirable, and after this there should be a short lavation in pure warm water.

Persons suffering from any organic disease of the heart or lungs should use warm baths with caution. The same rule applies to the aged.

Hot Baths (from blood-heat, 98.6°, to 122° Fahr.) are powerful agents, and present a different class of physiological effects from those already considered. They cause perspiration, by which weight is lost; they induce a strong derivation of the blood from within to the integument, which becomes reddened and congested; they accelerate the rate of breathing and the heart's action, and elevate the temperature of the body; they act primarily as a powerful stimulus to the whole nervous system, and by an instant reflex influence to the arterial system, which they spur up into high activity, in some cases tending to produce cerebral congestion. It is especially to be borne in mind that the hot bath, if too frequently used and at a too high temperature, may bring on a morbid change (parenchymatous degeneration) in the tissues of the heart and spleen.

The diseases in which hot baths are useful are especially those of the skin, their effect being twofold: first, by the stimulation of the infinite net-work of its nerves; and second, by the consequent afflux of blood to the surface, and its heightened function in building and unbuilding the million-celled fabric of the living skin. What ceaseless and complex change, what clearing away of old material, what bringing and building of new in every microscopic nook and cranny of the living edifice, goes on even in the normal state of the tissues! These transformations are incessant in every part of the soft tissue of the body, and the most effective cures are wrought either by changing their character, as when we give an alterative medicine, or mainly by changing their intensity, as in the case now in question, that of promoting a fuller supply of blood to the skin and a heightened stimulus to the nerves. These are the natural curative effects of the hot bath, and they are greatly increased when they are supplemented by a course of treatment at one of the thermal spas.

This is not the place, as I have said, to enter upon the extensive subject of mineral waters, though their curative agencies go hand in hand with those that I have described. But my present subject includes one branch of the larger theme of watering-places; it is that class of curative springs known as

Indifferent Thermal Waters. — Why "indifferent"? Not on account of their curative effects, but because their small amount of mineral constituents is not the

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essential element in their curative value. They are employed mainly as baths, and they are among the most valuable cures which the physician has at hand; they represent, indeed, with the adjunct influences of climate, scenery, and exercise, of a complete change of habits, and careful hygienic treatment, the highest potency of the curative uses of water.

These baths, long undervalued by the majority of physicians and neglected by patients, have during recent years been more truly appreciated, especially in the characteristic diseases of modern civilized life, the diseases of the nerves. Plombières in France, Töplitz in Bohemia, Wildbad in Germany — in such sweet places as these, emperors and commoners dream away their troubles in the lulling warmth of the bath, as the ancient Romans in the same resorts did before them.

Geologically considered, a thermal spring is one whose temperature exceeds that of the mean annual temperature of the place where it flows; that is to say, the spring must be warmed by volcanic or other internal heat. But by this definition any spring, say in northern Labrador, that should force its way through a frost-bound soil, at a temperature barely higher than the freezing-point, would have to be called thermal; and so in physicians' usage the term is limited to include only those waters which are warm enough to supply warm and hot baths at their own natural temperatures, or at less than these; for they range from 90° upward, past the bathing-point and well toward the boiling. Thermal-spring baths are taken at the temperatures which I have described as tepid and warm, and in the lower range of the hot. The tepid thermal baths are especially calming to the nerves. At some of these baths the waters are drunk, though they have little other than a gently laxative effect. The waters are generally transparent and colorless; often they contain carbonic acid gas, and sometimes chloride of lime or common salt. At Néris and at Schlangenbad the water has a somewhat unctuous feel, or "texture," in the technical description of it, which is very agreeable. Nothing, indeed, can be pleasanter than a well-appointed thermal bath; its temperature and the carbonic acid gas which it generally contains are at once its main curative and comforting agencies.

Mineral waters occur at many places in Europe and America; often in wild upland or mountain regions of exquisite beauty, where mountain rides and rambles form a part of the hygiene permitted or prescribed. Our own country has an ample number of such springs, but the greater part of them are not as yet sufficiently improved to be comfortable and attractive, and attractions and comfort are of no small importance to the visitor at a thermal spring, especially when it is a troubled mind that seeks restoration. I must not say that none of our thermal waters are improved. Among those that offer comfort to the invalid are those at Santa Barbara, in southern California, which has at least good hotel accommodation; the Idaho "Hot Springs," where there are both hotels and bathing establishments; and the "Warm Springs" and the "Hot Springs" of Bath County, Virginia, which are improved and in beautiful regions. All of these are true thermal springs, owing comparatively little to their mineral constituents, and are both attractive and effective cures; nor are these all that might be mentioned. In due time this will be a land of bath cures, and invalids will come to us from Europe, as we now go thither, for change and for comfort. Meanwhile we must continue to go abroad for a time, not merely to seek such potent waters as those of Carlsbad or Vichy, but also for the thermal waters and their comforting cures, their perfectly appointed bathing establishments under skilled superintendence, their good hotels and boarding-places, and the added pleasure of the social pageant in the larger, and of the mountain scenery in the remoter, regions.

Such places, according to the patients' varied needs, are the thermal springs of Plombières, Dax, Néris, Mont Dore, and Bagnères-de-Bigorre in France; of Gastein and Töplitz in Austria, of Schlangenbad and Wildbad in Germany, of Ragatz-Pfäffers in Switzerland. All of these are nearly perfect thermal waters. Those of Mont Dore and of Bagnères-de-Bigorre have, indeed, a small amount of mineral constituents in addition, and these waters are very valuable in the treatment of certain special affections, as of bilious dyspepsias at Bigorre and of bronchial catarrhs and laryngitis at Mont Dore. But no less an authority than Trousseau, who was one of the most judicious and philo-

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sophic physicians that ever lived, ascribes to them the fullest virtues of the thermal baths.

And what is their essential function?

Thermal baths as a class have been appropriately called nerve baths. While they cure chronic rheumatism and gout, and hasten the reparative processes in curable hemiplegia, their most important work is to relieve and cure the nervous affections which result from mental troubles. For these gnawing maladies the mineral waters are often of great value.

Whether by its warmth, its heat, its vapor, its coolness, whether as taken internally or applied to the surface of the body in a hundred different forms of baths by sea or shore or mountain, or under the manifold agencies of the water-cure, strictly so called, water supplies us with many and most efficient means of treating many grave complaints. But I would make it still clearer, if possible, that the choice and selection among these means of cure can very seldom be wisely made by the patient himself. Yet it is precisely this that many patients wish to do. An invalid who would not venture to prescribe a grain of quinine for himself will placidly elect a bath treatment, or even a whole course of mineral waters at a foreign spa, without the least qualm of doubt as to his own fitness for self-direction. The right choice can be made only by a physician, and a physician who has given special attention to this important and complicated branch of the healing art.

A MOOD.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

IT is good to strive against wind and rain
In the keen, sweet weather that autumn brings.
The wild horse shakes not the drops from his mane,
The wild bird flicks not the wet from her wings,
In gladder fashion than I toss free
The mist-dulled gold of my bright hair's flag,
What time the winds on their heel-wings lag,
And all the tempest is friends with me.

None can reach me to wound or cheer;
Sound of weeping and sound of song—
Neither may trouble me: I can hear
But the winds' loud laugh, and the sibilant, strong,
Lulled rush of the rain through the sapless weeds.
O rare, dear days, ye are here again!
I will woo ye as maidens are wooed of men—
With oaths forgotten and broken creeds!

Ye shall not lack for the sun's fierce shining—
With the gold of my hair will I make ye glad;
For your blown, red forests give no repining—
Here are my lips: will ye still be sad?
Comfort ye, comfort ye, days of cloud,
Days of shadow, of wrath, of blast—
I who love ye am come at last.
Laugh to welcome me! cry aloud!

For wild am I as thy winds and rains—
Free to come and to go as they;
Love's moon sways not the tides of my veins;
There is no voice that can bid me stay.
Out and away on the drenched, brown lea!
Out to the great, glad heart of the year!
Nothing to grieve for, nothing to fear;
Fetterless, lawless, a maiden free!

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AT THE CHATEAU OF CORINNE.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ON the shores of Lake Leman there are many villas. For several centuries the vine-clad banks have been a favorite resting-place for visitors from many nations. English, French, Germans, Austrians, Poles, and Russians are found in the circle of strangers whose gardens fringe the lake northward from Geneva, eastward from Lausanne, and southward from Vevey, Clarens, and Montreux. Not long ago an American joined this circle. The American was a lady named Winthrop.

Mrs. Winthrop's villa was not one of the larger residences. It was an old-fashioned square mansion, half Swiss, half French, ending in a high peaked roof, which came slanting sharply down over several narrowed half-stories, indicated by little windows like dove perches —four in the broadest part, two above, then one winking all alone under the peak. On the left side a round tower, inappropriate but picturesque, joined itself to the square outline of the main building; the round tower had also a peaked roof, which was surmounted by a contorted ornament of iron somewhat resembling a letter S. Altogether the villa was the sort of house which Americans are accustomed to call "quaint." Its name was quaint also—Miolans la Tour, or, more briefly, Miolans. Cousin Walpole pronounced this "Miaw-lins."

Mrs. Winthrop had taken possession of the villa in May, and it was now late in August; Lake Leman therefore had enjoyed her society for three long months. Through all this time, in the old lake's estimation, and notwithstanding the English, French, Germans, Austrians, Poles, and Russians, many of them titled, who were also upon its banks, the American lady remained an interesting presence. And not in the opinion of the old lake only, but in that also of other observers, less fluid and impersonal. Mrs. Winthrop was much admired. Miolans had entertained numerous guests during the summer; to-day, however, it held only the *bona fide* members of the family, namely, Mrs. Winthrop, her cousin Sylvia, and Mr. H. Walpole, Miss Sylvia's cousin. Mr. H. Walpole was always called "Cousin Walpole" by Sylvia, who took comfort in the name, her own (a grief to her) being neither more nor less than Pitcher. "Sylvia Pitcher" was not impressive, but "H. Walpole" could shine for two. If people supposed that H. stood for Horace, why, that was their own affair.

Mrs. Winthrop, followed by her great white dog, had strolled down toward the lake. After a while she came within sight of the gate; some one was entering. The porter's lodge was unoccupied save by two old busts that looked out from niches above the windows, much surprised that no one knew them. The newcomer surveyed the lodge and the busts; then opened the gate and came in. He was a stranger; a gentleman; an American. These three items Mrs. Winthrop's eyes told her, one by one, as she drew nearer. He now caught sight of her—a lady coming down the water-path, followed by a shaggy dog. He went forward to meet her, raising his hat. "I think this is Mrs. Winthrop. May I introduce myself? I am John Ford."

"Sylvia will be delighted," said Mrs. Winthrop, giving her hand in courteous welcome. "We have been hoping that we should see you, Mr. Ford, before the summer was over."

They stood a few moments, and then went up the plane-tree avenue toward the house. Mrs. Winthrop spoke the usual phrases of the opening of an acquaintance with grace and ease; her companion made the usual replies. He was quite as much at his ease as she was, but he did not especially cultivate grace. Sylvia, enjoying her conversation with Cousin Walpole, sat just within the hall door; she was taken quite by surprise. "Oh, John, how you startled me! I thought you were in Norway. But how very glad I am to see you, my dear, dear boy!" She stood on tiptoe to kiss him, with a moisture in her soft, faded, but still pretty eyes.

Mrs. Winthrop remained outside; there were garden chairs in the small porch, and she seated herself in one of them. She smiled a little when she heard Sylvia greet this mature specimen of manhood as a "dear, dear boy."

Cousin Walpole now came forward. "You are welcome, sir," he said, in his slender little voice. Then, bethinking

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him of his French, he added, with dignity, "Welcome to Miaw-lins—Miaw-lins-lay-Tower."

Ford took a seat in the hall beside his aunt. She talked volubly: the surprise had excited her. But every now and then she looked at him with a far-off remembrance in her eyes: she was thinking of his mother, her sister, long dead. "How much you look like her!" she said at last. "The same profile — exact. And how beautiful Mary's profile was! Every one admired it."

Ford, who had been gazing at the rug, looked up; he caught Mrs. Winthrop's glance, and the gleam of merriment in it. "Yes, my profile is like my mother's, and therefore good," he answered, gravely. "It is a pity that my full face contradicts it. However, I live in profile as much as possible; I present myself edgewise."

"What *do* you mean, dear?" said Sylvia.

"I am like the new moon," he answered; "I show but a rim. All the rest I keep dark."

Mrs. Winthrop laughed; and again Ford caught her glance. What he had said of himself was true. He had a regular, clearly cut, delicately finished profile, but his full face contradicted it somewhat, showing more strength than beauty. His eyes were gray, without much expression, unless calmness can be called an expression; his hair and beard, both closely cut, were dark brown. As to his height, no one would have called him tall, yet neither would any one have described him as short. And the same phrasing might have been applied to his general appearance: no one would have called him handsome, yet neither would any one have classed him as ordinary. As to what is more important than looks, namely, manner, although his was quiet, and quite without pretension, a close observer could have discovered in it, and without much effort, that the opinions of John Ford (although never obtruded upon others) were in general sufficiently satisfactory to John Ford; and furthermore, that the opinions of other people, whether accordant or discordant with his own, troubled him little.

After a while all went down to the outlook to see the after-glow on Mont Blanc. Mrs. Winthrop led the way with Cousin Walpole, whose high bell-crowned straw hat had a dignity which no modern head-covering could hope to rival.

Sylvia followed, with her nephew. "You must come and stay with us, John," she said; "Katharine has so much company that you will find it entertaining, and even at times instructive. I am sure I have found it so; and I am, you know, your senior. We are alone to-day; but it is for the first time. Generally the house is full."

"But I do not like a full house," said Ford, smiling down upon the upturned face of the little "senior" by his side.

"You will like this one. It is not a commonplace society—by no means commonplace. The hours, too, are easy; breakfast, for instance, from nine to eleven—as you please. As to the quality of the—of the bodily support, it is sufficient to say that Marches is house-keeper. You remember Marches?"

"Perfectly. Her tarts no one could forget."

"Katharine is indebted to me for Marches," continued Sylvia. "I relinquished her to Katharine upon the occasion of her marriage, ten years ago; for she was totally inexperienced, you know — only seventeen."

"Then she is now twenty-seven."

"I should not have mentioned that," said Miss Pitcher, instinctively. "It was an inadvertence. Could you oblige me by forgetting it?"

"With the greatest ease. She is, then, sensitive about her age?"

"Not in the least. Why should she be? Certainly no one would ever dream of calling twenty-seven *old!*" (Miss Pitcher paused with dignity.) "You think her beautiful, of course?" she added.

"She is a fine-looking woman."

"Oh, John, that is what they always say of women who weigh two hundred! And Katharine is very slender."

Ford laughed. "I supposed the fact that Mrs. Winthrop was handsome went without the saying."

"It goes," said Sylvia, impressively, "but not without the saying; I assure you, by no means without the saying. It has been said this summer many times."

"And she does not find it fatiguing?"

The little aunt looked at her nephew. "You do not like her," she said, with a fine air of penetration, touching his coat sleeve lightly with one finger. "I see that you do not like her."

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"My dear aunt! I do not know her in the least."

"Well, how does she impress you, then, *not* knowing her?" said Miss Pitcher, folding her arms under her little pink shawl with an impartial air.

He glanced at the figure in front. "How she impresses me?" he said. "She impresses me as a very attractive, but very complete, woman of the world."

A flood of remonstrance rose to Sylvia's lips; but she was obliged to repress it, because Mrs. Winthrop had paused, and was waiting for them.

"Here is one of our fairest little vistas, Mr. Ford," she said as they came up, showing him an oval opening in the shrubbery, through which a gleam of blue lake, a village on the opposite shore, and the arrowy snow-clad Silver Needle rising behind high in the upper blue, were visible, like a picture in a leaf frame. The opening was so narrow that only two persons could look through it. Sylvia and Cousin Walpole walked on.

"But you have seen it all before," said Mrs. Winthrop. "To you it is not something from fairy-land, hardly to be believed, as it is to me. Do you know, sometimes, when waking in the early dawn, before the prosaic little details of the day have risen in my mind, I ask myself, with a sort of doubt in the reality of it all, if this is Katharine Winthrop living on the shores of Lake Leman—herself really, and not her imagination only, her longing dream." It is very well uttered, with a touch of enthusiasm which carried it along, and which was in itself a confidence.

"Yes—ah—quite so. Yet you hardly look like a person who would think that sort of thing under those circumstances," said Ford, watching a bark, with the picturesque lateen-sails of Lake Leman, cross his green-framed picture from east to west.

Mrs. Winthrop let the hand with which she had made her little gesture drop. She stood looking at him. But he did not add anything to his remark, or turn his glance from the lateen-sails.

"What sort of a person, then, do I look like?" she said.

He turned. She was smiling; he smiled also. "I was alluding merely to the time you named. As it happened, my aunt had mentioned to me by chance your breakfast hours."

"That was not all, I think."

"You are very good to be interested."

"I am not good; only curious. Pray tell me."

"I have so little imagination, Mrs. Winthrop, that I cannot invent the proper charming interpretation as I ought. As to bald truth, of course you cannot expect me to present you with that during a first visit of ceremony."

"The first visit will, I hope, be a long one; you must come and stay with us. As to ceremony, if this is your idea of it—"

"—What must I be when unceremonious! I suppose you are thinking," said Ford, laughing. "On the whole, I had better make no attempts. The owl, in his own character, is esteemed an honest bird; but let him not try to be a nightingale."

"Come as owl, nightingale, or what you please, so long as you come. When you do, I shall ask you again what you meant."

"If you are going to hold it over me, perhaps I had better tell you now?"

"Much better."

"I only meant, then, that Mrs. Winthrop did not strike me as at all the sort of person who would allow anything prosaic to interfere with her poetical, heart-felt enthusiasms."

She laughed gayly. "You are delightful. You have such a heavy apparatus for fibbing that it becomes fairly stately. You do not believe I have any enthusiasms at all," she added. Her eyes were dark blue, with long lashes; they were very fine eyes.

"I will believe whatever you please," said John Ford.

"Very well. Believe what I tell you."

"You include only what you tell in words?"

"Plainly, you are not troubled by timidity," said the lady, laughing a second time.

"On the contrary, it is excess of timidity. It makes me desperate and crude."

They had walked on, and now came up with the others. "Does he amuse you?" said Sylvia, in a low tone, as Cousin Walpole in his turn walked onward with the new-comer. "I heard you laughing."

"Yes; but he is not at all what you said. He is so shy and ill at ease that it is almost painful."

"Dear me!" said the aunt, with con-

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cern. "The best thing, then, will be for him to come and stay with us. You have so much company that it will be good for him; his shyness will wear off."

"I have invited him, but I doubt his coming," said the lady of the manor.

The outlook was a little terrace built out over the water. Mrs. Winthrop seated herself and took off her garden hat (Mrs. Winthrop had a very graceful head, and thick soft brown hair). "Not so close, Gibbon," she said, as the shaggy dog laid himself down beside her.

"You call your dog Gibbon?" said Ford.

"Yes; he came from Lausanne, where Gibbon lived; and I think he looks just like him. But pray put on your hat, Mr. Ford. A man in the open air, deprived of his hat, is always a wretched object, and always takes cold."

"I may be wretched, but I do not take cold," replied Ford, letting his hat lie.

"John *does* look very strong," said Sylvia, with pride.

"O fortunate youth—if he but knew his good fortune!" said Cousin Walpole. "From the Latin, sir; I do not quote the original tongue in the presence of ladies, which would seem pedantic. You do look strong indeed, and I congratulate you. I myself have never been an athlete; but I admire, and with impartiality, the muscles of the gladiator."

"Surely, Cousin Walpole, there is nothing in common between John and a gladiator!"

"Your pardon, Cousin Sylvia; I was speaking generally. My conversation, sir," said the bachelor, turning to Ford, "is apt to be general."

"No one likes personalities, I suppose," replied Ford, watching the last hues of the sunset.

"On the contrary, I am devoted to them," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Oh no, Katharine; you malign yourself," said Sylvia. "You must not believe all she says, John."

"Mr. Ford has just promised to do that very thing," remarked Mrs. Winthrop.

"Dear me!" said Sylvia. Her tone of dismay was so sincere that they all laughed. "You know, dear, you have so much imagination," she said, apologetically, to her cousin.

"Mr. Ford has not," replied the younger lady; "so the exercise will do him no harm."

The sky behind the splendid white mass of Mont Blanc was of a deep warm gold; the line of snowy peaks attending the monarch rose irregularly against this radiance from east to west, framed by the dark nearer masses of the Salève and Voirons. The sun had disappeared, cresting with glory as he sank the soft purple summits of the Jura, and sending up a blaze of color in the narrow valley of the Rhone. Then, as all this waned slowly into grayness, softly, shyly, the lovely after-glow floated up the side of the monarch, tingeing all his fields of pure white ice and snow with rosy light as it moved onward, and resting on the far peak in the sky long after the lake and its shores had faded into night.

"This lake, sir," said Cousin Walpole, "is remarkable for the number of persons distinguished in literature who have at various times resided upon its banks. I may mention, cursorily, Voltaire, Sismondi, Gibbon, Rousseau, Sir Humphry Davy, D'Aubigné, Calvin, Grimm, Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, Châteaubriand, Byron, Shelley, the elder Dumas, and in addition that most eloquent authoress and noble woman Madame de Staël."

"The banks must certainly be acquainted with a large amount of fine language," said Ford.

"And oh! how we have enjoyed Coppet, John! You remember Coppet?" said Miss Pitcher. "We have had, I assure you, days and conversations there which I, for one, can never forget. Do you remember, Katharine, that moment by the fish-pond, when, carried away by the influences of the spot, Mr. Percival exclaimed, and with such deep feeling, '*Étonnante femme!*'"

"Meaning Mrs. Winthrop?" said Ford.

"No, John, no; meaning Madame de Staël," replied the little aunt.

Mr. Ford did not take up his abode at Miolans, in spite of his aunt's wish and Mrs. Winthrop's invitation. He preferred a little inn among the vineyards, half a mile distant. But he came often to the villa, generally rowing himself down the lake in a skiff; the skiff, indeed, spent most of its time moored at the water-steps of Miolans, for its owner accompanied the ladies in various excursions to Vevey, Clarens, Chillon, and southward to Geneva.

"I thought you had so much company," he said one afternoon to Sylvia, when they happened to be alone. "I

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have been coming and going now for ten days, and have seen no one."

"These ten days were reserved for the Storms," replied Miss Pitcher. "But old Mrs. Storm fell ill at Baden-Baden, and what could they do!"

"Take care of her, I should say."

"Gilbert Storm was poignantly disappointed. He is, I think, on the whole, the best among Katharine's *outside* admirers."

"Then there are inside ones?"

"Several. You know Mr. Winthrop was thirty-five years older than Katharine. It was hardly to be expected, therefore, that she should love him—I mean in the *true* way."

"Whatever she might have done in the false."

"You are too cynical, my dear boy. There was nothing false about it; Katharine was simply a child. He was very fond of her, I assure you. And died most happily."

"For all concerned."

Sylvia shook her head. But Mrs. Winthrop's step was now heard in the hall; she came in with several letters in her hand. "Any news?" said Miss Pitcher.

"No," replied the younger lady. "Nothing ever happens any more."

"As Ronsard sang,

> "'Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
> Las! le temps non; mais nous nous en allons,'"

said Ford, bringing forward her especial chair.

"That is true," she answered, soberly, almost sombrely.

That evening the moonlight on the lake was surpassingly lovely; there was not a ripple to break the sheen of the water, and the clear outline of Mont Blanc rose like silver against the dark black-blue of the sky. They all strolled down to the shore; Mrs. Winthrop went out with Ford in his skiff, "for ten minutes." Sylvia watched the little boat float up and down for twenty; then she returned to the house and read for forty more. When Sylvia was down-stairs, she read the third canto of "Childe Harold"; in her own room she kept a private supply of the works of Miss Yonge. At ten, Katharine entered. "Has John gone?" said the aunt, putting in her mark and closing the Byronic volume.

"Yes; he came to the door, but would not come in."

"I wish he would come and stay. He might as well; he is here every day."

"That is the very point; he also goes every day," replied Katharine.

She was leaning back in her chair, her eyes fixed upon the carpet. Sylvia was going to say something more, when suddenly a new idea came to her. It was a stirring idea; she did not often have such inspirations; she remained silent, investigating it. After a while, "When do you expect the Carrols?" she said.

"Not until October."

Miss Pitcher knew this perfectly, but she thought the question might lead to further information. It did. "Miss Jay has written," pursued Mrs. Winthrop, her eyes still fixed absently on the carpet. "But I answered, asking her to wait until October, when the Carrols would be here. It will be much pleasanter for them both."

"She has put them off!" thought the little aunt. "She does not want any one here just at present." And she was so fluttered by the new possibilities rising round her like a cloud that she said good-night, and went upstairs to think them over; she did not even read Miss Yonge.

The next day Ford did not come to Miolans until just before the dinner hour. Sylvia was disappointed by this tardiness, but cheered when Katharine came in; for Mrs. Winthrop wore one of her most becoming dresses. "She wishes to look her best," thought the aunt. But, at this moment, in the twilight, a carriage came rapidly up the driveway and stopped at the door. "Why, it is Mr. Percival!" said Sylvia, catching a glimpse of the occupant.

"Yes; he has come to spend a few days," answered Mrs. Winthrop, going into the hall to greet her new guest.

Down fell the aunt's cloud-castle; but at the same moment a more personal feeling took its place in the modest little middle-aged breast; Miss Pitcher deeply admired Mr. Percival.

"You know who it is, of course?" she whispered to her nephew when she had recovered her composure.

"You said Percival, didn't you?"

"Yes; but this is Lorimer Percival—Lorimer Percival, the poet."

Katharine now came back. Sylvia sat waiting, and turning her bracelets round on her wrists. Sylvia's bracelets turned easily; when she took a book from the top shelf of the bookcase, they went to her shoulders.

Before long Mr. Percival entered. Din-

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ner was announced. The conversation at the table was animated. From it Ford gathered that the new guest had spent several weeks at Miolans early in the season, and that he had also made since then one or two shorter visits. His manner was that of an intimate friend. The intimate friend talked well. Cousin Walpole's little candle illuminated the outlying corners. Sylvia supplied an atmosphere of general admiration. Mrs. Winthrop supplied one of beauty. She looked remarkably well—brilliant; her guest —the one who was not a poet—noticed this. He had time to notice it, as well as several other things, for he said but little himself; the conversation was led by Mr. Percival.

It was decided that they would all go to Coppet the next day—"dear Coppet," as Sylvia called it. The expedition seemed to be partly sacred and partly sylvan; a pilgrimage-picnic. When Ford took leave, Mrs. Winthrop and Mr. Percival accompanied him as far as the water-steps. As his skiff glided out on the calm lake, he heard the gentleman's voice suggesting that they should stroll up and down a while in the moonlight, and the lady's answer, "Yes; for ten minutes." He remembered that Mrs. Winthrop's ten minutes was sometimes an hour.

The next day they went to Coppet; Mrs. Winthrop and Mr. Percival in the carriage, Sylvia and Cousin Walpole in the phaeton, and Ford on horseback.

"Oh! isn't this almost *too* delightful?" said Miss Pitcher, when they reached the gates of the old Necker château. Cousin Walpole was engaged in tying his horse, and Mr. Percival had politely stepped forward to assist her from the phaeton. It is but fair, however, to suppose that her exclamation referred as much to the intellectual influences of the home of Madame de Staël as to the attentions of the poet. "I could live here, and I could die here," she continued, with ardor. But as Mr. Percival had now gone back to Mrs. Winthrop, she was obliged to finish her sentence to her nephew, which was not quite the same thing. "Couldn't *you*, John?" she said.

"It would be easy enough to die, I should say," replied Ford, dismounting.

"We must all die," remarked Cousin Walpole from the post where he was at work upon the horse. He tied that peaceful animal in such intricate and unexpected convolutions that it took Mrs. Winthrop's coachman, later, fully twenty minutes to comprehend and unravel them.

The Necker homestead is a plain old-fashioned château, built round three sides of a square, a court-yard within. From the end of the south side a long irregular wing of lower out-buildings stretches toward the road, ending in a thickened huddled knot along its margin, as though the country highway had refused to allow aristocratic encroachments, and had pushed them all back with determined hands. Across the three high pale-yellow façades of the main building the faded shutters were tightly closed. There was not a sign of life, save in a little square house at the end of the knot, where, as far as possible from the historic mansion he guarded, lived the old custodian, who strongly resembled the portraits of Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin knew Mrs. Winthrop (and Mrs. Winthrop's purse). He hastened through the knot in his shuffling woollen shoes, and unlocked the court-yard entrance.

"We must go all through the dear old house again, for John's sake," said Sylvia.

"Do not sacrifice yourselves; I have seen it," said her nephew.

"But not lately, dear John."

"I am quite willing to serve as a pretext," he answered, leading the way in.

They passed through the dark old hall below, where the white statue of Necker gleams in solitude, and went up the broad stairway, the old custodian preceding them, and throwing open the barred shutters of room after room. The warm sunshine flowed in and streamed across the floors, the dim tapestries, the spindle-legged gilded furniture, and the Cupid-decked clocks. The old paintings on the walls seemed to waken slowly and survey them as they passed. Lorimer Percival seated himself in a yellow arm-chair, and looked about with the air of a man who was breathing a delicate aroma.

"This is the room where the 'incomparable Juliette' danced her celebrated gavotte," he remarked, "probably to the music of that old harpsichord—or is it a spinet?—in the corner."

"Pray tell us about it," entreated Sylvia, who had seated herself gingerly on the edge of a small ottoman embroidered with pink shepherdesses on a blue meadow, and rose-colored lambs. Mrs. Win-

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throp meanwhile had appropriated a spindle-legged sofa, and was leaning back against a tapestried Endymion.

Percival smiled, but did not refuse Sylvia's request. He had not the objection which some men have to a monologue. It must be added, however, that for that sort of thing he selected his audience. Upon this occasion the outside element of John Ford, strolling about near the windows, was discordant, but not enough so to affect the admiring appreciation of the little group nearer his chair.

"Madame de Staël," he began, with his eyes on the cornice, "was a woman of many and generous enthusiasms. She had long wished to behold the grace of her lovely friend Madame Récamier, in her celebrated gavotte, well known in the salons of Paris, but as yet unseen by the exile of Coppet. By great good fortune there happened to be in the village, upon the occasion of a visit from Madame Récamier, a French dancing-master. Madame de Staël sent for him, and the enchanted little man had the signal honor of going through the dance with the beautiful Juliette, in this room, in the presence of all the distinguished society of Coppet: no doubt it was the glory of his life. When the dance was ended, Corinne, carried away by admiration, embraced with transport—"

"The dancing-master?" said Cousin Walpole, much interested.

"No; her *ravissante amie*."

Cousin Walpole, conscious that he had made a mistake, betook himself to the portrait near by. "Superb woman!" he murmured, contemplating it. "Superb!"

The portrait represented the authoress of *Corinne* standing, her talented head crowned by a majestic aureole of yellow satin turban, whose voluminous folds accounted probably for the scanty amount of material left for the shoulders and arms.

"If I could have had the choice," said Miss Pitcher, pensively gazing at this portrait, "I would rather have been that noble creature than any one else on history's page."

Later they went down to the old garden. It stretched back behind the house for some distance, shut in by a high stone wall. A long straight alley, shaded by even rows of trees, went down one side like a mathematical line; on the other there was some of the stiff landscape gardening of the last century. In the open space in the centre was a moss-grown fish-pond, and near the house a dignified little company of clipped trees. They strolled down the straight walk: this time Ford was with Mrs. Winthrop, while Sylvia, Mr. Percival, and Cousin Walpole were in front.

"I suppose she used to walk here," observed Mrs. Winthrop.

"In her turban," suggested Ford.

"Perhaps she has sat upon that very bench—who knows?—and mused," said Sylvia, imaginatively.

"Aloud, of course," commented her nephew. But these irreverent remarks were in undertone; only Mrs. Winthrop could hear them.

"No doubt they all walked here," observed the poet; "it was one of the customs of the time to take slow exercise daily in one of these dignified alleys. The whole society of Coppet was no doubt often here, Madame de Staël and her various guests, Schlegel, Constant, the Montmorency, Sismondi, Madame Récamier, and many others."

"Would that I too could have been of that company!" said Cousin Walpole, with warmth.

"Which one of the two ladies would you have accompanied down this walk, if choice had been forced upon you?" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Which one?—Madame de Staël, of course," replied the little bachelor, chivalrously.

"And you, Mr. Percival?"

"With the one who had the intellect," replied the poet.

"We must be even more lacking in beauty than we suppose, Sylvia, since they all choose the plain one," said Katharine, laughing. "But you have not spoken yet, Mr. Ford: what would your choice have been?"

"Between the two, there would hardly have been one."

"Isn't that a little enigmatical?"

"John means that he admires them equally," explained the aunt.

"That is it," said her nephew.

Lunch was spread upon the grass. Mrs. Winthrop's coachman had made an impromptu carpet of carriage rugs and shawls. Percival threw himself down beside the ladies; Cousin Walpole, after trying various attitudes, took the one denominated "cross-legged." Ford surveyed

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their group for a moment, then went off and came back with a garden bench; upon this he seated himself comfortably, with his back against a tree.

"You are not sufficiently humble, Mr. Ford," said Katharine.

"It is not a question of humility, but of grace. I have not the gifts of Mr. Percival."

Percival said nothing. He was graceful; why disclaim it?

"But you are very strong, John," said Sylvia, with an intention of consolation. "And if not exactly graceful, I am sure you are very well shaped."

Her hearers, including Ford himself, tried not to laugh, but failed. There was a burst of merriment.

"You think John does not need my encouragement?" said the little lady, looking at the laughers. "You think I forget how old he is? It is quite true, no doubt. But I remember him *so* well, you know, in his little white frock, with his dear little dimpled shoulders! He always would have bread and sugar, whether it was good for him or not, and he was so pretty and plump!"

These reminiscences provoked another peal.

"You may laugh," said Miss Pitcher, nodding her head sagely, "but he did eat a great deal of sugar. Nothing else would content him but that bowl on the high shelf."

"Do you still retain the same tastes, Mr. Ford?" said Katharine. "Do you still prefer what is out of reach—*on a high shelf*?"

"When one is grown," said Ford, "there is very little that is absolutely out of reach. It is, generally speaking, a question merely of determination, and—a long arm."

The sun sank; his rays came slanting under their tree, gilding the grass in bars. The conversation had taken a turn toward the society of the eighteenth century. Percival said the most. But a poet may well talk in a memorial garden, hushed and sunny, on a cushioned carpet under the trees, with a long-stemmed wineglass near his hand, and fair ladies listening in rapt attention. Ford, leaning back against his tree, was smoking a cigarette; it is to be supposed that he was listening also.

"Here is something I read the other day, at least as nearly as I can recall it," said the speaker. He was gazing at the tops of the trees on the other side of the pond. He had a habit of fixing his eyes upon something high above his hearers' heads when speaking. Men considered this an impertinence; but women had been known to allude to it as "dreamy."

"'Fair vanished ladies of the past,'" quoted the poet in his delightful voice, "'so charming even in your errors, do you merit the judgment which the more rigid customs of our modern age would pronounce upon you? Was that enthusiasm for virtue and for lofty sentiments with which your delicious old letters and memoirs, written in faded ink and flowing language, with so much wit and so much bad spelling, are adorned—was it all declamation merely, because, weighed in our severer balances, your lives were not always in accordance with it? Are there not other balances? And were you not, even in your errors, seeking at least an ideal that was fair? Striving to replace by a sensibility most devoted and tender, a morality which, in the artificial society that surrounded you, had become well-nigh impossible? Let us not forget how many of you, when the dread hour came, faced with unfaltering courage the horrors of the Revolution, sustained by your example the hearts of strong men which had failed them, and atoned on the red guillotine for the errors and follies of your whole generation with your delicate lives.'"

He paused. Then, in a lighter tone, added: "Charming vanished dames, in your powder and brocade, I salute you! I, for one, enroll myself among your faithful and tender admirers."

Mr. Percival remained two weeks at Miolans. He was much with Mrs. Winthrop. They seemed to have subjects of their own for conversation, for on several occasions when Ford came over in the morning they were said to be "in the library," and Miss Pitcher was obliged to confess that she did not feel at liberty to disturb them. She remarked, with a sigh, that it must be "very intellectual," and once she asked her nephew if he had not noticed the poet's "brow."

"Oh yes; he is one of those tall slim long-faced talking fellows whom you women are very apt to admire," said Ford.

Miss Pitcher felt as much wrath as her gentle nature allowed. But again her sentiments were divided, and she sacrificed her personal feelings. That even-

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ing she confided to Katharine, under a pledge of deepest secrecy, her belief that "John" was "jealous."

Mrs. Winthrop greeted this confidence with laughter. Not discouraged, the aunt the next day confided to her nephew her conviction that, as regarded the poet, Katharine had not yet "at all made up her mind."

"That is rather cruel to Percival, isn't it?" said Ford.

"Oh, he too has many, many *friends*," said Sylvia, veering again.

"Fortunate fellow!"

At last Percival went. Ford was again the only visitor. And if he did not have long mornings in the library, he had portions not a few of afternoons in the garden. For if he came up the water-steps and found the mistress of the house sitting under the trees, with no other companion than a book, it was but natural that he should join her, and possibly make some effort to rival the printed page.

"You do not like driving?" she said one day. They were in the parlor, and the carriage was coming round; she had invited him to accompany them, and he had declined.

"Not with a coachman, I confess."

"There is always the phaeton," she said, carelessly.

He glanced at her, but she was examining the border of her lace scarf. "On the whole, I prefer riding," he answered, as though it was a question of general preferences.

"And Katharine rides *so* well!" said Sylvia, looking up from her wax flowers. Sylvia made charming wax flowers, generally water-lilies, because they were "so regular."

"There are no good horses about here," observed Ford. "I have tried them all. I presume at home in America you keep a fine one?"

"Oh, in America! That is too far off. I do not remember what I did in America," answered Mrs. Winthrop.

A day or two later. "You were mistaken about there being no good saddle-horses here," she remarked. "My coachman has found two; they are in the stable now."

"If you are going to be kind enough to offer one of them to me," he said, rather formally, after a moment's silence, "I shall then have the pleasure of some rides with you, after all."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Winthrop. "As you say—after all!" She was smiling. He smiled too, but shook his head. Sylvia did not see this little by-play. Whatever it meant, however, it did not prevent Ford's riding with Mrs. Winthrop several times, her groom following. Miss Pitcher watched these little excursions with much interest.

Meanwhile letters from Lorimer Percival came to Miolans almost daily. "That is the Percival crest," said Sylvia to her nephew, one of these epistles, which had just arrived, being on the hall table, seal upward, as they passed. "*So* appropriate for a poet, I think—a flame."

"Ah! I took it for steam," said Ford.

Now the elder Percival had been a successful builder of locomotives. "John," said Miss Pitcher, solemnly, "do you mean that for derision?"

"Derision, my dear aunt! There is nothing in the world so powerful as steam. If I only had more, I too might be a poet. Or if my father had had more, I too might have enjoyed a fortune."

"Mr. Percival enjoys no fortune," said Sylvia, still solemnly.

"What has he done with it, then? Enjoyed it all out?"

"He tells me that it dissolved, like a mist, in his grasp."

"Yes; they call it by various names," said Ford.

Mrs. Winthrop, dressed in her habit, now came down the stairway; she took the letter and put it in her pocket. That day the groom could not accompany them: the horse he rode was lame. "We are sufficiently brave to do without him for one afternoon, are we not?" said the lady.

"I confess I am timid; but I will do my best," answered Ford, assisting her to mount. Sylvia, standing in the doorway, thought this a most unfortunate reply.

They rode southward. "Shall we stop for a few moments?" said Katharine, as they came toward Coppet.

"Yes; for ten," he answered.

The old custodian let them in, and threw open the windows as before. The visitors went out on the little shelf-like balcony which opened from the drawing-room.

"You notice there is no view, or next to none," said Ford, "although we are on the shore of Lake Leman, and under the shadow of Mont Blanc. They did not care for views in the eighteenth century;

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that is, views of the earth; they were all for views of the 'soul.' Madame de Staël detested the country; to the last, Coppet remained to her a dreary exile. She was the woman who frankly said that she would not cross the room to look at the Bay of Naples, but would walk twenty miles to talk with an agreeable man."

"They were as rare then, it seems, as they are now," said Mrs. Winthrop. "But to-day we go more than twenty miles; we go to Europe."

"She did the same; that is, what was the same in her day; she went to Germany. There she found two rather agreeable men—Goethe and Schiller. Having found them, she proceeded to talk to them. They confessed to each other, long afterward, the deep relief they felt when that gifted woman departed."

"Ah, well, all she wanted, all she was seeking, was sympathy."

"She should have waited until it came to her."

"But if it never came?"

"It would—if she had not been so eager and voracious. The truth is, Corinne was an inordinate egotist. She expected all minds to defer to her superiority, while at the very moment she was engaged in extracting from them any poor little knowledge or ideas they might possess which could serve her own purposes. All her books were talked into existence; she talked them before she wrote them. It was her custom, at the dinner-table here at Coppet, to introduce the subject upon which she was engaged, and all her guests were expected, indeed forced, to discuss it with her in all its bearings, to listen to all she herself had to say, and never to depart from the given line by the slightest digression until she gave the signal. The next morning, closeted in her own room, she wrote out the results of all this, and it became a chapter."

"She was a woman of genius, all the same," said Mrs. Winthrop, in a disagreeing tone.

"A woman of genius! And what is the very term but a stigma? No woman is so proclaimed by the great brazen tongue of the Public unless she has thrown away her birthright of womanly seclusion for the miserable mess of pottage called 'fame.'"

"The seclusion of a convent? or a prison?"

"Neither. Of a home."

"You perhaps commend obedience, also?"

"In one way—yes."

"I'm glad to know there are other ways."

"I shall be very obedient to the woman I love, in several of those other ways," replied Ford, gathering some of the ripening grapes near the balcony rail.

Mrs. Winthrop went back into the faded drawing-room. "It is a pity there is no portrait here of Madame Récamier," she remarked. "That, you might have admired."

"The 'incomparable Juliette' was at least not literary. But in another way she was as much before the public as though she had been what you call a woman of genius. It may be said, indeed, that she had genius—a genius for attracting admiration."

"You are hard to please."

"Not at all; I ask only the simple and retiring womanly graces. But anything retiring was hard to find in the eighteenth century."

"You dislike literary women very much," said Mrs. Winthrop. She had crossed the room to examine an old mirror made of squares of glass, welded together by little leaden frames, which had once been gilded.

"Hardly. I pity them."

"You did not know, then, that I was one?"

He had crossed the room also, and was now standing behind her; as she asked the question she looked at his image in the glass.

"I did not know it," he answered, looking at hers.

"I am, anonymously."

"Better anonymously than avowedly."

"Will you read something I have written?"

"Thanks. I am not in the least a critic."

"I know that; you are too prejudiced, too narrow, to be one. All the same, will you read?"

"If you insist."

"I do insist. What is more, I have it with me. I have had it for several days, waiting for a good opportunity." She drew from her pocket a small flat package, and gave it to him.

"Must it be now?"

"Here and now. Where could we find a more appropriate atmosphere?"

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He seated himself and opened the parcel; within was a small square book in flexible covers, in decoration paper and type, a daintily rich little volume.

"Ah! I know this," he said. "I read it when it first came out."

"So much the better. You can give me your opinion without the trouble of reading."

"It received a good deal of praise, I remember," he said, turning over the leaves.

She was silent.

"There was a charming little description somewhere—about going out on the Campagna to gather the wild narcissus," he went on, after a pause.

And then there was another silence.

"But—" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"But, as you kindly suggest, I am no judge of poetry. I can say nothing of value."

"Say it, valuable or not. Do you know, Mr. Ford, that you have scarcely spoken one really truthful word to me since we first met. Yet I feel sure that it does not come natural to you, and that it has cost you some trouble to—to—"

"To decorate, as I have, my plain speech. But if that is true, is it not a compliment?"

"And do I care for your compliments? I have compliments in abundance, and much finer ones than yours. What I want from you is the truth, your real opinion of that little volume in your hand. You are the only man I have met in years who seems to feel no desire to flatter me, to make me think well of myself. I see no reason why I should not think well of myself; but, all the same, I am curious. I can see that you judge me impartially, even severely."

She paused. He did not look up or disclaim; he went on turning the pages of the little volume.

She had not seated herself; she was standing beside a table opposite him. "I can see that you do not in the least like me," she added, in a lower tone.

"My dear lady, you have so many to like you!" said Ford.

And then he did look up; their eyes met.

A flush came to her cheeks. He shut the little book and rose.

"Really, I am too insignificant a victim," he said, bowing as he returned it.

"You mean that I—that I have tried—"

"Oh no; you do it naturally."

For the moment her self-possession had failed her. But now she had it in hand again. "If I *have* tried, naturally or artificially, I have made a failure—have I not?"

"It must be a novel experience for Mrs. Winthrop."

She turned away and looked at a portrait of Voltaire. After some moments, "Let us come back to the real point between us," she said, as he did not speak; "that is, your opinion of my little book."

"Is that the real point between us?"

"Of course it is. We will walk up and down Corinne's old rooms, and you shall tell me as we walk."

"Why do you force me to say unpleasant things?"

"They are unpleasant, then? I knew it! Unpleasant for me."

"For us both."

"For you, I doubt it. For me, they cannot be more unpleasant than the things you have already said. Yet you see I forgive them."

"Yes; but I have not forgiven you, Mrs. Winthrop."

"For what, pray?"

"For proposing to make me a victim."

"Apparently you had small difficulty in escaping."

"As you say—apparently. But perhaps I conceal my wounds."

"You are trying to turn the subject, so that I will not insist about the little book."

"I wish, indeed, that you would not insist."

"But if I am the sort of woman you have indicated, I should think you would enjoy punishing me a little."

"A little, perhaps. But this would be too severe."

They were walking slowly through the rooms; she turned her head and looked at him. "I have listened to you, Mr. Ford; I have let you say pretty much what you pleased to me, because it was amusing. But you cannot seriously believe that I really care for what you say, severe or otherwise?"

"Only as any right-minded woman must care."

"Say on. Now I insist."

"Good-by to Miolans, then. You will never admit me within its gates again: that is, unless you have the unusual justice—unusual in a woman—to see that what I say is but the severity of a true friend."

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"A friend is not severe."

"Yes, he is; in such a case as this, must be."

"Go on. I will decide afterward."

They entered the third room. Ford reflected a moment; then began. "The poem, which you now tell me is yours, had, as its distinguishing feature, a certain daring. Regarding its other points: its rhythm was crude and unmelodious; its coloring was exaggerated—reading it, one was cloyed with color; its logic—for there was an attempt at logic—was utterly weak." He paused. Mrs. Winthrop was looking straight before her at the wall across the end of the last room in the vista. Her critic did not lift his eyes, but transferred his gaze from one section of the dark old floor to the next as they walked onward.

"All this, however," he resumed, "could be forgiven. We do not expect great poems from women any more than we expect great pictures; we do not expect strong logic any more than we expect brawny muscle. A woman's poetry is subjective. But what cannot be forgiven—at least in my opinion—is that which I have called the distinguishing feature of the volume, a certain sort of daring. This is its essential, unpardonable sin. Not because it is in itself dangerous; it has not force enough for that; but because it comes, and can be recognized at once as coming, from the lips of a woman. For a woman should not dare in that way. Thinking to soar, she invariably descends. Her mental realm is not the same as that of man; lower, on the same level, or far above, it is at least different. And to see her leave it, and come in all her white purity, which must inevitably be soiled, to the garish arena where men are contending, where the dust is rising, and the air is tainted and heavy—this is indeed a painful sight. Every honest man feels like going to her, poor mistaken sibyl that she is, closing her lips with gentle hand, and leading her away to some far spot among the quiet fields, where she can learn her error, and begin her life anew. To the pity of it is added the certain truth that if the words she sang could be carried out to their logical end, if they were to be clothed in the hard realities of life and set up before her, they would strike first the poor creature who was chanting them, and crush her to the dust. Fortunately there is no danger of this; it is among the impossibilities. And sometimes the poor sibyls learn, and through the teachings of their own hearts, their great mistake." As he ended, for the first time he lifted his eyes from the floor and looked at her.

Katharine Winthrop's face was flushed; the dark color extended over her forehead and dyed even her throat, and there was an expression as though only by a strong effort was a tremor of the lips controlled. This gave to her mouth a fixed look. She was so unlike herself, veiled in that deep, steady, painful blush, that, involuntarily and earnestly, Ford said, "I beg you not to mind it so much."

"I mind only that you should dare to say such things to me," she answered, slowly, as though utterance was an effort.

"Remember that you forced me to speak."

"I did not expect—this."

"How could I know what you expected? But in one way I am glad you made me go on; it is well that you should have for once a man's true opinion."

"All men do not think as you think."

"Yes, they do; the honest ones."

"Mr. Percival does not."

"Oh, Percival! He's effeminate."

"So you judge him," said Mrs. Winthrop, to whose utterance anger had now restored the distinctness.

"We will not quarrel about Lorimer Percival," said Ford; "he is not worth it—at least he is not worth it to me." Then, as they entered the last room, "Take it as I meant it, Katharine," he said, the tone of his voice changing—"take it as a true woman should. Show me the sweet side of your nature, the gentle, womanly side, and I will then be your suitor indeed, and a far more real and earnest one than though I had become the victim you intended me to be. You may not care for me; you may never care. But only let me see you accept for your own sake what I have said, in the right spirit, and I will at least ask you to care, as humbly and devotedly as man ever asked woman. For when she is her true self she is so far above us that we can only be humble."

The flush still covered her forehead; her eyes looked at him, strangely and darkly blue in all this red.

"Curious, isn't it, how things come about?" she said. "You have made me a declaration, after all."

"A conditional one."

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"No, not conditional in reality, although you might have pleased yourself with the fancy. For I need not have been in earnest. I had only to pretend a little, to pretend to be the acquiescent creature you admire, and I could have turned you round my little finger. It is rather a pity I did not do it. It might have been entertaining."

He had watched her as she spoke. "I do not in the least believe you," he said, gravely.

"It is not of much consequence whether you believe me or not. I think, on the whole, however, that I may as well take this occasion to tell you what you seem not to have suspected: I am engaged to Mr. Percival."

"Of course, then, you were angry when I spoke of him as I did. But I beg you will do me the justice to believe that I never for a moment dreamed that he was anything to Mrs. Winthrop."

"Your dreams must be unobservant."

"I knew that he was with you, of course, and that you received his letters—there is one in your pocket now. But it made no impression upon me; that is, as far as you were concerned."

"And why not? Even in the guise of an apology, Mr. Ford, you succeed in insinuating your rudeness. What you have said, when translated, simply means that you never dreamed that Mrs. Winthrop could be interested in Mr. Percival. And why should she not be interested? But the truth is, there is such an infinite space between you that you cannot in the least comprehend him." She turned toward the door which led to the stairway.

"That is very possible," said Ford. "But I have not now the honor to be a rival of Mr. Percival's, even as an unfavored suitor; you did not comply with my condition."

They went down the stairs, past the shining statue of Necker, and out into the sunshine. Benjamin Franklin brought forward the horses, and Ford assisted her to mount. "You prefer that I should not go with you," he said; "but of course I must. We cannot always have things just as we wish them in this vexatious world, you know."

The flush on her face was still deep; but she had recovered herself sufficiently to smile. "We will select subjects that will act as safe conductors down to commonplace," she said. They did. Only at the gate of Miolans was any allusion made to the preceding conversation.

He had said good-by; the two riding-gloves had formally touched each other. "It may be for a long time," he remarked. "I start toward Italy this evening; I shall go to Chambéry and Turin."

She passed him; her horse turned into the plane-tree avenue. "Do not suppose that I could not have been, that I could not be—if I chose—all you described," she said, looking back.

"I know you could. It was the possibilities in you which attracted me, and made me say what I did."

"*That* for your possibilities!" she answered, making the gesture of throwing something lightly away.

He lifted his hat; she smiled, bowed slightly, and rode onward out of sight. He took his horse to the stables, went down to the water-steps, and unmoored his skiff. The next day Sylvia received a note from him; it contained his good-by, but he himself was already on the way to Italy.

The following summer found Miss Pitcher again at Miolans. But although her little figure was still seen going down to the outlook at sunset, although she still made wax flowers and read (with a mark) "Childe Harold," it was evident that she was not as she had been. She was languid, mournful, and by August these adjectives were no longer sufficient to describe her condition, for she was now seriously ill. Her nephew, who was spending the summer in Scotland, was notified by a letter from Cousin Walpole. In answer he travelled southward to Lake Leman without an hour's delay; for Sylvia and himself were the only ones of their blood on the old side of the Atlantic, and if the gentle little aunt was to pass from earth in a strange land, he wished to be beside her.

But Sylvia did not pass. Her nephew read her case so skilfully, and with the others tended her so carefully, that in three weeks' time she was lying on a couch by the window, with "Childe Harold" again by her side. But if she was now well enough for a little literature, she was also well enough for a little conversation.

"I suppose you were much surprised, John, to find Katharine still Mrs. Winthrop?"

"No, not much."

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"But she told me that she had mentioned to you her engagement."

"Yes, she mentioned it."

"You speak as though she was one of the women who make and break engagements lightly. But she is not, I assure you: far from it."

"She broke this one, it seems."

"One breaking does not make a—breaker," said Sylvia, thinking vaguely of "swallows," and nearly saying "summer." She paused, then shook her head sadly. "I have never understood it," she said, with a deep sigh. "It lasted, I know, until the very end of June. I think I may say, without exaggeration, that I spent the entire month of July, day and night, picturing to myself his sufferings."

"You took more time than he did. He was married before July was ended."

"Simply despair."

"Despair took on a cheerful guise. Some of the rest of us might not object to it in such a shape."

But Miss Pitcher continued her dirge. "So terrible for such a man! A mere child—only seventeen!"

"And he is—"

"Thirty-seven years, eight months, and nine days," answered the lady, in the tone of an obituary. "Twenty years younger than he is! Of course she cannot in the least appreciate the true depth of his poetry."

"He may not care for that, you know, if she appreciates him," said Ford—Miss Pitcher thought, heartlessly.

During these three weeks of attendance upon his aunt he had, of course, seen Mrs. Winthrop daily. Generally he met her in the sick-room, where she gave to the patient a tender and devoted care. If she was in the drawing-room when he came down, Cousin Walpole was there also; he had not once seen her alone. He was not staying at Miolans, although he spent most of his time there; his abode nominally was a farm-house near by. Sylvia improved daily, and early in September her nephew prepared for departure. He was going to Heidelberg. One beautiful morning he felt in the mood for a long farewell ride. He sent word to Sylvia that he should not be at Miolans before evening, mounted, and rode off at a brisk pace. He was out all day under the blue sky, and enjoyed it. He had some wonderful new views of Mont Blanc, some exhilarating speed over tempting stretches of road, a lunch at a rustic inn among the vineyards, and the uninterrupted companionship of his own thoughts. Toward five o'clock, on his way home, he came by Coppet. Here the idle ease of the long day was broken by the small accident of his horse losing a shoe. He took him to the little blacksmith's shop in the village; then, while the work was in slow Swiss progress, he strolled back up the ascent toward the old château.

A shaggy white dog came to meet him; it was his friend Gibbon, and a moment later he recognized Mrs. Winthrop's groom, holding his own and his mistress's horse. Mrs. Winthrop was in the garden, so Benjamin Franklin said. He opened the high gate set in the stone wall, and went down the long walk.

She was at the far end; her back was toward him, and she did not hear his step; she started when he spoke her name. But she recovered herself immediately, smiled, and began talking with much the same easy graceful manner she had shown upon his first arrival at Miolans, when they met at the gate the year before. This meant that she had put him back as an acquaintance where he was then.

He did not seem unwilling to go. They strolled onward for ten minutes; then Mrs. Winthrop said that she must start homeward; they turned toward the gate. They had been speaking of Sylvia's illness and recovery. "I often think when I look at my little aunt," said Ford, "how pretty she must have been in her youth. And, by-the-way, just before leaving Scotland I met a lady who reminded me of her, or rather of my idea of what she must have been—it was Mrs. Lorimer Percival."

"She is charming, I am told," said the lady beside him.

"I don't know about the charming; I dislike the word. But she is very lovely, and very lovable."

"Did you see much of her?"

"I saw her several times; but only saw her. We did not speak."

"You judge, then, by appearance merely?"

"In this case—yes. Her nature is written on her face."

"All are at liberty to study it, then. Pray describe her."

He was silent. Then, "If I comply," he said, "will you bear in mind that I am quite well aware that that which makes

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this little lady's happiness is something that Mrs. Winthrop, of her own accord, has cast aside as nothing worth?" As he rounded off this phrase he turned and looked at her.

But she did not meet his eyes. "I will remember," she answered.

He waited. But she said nothing more.

"Mrs. Percival," he resumed, "is a beautiful young girl, with a face like a wild flower in the woods. She has an expression which is to me enchanting—an expression of sweet and simple goodness, and gentle confiding trust. One is thankful to have even seen such a face."

"You speak warmly. I am afraid you are jealous of poor Mr. Percival."

"He did not strike me as poor. If I was jealous, it was not the first time. He was always fortunate."

"Perhaps there are other wild flowers in the woods; you must search more diligently." She opened the gate, passed through, and signalled to her groom.

"That is what I am trying to do; but I do not succeed. It is terribly lonely work sometimes."

"What a confession of weakness!"

He placed her in the saddle. "It may be. At any rate, it is the truth. But women do not believe in truth for its own sake; it strikes them as crude."

"You mean cruel," said Katharine Winthrop. She rode off, the groom and Gibbon following. He went back to the blacksmith's shop. The next day he went to Heidelberg.

But he had not seen the last of Corinne's old château. On the 25th of October he was again riding up the plane-tree avenue of Miolans, this time under bare boughs.

"Oh, John! dear John!" said Miss Pitcher, hurrying into the drawing-room when she was told he was there. "How glad I am to see you! But how did you know—I mean, how did you get here at this time of year?"

"By railway and on horseback," he answered. "I like autumn in the country. And I am very glad to see you looking so well, Aunt Sylvia."

But if Sylvia was well in body, she was ill at ease in mind. She began sentences and did not finish them; she often held her little handkerchief to her lips as if repressing herself. Cousin Walpole had gone to Geneva, "on business for Katharine." No, Katharine was not with him; she was out riding somewhere. She was not well, and needed the exercise. Katharine, too, was fond of autumn in the country. But Sylvia found it rainy. After a while Ford took leave, promising to return in the evening. When he reached the country road he paused, looking up and down it for a moment; then he turned his horse southward. It was a dreary day for a ride; a long autumn rain had soaked the ground, clouds covered the sky, and a raw wind was blowing. He rode at a rapid pace, and when he came toward Coppet, he again examined the wet track, then turned toward the château. He was not mistaken; Mrs. Winthrop's horse was there. There was no groom this time; the horse was tied in the courtyard. Benjamin Franklin said that the lady was in the garden, and he said it muffled in a worsted cap and a long wadded coat that came to his heels. No doubt he permitted himself some wonder over the lady's taste.

The lady was at the end of the long walk as before. But to-day the long walk was a picture of desolation; all the bright leaves, faded and brown, were lying on the ground in heaps so sodden that the wind could not lift them, strongly as it blew. Across one end of this vista stretched the blank stone wall, its grayness streaked with wet spots; across the other rose the old château among the bare trees, cold, naked, and yellow, seeming to have already begun its long winter shiver. But men do not mind such things as women mind them. A dull sky and stretch of blank stone wall do not seem to them the end of the world—as they seemed at that moment to Katharine Winthrop. This time she heard his step; perhaps he intended that she should hear it. She turned.

Her face was pale; her eyes, with the dark shadows under them, looked larger than usual. She returned his greeting quietly; her trouble, whatever it was, did not apparently connect itself with him.

"You should not be walking here, Mrs. Winthrop," he said as he came up; "it is too wet."

"It is wet; but I am going now. You have been at Miolans?"

"Yes. I saw my aunt. She told me you were out riding somewhere. I thought perhaps you might be here."

"Is that all she told you?"

"I think so. No; she did say that you were fond of autumn in the country. So

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am I. Wouldn't it be wise to stop at the old man's cottage, before remounting, and dry your shoes a little?"

"I never take cold."

"Perhaps we could find a pair in the village that you could wear."

"It is not necessary. I will ride rapidly; the exercise will be the best safeguard."

"Do you know why I have come back?" he said, abandoning the subject of the shoes.

"I do not," answered the lady. She looked very sad and weary.

"I have come back, Katharine, to tell you plainly and humbly that I love you. This time I make no conditions; I have none to make. Do with me as you please: I must bear it. But believe that I love you with all my heart. It has been against my will; I have not been willing to admit it to myself; but of late the certainty has forced itself upon me so overwhelmingly that I had no resource left save to come to you. I am full of faults; but—I love you. I have said many things that displeased you deeply; but—I love you. Do not deliberate. Send me away—if go I must—now. Keep me—if you will keep me—now. You can punish me afterward."

They had been walking onward, but now he stopped. She stopped also; but she said nothing; her eyes were downcast.

"It is a real love I offer you," he said, in a low tone. Then, as still she did not speak, "I will make you very happy, Katharine," he added.

Her face had remained pale, but at this assertion of his a slight color rose, and a smile showed itself faintly. "You are always so sure!" she murmured. And then she laughed, a little low, sweet, sudden laugh.

"Let him laugh who wins," said Ford, triumphantly. The old streaked stone wall, if dreary, was at least high; no one saw him but one very wet and bedraggled little bird, who was in the tree above. This bird was so much cheered (it must have been that) that he immediately chirruped one note quite briskly, and coming out on a drier twig, began to arrange his soaked feathers.

"Now," said Ford, "we will have those shoes dried, whether you like it or not. No more imprudence allowed. How angry you were when I said we might find a pair in the village that you could wear! Of course I meant children's size." He had drawn her hand through his arm, and was going toward the gate.

But she freed herself and stopped. "It is all a mistake," she said, hurriedly. "It means nothing. I am not myself to-day. Do not think of it."

"Certainly I shall not trouble myself to think of it much when—what is so much better—I have it."

"No; it is nothing. Forget it. I shall not see you again. I am going back to America immediately—next week."

He looked at her as she uttered these short sentences. Then he took her hands in his. "I know about the loss of your fortune, Katharine; you need not tell me. No, Sylvia did not betray you. I heard it quite by chance from another source while I was still in Heidelberg. That is the reason I came."

"The reason you came!" she repeated, moving from him, with the old proud light coming back into her eyes. "You thought I would be overwhelmed—you thought that I would be so broken that I would be glad—you pitied me—you came to help me? And you were *sure*—" She stopped; her voice was shaking.

"Yes, Katharine, I did pity you. Yes, I came to help you if you would let me. But I was not sure. I was sure of nothing but my own obstinate love, which burst out uncontrollably when I thought of you in trouble. I have never thought of you in that way before; you have always had everything. The thought has brought me straight to your side."

But she was not softened. "I withdraw all I have said," she answered. "You have taken advantage."

"As it happens, you have said nothing. As to taking advantage, of course I took advantage: I was glad enough to see your pale face and sad eyes. But that is because you have always carried things with such a high hand. First and last, I have had a great deal of bad treatment."

"That is not true."

"Very well; then it is not. It shall be as you please. Do you want me to go down on my knees to you on this wet gravel?"

But she still turned from him.

"Katharine," he said, in a graver tone, "I am sorry on your account that your fortune is gone, or nearly gone; but on my own, how can I help being glad? It was a barrier between us, which, as I am,

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and as you are—but principally as you are—would have been, I fear, a hopeless one. I doubt if I should ever have surmounted it. Your loss brings you nearer to me—the woman I deeply love, love in spite of myself. Now if you are my wife—and a tenderly loved wife you will be—you will in a measure be dependent upon your husband, and that is very sweet to a self-willed man like myself. Perhaps in time I can even make it sweet to you."

A red spot burned in each of her cheeks. "It is very hard," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Well, on the whole, life *is* hard," answered John Ford. But the expression in his eyes was more tender than his words. At any rate, it seemed to satisfy her.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he said, some minutes later. "I am going to make Benjamin Franklin light a fire on one of those old literary hearths at the château. Your shoes shall be dried in the presence of Corinne herself (who must, however, have worn a much larger pair). And while they are drying I will offer a formal apology for any past want of respect, not only to Corinne, but to all the other portraits, especially to that blue-eyed Madame Necker in her very tight white satin gown. We will drink their healths in some of the native wine. If you insist, I will even make an effort to admire the yellow turban."

He carried out his plan. Benjamin Franklin, tempted by the fee offered, and relying no doubt upon the gloomy weather as a barrier against discovery, made a bright fire upon one of the astonished hearths, and brought over a flask of native wine, a little loaf, and some fine grapes. Ford arranged these on a spindle-legged table, and brought forward an old tapestried arm-chair for Katharine. Then, while she sat sipping her wine and drying her shoes before the crackling flame, he went gravely round the room, glass in hand, pausing before each portrait to bow ceremoniously and drink to its health and long life—probably in a pictorial sense. When he had finished the circuit, "Here's to you all, charming vanished ladies of the past," he said; "may you each have every honor in the picturesque, powdered, unorthographic age to which you belong, and never by any possibility step over into ours!"

"That last touch has spoiled the whole," said the lady in the tapestried chair.

But Ford declared that an expression in Madame Necker's blue eye approved his words.

He now came back to the hearth. "This will never do," he said. "The shoes are not drying; you must take them off." And with that he knelt down and began to unbutton them. But Katharine, agreeing to obey orders, finished the task herself. The old custodian, who had been standing in the doorway laughing at Ford's portrait pantomime, now saw an opportunity to make himself useful; he came forward, took one of the shoes, put it upon his hand, and kneeling down, held it close to the flame. The shoes were little boots of dark cloth like the habit, slender, dainty, and made with thin soles; they were for riding, not walking. Ford brought forward a second arm-chair and sat down. "The old room looks really cheerful," he said. "The portraits are beginning to thaw; presently we shall see them smile."

Katharine too was smiling. She was also blushing a little. The blush and slight embarrassment made her look like a school-girl.

"Where shall we go for the winter?" said Ford. "I can give you one more winter over here, and then I must go home and get to work again. And as we have so little foreign time left, I suggest that we lose none of it, and begin our married life at once. Don't be alarmed; he does not understand a word of English. Shall we say, then, next week?"

"No."

"Are you waiting to know me better? Take me, and make me better."

"What are your principal faults—I mean besides those I already know?" she said, shielding her face from the heat of the fire with her riding gauntlets.

"I have very few. I like my own way; but it is always a good way. My opinions are rather decided ones; but would you like an undecided man? I do not enjoy general society, but I am extremely fond of the particular. I think that is all."

"And your obstinacy?"

"Only firmness."

"You are narrow, prejudiced; you do not believe in progress of any kind. You would keep women down with an iron hand."

"A velvet one."

The custodian now took the other shoe.

"He will certainly stretch them with

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that broad palm of his," said Ford. "But perhaps it is as well; you have a habit of wearing shoes that are too small. What ridiculous little affairs those are! Will twelve pairs a year content you?"

A flush rose in her cheeks; she made no reply.

"It will be very hard for you to give up your independence, your control of things," he said.

But she turned toward him with a very sweet expression in her eyes. "You will do it all for me," she answered.

He rose, walked about the room, coming back to lean over the gilded top of her chair and say, with emphasis, "What in the world does that old wretch mean by staying here so persistently all this time?"

She laughed. Benjamin Franklin, looking up from his task, laughed too—probably on general principles of sociability and appreciation of his fee.

"To go back to your faults," she said; "please come and sit down, and acknowledge them. You have a very jealous nature."

"You are mistaken. However, if you like jealousy, I can easily take it up."

"It will not be necessary. It is already there."

"You are thinking of some particular instance; of whom did you suppose I was jealous?"

But she would not say.

After a while he came back to it. "You thought I was jealous of Lorimer Percival," he said.

The custodian now announced that both shoes were dry; she put them on, buttoning them with an improvised button-hook made of a hair-pin. The old man stood straightening himself after his bent posture; he still smiled—probably on the same general principles. The afternoon was drawing toward its close; Ford asked him to bring round the horses. He went out; they could hear his slow, careful tread on each of the slippery stairs. Katharine had risen; she went to the mirror to adjust her riding-hat. Ford came up and stood behind her. "Do you remember when I looked at you in the glass, in this same way, a year ago?" he said.

"How you talked to me that day about my poor little book! You made me feel terribly."

"I am sorry. Forgive it."

"But you do not forgive the book?"

"I will forget it, instead. You will write no more."

"Always so sure! However, I will promise, if you acknowledge that you have a jealous disposition."

She spoke gayly. He watched her in the glass a moment, then drew her away. "Whether I have a jealous disposition or not I do not know," he answered. "But I was never jealous of Lorimer Percival; I held him in too light estimation. And I did not believe—no, not at any time—that you loved him; he was not a man whom you would love. Why you allowed yourself to become engaged to him I do not know; but I suspect it was because he flattered what you thought your literary talent. I do not believe you would ever have married him; you would have drawn back at the last moment. To be engaged to him was one thing, to marry him another. You kept your engagement along for months, when there was no reason at all for the delay. If you had married him I should have thought the less of you, but I should not have been jealous." He paused. "I might never have let you know it, Katharine," he went on; "but I prefer that there should be nothing but the truth between us. I know that it was Percival who broke the engagement at the last, and not you. I knew it when I was here in the summer. He himself told me when I met him in Scotland just after his marriage."

She broke from him. "How base are all men!" she said, in a voice unlike her own.

"In him it was simply egotism. He knew that I had known of his engagement to you, and he wished me to appreciate that in order to marry that sweet young girl, who was quite without fortune, he had been obliged to make, and had made, a great sacrifice."

"Great indeed!" she commented, bitterly. "You do well to commend him."

"I do not commend him. I simply say that he was following out his nature. Being a poet, he is what is called sympathetic, you know; and he wanted my appreciation and sympathy—I will not say applause."

She was standing with her back toward him. She now walked toward the door. But her courage failed, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "It is too much," she said. "You wait until I have lost my fortune and am over-

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whelmed; you wait until I am rejected, cast aside; and then you come and win from me an avowal of my love, telling me afterward — *afterward*" — her voice broke, she burst into tears.

"Telling you afterward nothing but that I love you. Telling you afterward that I have not had one really happy moment since our conversation in this old house a year ago. Telling you afterward that my life has resolved itself into but one unceasing, tormenting wish—the wish, Katharine, that you would love me, I suppose I ought to say a little, but I mean a great deal. Look at me; is this humble enough for you?"

He drew her hands away; she saw that he was kneeling at her feet; and, not only that, but she saw also something very like a mist in the gray eyes she had always thought too cold.

In the library of Mr. John Ford, near New York, there hangs in the place of honor a water-color sketch of an old yellow château. Beneath it, ranged by themselves, are all the works of that eloquent authoress and noble woman, Madame de Staël.

"You admire her?" said a visitor recently, in some surprise. "To me she has always seemed a—a little antique, you know."

"She is antiquity itself! But she once lent me her house, and I am grateful. By-the-way, Katharine, I never told you, although I found it out afterward: Benjamin Franklin understood English, after all."

Editor's Easy Chair.

MORE than once the Easy Chair has improved a text from Thackeray in which the satirist of snobs says that he should like to be seen upon any afternoon in the height of the season sauntering down Pall-Mall with a duke upon each arm. It is a very suggestive text, and very characteristic of the preacher. For Thackeray, if he was, as he says, very fond of preaching, was also his own parishioner, and he acknowledged frankly that he was often hit by the sermon.

In this particular remark he means, of course, that even those of us who denounce snobbery most strenuously are at heart a little snobbish. It is perhaps the preacher's secret consciousness of his own weakness, and his wrath with himself as both a sinner and a hypocrite, which lead him to pause suddenly in his discourse, and startle the congregation by remarking that while he is saying, "Thou art the man," he really means, "I am the man." The phrase of which he is so fond, and which he uses so often, *de te fabula narratur*—it is you that the coat fits—illustrates the same consciousness, and the tendency to apply the moral to himself. It is the same feeling also which explains the general distrust of those who allude often and vehemently to their consciences, and the impatience with which they are believed to be canting hypocrites. It is this universal feeling to which Sheridan appeals in Joseph Surface. The instinctive disposition to regard the man of fine sentiments as a Mawworm implies that every man is so deeply conscious of his own moral weakness that he suspects the other man, who affirms his own goodness, to be a liar.

There is certainly often an unconscious existence in ourselves of weakness which we lustily denounce in others. One of the most common and familiar figures in American life, for instance, is the demagogue. He is the kind of servile courtier that is bred in a republic. He is the man who goes to other lands to which his own country owes infinite delight and instruction and the most ennobling traditions, and without the capacity to perceive that every nation and form of civilization are the result of historic development, and that all civilized periods and countries are inextricably bound together, he scoffs at his own cradle and derides the ancestors that made him.

He does this to flatter his fellow-countrymen, just as the courtiers of Elizabeth swore that the splendor of her beauty extinguished the charms of all other women. He sneers at the lords walking backward before the Queen in Westminster Abbey, yet on the platform he crawls on his belly before the mob. The demagogue reviles the parasites of princes, but is himself the parasite of the people. The royal household officer in his quaint costume of a former age is a grotesque and amusing figure. But he is not contemptible like the republican buffoon who ridicules him to please what he calls the people, or the harlequin who makes himself a clown in order to get to Congress. *De te fabula narratur.* When he holds up the minion of a monarchy to scorn, he is himself the toady and the tuft-hunter at whom he sneers.

Yes, says Thackeray; but stop: I should myself like to be seen walking down Pall-Mall with a duke on each arm. You, excellent Easy Chair, or you, accomplished editor, when you talk about "the people's money," and the people's this, that, and the other, does

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not the very form of the expression indicate a purpose to propitiate popular approval by flattery, and is not that the essence of demagogism? There is undoubtedly a just and proper use of the word people, as in the enacting clause of laws in the State of New York. But there is no doubt that the word is constantly used also in an obsequious and ignoble sense. It is meant to commend our views by flattery. It is a revelation of the weakness in ourselves which we are quick to decry in others.

Public officers are unquestionably elected to serve the public. But the officer who is perpetually describing himself as a mere public servant, anxious only to know and to obey the will of his master, shows plainly enough that he has the cringing soul of a lackey. On the other hand, the public officer who refuses to be interrupted by idle loiterers, in order to attend to his duties in the discharge of public business, is often roundly denounced as "stuck up" and aristocratic, and affecting a snobbish superiority to the people. The shrewd demagogue is ready.

> "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
> That he is grown so great?"

shouts Cleon, in his finest Ercles vein. "Is the servant greater than his master? Shall the sovereign people tolerate the insolence of one of its own creatures? Let the proud upstart know that the poorest freeman in the land is the equal of the," etc., etc., etc. Cleon and Marat are very anxious to be known as friends of the people. But Washington with his natural dignity and in full dress was quite as much their friend as Jefferson receiving a foreign minister in dressing-gown and slippers.

Our virtues, like our friendships, must be kept in repair. If we find ourselves swelling with indignation at the snobbish obeisance of genius and ability to Lord Thomas Noddy, let us reflect carefully whether it would not be agreeable to us to stroll intimately downtown with him simply because he is Lord Thomas; and if so, whether it would not be better, for the present, to attend to a certain enormous beam, and let Neighbor Jones's eye take care of its own mote. It is well not to make a virtue of being virtuous. That disposition is a breath upon the mirror, a flaw in the diamond.

Bacon's doctrine of the wisdom of occasional excess is constantly justified. Insistence upon strict logical uniformity and consistency of action with a certain theory of conduct is not wise, because the theory is necessarily based upon imperfect knowledge. Mill points out that the English race has practically achieved most for liberty because it is not politically logical. It repairs in the light of experience, rather than remakes in accordance with a dogma. Jefferson's apothegm that it is the best government which governs least is sound, but it must be tempered with Bacon's occasional excess; that is, occasional departure from the general rule.

The demand for practical politicians rather than doctrinaires, and the impatience with those who are called visionaries in politics, arise from the consciousness that allowance must be always made, that to see a remote star you must look a little on one side of it, and that there are laws of disorder. It is certain that the best governments are full of inconsistencies, and consequently that a public project is not to be condemned summarily because it is not in accord with a good general theory. In this country the general principle following Jefferson's apothegm is that the government should confine itself to protecting individual liberty of action, assuming that such freedom will accomplish all that is essential for public progress and development, without complaint that any class or interest is more favored than others.

But this principle is disregarded in two of the most vitally important institutions of the country—the post-office and the common school. There is no doubt that individual enterprise would carry the mails and provide schools. But the government, going beyond the protection of individual liberty, and beyond taxation limited to the amount of the necessary expenses of government in discharging that duty, manages in the nation the post-office, and in the States the schools. The practical reason and justification are that these are both great public conveniences of a kind which in our situation makes it better for the general welfare that they should be a public rather than a private care. Here is a wise excess, a useful departure from the rigidity of exact consistency.

This is a strain of reflection of which many a loiterer at Niagara this summer was perhaps conscious as he contrasted the present freedom of that grand spectacle with its recent peril from destroying obstructions. Yet the emancipation of the great cataract has been secured, as many of the noblest mediæval buildings were erected, by a distinct violation of the letter of the Jeffersonian apothegm. The ghost of Jefferson might well ask: If the public is to be taxed for a pleasure-ground, why not for sanitary excursions? If the government is to undertake to carry letters and parcels, why not passengers? If the State should maintain schools, why not support colleges and museums?

But Bacon says that while occasional excess is good, the wise rule is temperance. The strength of States is the self-respecting and self-sustaining citizen, and the excess must always stop short of injury to those qualities. The State is composed of citizens, and whatever they decide, upon mature reflection, to be best for the general welfare, they may properly decide to do, since they must do it at their own cost. Public spirit is the spirit in a community which considers the benefit

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of the whole as well as the advantage of the individual, and which willingly helps to secure that general benefit if it can be secured without injury to the larger benefit of the whole, which consists in developing and maintaining individual self-reliance.

The purchase by the State of the grounds surrounding Niagara Falls, for the purpose of removing obstructions and securing forever the inviolate grandeur of the spectacle, is one of the most striking recent illustrations of true public spirit. It could not be urged that a pecuniary revenue would be returned to the State from the purchase, nor that it would not be an annual expense properly to maintain the grounds. The argument was that it was an unparalleled scene of natural sublimity within the domain of the State, that its unobstructed contemplation was a high moral benefit to the community, and that the consciousness of its neglect and of its practical destruction as a natural spectacle would be morally injurious to the people. It was an argument quite beyond the usual range of arguments for an appropriation of public money. But it is honorable to the State that the force of the argument was appreciated, and that the grant was made.

The third annual report of the Commissioners announces that all legal proceedings connected with the acquisition of the reservation are finally closed, and that they have now undisturbed control of the entire territory. The total receipts from sales, from the inclined railway, leases, etc., during the three years since the organization of the Commission, are $44,769 26, and the total disbursements in the same time are $32,926 11. The receipts from sales and leases will soon cease. The estimated cost of maintenance for the next year is $18,220, and the estimated receipts, including a balance of $11,843 15, will be $19,835 15. Upon the basis of these estimates the present annual cost of maintenance will be about $18,000 or $20,000, and the annual receipts about $8000 or $10,000.

The report of the Superintendent is full of interesting facts. He states that since the establishment of the reservation Niagara has attracted various conventions and meetings, and the peculiarly pleasant advantages of the place for such assemblies will attract them more and more. A very interesting detail in the report is the account of excursions to the Falls from June 1 to October 24. A daily record was kept of the number of cars and the estimated number of persons, as well as of the places whence the excursions came, and the society or school or church, if there were any, under whose auspices they were made. The pilgrims came from Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and all parts of Canada and New York. During the five months 3169 excursion cars arrived, bringing 187,781 persons. On the 19th of August fourteen railway trains arrived, containing more than 10,000 persons. Order was easily maintained, no accident occurred, and no injury was done to the property of the State.

This is a very satisfactory story, and no one can read it without rejoicing that the State was wise enough, for its own honor and for the benefit and delight of the whole country, to emancipate Niagara.

A RECENT warm discussion in the newspapers upon the rights of passengers in railroad cars to the control of the windows is an interesting contribution to a very interesting department of inquiry—that of manners upon the road. The subject, indeed, is a large one, and was treated at some length a few years ago in *Harper's Bazar* by a writer who was apparently a travelling preacher, in whose view the question became as all-embracing as that of clothes to Professor Teufelsdröckh. Indeed, the traveller whose manners were treated in the *Bazar* was soon seen to be man himself, whose railway carriage was the globe, and whose manners were his conduct in all human relations. It seems a long step from contention about opening or shutting a car window to the consideration of the golden rule. But the difference is only apparent. Courtesy, kindliness, self-sacrifice, the fine qualities that consecrate human character and adorn human life, are shown in the smallest as in the greatest actions.

> "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine."

The immediate question, however, arose from the frequent experience of the traveller who finds the window near him or in front of him opened, to admit either the icy arrows of the winter air or the dust and smoke and cinders which exasperate the heat of summer. Is the unfortunate passenger who sits behind bound to submit to the volleys of pneumonia or of phthisis which his forward neighbor insists upon discharging at him? or may he rightfully summon the conductor or the brakeman and have justice done by closing the window? The offending neighbor contends that he requires fresh air, and that his rearward companion has no right to compel him to be suffocated in a noisome atmosphere. Moreover, he declares that his neighbor also has a window, which he can control at pleasure, and that only members of the great Hog family would insist upon managing every window in the car at their pleasure.

Sir Lucius would enjoy the prettiness of the quarrel as it thus stands, and it is certainly not one of easy adjustment, for it becomes at once extremely complicated. There are probably two persons upon every seat. Now is the absolute control of the window necessarily vested in the traveller who sits next to it? and if so, to which window in the car has his neighbor on the outside of the seat a right? Again, if the outer passenger on the seat behind enjoys the open window in front, and his fellow on the same seat detests it, how

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shall the dissent be compounded? If three of the four declare for the open window, and the consumptive fourth objects, ought the majority to rule, or ought the vigorous inhalers of oxygen to submit to inconvenience in order to save the attenuated neighbor from a fatal whiff? Such dilemmas arise upon all sides. Who is the rightful master of the window?

The passenger who sits next to it has an immense advantage of position, and with a broad back and obnoxious elbows he can repel flank attacks and even direct assaults for some time. The window itself also is his ally, for if he wishes it closed it usually sticks fast, and if he wishes it open it is very sure to refuse to come down. Meanwhile the entire company in the car take sides. One part of them declares that life without fresh air is disease and speedy death; the other part affirms that health and comfort are not to be ruthlessly sacrificed to abstract theories; and unless some ardent friend of fresh air thrusts his arm through the window and makes shutting it impossible, the war sees no immediate end. One ingenious skirmisher, however, suggests a clever parry of the pneumonic blast at the cost of its promoter. Hold a newspaper, he says, just at the back of the offender, against the side of the open window in front of you, and the whole condemned blast will caront against it, and pour dust, ashes, cinders, smoke, and pneumonia over the culprit himself. This dexterous expedient he avers that he has tried with great success.

But this device shows man in a state of perpetual war. It is an internecine condition of railroad travel which implies a relapse to barbarism. Indeed, it is the barbarous instinct which is the source of every form of ill manners upon the road. They all spring from the savage conviction that if a man doesn't take care of himself, nobody will take care of him. It is a perversion of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This feeling extends not only to the opening of car windows, but to entering the Senate of the United States. A "Senatorial" man was told that if he did not push himself for the place, nobody would push him. "Yes," he answered, "but I thought this office ought to seek the man." "Nonsense!" was the reply; "none of your metaphysics. If you want to go to the Senate, you must show that you want to go. Nobody will help you to a place that apparently you don't care for." The gentleman had no wish to tarnish the prize which attracted him for the very reason that it was untarnished, and the rival who proved that he wanted it, by "treating the boys" and by intriguing with other seekers of loot, bagged the booty.

The persuasion that if a man doesn't assert himself he will be "put upon" is the secret of much of the universal selfishness of which the car window controversy is an illustration. The controversy cannot be quickly settled by any means but courtesy. If to a polite request to close the window, because of the discomfort or even peril to health which if opened it will produce, there be no reply but that you can do what you please with your own window, or that the deponent has no intention of submitting to asphyxia, or that if you don't like your seat you can take another, or, briefly and compendiously, that deponent hopes he knows his own business—if there be no reply but some form of this retort, there are but four courses to pursue: you may submit quietly, or you may "sarce" back, or you may resort to the newspaper screen, or you may resolutely grapple with the window and try conclusions of main strength with the Hottentot in front of you. The last course a gentleman is reluctant to undertake, but the screen has great attractions, and may soothe a perturbed temper. Combined with tranquillity, it would seem to be the better method, except in extreme cases. If a man is not wholly absorbed by the conviction that in order to compel attention and respect from others he must behave like a bully or a boor, he may perhaps consider that such a conviction does not exhaust human wisdom or the lessons of experience. Two of the oldest maxims approved by the consent of all nations and all ages are that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Despite the theories of bar-rooms and legislative lobbies and small wits, it is not unbounded cheek, but self-respecting courtesy, which lasts longest and wins most. When the two men met in the narrow way, and one, keeping to the wall, said, "I never give way to a booby," and the other, stepping aside, said, quickly, "I always do," which, brethren, was the booby?

Mr. Punch in London has taken sarcastic note of the social honors shown to Buffalo Bill in a picture representing a hairy Australian savage who is socially caressed by Mayfair. Buffalo Bill himself is said to have written a letter to an old Western friend describing his extraordinary success in English society, which, he says, he has captured, from the Queen down. That his social success is due to his social qualities has not been alleged, whatever those qualities may be. The new Sweet William of London admiration, so far as we know, is an excellent showman who understands his business. His success last year on Staten Island and also in the city was very great. The show was a circus on a great scale, and the participation of actual Indians in representations of Indian forays and hunts was a novelty which charmed the public taste.

But this unquestionable success in the ring did not open the doors of what is called society on this side of the ocean, and there is a natural curiosity to know why it should have done so upon the other. One obvious reason is that in a country of recognized social classes society is much more independent than it is here. American society is always timid

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and recalcitrant. Our political doctrine and our government assert the practical equality of all men, but what is called society is an aggregation of a certain number of persons who are assumed to be socially superior to others. As a classic is a work of the first class, so "society" is a social body supposed to be distinctively higher than all other kinds and degrees of association. But as it has no recognized limits or credentials, it is perpetually asserting and excluding and assuming. Its success in definite distinction, however, is not signal. Upon the whole, our society in this sense is rather droll.

In London, society, definite and well understood, amuses itself with "lions" of all kinds. Mr. Punch and Du Maurier catch them, so to speak, on the wing, and fix them for the student of society and history. The treatment of the lion is always the same. Whether he be the famous traveller Jul Bat from the mountains of the moon, or a Persian Shah, or a Chinese philosopher, or a poet, or a musician, or Buffalo Bill, he is invited to all the great houses, he is dined and wined and received and driven about. He is universally introduced and stared at and discussed—and then whistled down the wind. Next year it is Australian Jim, or a calf with one more head than usual, and he is the hero of the hour, and the lords and ladies look at him and admit him to their palaces—and presently blow him a final good-by.

The reason that these personages enter without knocking the charmed circle into which rich Americans long and toil and pant and contrive in every way to enter, but in vain, is simply that they are conspicuous, and have excited either the curiosity or the interest and admiration of the great people. But when Mr. and Mrs. Uncle Sam go to London, although they may be as rich as the richest, and spend money as princes scatter diamonds in fairy tales, and dash and "swell" in every possible manner, they are totally unknown and wholly uninteresting to the great people, and can in no way amuse those who do the same things more magnificently. A clever American conjurer or ventriloquist or clown has a much better chance of "getting into society," and seeing what American "society" passionately yearns to see, than that society itself.

Money, manners, fine dresses, diamonds, great houses, splendid entertainments — all these London society has, and these alone coming from other countries, especially from a country largely modelled upon England, do not attract it. Why should a rich and dull English nobleman take the trouble to call upon a rich and dull New York merchant or lawyer or other excellent American, merely because he has come to England and would like to be called upon by any nobleman whatever? The rich and dull Englishman knows that if he wishes to enlarge his social circle of those qualities he need not look to America to supply him, because the supply in London is ample. If, however, the American is something more than rich and well dressed and agreeable—if he is famous or witty or learned, if his name arouses curiosity and he can amuse the rather dull noble society—then there is a reason for the coroneted carriage to stop at the American's London door, and the liveried footman to play upon the knocker the thundering and ravishing overture to Mayfair.

This is the simple explanation of Buffalo Bill in England. His novel performance and his picturesque personality piqued the curiosity of "society." No princess could "lose caste" by driving with him, no duchess would be thought "queer" if she asked him to dinner; but the simpler and pleasanter the Buffalo, the surer his attraction and the greater his success. It is plain that such independence makes society much more entertaining. "I have had more fun at one dinner at Pfaff's" (a cellar restaurant in New York greatly frequented by Bohemians twenty-five years ago) "than at a whole year of heavy swell dinners at the Bonnyclabbers'," said Mercutio, to whom Broadway cellars and the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms of society were equally open. Yet the world of society looked upon a Bonnyclabber dinner as a chapter of the Garter held in full regalia. London society is perfectly sure of its own position, and it is not necessary for it to "show" at the solemn Bonnyclabber feasts. If Charles Wesley said that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes, London society doesn't see why the world outside should have all the fun.

UNDER the noble title *Lovers of the Poor*, which Mr. F. B. Sanborn reminds us that Dryden says the Incas of Peru valued above all their other titles, Mr. Sanborn, himself one of the most efficient of the "sacred band" of philanthropists in this country, pays a beautiful tribute to Dorothea Dix, Jennie Collins, and Jane Andrews, who recently died. Of the three names, that of Miss Dix had been longest and most widely known, from her devotion to the care of the most neglected waifs of humanity, the insane poor. The constancy of her devotion and her self-sacrificing earnestness recall those of John Howard in his investigation and relief of the frightful condition of jails. Nothing more truly illustrates George Mason's remark that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities than the fact disclosed by Howard that discharged prisoners in England were peripatetic centres of contagion, and the cruel public neglect which bred jail-fever was punished by the death of more innocent people than of those who died upon the gallows at the time when the gallows was most greedy.

It was by the horrible condition of a jail near Boston that Miss Dix's sympathetic attention was first attracted, and it was there that she found among the suffering inmates

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several poor insane persons, to whose interests, with similar charities, she gave her life. She patiently and resolutely pursued her course, investigating the facts and appealing to public intelligence and sympathy. Her exposure of abuses and her wise recommendations of relief led to effective reform legislation. Her activity was rather before the general revival of interest in charitable enterprises, and was a noble illustration of effective individual effort. The condition of the insane poor, as the recent investigation in New York shows, is still sad enough. But it is little more than a century since the spell of terror under which the insane had lain so long was broken, and in this country no person deserves to be more warmly remembered for opening the madhouse to the sun of humane interest and knowledge than Dorothea Dix. Mr. Sanborn says that he knew her only within the last twenty-five years, when she had lost something of her earlier buoyancy of spirit, and had acquired something of the rigidity of the veteran, but she still retained her quaint originality and her unwavering love of the poor.

Miss Jennie Collins was well known in Boston, but elsewhere there was chiefly a pleasant association of her name with that of Boffin's Bower, which, with the way in which she was often mentioned, gave an impression as of one of Dickens's characters, one of the devoted and true-hearted little women who are among the most charming children of his imagination. She had been a factory girl, a domestic servant, a social reformer, and the manager of a most useful charity. It was her love of Dickens, and the name of Boffin's Bower, which she gave to her houses, serving as exchanges to provide employment for poor women, with reading-rooms and amusements, which deepened the association with Dickens.

It was a good response to the true ring of his human sympathy that it commanded the confidence and enthusiasm of this daughter of the people. Mr. Sanborn knew her, and his words are her best eulogy: "Impulsive, enthusiastic, loyal to her friends, sharp yet forgiving toward her enemies, she was a person who carried in her busy brain and her affectionate heart wit and love enough to neutralize a great sum of evil. She could not travel in the ranks of established charity; but she knew better than most persons what charity ought and ought not to do; and she literally gave her life to an obscure and often misinterpreted mission. Those who trusted her never had occasion to regret their confidence; and those to whom she opened the stores of her pathetic and whimsical experience never forgot the glimpses thus given into a nature rich and erratic, with whom rested in no ordinary or tiresome fashion the covenant of a religious mission."

The third of this trio of good women, Miss Jane Andrews, of Newburyport, is probably unknown beyond the private circle in which alone she moved. Her life was a hidden wellspring of sweet charities, and her only public appearance was as the author of delightful children's books, which, although very successful, yet gave her no notoriety, nor disturbed the serene round of her helpful activities. It is not only the good that such women do, it is the knowledge of their existence, which makes life richer; and the mere glimpse which Mr. Sanborn gives us of Miss Andrews recalls those women, of whom every man has known some, whose "light doth trample on our days," and whose influence upon life and character is an elevating and steadying force. It is such women that interpret Clough's lines:

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, truth is so;
> That howsoe'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That if I slip thou dost not fall."

The death of the three women whom Mr. Sanborn commemorates reminds us, if we were disposed to forget it, of the constant presence and influence of the qualities in human life and character which the poets celebrate, and which illuminate history with the purest radiance. They renew our faith both in the excellence and the value of high endeavor, of a faithful love of humanity, and in the things which are unseen, but which make the glory of the things that are seen. This is the instinct of the realism which distinguishes recent imaginative literature. It may be distorted and travestied. But its involuntary impulse is to show that human nature is not worn out, and that the ancient virtues are modern qualities.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN his *Life of John Keats*, the latest issue of the "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. Sidney Colvin tells once more the most pathetic story in the annals of our literature, with a clearness, sympathy, and good sense which give it a fresh interest. We do not say that he makes Keats more known to us; the facts had been pretty thoroughly ascertained before; but he makes him better known, if there is such a difference; he makes us understand him. He does not write of him, as people must a generation ago, with heartbreak for his unfulfilled love and early death, with hot indignation for the malevolence of the criticism which was as savage as if it had really killed him, with idolatry for the beauty that divinely thrills and flushes in his verse. That personal mood

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is past, and Mr. Colvin lets us see him as a very natural phase of the great Romantic movement, quite inevitably arousing the hate of an equally natural phase of Classicism, in a conservative civilization shortly before frightened out of its decency by the spectre of revolution. It seems a far way about from Leigh Hunt's radical lampoon on the Prince of Wales to the high Tory attacks of *Blackwood* and the *London Quarterly* upon Keats, but the sequence through the friendship of the two poets is perfect, and one followed the other in the ordinary course of events. We have to imagine social conditions of a brutality which it is now hard to imagine before we can fully conceive of avenging a political difference by an assault on a poet's æsthetics, and by insult to his origin, and even to the profession he had abandoned, but any account of English society in George the Fourth's regency and reign will help us in the effort. When we have succeeded in making it, we shall perhaps understand how those attacks, which now seem so shallow and stupid, did really destroy, not Keats, but the public of Keats, and rendered him despicable to the average contemporary reader. No one at the time was more fully aware of this than he; and he accepted the fact with patience, while he felt in every nerve the atrocious injustice. He perceived that for the time it was literary death to him; but he met his fate manfully. He had the measure of himself, and he knew his own weaknesses better than the thick wits who outraged him for his virtues. He never denied that they wounded and discouraged him; he had not the folly of that hardihood, any more than the folly of that sensitiveness which once misrepresented him to most readers; but he was acquainted with the British public and its respect for authority, and he recognized that *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* were authorities. It would not be safe to say that if Keats had been of a different political thinking these authorities would have praised him, but there can be no doubt that his liberalism embittered their spite. At any rate, he saw that he could have no present hope of success against them, and he submitted. He was dispirited; but his breaking health had quite other causes; he was the son of a consumptive mother; one of his brothers had died of consumption under his care, and the malady fastened itself upon him in the usual way; even the dramatic incident of his coughing up arterial blood and calling for a light and reading his doom in it, was one of a series of facts antedating it by several months.

Life was slipping from him, but fame was coming, to abide with his name while the language endures. It appears that all the adverse criticism, mixed with the cruelest obloquy, did not stay him nor swerve him for a moment. That was impossible; his whole intellectual being had resolved itself into his share of the work of liberating from forms and conventions the poetry which he enlarged with entrancing perspectives of unexpected phrase, and enriched with words so exquisitely chosen that they surprise like creations. He had his defects, his vices, of which he was conscious in part and partly not, and all of which his latest biographer notes with what we may call a sympathetic impartiality; but it was not for the reviewers and magazinists who could see nothing good in him to destroy him, though for the time they defeated him. He was part of the great tendency of his epoch, and his career illustrates the futility with which criticism opposes itself to any such tendency in any epoch or under any conditions. The end must always be the same; and we have a pleasure in helping to disabuse the reader, if any still linger in that superstition, of the old fabulous belief that Keats's critics compassed even Keats's death. They grievously hurt a generous spirit singularly susceptible to insult, but they had no other power upon him, and they did not change him one jot or tittle.

II.

The England of Keats's time, say from 1815 to 1825, the England of political reaction, is a region little explored by the curiosity of our time in those phases of passive or active protest which must have been very common among unstoried lives, and we therefore commend as a study of these a book which is otherwise very worthy of attention. It is called *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, and it is from the same hand that gave us the *Mark Rutherford* books already spoken of here. It is like these in its uncommon and unequal power, and in its unliterary naturalness, its deep feeling, and its novel material. The scenes lie again among the intellectualized artisans, of whom there are more than what calls itself culture suspects, and there are some important studies of English Philistinism, as well as of one type of high-caste radicalism, and types equally fresh and interesting of French refugee radicalism. We awkwardly indicate by these terms several characters vigorously painted and interestingly contrasted in a canvas where other figures are merely blocked out, and where there is an interrupted unity of design, as a whole. The book is, in fact, two fragments which scarcely supplement each other's incompleteness; and it is only fair to say that there is a courage in some of the thinking about the things of this life and the other in which some righteous souls might dread offence. But these ought to be the first to concede a sincerity that is so rare as to be almost precious in itself, and an honesty which is never irreverent. In a time when so little English fiction is strenuous or direct, it is almost a duty to praise a book dealing as originally with life as the Russians themselves, upon ground practically as new.

"How few materials," says Emerson, "are yet used by our arts! The mass of creatures and of qualities are still hid and expectant,"

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and to break new ground is still one of the uncommonest and most heroic of the virtues. The artists are not alone to blame for the timidity that keeps them in the old furrows of the worn-out fields; most of those whom they live to please, or live by pleasing, prefer to have them remain there; it wants rare virtue to appreciate what is new, as well as to invent it; and the "easy things to understand" are the conventional things. This is why the ordinary English novel, with its hackneyed plot, scenes, and figures, is more comfortable to the ordinary American than an American novel, which deals, at its worst, with comparatively new interests and motives. To adjust one's self to the enjoyment of these costs an intellectual effort, and an intellectual effort is what no ordinary person likes to make. It is only the extraordinary person who can say, with Emerson: "I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic;.... I embrace the common; I sit at the feet of the familiar and the low.... Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote.... The perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries.... The foolish man wonders at the unusual, but the wise man at the usual.... To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless; but to-day is a king in disguise.... Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphos."

Perhaps we ought not to deny their town of Troy and their temple of Delphos to the dull people; but if we ought, and if we did, they would still insist upon having them. An English novel, full of titles and rank, is apparently essential to the happiness of such people; their weak and childish imagination is at home in its familiar environment; they know what they are reading; the fact that it is hash many times warmed over reassures them; whereas a story of our own life, honestly studied and faithfully represented, troubles them with varied misgiving. They are not sure that it is literature; they do not feel that it is good society; its characters, so like their own, strike them as commonplace; they say they do not wish to know such people.

III.

"English history," says Mr. J. W. De Forest, in a recent letter to the press, "is ancient, impressive, and far-famed, compared with our own; it is more agreeable to identify one's self with the ivy-grown castle than with the lowly and transitory log cabin. In the second place, an Englishman may be a noble, which is not possible with an American. When the New York dude puts on British costume and stutters in British accents, he is not trying to pass himself off for a London shopkeeper, but for a swell out of the English peerage or squirearchy. Now why are we so prodigiously impressed by the ivy-grown castle and by the class which belongs to it? It is because our minds are drenched from childhood with English fiction. In our reading we are still colonial; we have never had our war of independence. A host of English novelists fill the minds of our youth with English pictures of life, English ideas and preferences and prejudices. From the age of fifteen the American dude has been revelling by imagination in the aristocratic society of the mother-land, and learning to wish that he could attain to it. It is not to be expected that he should remain fervidly patriotic or democratic in his fancies and manners."

All this is perfectly true, and it is also true that the literary subjection in which we are to England has its lovely and charming phase as well as its odious aspect. We sit at the feet not only of the second-rate English novelists, but of the sympathetic and winning English essayists, the true and great English poets, and the ideal England is so endeared to us in earliest childhood by the very nursery rhymes, that when we come to the real England nothing is strange there but the Englishmen. We have known those gentle hills and streams, those green fields and hedges, those low, soft skies, those rooks and larks and nightingales, all our lives; and even if we are snobs, as most of us are, a genuine poetic strain in us is touched by the sight of noblemen's castles and gentlemen's places, and their parks and pleasances. Everything in England is appreciable to the literary sense, while the sense of the literary worth of things in America is still faint and weak with most people, with the vast majority who "ask for the great, the remote, the romantic," who cannot "embrace the common," cannot "sit at the feet of the familiar and the low," in the good company of Emerson. The effect is no doubt such as Mr. De Forest suggests, with these. We are all, or nearly all, struggling to be distinguished from the mass, and to be set apart in select circles and upper classes like the fine people we have read about. We are really a mixture of the plebeian ingredients of the whole world; but that is not bad; our vulgarity consists in trying to ignore "the worth of the vulgar," in believing that the superfine is better.

IV.

Mr. De Forest makes the situation a text from which he preaches a brief sermon to the tough-conscienced fathers of the republic, urging them to pass an international copyright law, to the end that the English novel, which corrupts the fancy of the American dude, may become as costly as home fiction, and so be deprived of one ruinous advantage of stolen goods.

But there is another ground upon which we must always deplore the present pillage of English authors, and which Mr. De Forest would no doubt have touched if it had not seemed better, for the time, to limit himself to the point he was making. He, like every other honest man who thinks about the matter,

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must feel keenly the disgrace, now fairly shifted from the American publishers to the American public, of the wrong involved in the absence of an international copyright law. We prefer to put our demand for it upon this ground at once, because we believe we shall never have such a law till we appeal to the common conscience instead of the common interest. With the common conscience it now distinctly rests, for, however literary piracy grew up, in the days before the wrong had been duly considered, it must now be owned that American publishers, with but one or two exceptions, are in favor of its suppression. They stand with American authors in this, and it is now the American nation that wilfully perpetuates an abuse which in a small way is morally worse than slavery in a large way. Slavery compelled a man's labor, but it gave him in return food, shelter, and clothing, such as they were; literary piracy seizes the fruits of a man's labor, and gives him absolutely nothing in return. There can be no question of the nature of the wrong, and no justification of it. From time to time we hear that the English also pirate American books; but no one has the effrontery to urge this in defence of our piracy of English books; and every one knows that if the English continued to pirate our books for a hundred years the balance of guilt would still be upon our side. Moreover, every one knows that if we enacted justice to the English author, there would be an instant response on the part of England to our tardy reparation; in fact, prior publication in Great Britain already secures for the American author the protection which our law denies to the alien upon any condition.

We confess we have not much sympathy with the arguments of those who prove that foreign books would be just as cheap with a copyright law, and that we should somehow find our profit in doing justice to English authors. No doubt we should, if honesty is the best policy; but our people have no right to cheap literature by defrauding the author; they could have cheap silks and cheap wines by a like simple process. We are not to give over wrong-doing because it does not pay, but because it is wrong; and we are not to abandon literary piracy because it has disorganized the publishing business, but because it is a flagrant injustice, which no law, and no want of law, can change in its essence.

Those who appeal to the motives of self-interest in urging international copyright are like the philanthropists, of no great effect in their day and generation, who used to say that they did not care for the slaves, but were opposed to slavery because it was so ruinous to the masters. The masters smiled patiently under their burdens, and kept on holding slaves; and probably the literary pirates, unless they are rescued by a compassionate statute, will continue to bear their crushing load without murmuring. But the voluntary pirates are no longer numerous; they are very few; and this fact makes their offence more distinctly a national sin, because the nation could so easily suppress them. Some of us may seek to escape complicity in the sin by refusing to buy the cheap pirated editions of foreign books, as certain zealots used to refrain from the sugar and cotton produced by slave labor. But this privation had no perceptible effect upon the system of slavery, and for one just person who denies himself a ten-cent copy of an English novel because it pays the author nothing, a hundred of the wicked will buy it because it is a ten-cent copy.

It is the slow conscience of these hundreds and hundred thousands that we must reach before we can hope for an international copyright law; and we ought not to be discouraged because we are indefinitely remote from the desired end. After all, the American nation is not so wilfully as it is ignorantly guilty in this matter. The great mass of the people, even of those who buy books, have not the least notion what a pirated book is, or what the sacred principle which it outrages; they do not know what copyright is, international or otherwise. But they can be told; and we venture to suggest to our good friends of the International Copyright League that they prepare a very brief and very plain statement of the facts, such as the wayfaring man, though a fool, might not err in, to be printed in all the newspapers, and to be read in the churches throughout the country. We trust that few editors or ministers would refuse their aid to so good a cause, or would object to submit for signatures in their offices and vestries a petition to Congress for the passage of an international copyright law. The editor could readily illustrate the case by reference to some sketch or story reprinted in his paper from an English magazine without compensation to the author; and the minister could instance pirated reprints in the Sunday-school library in proof of the shameful wrong involved by the absence of such a law.

V.

We urge a little haste in the action of the League, because there has been proposed —ironically, perhaps—a "Bill for creating and maintaining National Free Circulating Libraries," which must have a great charm for the fancy of the cheap politician. This bill proposes to levy a tax, graduated to the bulk of the book, upon all foreign works imported or reprinted; but the money thus collected is not to be paid over to the foreign authors—that would be opposed to the whole tenor of our dealings with these outlaws—it is to be devoted to establishing, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, free circulating libraries throughout the Union. By this simple and ready means a temple to our national discredit can be erected in every principal town in the country, and all our citizens can directly participate in the advantages of our common wrong-doing.

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The chief difficulty in the way of believing the proposed bill a satire is its perfect consonance with the principles which have always governed us as a nation in our dealings with foreign authors. Long ago the respectable publishers among us began, in the absence of law, to pay these authors for their works; and even now, in the utterly disorganized state of that branch of the trade, when no comity protects one reprinter against another, the honorable publisher pays something—a little, but something. The nation, however, has never swerved from the position taken by the fathers, and has steadily authorized its citizens to take the literary property of the alien whenever they could lay hands upon it. It still authorizes them to do so, and we believe that if this bill to found national free circulating libraries by the official plunder of foreign authors were seriously introduced in Congress, it would meet with far greater favor from the average politician than any measure for the protection of those authors, and would have a better chance of passing both houses than a bill to establish international copyright.

It could be readily proved that the cause of education would be served by these free libraries, and there is no question but the great mass of those who used them would remain ignorant if not innocent of offence. It is even imaginable that Congress itself could pass such a bill without a sense of wrong, and we have no intention to arraign Congressmen as especially responsible for the want of international copyright. They are no worse than their constituents; we are all alike guilty, and ought all to be made to feel a modicum of the shame which comes home to the detected sinner. The wrong that our sin of omission involves should be made clear to every intelligence, every conscience; and we think that the friends of international copyright cannot begin to urge the moral aspect of the case upon the public too soon, for we do not believe that their cause will ever be won till this is done. We would have them put it at its worst; we would have them tell the people that this is the cause of the class which seems the strongest and is the weakest, that the class is small, and cannot hope to affect legislation in any ordinary way, that no politician sees any advantage in befriending it, that unless the American people take its cause to heart there is no chance for it with the American government. But let them add that it is one of the most righteous causes that ever appealed to the justice of a nation; that the wrong is as old as the nation; and that if English authors were paid up with interest for the piracies of the past, the award would be as just as that made us by England for the depredations of the *Alabama*.

Let the International Copyright League invoke the aid not only of the press and the pulpit, but of every social organization, and the whole educational mechanism of the country. Let it provide petitions for signature, and scatter them broadcast, in the schools, the libraries, the clubs, the churches, the post-offices; and then take care that these petitions are duly collected, and presented to Congress when the next bill for international copyright is introduced. Let it be known that every vested interest of piracy can be protected, and justice still be done; let it be understood that the friends of this most righteous cause will be humbly glad to accept any measure, however halting and imperfect, which tends toward righting the wrong of generations—and we do not believe that Congress will fail to respond to the popular demand.

VI.

"Since you are curious to know what is read in wardrooms," writes a naval officer, in reply to the inquiry suggested in the Study of our August number, "I will undertake to give you a general statement. Old newspapers, particularly local papers, and cheap novels, form the bulk of our literature. There are a few omnivorous readers among us, and now and then a critical one. I have a friend who enjoys the whole of Herbert Spencer, and in my last ship there were three who appreciated Stevenson, Meredith, and Jane Austen. Perhaps something of this latter result was due to missionary effort."

This is interesting, and not, on the whole, disappointing. We do not know in which sense our correspondent uses the word cheap, but if it is to indicate inexpensiveness simply, it is not necessarily to the disadvantage of the wardroom taste; almost any good reprint can now be bought for ten or twenty cents, whether it pays a copyright to the author, or a tax to the nation for the foundation of free circulating libraries. The old local newspapers are in the nature of old letters from home, and we suspect that the three who appreciated Stevenson, Meredith, and Jane Austen, together with the one who enjoyed Spencer, form a high average, not easily to be matched among readers elsewhere.

It is idle for literary people to deceive themselves, and we had better face the fact that many of those even who read appreciatively do not read intelligently. They feel that a thing is good, but they do not know how or why; very commonly they do not know the author's name or the title of the book, and they have never thought it important to know them. We literary folk make a great noise, and suppose ourselves to be generally understood in our relation to civilization, but there are vast numbers of our readers who do not even understand our relation to literature, or how literature becomes or exists. This is very unpalatable truth, but it is truth nevertheless, and until we have assimilated it we shall not be able to conceive of the almost immeasurable ignorance which lies between the popular conscience and a sense of the wrong done by the want of international copyright.

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VII.

Probably the great difficulty of doing justice to the position of another, when there is the best will in the world to be just, would account for a vast deal of misrepresentation, and may be the obscure origin of a prevalent journalistic principle against making corrections of statement. The able editor instinctively feels that he will only be making bad worse by attempting to make it better, and he denies himself the satisfaction of the effort. But we have not this spirit of unselfish resignation, and we desire to recall to the reader the passage in the Study for August, intended to define the views of Rev. M. J. Savage concerning a point which he rightly feels to be important. Our summary of his sermon on Tolstoï was that he held Christ to be "a supremely good soul, but an inferior intellect," and Tolstoï "a still lower intellect in attempting to rehabilitate Him as a practical reformer." But in a passage of his discourse to which Mr. Savage calls our attention, he says that "it is no impeachment of his intellectual ability" to represent Christ as unpractical and mistaken in regard to the future, as "legislating for a passing phase of society instead of for the growing order of a developing civilization," which he did not foresee. Mr. Savage criticises Christ's "social and economical ideas precisely as he would those of Plato's Republic"; and he conceives that "this does not even raise the question of Christ's intellectual rank, any more than questioning some position of Kant or Bacon would be passing on their intellect. An inferior intellect to-day sees much that the greatest could not see one or two thousand years ago." So far as this is a question of words, we prefer that Mr. Savage's words should remain with the reader, and not ours.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of August.

—The Ohio Republican State Convention, July 28, renominated J. B. Foraker for Governor, and recommended Senator John Sherman for the Presidency.

The Maryland Democratic State Convention, July 27, nominated Elihu E. Jackson for Governor, and the Prohibitionists, August 2, Summerfield Baldwin.

The Kentucky State election, August 1, resulted in a Democratic plurality of 17,000 for General S. B. Buckner as Governor.

The Prohibitionists lost the Texas election on the proposed constitutional amendment, August 4, by about 90,000 majority.

The passage of the Coercion Bill was followed by the immediate proclaiming of every county in Ireland.

The bill to allow the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel was rejected by the British House of Commons August 3, by a vote of 153 to 107.

The Land Bill passed a third reading in the House of Commons August 5.

Prince Ferdinand was installed as ruler of Bulgaria August 14. After the ceremony the ministers resigned and the Sobranje was dissolved.

DISASTERS.

July 4.—Twenty-seven men killed by a premature explosion of dynamite at Jasz-Berény, Hungary.

July 21.—Eleven Italian track laborers killed on the Erie Railroad above Hohokus.

July 22.—News of the loss of the ship *Firth* in a cyclone in Java waters.

July 23.—Steamer *Mahratta* foundered off Hoogly Point, India. A large number of pilgrims drowned.

July 25.—Later reports of the wreck of the steamer *Sir John Lawrence* in the Bay of Bengal place the number of lives lost at eight hundred.

August 10.—Excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railroad fell through a burning bridge three miles east of Chatsworth, Illinois. Seventy-six passengers killed and two hundred and seventy-nine wounded.

OBITUARY.

July 19.—In Trenton, New Jersey, Dorothea L. Dix, philanthropist, aged eighty-two years.

July 20.—In Brookline, Massachusetts, Jennie Collins, philanthropist, aged fifty-nine years.—In Hyde Park, Massachusetts, Sylvanus Cobb, Jun., author, aged sixty-four years.

July 25.—In Salt Lake City, Utah, John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, aged seventy-nine years.

July 29.—In Stradella, Italy, Agostino Depretis, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, aged seventy-six years.

August 1.—In Moscow, Russia, Michael Nikephorovitch Katkoff, publicist and journalist, aged sixty-seven years.

August 8.—In Richmond, Missouri, General A. W. Doniphan, aged seventy-nine years.

August 9.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Commodore Henry Hastings, aged sixty-nine years.

August 11.—In New York, Colonel Charles S. Spencer, aged sixty-three years.

August 12.—In Paris, France, Jean Victor Duruy, historian, aged seventy-six years.

August 16.—News in London of the death of Meier Goldschmidt, Danish poet and novelist, aged sixty-eight years.

August 17.—In New York city, Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D., in his seventy-eighth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

IS there any such thing as conversation? It is a delicate subject to touch, because many people understand conversation to be talk; not the exchange of ideas, but of words; and the Drawer would not like to say anything to increase the flow of the latter. We read of times and *salons* in which real conversation existed, held by men and women. Are they altogether in the past? We believe that men do sometimes converse. Do women ever? Perhaps so. In those hours sacred to the relaxation of undress and the back hair, in the upper penetralia of the household, where two or three or six are gathered together on and about the cushioned frame intended for repose, do they converse, or indulge in that sort of chat from which not one idea is carried away? No one reports, fortunately, and we do not know. But do all the women like this method of spending hour after hour, day after day—indeed, a lifetime? Is it invigorating, even restful? Think of the talk this past summer, the rivers and oceans of it, on piazzas and galleries in the warm evenings or the fresher mornings, in private houses, on hotel verandas, in the shade of thousands of cottages by the sea and in the hills! As you recall it, what was it all about? Was the mind in a vapid condition after an evening of it? And there is so much to read, and so much to think about, and the world is so interesting, if you do think about it, and nearly every person has some peculiarity of mind that would be worth study if you could only get at it! It is really, we repeat, such an interesting world, and most people get so little out of it. Now there is the conversation of hens, when the hens are busy and not self-conscious; there is something fascinating about it, because the imagination may invest it with a recondite and spicy meaning; but the common talk of people! We infer sometimes that the hens are not saying anything, because they do not read, and consequently their minds are empty. And perhaps we are right. As to conversation, there is no use in sending the bucket into the well when the well is dry—it only makes a rattling of windlass and chain.

The Drawer does not wish to be understood as an enemy of the light traffic of human speech. Deliver us from the didactic and the everlastingly improving style of thing! Conversation, in order to be good, and intellectually inspiring, and spiritually restful, need not always be serious. It must be alert and intelligent, and mean more by its suggestions and allusions than is said. There is the light touch-and-go play about topics more or less profound that is as agreeable as heat-lightning in a sultry evening. Why may not a person express the whims and vagaries of a lambent mind (if he can get a lambent mind) without being hauled up short for it, and plunged into a heated dispute? In the freedom of real conversation the mind throws out half-thoughts, paradoxes, for which a man is not to be held strictly responsible to the very roots of his being, and which need to be caught up and played with in the same tentative spirit. The dispute and the hot argument are usually the bane of conversation and the death of originality. We like to express a notion, a fancy, without being called upon to defend it, then and there, in all its possible consequences, as if it were to be an article in a creed or a plank in a platform. Must we be always either vapid or serious?

The Drawer has been obliged to take notice of the extraordinary tendency of American women to cultivation, to the improvement of the mind, by means of reading, clubs, and other intellectual exercises, and to acknowledge that they are leaving the men behind; that is, the men not in the so-called professions. Is this intellectualization beginning to show in the conversation of women when they are together, say in the hours of relaxation in the penetralia spoken of, or in general society? Is there less talk about the fashion of dress, and the dearness or cheapness of materials, and about servants, and the ways of the inchoate citizen called the baby, and the infinitely little details of the private life of other people? Is it true that if a group of men are talking, say about politics, or robust business, or literature, and they are joined by women (whose company is always welcome), the conversation is pretty sure to take a lower mental plane, to become more personal, more frivolous, accommodating itself to quite a different range? Do the well-read, thoughtful women, however beautiful and brilliant and capable of the gayest persiflage, prefer to talk with men, to listen to the conversation of men, rather than to converse with or listen to their own sex? If this is true, why is it? Women, as a rule, in "society" at any rate, have more leisure than men. In the facilities and felicities of speech they commonly excel men, and usually they have more of that vivacious dramatic power which is called "setting out a thing to the life." With all these advantages, and all the world open to them in newspapers and in books, they ought to be the leaders and stimulators of the best conversation. With them it should never drop down to the too-common flatness and banality. Women have made this world one of the most beautiful places of residence to be conceived. They might make it one of the most interesting.

THE following story is told of a Virginia gentleman, rather advanced in life, who was about to be united in marriage to a lady very much his junior. Going to make her a visit just before their wedding, her old colored

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mammy came courtesying into the parlor, eager to make the acquaintance of the future lord and master of her young lady. "Well, Aunt Chloe," said the gentleman in question, after the preliminary greeting had been gotten through with, "what do you think of Miss Lucy's choice, now you've seen him?"

"I likes you mighty well, Mars' John, fur as I've seen you," replied Aunt Chloe, after a moment's deliberation; "but you's too old for Miss Lucy."

"Too old, Aunt Chloe!" exclaimed the gentleman, somewhat discomfited by Aunt Chloe's unexpected candor. "You don't know what you're talking about" (straightening himself up). "Why, I'm just in my prime."

"Yes, sir, I sees you is," replied the still unconvinced Aunt Chloe; "but when Miss Lucy gits in her prime, *whar you gwine be den?*"

GRACE WILLOUGHBY.

THE wife of Dr. A——, a well-known clergyman, went up to the pulpit, after a sermon by a strange minister, to shake hands, and he said, "The wife of Dr. A——, I presume?" And she, with the confused idea that it might not be *the* Dr. A—— whom he knew, said, "Yes, *one* of them"—as if he were a Mormon.

DER COMING MAN.

I VANT some invormashun, shust so qvickly vot I can,
How I shall pring mine Yawcob oup to been der coming man,
For efery day id seem to me der brosbect look der harder
To make dot coming man imbrove ubon dot going fader.
'Tvas beddher he vas more like me, a Deutscher blain und rude,
As to been abofe hees peesnis und grown oup to been a dude.



I don'd oxshbect dot poy off mine a Vashington to be,
Und schop mit hadchets all aroundt ubon mine abbledree,
So he can let der coundtry know he schmardter vas as I,
Und got scheap adverdising dot he don'd could dell a lie:
Mine Yawcob lets der drees alone undil der fruit dhey bear,
Und dhen dot feller he looks oudt und gets der lion's share.



Some say 'tvas beddher dot you teach der young ideas to shoot;
Vell, I dink dis aboudt id: dot advice id vas no goot!
Dot poy vonce dook hees broder oudt und dhey blay Villiam Tell,
Budt Yawcob vas no shooter—he don'd do id pooty vell;
Dot arrow don'd go droo der core, budt id vent pooty near—
Shust near enough to miss id und go droo hees broder's ear.

He dravels mit hees buysickle in efery kind off vedder,
Und dough he vas a demperance poy, somedimes he dakes a "header":
I don'd know shust oxactly vot dot vas—'tis vorse as bier—
Shust like he shtrike a cyglone und valk righdt off on his ear!
I ask von time aboudt id, budt dot poy he only grumble,
Und say I beddher try id vonce, dhen maybe I vould "tumble."

Dot Yawcob says dot ve vas boor, und he vants to be richer,
Und dot der coming man must been a virsd-glass pase-pall pitcher;
He say he must be "shtriking oudt," und try und "make a hit,"
Und dells me I vas "off mine pase" vhen I makes fun off it;
Vhen I say he soon must baddle hees canoe "oudt on der schwim,"
He say dot von off Hanlan's shells vas goot enough for him.

Dot Shakesbeer say aboudt der son dot's brofligate und vild:
"How sharper as a serpent's thanks vas been der toothless shild!"
(I got dot leedle dwisted; I mean dot thankless youth
He cuts hees poor oldt fader more as a serpent's tooth.)
Und dhen der broverb dells us dot der shild he must obey,
Und dot eef you should shpare der rod you shpoil him righdt avay.

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Vell, Yawcob he vas pooty goot—I guess I don'd gomblain.
I somedimes vish, mineself, dot I vas been a poy again.
I lets him blay mit pase-pall, und dake headers vhile he can.



I prings him oup mit kindness, und I risk der coming man.
Let neighbor Pfeiffer use der shtick, vhile Otto howls und dances;
I'll shpoil der rod und shpare der shild, I dink, und dake der shances.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TELEPHONE.

SCENE.—A quiet and comfortable hotel in the charming hamlet of Bethlehem, amid the White Mountains. *Time.*—Late in the evening; nearly all the guests retired for the night. The few still reading in the parlor enjoy the following telephonic wrestle:

Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle. "Hullo, Fred, hul-lo! Connect me with the Profile House—the Profeel House—the Profyle House.... Hullo! Is that you, Profile?.... I'm the Highland House, the *Highland House*, the HIGHLAND HOUSE, the HIGH-LAND HOU-SE, Bethlehem. Can you give Mrs. Gough and friends two rooms—connected rooms?.... Mrs. G-O-F-F—double F—Gough. The Highland House. Mrs. Gough." (Here the telephonist banged to both the doors of the room that he might hear the better.) "Can you give Mrs. Gough two rooms to-morrow night—connected rooms? Mrs. Gough—G-O-F-F." (Here the ill-suppressed titters of the listeners made a young lady of the house take an interest in the telephoner's orthography. She interviewed him. Then came:) "Oh, Mrs. Gough! Mrs. J. B. G-O-U-G-H, not G-O-F-F; Mrs. J. B. Gough. I am the Highland House. Fred, what's the matter? Mrs. J. B.—I'm the Highland House—HIGH-LAND—Bethlehem. Profile House—Profeel House. Mrs. Gough—Mrs. J. B. Gough wants two connected rooms—connected—to-morrow night—if it's fine—if it's fine—if it's not raining—not wet. Mrs. G-O-F—Mrs. G-O-U-G-H and friends. I'm the Highland House. Fred—Fred"—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—"Fred, you take this message for the Profile House."

A SOLUTION.

WHAT Browning meant, the maiden fair
Besought of me in wild despair,
As, seated in a grassy nook,
We pondered o'er the mystic book
To find the secret hidden there.

O'erhead the squirrels debonair
Made merry in their leafy lair,
Enjoying life. No thought they took
What Browning meant,

And seemed to say, "You foolish pair,
Be wise, and mystery forswear;
Be gay as Doris with her crook,
And Corydon." Then did I look
Up to her eyes, and ceased to care
What Browning meant.

DURING the late rebellion Sergeant Blank, an Irishman by birth, was promoted for bravery to the position of second lieutenant in one of the regular regiments. A brave man and an excellent soldier, the close of the war found him holding the rank of captain, and brevetted major for gallantry in the field. He could not, however, get rid of his brogue, nor repair the deficiencies of his early education; but he was argumentative, and always ready to express an opinion. One day in the "mess" the conversation turned on suicide. "Well, gintlemin," said the major, "I doan't belave that anny man ever committed suicide widout he was crazy; and I may go further, and say that I doan't think anny man ever led a forloarn hoap unless he war likewise insane."

"Well, major," said young X, who was just out of West Point, "how about the charge of Balaklava?"

"Well," said the major, "I doan't exactly remember about Balaklava, but I think that he was insane too, for the time bein'."

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NEMESIS.

Miss Constantia (*to old adorer, who has married for money*): "And these are your children, Ronald? Oh!... how like their mother!"
—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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A FAIRY TALE.

From a painting by F. S. Church, in the possession of Colonel M. S. Euen.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. NOVEMBER, 1887. No. CCCCL.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

(See Frontispiece.)

THOU Child-Soul, sister of the Loving Ones
Whom Dante saw circling in choral dance
Above the stars; thou who in charmèd trance
Dost bind these earthly to those heavenly zones,
So that Love's spell all lower life attones
To that far song; behold, thy ministrants—
All things that live—in loving train advance,
Thee following. Even as the Sea, that moans
With wildness, followeth the Moon's white dream,
His rage suppressed—so, by thy heavenly mood
The fiercest beasts that in the jungle brood
Assuagèd are; and thou, sweet maid, shalt even
Thy triumph join unto the pomp supreme—
God's kingdom come on Earth as 'tis in Heaven.

A SANTA BARBARA HOLIDAY.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

IF Reginald Gray, young, lately married, and actively engaged in business at a little town in northern New York, had been told in October that he would pass the greater part of the coming winter in southern California, he would very likely have thought it impossible. And yet it was only early December when he decided to go to Santa Barbara for six months or a year.

His wife was not well. She was far from being an invalid, but had been having trouble with her throat ever since the end of July, when she had a violent cold. Instead of getting better, she grew rather worse, and old Doctor Kimball, who had known both the young people all their lives, told Reginald that he ought to take his wife to a warm climate for the winter. "It will cure her," he said; "and if she stays here, I won't answer for the consequences."

In deciding upon Santa Barbara, Reginald was influenced by William Goodnow, his friend and classmate, who had only lately returned from California, and was now enthusiastic in his praise of its climate and natural attractions. Because of their many agreeable qualities, Reginald had asked two cousins of Anna, Edith and Kate Maynard, to join the party.

Strangers seeing Kate and Edith together never imagined them sisters. The former was a blonde, and had never known an ache or pain. An excellent lawn-tennis player, skilful with the oar, a perfect rider and good walker, tall, lithe, strong, and even-tempered, she was universally popular. Edith was more slender than her sister and more quiet. She was clever, played and sang well, sketched a little, and was always happy, no matter what her surroundings. Everybody liked Kate and loved Edith. She wore her hair brushed carelessly back from her forehead, and had a glorious pair of eyes—dark, large, and wonderfully expressive.

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Goodnow had graduated at Harvard without class honors, but in the athletic records his name was left opposite the best time made in hundred-yard and half-mile dashes, and he pulled on the 'Varsity. After graduation he went to California to see what business opening he could find. At Reginald's wedding he met the Maynards, with whom he at once became good friends.

It was at the beginning of winter when the long journey across the continent was begun, and the cold was intense. On reaching Los Angeles, however, perfect summer weather was found. The grass was green on all the hill-sides, and the gardens were filled with flowers. The city is the largest in southern California, and is surrounded by a rich fruit country.

There are two ways of reaching Santa Barbara from Los Angeles. One may go by boat up the coast, or by train to Newhall, and from there overland by a stage which makes daily trips to and from Santa Barbara. By this route the ride is nearly ninety miles long, but the road is through a beautiful valley and along the edge of the sea. Had Reginald been alone, he would have gone overland, but for Anna's sake he went by boat. Los Angeles, like Athens, is some six miles inland, and its Piræus port is San Pedro. A railway connects the two places.

Leaving Los Angeles early in the morning, the little party rode past a succession of groves, and later out upon wide salt-marshes, at the edge of which is the bay and town of San Pedro. The harbor is an exceedingly good one for California, but is at best a poorly protected and shallow haven. The larger steamers cannot come to the dock, but anchor about two miles from shore. On reaching the end of the railway Reginald and Goodnow rechecked the luggage, and then all boarded a small tug-boat, on which were gathered nearly a hundred other passengers. The confusion equalled that which marks the departure of an Atlantic steamer. In time, however, the starting whistle was blown, and the little boat began ploughing its way down the harbor. The day was perfect; not a cloud was visible, and the hills guarding the bay were all a deep green from wave-washed base to very top.

"Imagine its being December!" said Edith. "You have been in California before, Mr. Goodnow: is this a typical winter's day?"

"Yes, I think it is. Of course it is not always so bright and warm. There are heavy rains, but the 'wet season' is little understood. It rains hard at times, and often for a week, but there are more clear than cloudy days."

"How good it seems, not having to be wrapped up!" said Anna. "I feel better already. Is there anything about Eastern weather in the paper to-day?"

"Yes; there's a flood in Boston, a blizzard at Chicago, and a terrible snow-storm in New York," replied Reginald.

On reaching the steamer the passengers were transferred from the tug, after which the two boats separated, one returning to the San Pedro wharf, and the other making up the coast. "Is it far to Santa Barbara?" asked Kate.

"No; only eighty miles from San Pedro," said Goodnow. "We'll get there by early evening. They're not fast ships on this line, and don't make over ten miles an hour. Do you notice the coast-line? Not much like that along the Atlantic, is it?"

"No. Is it rough and hilly like this all the way?"

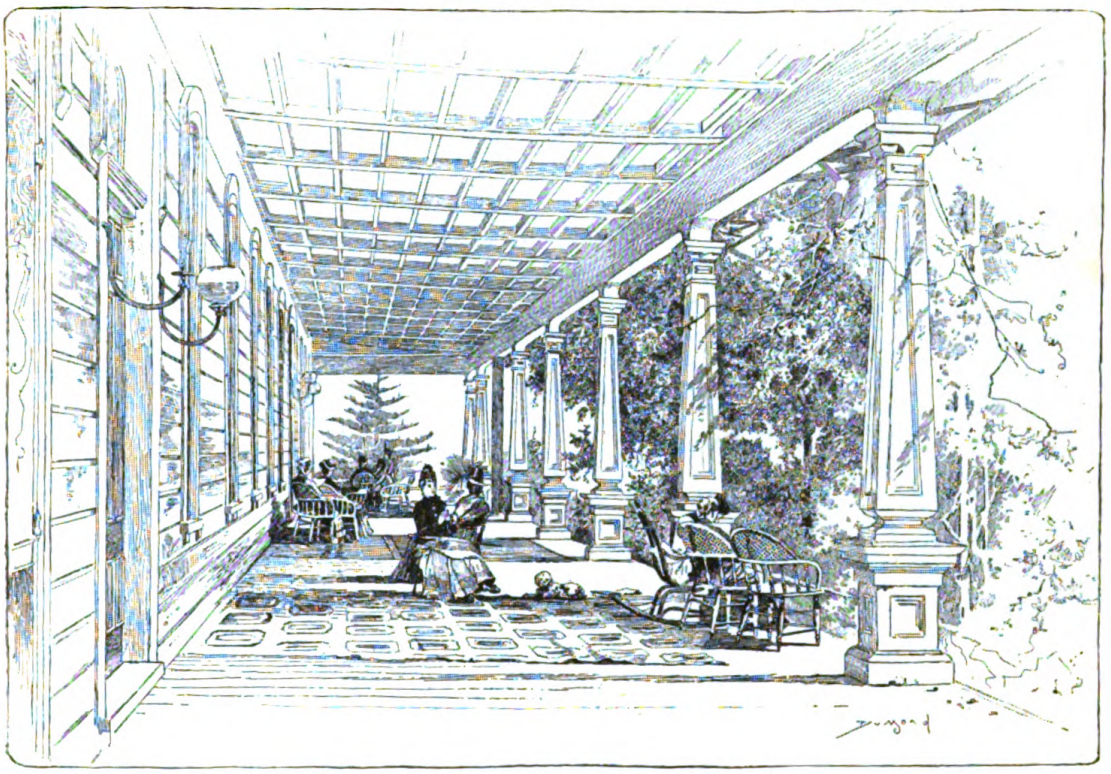
"Yes. There are only three or four harbors along the entire nine hundred miles of California's shore. The best and largest is that of San Francisco, next is that of San Diego, and you have seen the third—San Pedro."

From where Kate sat she could see, toward the west, the vast expanse of the Pacific. The boat had but little motion. Scores of sea-gulls followed the ship, and in the distance were white-sailed boats. Beyond the line of hills following the coast were the higher peaks of the Sierras. Some of these were capped with snow, and about all the dark blue slopes hung a filmy haze. Here and there appeared a cottage or two, or a flock of sheep could be seen feeding on the steep hill-sides. Kate tried to read aloud, but no one paid attention, and so she abandoned her book.

"It's all too beautiful to be neglected," said Anna. "I never saw more glorious colorings nor breathed such delicious air. What is the name of the range we see ahead of us?"

"That's the Santa Ynez," replied Goodnow. "It runs nearly due east and west, and forms the northern boundary of the Santa Barbara Valley. Southern California is covered with a net-work of these minor ranges. They run in every cou-

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THE ARLINGTON VERANDA.

ceivable direction, and form an infinite variety of valleys. You will know the Santa Ynez Mountains thoroughly before leaving Santa Barbara. Everybody visits them, and they are one of the attractions of the place. Not every resort has the sea and mountains together."

It was well into the evening before the red light at the end of the Santa Barbara wharf was seen. The mountains made long dark marks against the starlit heavens, and the light was invisible until the steamer was within two miles of where it shone out over the waters of the harbor. Nearing the wharf, where there could now be seen the dim outlines of waiting hacks and a long storehouse, the wharf bell rang out a welcome to the new arrivals, and the cannon which was discharged from the bow of the boat sent thunder-like echoes rolling along the hill-sides. It was a novel landing. No other ships were at the wharf, and the town was still hidden from view, since the dock extends for nearly a mile out into deep water. In half an hour the tired travellers were safely domiciled at the Arlington, a large home-like hotel, in which every Santa Barbaran takes much pride. Wood fires were burning brightly in open fireplaces, and the wide veranda surrounding the hotel was filled with promenaders, who eyed the strangers with that air of superior wisdom and experience always worn by those who happen to be one's predecessors in a new place by a fortnight or less. Supper was being served, and after it our friends sought their beds, Anna tired out, Reginald rejoiced that she could now rest, Edith quiet and satisfied, Kate anxious for daylight, and Goodnow happy to be once more in the American Mentone.

The morning sun flooding the valley sent a stray beam into Kate's room, and waked that heavy sleeper into the full consciousness that she had a new world to conquer. Drawing aside the curtain, she looked out upon the town. Beyond the few house-tops and trees which lined the long street leading to the wharf she could see the ocean, and in another direction the Santa Ynez range. Between the mountains and the sea, and occupying a long narrow valley, lay the town of Santa Barbara, a quiet, listless little village, its face turned southward, and its cottages surrounded by trees. The birds were holding a carnival of song that morning, and the air was filled with the perfume of flowers. High up the mountain-side the

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ROWS OF EUCALYPTUS.

grass was green and velvety, and the low hills that separate a part of the town from the bay were covered with rank grass. Kate had seen many an Italian village, and knew Naples thoroughly, but as she looked down on Santa Barbara she thought it prettier than any place she had ever seen. "You can't describe it," she wrote home that first day. "It suggests other places, but has charms peculiar to itself. Here it is the last of December, and yet the weather is exactly like that of June at home. The town is full of people. I'm glad I have both summer and winter dresses. I need the light ones during the day, and the others at evening. Mr. Goodnow has made many plans for us. He is delighted to get back, and this morning half a dozen picturesque old Mexicans called to see him. He speaks Spanish, and so these men like him. Anna is so happy; and so is Reginald."

The first morning in Santa Barbara was passed in utter idleness by all excepting Reginald, who went down town to interview a real estate agent regarding a furnished cottage. After breakfast Anna and the two girls sat on the "Arlington" veranda reading the letters they had found waiting their arrival, while Goodnow went to call on some old friends. A strangely quiet and beautiful place was the "Arlington" veranda. It was wide and long, and extended along the entire northeast side of the hotel. A thick mass of vines had grown over the pillars and sides and formed high Gothic arches, through which was had a view of the lawn and deer park. The walk that led from it to the street was bordered with rose-bushes, and on the lawn were broad-leafed palms and ornamental trees. Everybody visits the veranda after breakfast —the old men to consult the thermometer, the young people to talk, and the ladies to sew or read.

Reginald had little trouble in finding a cottage. It stood near the head of the valley, and commanded a clear view of the bay, and of the mountains that stretch along the coast. The house was plainly but comfortably furnished, and the garden surrounding it contained a profusion of flowers, vines, and trees. To the right stood a gnarled old pine which had been brought across the Isthmus in '55, and was now nearly twice as high as the house. Just beyond its shadow was the garden, divided into different beds by a series of walks that radiated from a fountain. By the side of the latter, shading and half hiding it, grew a banana-tree; and at different corners of the beds were orange and lemon trees. North of the house there was an elm, brought from New England. As soon as they were fairly settled, Anna moved her easy-chair out upon a balcony overlooking the garden.

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SANTA BARBARA.

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CASTLE ROCK.

"I like the air here," she said to Reginald, "and the view can never grow monotonous. I have been enjoying it all the morning. Did you ever see anything more perfect?"

And Reginald, looking in the direction she indicated, thought he never had. The balcony answered every purpose of a lookout tower. From it the town and valley were visible; and beyond was the ocean, with the islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz rising above the placid waters like huge mountains. Skirting the edge of the bay ran a crescent beach of yellow sand, extending from Castle Rock, near the wharf, to Review Hill, twenty miles away. From the balcony, too, the waves could be seen rolling in upon the beach, while the mountains that overlook the valley were visible for many miles as they stood clearly outlined against the sky.

In a week the family were settled, and at once began to look about the place which they had selected as a winter home.

To Reginald, accustomed to an active business life, it seemed a very quiet little town; and indeed it is. The population is not above 5000, and there is not a manufacturing establishment anywhere to be found. Attempts have frequently been made to establish a fruit cannery, but no one has ever been successful in doing so, and to-day Santa Barbara has quietly accepted the alternative of being known as a health resort. Every year sees an increased number of visitors attracted by the climate, and the town is the American Nice. It occupies the centre of a narrow sheltered valley, guarded by the sea and mountains, and overlooks a bay that bears a striking resemblance to that of Naples. A long wide street extends through the village from the wharf to the Mission, and facing this are the shops, banks, and hotels, around which is whatever of activity there may chance to be. From this thoroughfare other streets run at right angles toward the mountains on the northwest, and to the range of low green hills that rise abruptly from the water's edge on the southeast. Bordering these streets, never without their long rows of eucalyptus or pepper trees growing by the road-side, are vine-clad cottages and houses half hid behind a dense mass of shrubbery. To walk past such homes on a midwinter morning, when the air is soft and clear and the birds are singing, instantly compels one to admire Santa Barbara. Reginald was delighted when he made his first tour of inspection. It is a New England village transplanted, he thought. As for quiet Edith, she was silent with admiration when she saw the flowers and breathed their rich perfume. Choice varieties of roses were hers for the asking. The bushes grew higher than

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her head, and were set out in hedges along the walks. Every shrub grows in Santa Barbara. Plants that require careful attention in the East—geraniums, fuchsias, and the more tender roses—grow vigorously and without care. Edith gathered great baskets of choice flowers every morning, and yet the garden seemed as full as ever after she had visited it, and the different beds were masses of beautiful colors. Juan Valento, the gardener, noticing her fondness for his roses, smoked fewer cigarettes than was his custom, and displayed an energy in taking care of the beds that was surprising. He was a walking encyclopædia of information. It was not only during the winter, he told Edith, that the roses were in bloom; it was the same in July as in December. He could not understand her love for the geraniums. They were a pest, he thought; they grew so high and rank. But the roses he liked, and was always trimming and pruning. In some of the beds Juan had hollyhocks twelve feet high, and marigolds that were masses of gold. In others were pinks and calla-lilies and mignonette.

Life at Santa Barbara is mostly an outdoor one. Up to the present time the decrees of fashion have not begun to restrict and restrain one, and as a result the resident is free to do as he pleases. In no other village in America is housekeeping reduced to such a minimum of care as at Santa Barbara. The open hospitality of the people is proverbial. Friends "drop in" to luncheon without invitation and as a matter of course. Conventional rules are observed, to be sure, but do not restrict one in his enjoyment. People live quietly. Nature compels placidity of temperament, and invites good-will and pleasure.

Before two weeks had passed both Anna's and Reginald's attention was diverted from all that was humdrum or prosaic. They had had one honey-moon, and were now having another, sitting beneath the pine or orange trees together, gathering flowers, taking long walks about the garden. It was delightful to see how rapidly Anna improved. Reginald noticed with wonder the sudden loss of her former weakness and pallor. She looked ten years younger than she did on her arrival, and said that she felt so. There was a stable connected with the house, and Reginald had bought a steady-going horse and a low phaeton, so that Anna might be driven about the town. As she grew stronger he took her down to the beach every pleasant day, and for an hour drove up and down the stretch



SANTA BARBARA HARBOR.

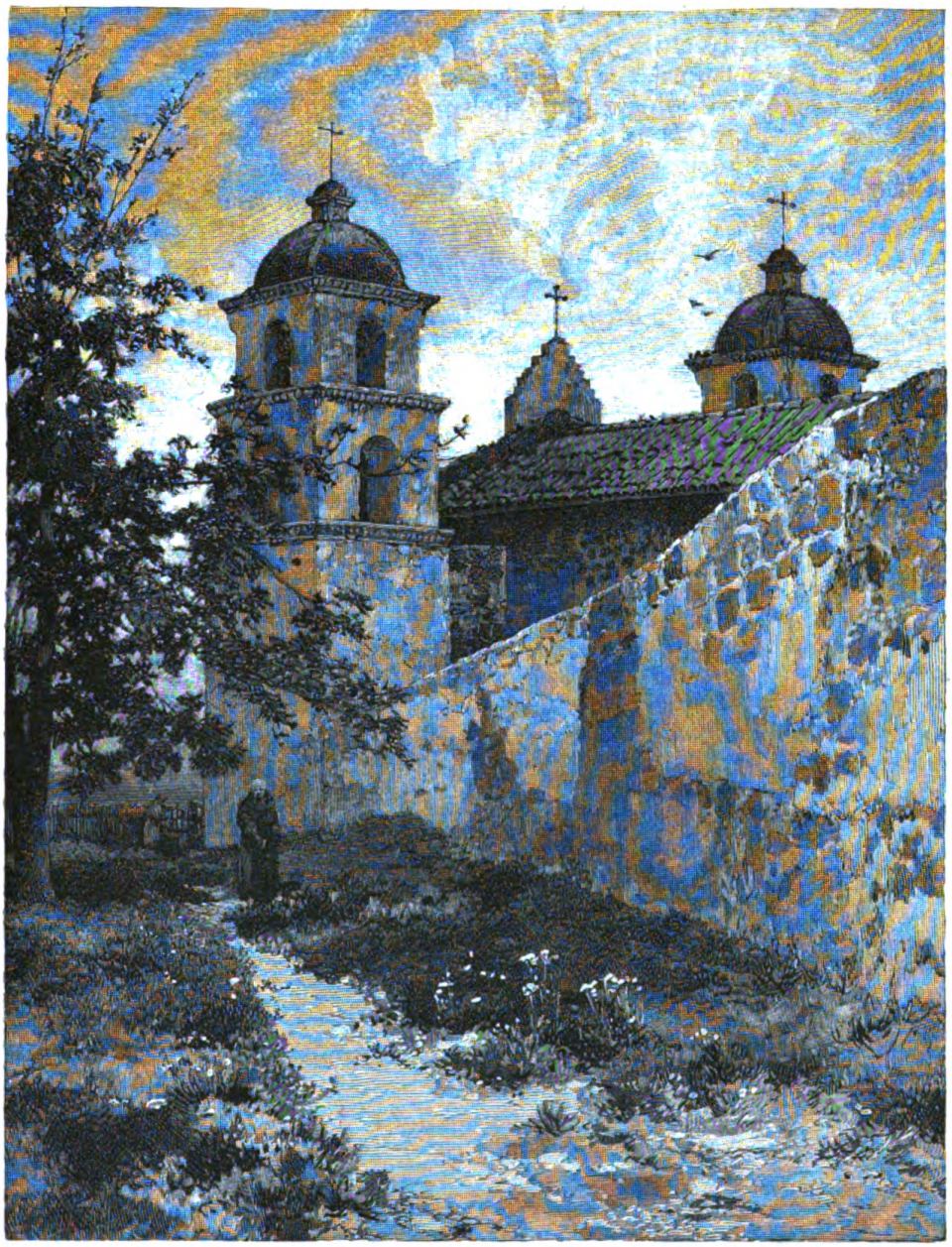
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of sand which extends for miles along the bay. There were little boats always anchored near the end of the wharf, and curiously rigged Chinese junks were often seen cruising about. By eleven o'clock the beach was the scene of much animation. Horseback parties galloped over its hard yellow sands, and groups of idlers sat on the dunes, reading, or gazing seaward upon the blue expanse of waters.

To Kate the beach was a never-failing attraction. She and Goodnow had many a horse-race from Castle Rock to the wharf, a good half-mile, and often rode as far as Ortega Point, an extension of the hill dividing the valley of Carpenteria from that of El Montecito. It is only possible to take this ride at low tide, for when the water is high the various points extending into the bay are impassable. A mile beyond the wharf the beach is bordered by a series of low sand heaps, over which one looks far up the valley to the Mission. Beyond these, again, are high bluffs which rise abruptly from the water's edge to a height of fifty feet. Their face is scarred and yellow, but their tops are carpeted with grass, and in spring with patches of yellow mustard and wild flowers. Two people were never better fitted to enjoy this beach ride than were Kate and Goodnow. Both were appreciative and observant. The deep coloring of the bay, the dull yellow of the beach and bluffs, the green tufts of grass and the wild flowers creeping over their edges, the distant hazy islands, the long stretch of curved coast, mountain-guarded, were always noticed and admired. As they cantered over the shining sands the waves softly broke in snowy masses of foam, and the waters often bathed the horses' feet. It is possible to ride all the way to Carpenteria by way of the beach at low tide, a distance of eleven miles. There is a constant succession of coves and crescents, and at the western edge of Carpenteria begins a line of sand-dunes, low and rolling, and fringed with low-growing reeds and bushes.

There was still another beach ride that all liked. It began at the wharf and extended westward along the beach, past steep bluffs, to a foot-path that turned inland through a narrow opening among the coast hills. Half a mile beyond the wharf a rocky headland, known as Castle Rock, projects across the beach, and over this the road led. Kate always rested her horse on reaching the top, and took a good long look at the prospect it commanded. The view across the valley to the mountains, and along-shore to Carpenteria, Ruicon, and Ventura points, was unobstructed. This headland is thirty miles from Santa Barbara, and forms a narrow neck of land that at first is only a few feet above the water's edge, but which soon merges into a mountain. Edith, who rarely rode, always liked to visit Castle Rock. Making a seat there, she would sit for hours looking out upon the wide, beautiful bay or upon the mountains, and watching the riders cantering over the smooth, shining beach. To where she sat there came no noise; only the murmur of the waves breaking upon the rocks at her feet disturbed the perfect quiet. It was the middle of January now, but the air was warm, the sky was a cloudless blue, and among the grasses growing along the edge of the cliffs were brightly colored wild flowers. Tiring of the sea, she had only to turn her head to see the valley, or could look on both at the same time. Old Juan came with her one day, and told what he knew of the neighborhood. The Point, he said, used to be called La Punta del Castillo, and when the Spaniards were the only people living in Santa Barbara there was a strong fort on the level ground back of the rock—a fort of earth mounted with four brass cannon. When a ship sailed into port, laden with goods from Spain, and bringing many a lover to his sweetheart, the soldiers fired the cannon and the ship returned the salute. On hearing the noise the people ran down to the beach, and waded into the surf to pull the boats ashore. Among those who one day went down to meet the ship was old Tomaso. He expected a certain señorita from Spain to be his bride. When all the boats had landed, and she did not appear, they told him the truth. She whom he sought had died on the voyage, and was buried at sea. Poor Tomaso! He fell on the sands, and was as one dead. From that time his mind was gone. After a long illness he came every day to the beach, watching for his beloved one. For many years he waited, running down to help haul in every boat, and looking long into each face, but never saying a word. He died watching, too, for one day they found him dead on the beach, his face turned toward the sea and his eyes wide open.

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THE HIGH WALL OF THE MISSION.

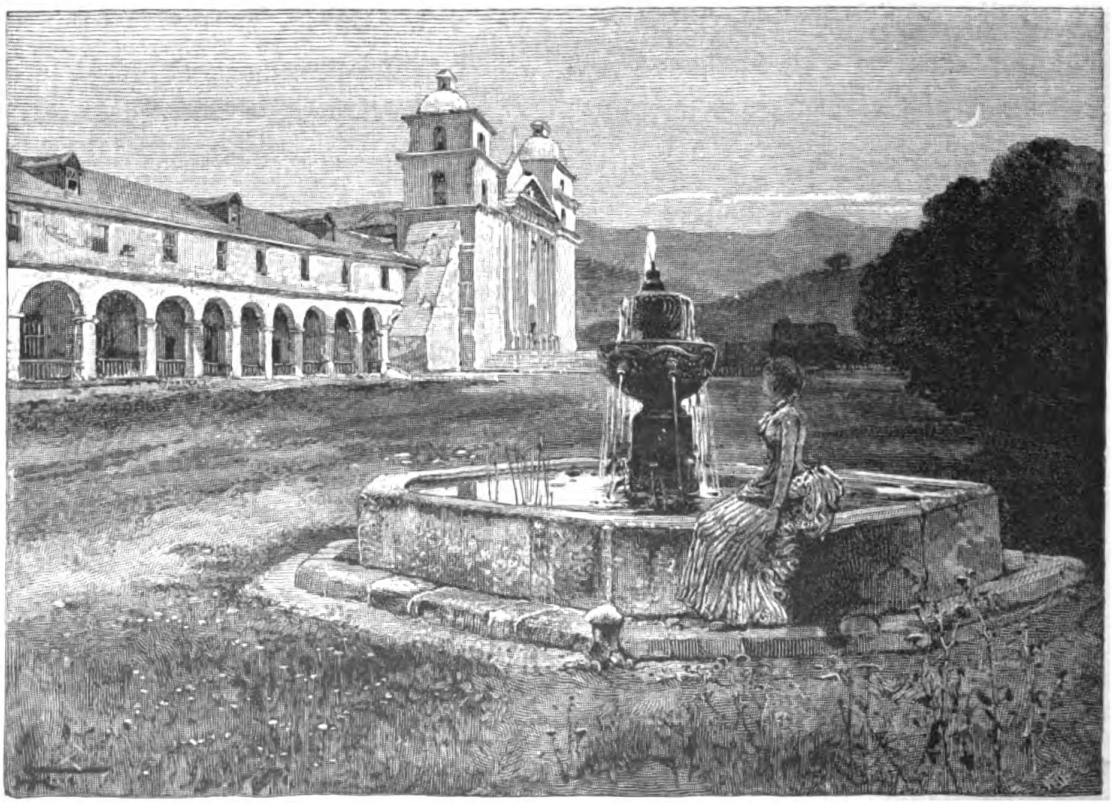
Just to the left of Castle Rock, at the edge of the beach, is a low rounded hill called Burton's Mound. When the Spaniards first sailed into the Santa Barbara channel they found the coast and islands inhabited by a race of Indians living in large villages. On Burton's Mound was one of their largest towns. All traces of it have now disappeared, but the ground is still filled with the stone and earthen articles made by the forgotten people. On the crest of the mound is a low adobe house surrounded by a wide veranda overgrown with vines. Near it is a sulphur spring, the water from which is pumped into heated tanks, and used for bathing. Anna took regular baths, and was greatly benefited. The place is a favorite picnic resort, and will some time be a hotel site.

It makes little difference how one enters the Santa Barbara Valley, for the Mission which overlooks it is the first object that attracts attention. It occupies an elevated site at the head of the valley, and is clearly outlined against a background of hills. The church was begun in 1786, and finished in 1822. In 1812, and again in 1814, it was nearly destroyed

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by earthquakes. It was intended by Father Junipero Serra to build the Santa Barbara Mission long before it was really begun, but he died before doing more than select its location and consecrate the ground. From 1822 until 1833, when the act of secularization was passed, the building was the centre of great wealth and power. The fathers were temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land, and their church was the best and largest in California. The walls were of stone six feet thick, and plastered with adobe; the roof was covered with bright red tiles, and in the towers was hung a trio of Spanish bells. In the rear of the Mission the fathers had their garden—a shrub-grown half-acre completely isolated from the outside world. From the west tower a long L extended at right angles to the body of the church, and facing this was an open corridor. The Indian converts lived in huts, and the fathers raised large quantities of grapes and olives. When war was made upon the Franciscans, the Santa Barbara brothers were the only ones who dared remain at their posts. That they did so is due the excellent preservation of the old building. Time has changed it somewhat, to be sure, but has mellowed and softened rather than destroyed. The stone steps leading to the façade are cracked and moss-grown; only one of the original six fountains is left; the Indian cabins have disappeared. A few Franciscans, shaven, and dressed in long coarse robes girded at the waists, still inhabit the bare narrow cells, and loiter about the corridors and garden, and regular service continues to be held.

To Edith there was no road more attractive than that leading to the gray-walled church. The Mission fascinated her, as, indeed, it does all who see it. There was hardly a day that she did not visit it. Sometimes she sat on the rim of the fountain basin dreamily gazing past the town to where the blue waters were glistening in the strong sunlight, or wandered about the olive grove, and rested in the shade of the trees to read. One day, while absorbed in her book, and only stopping now and then to glance about her, she was aroused by the sound of some one coming. Looking up, she saw one of the fathers. He had thrown back his hood, and his clean-shaven face was suffused with a deep blush at thus coming



THE MISSION FOUNTAIN.

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GARDEN OF THE MISSION.

unexpectedly upon so delightful a vision as that of a young girl seated on a grassy mound beneath an olive-tree.

"You are a daughter of our Church, child?" asked the padre.

"No, father, not a daughter, but a lover of it."

"Would there were more children belonging to our Mission!" the old gray-haired man said. "I fear Father Junipero would grieve to see the California missions now. It is little we can do today."

At Edith's request the old man seated himself at her side, and after telling of the life he and his brothers led, asked if she would like to go with him to the church. On her accepting, they both left the orchard, and passing the fountain, entered the dimly lighted interior. Directly above the entrance was the choir, and before it stretched a long nave, the walls of which were set with rows of small windows, and hung with paintings of saints and apostles. A few of the pictures were admirably executed. The largest and best was "Heaven and Hell."

"Many were painted in Spain," said the father, "and others were done by the Indians."

There was a decidedly musty smell to the church, and both the visitors spoke in whispers. Edith's guide showed her all the paintings, and gave the history of each—who this was done by and when, how it came to Santa Barbara, and other facts of interest. Just beyond the choir were two small chapels, each with its al-

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tar pictures and ornaments, and a few steps from that on the right of the nave the father stopped before a high double doorway, and began unlocking the heavy doors. When he had thrown them open he crossed himself, and leading the way, asked Edith to follow. Doing so, she found herself in a walled enclosure overgrown with rank grasses and rose-bushes. Above the doorway Edith saw three whitened skulls set in the wall, while under the eaves of the church, which projected upon thick buttresses, the swallows were flitting back and forth from their nests of sun-baked mud.

"This is our cemetery, señorita," said the father at last.

"Are the skulls real, father?" asked Edith.

"Yes, child."

"And are many people buried here?"

"Oh yes, very many. We do not use it now. There is not room, to tell the truth. You need not dig deep to find skulls and bones in here."

It was not a pleasant thought to Edith to feel that she was walking over the last resting-place of she knew not how many pious fathers and Indians. It was very quiet. A high wall completely hid the road to Mission Cañon, and on the west was the church, above which rose the towers. There were several vaults, and each had its wooden cross and vines. Doves were cooing on the eaves, and the swallows chatted incessantly.

On leaving the cemetery the father and Edith returned to the church, and passed up the long nave to the altar, which was covered with a snowy cloth, and decorated with tall candlesticks and other ornaments. Behind it, filling the end of the room, was a wooden reredos, elaborately carved, and having fine life-sized colored statues before each panel. On either side of the altar, set on white pillars, were two other statues, and between them was a large cross, with the Christ upon it. To the right Edith noticed a curiously shaped hat hanging upon the wall, which was covered with dust.

"It belonged to Garcia San Diego, the first Bishop of California," said the father, when he saw Edith looking at it. "His body is entombed here, as the tablet says. He was a patient worker and a godly man. Would I could be buried here, in the very walls of the church I serve!"

To the left of the altar a narrow doorway leads into the sacristy. With her guide Edith entered the small room, and saw directly opposite her another doorway opening upon a garden, or what seemed to be that.

"Yes, it is our cloister—our garden," said the padre. "I wish you could step into it, child, but no woman is allowed there. When the Princess Louise was here an exception was made, and she was shown our quiet walks and flowers."

"Can I look in?" asked Edith.

"Oh yes, but do not step outside the door."

With this permission Edith crossed the sacristy, and stood for some time looking through the open doorway. It was almost as though she stood within the garden, for her position commanded a view of nearly the entire place. In speaking of it afterward she said she could not well describe it. "There was perfect quiet, and the sunlight made beautiful shadow patches on the walks. There is a deep corridor along the south side, made by a row of stone pillars supporting a tiled roof. Some of the fathers were seated in its shade. I wish I could have painted it, but fear I couldn't give the true coloring, it was so varied and deep. In one of the arches hung a queer old bell from Spain. From where I stood I could see down the path to the corridor, and to the old building that forms one side of the garden. An old padre came out and struck the bell three times. It had a beautiful, low, deep tone. On hearing it the old men all went to their rooms to pray, and my friend went back into the church and left me alone."

On returning from his devotions the father found Edith still looking upon the scene, and was greatly pleased at her enjoyment.

"Is it beautiful?" he asked at length.

"It is more than that, father; I never saw so lovely a place. How happy you must all be, having such a garden!"

"So we are, child. It is our home, and some of us could not live without it now."

There was not much to see in the sacristy. In a chest of drawers were the vestments used when high mass is said, and on the bare white walls were a few statues of saints and apostles. In a smaller room the father showed Edith some curious copper vessels fashioned by the Indians a century ago. He also showed

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THE CORRIDOR OF THE MISSION.

her the brass candlesticks used on Corpus Christi and other fête-days, and a little forge at which the fathers repair anything that may become broken.

On leaving the Mission the father walked with Edith to the end of the olive grove, and there said good-by. Turning to look back toward the Mission, Edith saw him standing on the steps of the church, his tall, heavily robed figure clearly outlined against the white façade.

When Reginald and Goodnow visited the Mission for the first time, they made a much more thorough examination than Edith had been allowed to do. Their first exploit was to climb the belfry of one of the towers. From where the bells hung they could see far down the valley; in one direction to Gaviota Pass, forty-five miles westward, and in another down the coast to Ventura. As it nears Gaviota Pass, the Santa Barbara Valley loses its width, and becomes a mere neck of land crowded down between the sea and the mountains. From where they stood the two men could look far up the narrow vale to farms and orchards. In many of the fields grew dark green live-oaks, and in others nothing but waving grain. They watched the shadows grow fainter and the colorings begin to change as the sun sank low toward the sea, and at last was hid from sight behind the watery horizon. When the light was entirely gone, the bells in the towers rang for evening mass, and as Reginald and his companion returned to the body of the church, the fathers had already gathered at the altar, and were busy with their prayers.

The two men were free to go where they pleased. Both made friends with the padres, and were always welcome. Reginald liked the garden best, but Goodnow was more interested in seeing the cells where the fathers slept, and in visiting the corridor, with its view between the arches, of the town and bay. It extends the entire front of the Mission wing, and is fully a hundred feet long. Opening from it are the living apartments, and

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above are the bare and narrow cells in which the brothers sleep. To the left of the Mission are a small corral and stable, where the padres keep their few cattle and sheep. Reginald always went there, if he happened to be at the church late in the afternoon, to see Father G—— milk the cows. The old man was an adept, and handled his robes most gracefully. If a cow forgot to behave, he forgot his meekness in a moment, and pounded her with his stool. The young calves were his particular care. He led them tenderly about, but when refractory, pulled hard at the rope, reminding Goodnow of the picture of the refractory ass and the angry friar. Edith made several sketches of the church. It was her great delight to study it in all its details, and she found many of its features as picturesque as those of cathedrals in Spain. In fact, one is constantly impressed with the idea, while he is at the Mission, that he is in Spain. For at noonday the shadows are as dark and clearly defined as they are at the Alhambra; and at evening the gray-white walls are suffused with a softening light such as one expects to find only in the countries across the sea.

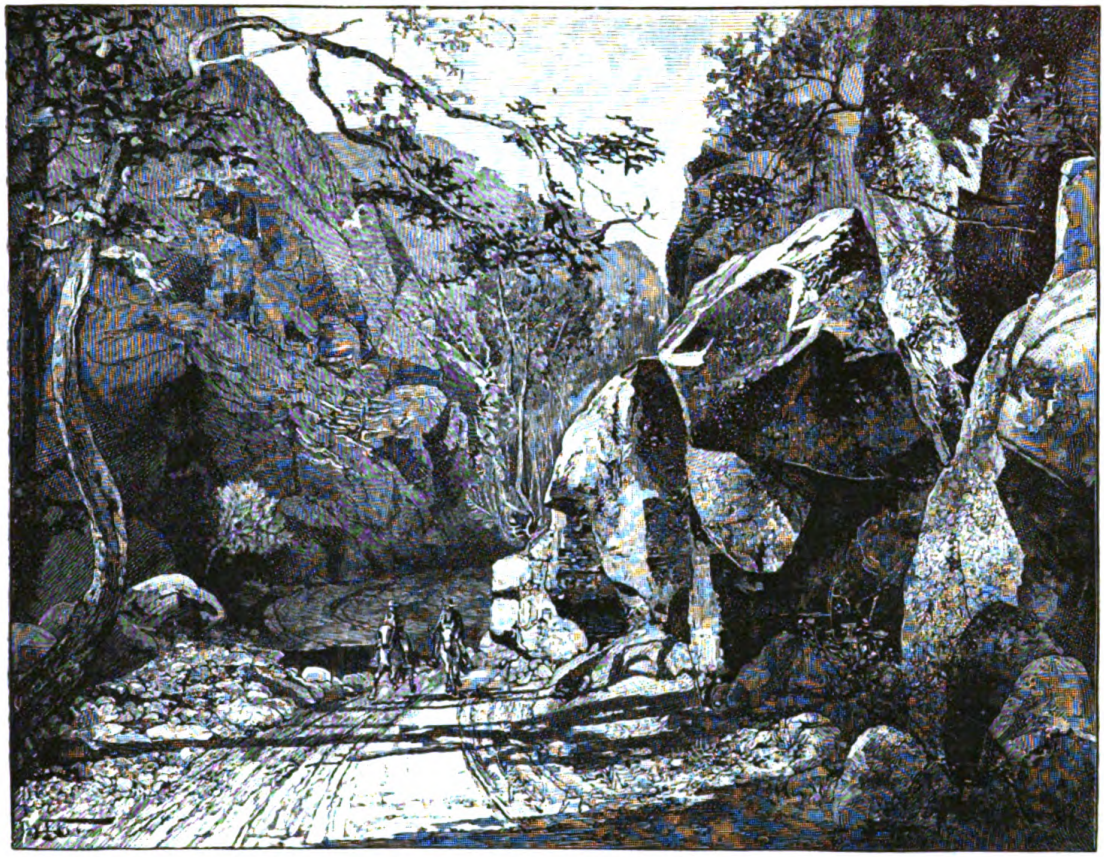
In their rides about the country Goodnow was never an idle wanderer. It had been his desire, ever since seeing Santa Barbara, to find a ranch that would return a fair per cent. on his investment. He and the girls always rode, while Reginald and his wife drove. Kate had at first worn a black habit and stiff hat, but had discarded these in time, and adopted a costume that made her figure a conspicuous object wherever she went. Her hat was light straw, like those worn by college oarsmen, and her jacket was a bright flannel Norfolk. Edith wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, and was always as fresh-looking after a long ride as when she started. Goodnow had bought a Mexican sombrero.

At first Goodnow was tempted to buy a place in El Montecito Valley, which lies near Santa Barbara, and is only separated from it by a low ridge of hill extending nearly to the beach, and between which is a view of Ruicon Peak and a bit of the bay. The valley faces the sea, and runs back to the mountains. It is in reality a suburb of Santa Barbara, and contains a score or more beautiful residences, erected by those who have been attracted to the region by its delightful climate and superior natural attractions. The valley has a quick slope from the sea to the range, and is dotted with groves and live-oaks. The first time Goodnow piloted his friends there he took them to the base of the mountains, and bade them look upon the country at their feet. The view was like a picture. There lay the ocean, pressing upon yellow sands; westward rose the low hills, oaks growing on their sides, and behind which was Santa Barbara; eastward ran a higher ridge, tree-grown and covered with fields of grain; in the valley were red-roofed cottages surrounded by luxuriant groves of orange and lemon trees. Summer and winter the Montecito never loses its verdure or its freshness. It is literally the home of an eternal summer.

Goodnow would have bought one of the places offered him, but could not obtain land enough to make a profitable farm. His next hope was to find something at Carpenteria—a valley separated from El Montecito by the Ortega Hill. It is a productive region, and contains large ranches and small farms, on which oranges, walnuts, beans, and almonds are grown. It occupies a long, narrow neck of land lying between the mountains and the sea. At its extreme eastern end is Ruicon Peak, over and by the sea edge of which extends the stage road to Ventura and Newhall. The fields are all cultivated, and scattered over them are numerous cottages. Goodnow and his friends made several trips to the valley, as all do who wish to see everything of interest around Santa Barbara. But he could not decide what to purchase, and there was not much property offered for sale. They invariably took their lunch and were gone all day, resting for a few hours at some Carpenteria grove, and returning home late in the afternoon.

In the western part of the Santa Barbara Valley, however, Goodnow found what he wanted. When Kate saw the place she said at once it was just what they had long been seeking. The property comprised a tract of 160 acres, and was one-half level and one-half rolling land. But little of the land had been improved, and the house was not worth considering. From the higher parts of the ranch Goodnow could see across the valley to the sea; in another, had a glimpse of Santa Barbara; and in still another, looked far away to Gaviota Pass. Over the level fields were scattered live-oaks, and the rolling land

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IN GAVIOTA PASS.

extended into the range through winding cañons choked with shrubs and sycamore-trees. There was not a prettier spot in the country than up these cañons. Goodnow began immediately to plant his olive and nut trees, and rode out nearly every day to superintend affairs, and see that the men did good work on the cottage he was building. Later, he and the girls, leaving Reginald and his wife to rest beneath the trees, rode into the cañons for a mile or more. The trail followed a creek that ran over a rocky bed in the deep shadow of the leafy sycamores, and led to an elevated spur of the range, from which the country for miles around was seen. Very often Reginald and Anna followed the riders a short distance up the gorge, taking their luncheon on a bit of level ground by the stream.

A short distance beyond Goodnow's new ranch were those of Glen Anne and Ellwood. Both of these famous places are well known and very valuable. They are respectively twelve and sixteen miles west of Santa Barbara, and extend from the sea-shore far into the cañons. At Glen Anne, owned by Colonel W. W. Hollister, a California pioneer, who has done much to make Santa Barbara attractive, the chief business is orange-growing, stock-raising, and general farming. But on the ranch may be found trees and shrubs of almost every known variety. Leading to the house is an avenue of tall palms, and beyond there are olive, orange, lemon, banana, date, peach, apple, nectarine, and fig trees, with here and there acres of walnut, almond trees, and vineyards. The grounds are carefully kept, and the flowers were such as to fill the soul of Edith with a joy which she could not express.

"Here you see the sort of place I shall have," said Goodnow, as he conducted the party through the Glen Anne grounds.

"Yes, in the future," replied Kate.

"In the future, of course," answered Goodnow. "And yet it will not be very long before I can show some progress. There are no hard, long winters in California, remember. Next year I'll have wheat, flowers, and all my orange and

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olive cuttings out; in twelve months more, my vineyard growing. In six years my income from the place will be worth having, and in ten years I can live like a nabob on what my ranch produces."

"Provided nothing goes wrong," said Kate.

"Oh, well, I am not too sanguine; but you can see as well as I, of how much this soil is capable, and what the climate is. I wish I could give ten acres of land in this State to every man in New York who works in an office all day for a thousand a year. He only gets a bare living there, and here ten acres would give him that, and sunshine, good air, and independence besides. 'Get land,' is my motto. Our cities are over-full, and our professions crowded. We must begin to cultivate our country more carefully. California is equal in size to France, and yet has only a million inhabitants."

At Ellwood, Reginald found much to interest him. The land is planted with olives, English walnuts, almonds, and wheat. The nuts are superior to those imported. From the olives is made a finely flavored oil. It has a wide reputation in the East, and is in great demand. The various orchards are planted with great care, and the trees are set out in long rows that extend for a great distance over the gently rolling ground. The home at Ellwood is a small, vine-covered cottage standing in the shadow of some huge, wide-branching oaks. Near the grove are the packing-houses, drying-furnaces, and a garden filled with choice varieties of flowers gathered from nearly every part of the world.

Beyond Ellwood the country highway follows the beach past the Sturges ranch, occupying the upper end of an oak-grown cañon, and to Gaviota Pass, a wild, narrow passage crossing the Santa Ynez range. High ledges of rock rise on each side of the road, and from the mouth of the pass one may look far down the valley in the direction of Santa Barbara.

By the time Goodnow's house was completed the California spring had come. The rainy weather was over. Day after day the sun rose in a cloudless east and set in a cloudless west. Every shrub was in bloom, and the violet beds in Reginald's garden were blue with blossoms. Out in the country the almond, peach, and apricot trees were all a mass of delicate color, and with the oranges still weighing down the branches were pure white blossoms whose perfume filled the air with a delicious fragrance. Fields were a velvety green; the leaves of the oaks were washed bright and fresh; the sycamores had sent forth new leaves and branches, and birds were busy building their nests. By the side of country roads the wild mustard grew higher than one's head, golden and delicate, a rich contrast to the blue of sky and ocean; and in many of the meadows were long wide patches of blue-flax. Farmers were planting their corn and beans; gardeners were spading their flower beds for the last time. Old Juan and Edith were all day pruning, raking, and watering slips and seedlings. There was no dust and no mud. The air was soft, warm, and fragrant. Riding parties, improving every hour left them before their departure from Santa Barbara, scoured the country in search of new places of interest, or went once more to the cañons and other favorite haunts. By the first of May the "winter season" was over. The hotels had room at last for those who came, and one by one the rented cottages were given up.

But still there was not utter desertion. All who could stay did so, well knowing that beautiful as Santa Barbara is during the winter, one should know her in her summer dress to realize how great is her charm.

"I prefer the months from May until autumn," said Goodnow. "You have seen for yourself what May is, and June is nearly its equal. As for July and August, they are wonderfully cool and comfortable. There is never a night that a blanket isn't necessary. Of course it's dusty. There's no rain, and all the fields are parched. But you'll get used to that, and I like the brown hills as well as the green."

Before their departure, Reginald had planned a week's trip to the Ojai Valley, a park-like retreat about forty miles from Santa Barbara, nestled among the mountains of the Santa Ynez. Its elevation is nearly one thousand feet above sea-level, and the climate is radically different from that of Santa Barbara, being drier and more bracing. Many whose health does not improve at the sea-side go to the Ojai, and are quickly benefited. The mountains entirely surround the valley, which is about thirty miles long by from three to six wide, and the only entrance to the

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IN THE VALLEY OF THE OJAI.

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beautiful amphitheatre of oak-grown fields and long grassy levels is by the Casitas Pass, which leads from Carpenteria over the range to the little town of Nordhoff, the only village there.

To save trouble, Reginald engaged the regular four-horse stage that runs between Santa Barbara and the Ojai. Early in the season as it was, the day when they started was June-like in its bright freshness — clear, mild, and beautiful. For the first two hours the way led down the coast through El Montecito and Carpenteria. The fields of green grain and blue-flax, the live-oaks and wild flowers, the orange groves and nut orchards, gave, with the sea and sky, a coloring rich and varied. In Carpenteria the road ran near the beach, past a line of sand-dunes, now overgrown with trailing vines and flowers thrown into bold relief against the background of ocean. To the left, reaching the mountains, were open fields, some frilled with walnut orchards and fruit trees, others freshly ploughed and ready for their crop of Lima-beans, of which the Carpenteria Valley is the home. At the mouth of the pass the road turned abruptly northward and entered a narrow, winding cañon, guarded by steep hill-sides overgrown with oaks and tangled brushwood. Down the centre of the ravine flowed a noisy creek; and on both banks was a net-work of ferns and morning-glory vines. Before reaching the steepest part of the pass an hour's rest was taken in a spot shaded by large oaks, a short distance from which ran the brook. In every direction there was nothing but verdure—the green of the ferns intensified by the oaks, and that of the trees by the shrubs on the mountain slopes.

As the top of the pass was neared the oaks disappeared, and in their place were wild wastes of sage and chaparral, and patches of wild flowers of a hundred different shades—blue, gold, and red. Some of the distant hills appeared on fire, so thickly were they carpeted with the flowers, and so brilliant was their hue. Edith counted over seventy different varieties without leaving the wagon. When the crest of the range was reached the driver halted, and the little party gazed upon the mountains whose broken contour extended as far as the eye could see. Northward, guarded by tree-grown hills, and resting in the very lap of rugged mountains, lay the Ojai, a filmy haze softening its outlines, and groves of live-oak. But most admired was the pass itself, winding in narrow coils around the many hills, and the view beyond it of the Santa Barbara Valley, blue, softly outlined and girded by the yellow beach, upon which the waves could be plainly seen breaking in masses of foam. With a glass the houses were visible, and with the naked eye all could see a steamer ploughing its way across the bay to the wharf. Few, perhaps no other passes in California, have the varied beauty of the Casitas; none, certainly, has its views of mountain, valley, and ocean combined in one harmonious whole.

It was nearly sundown when the Ojai was reached, and the tired but delighted travellers alighted at the Oak Glen cottages. The last half of the ride had been as interesting as the first. The road led down the mountain-side by easy grades, and through dense forests of oak and sycamore. Several streams were crossed—wide, shallow rivers of clear water into which men were casting their flies for trout. Beyond the last ford in the Ojai the wild flowers grew thicker than ever, and the air was of the mountains, crisp and invigorating. None, save Goodnow, who had made the trip before, had ever seen such oaks, so many, or so large, as those which now were passed. They made veritable forests, and beneath their wide-spreading branches, festooned with swaying clusters of gray Spanish-moss, were groups of resting cattle. Years ago all the southern California valleys were choked with oaks. But to-day many have been cut down, and it is only in the Ojai that one can find them in abundance.

There is little to do in the Ojai but to admire and study nature. The little town of Nordhoff is as quiet as the grave. The Oak Glen cottages stand by themselves just off the highway, and are equally as quiet. For a day after her arrival Anna sat on the veranda, shaded by a large oak, gazing listlessly down the valley beyond its trees and fields to the chain of mountains at the western end. But after she had rested there followed days of exploration. Kate was in her element. The horses were low-spirited beasts, but the country was too beautiful to ride across rapidly, so no one complained. The first excursion was down the valley to the Matilija Cañon, which extends several miles into the range, and from being wide and

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brush-grown, soon becomes a narrow pathway bordered by rough, rocky cliffs, washed by a swift little stream dashing headlong over a bowlder-strewn bed. At the extreme end of the cañon is a spring of strong sulphur water. Kate and Goodnow rode on to this, but the others halted at an interval for luncheon. Reginald went trouting, and after an hour's casting returned with a basket of fish, which Goodnow cooked over a bed of coals.

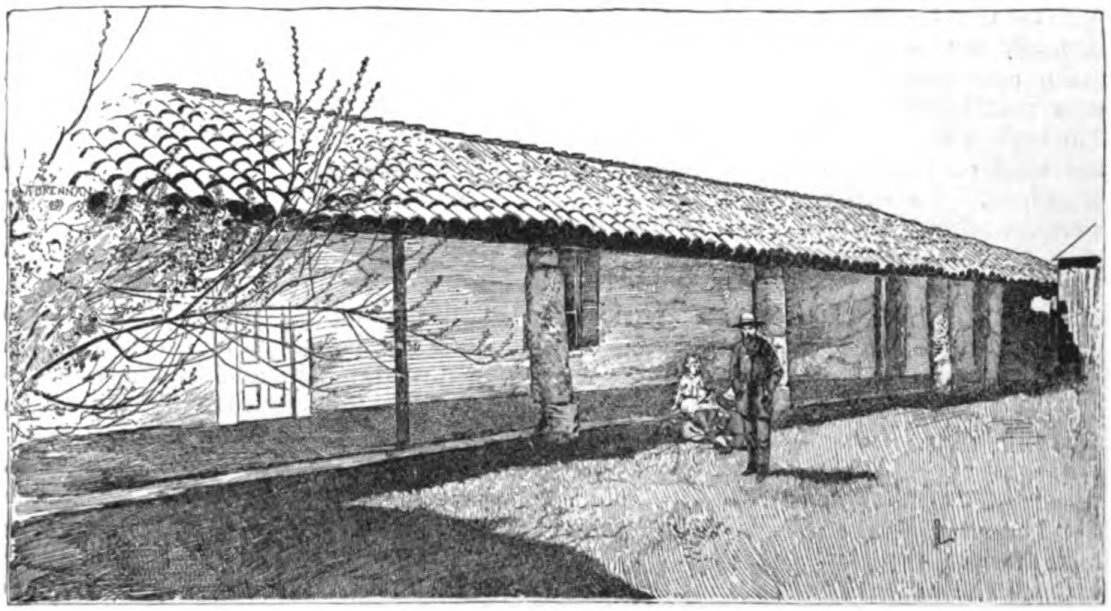
"It's like Colorado here," said that young man of general information. "Shouldn't know it from a cañon of the Rocky Mountains. Wonderful variety of scenery we have in California. Half an hour's ride from this cañon, and we're in a park of trees."

"Spoken like a true Californian," said Edith.

"Yes; but then I am one now, you know. It's dangerous staying long in this State. There's an old legend about seeing the Rio Grande. See it once, and you'll never rest until you see it again, or live near its waters; the same might be told of California. Come, now, does any one here think he will ever be satisfied without coming back to the scenes we've been enjoying so long?"

"I should never be," said Kate. "I'm sure never to cease thinking what a California winter is like. I might get tired of continual summer, but now I think I never should."

What Edith's opinion of California life was, Goodnow had not been able to discover. That she enjoyed all she saw, he felt positively sure. But she was never enthusiastic in her expressions, and it was only lately that Goodnow had tried to fathom her thoughts. But since one quiet evening alone with her he had found that his regard had changed to love. She had read much and talked well, and to be with her gave Goodnow mental refreshment. He always asked her opinion now, and came to her with all his doubts. Reginald had noticed the change in his friend, but said nothing.



ADOBE HOUSE.

While at the Ojai, Edith and Goodnow were more often thrown together. Kate rode with them, to be sure, but was generally rushing off into side paths or dashing far ahead of her two soberer companions. She was the life of the party, and her red jacket was sure to be seen on all the highest hill-sides and isolated peaks. Reginald intended to leave the Ojai sooner than he did, but Kate had heard of Sulphur Mountain, and said she would not go away until she had climbed it.

"Perhaps you won't be able to leave then," said Goodnow, "for there isn't much of a trail, and the climb would be hard even if there were."

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"But isn't the view grand from the top?"

"Oh yes, wonderfully so. We may as well try it. I know the way, and will be responsible for our safety."

Just back of the cottages a high ridge of land runs across the valley, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, known as the Upper and Lower Ojai. Making an early start, Goodnow and the girls rode over this to the Upper Ojai. The road led through a succession of wide fields of grain and past groves of orange-trees, now putting forth fresh young leaves. The region was like a bit of Scotland, not too wild or rugged, nor yet lacking in grandeur. To the right of the valley were densely wooded hills, and high above them the bare crest of Sulphur Mountain. For hours the trail was through the forests that covered the steep sides of the peak. At times it seemed impossible to proceed. Deep ravines and beds of soft asphaltum, thickets of live-oaks and chaparral, blocked the way. But Kate, determined and persevering, would stop at nothing. Goodnow rarely left Edith's side.

"I can manage," Kate had said. "You look after Edith."

Once the trail was utterly lost. High overhead towered the mountain; below was a deep wide gorge. Edith was tired out, and Goodnow insisted upon her resting. Kate pushed on ahead, and in a few moments was lost to view among the wild-growing bushes. Presently, however, Goodnow caught the bright gleam of her jacket. She had reached a point high above her companions. Her voice as she called to them could scarcely be heard, but Goodnow understood that he and Edith were to go in the direction she pointed. Riding in a zigzag course up a slope that grew steeper every moment, Kate was reached at last, and the three, getting off their horses, sat down by the side of a hardy oak.

"We can see the top now," said Kate, "and it can't be far off. What air this is! I could climb all day and not be tired."

When the crest of the mountain was reached, the country seemed to the delighted lookers-on to lay spread at their very feet. Southward, thirty miles away, but seemingly not a quarter of that distance, was the ocean, with its islands and curving shore of yellow sands; the Santa Clara Valley, watered by a river that shone in the sunlight like a thread of silver; and nearer at hand, the sharp bare hill-tops, reaching upward like fingers of a giant hand, and holding miniature levels in their strong embrace. To the north was the Ojai, now a mere depression among the mountains; and in the distance, their slopes a deep dark blue and their summits capped with snow, rose the peaks of the Sierra Madre range. There is a small lake on the top of Sulphur Mountain—a shallow pool left by the rains of winter. It disappears in summer, but was now full of water. By its side Kate spread the luncheon which Goodnow had brought in his saddle-bags, and while they rested the tired party ate, and studied at their leisure the beauty of the view. After luncheon Edith read aloud and Goodnow smoked, while Kate, restless as ever, roamed about the place, trying from what point she had the better view. When Edith finished reading, she and Goodnow walked to where they could look afar off to the Santa Barbara Valley. It was flooded with sunshine, and its coloring was exquisite. Under the inspiration of the moment Goodnow spoke. It was a simple question that he asked, and it was as simply answered. Kate had not heard it, but knew when she came to where they stood what had been said.

"Enraptured with the view?" she asked, laughingly.

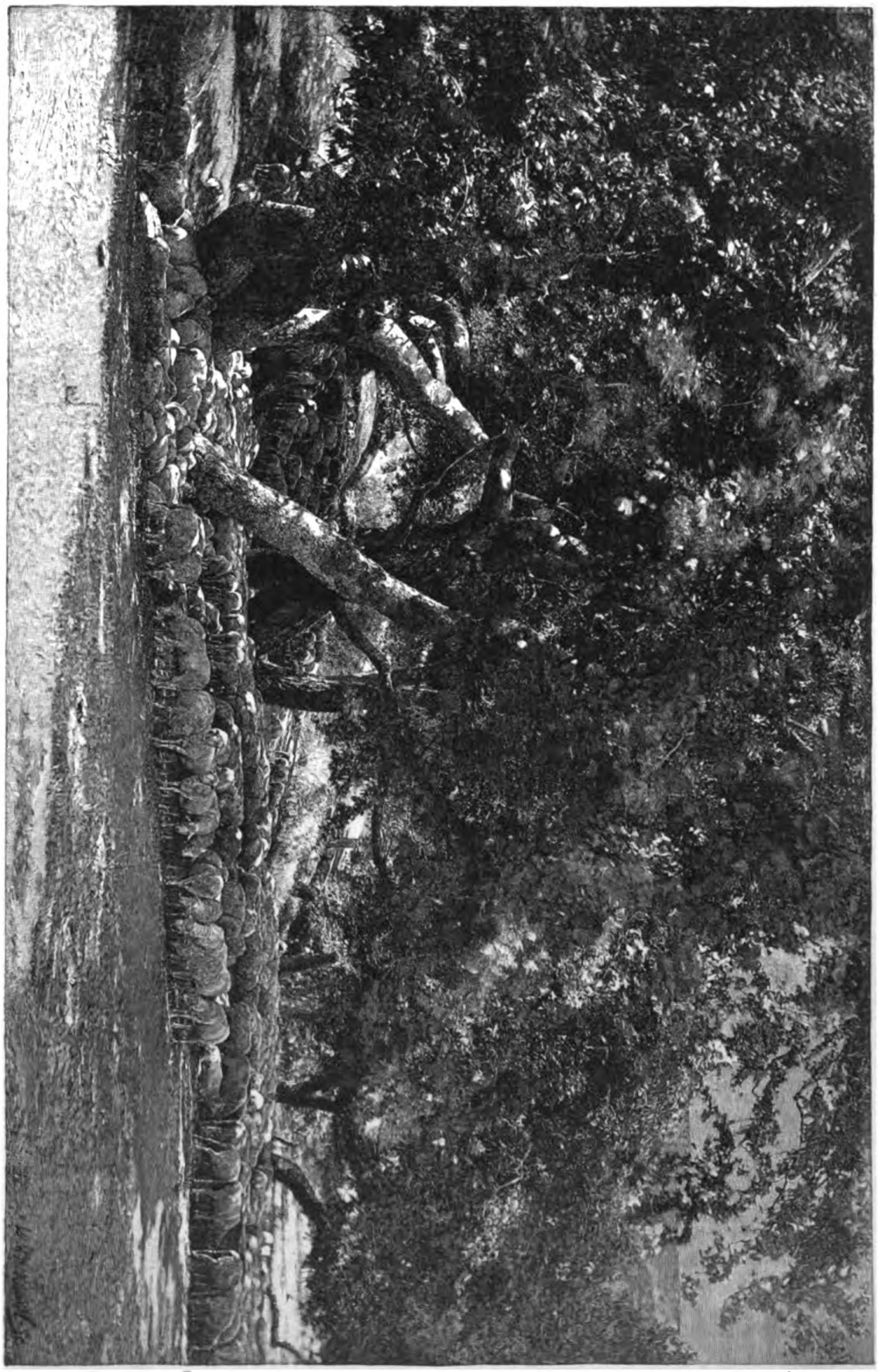
"Yes; and is our sister pleased?" said Goodnow.

"Immeasurably. But what *would* have happened, Edith, if you couldn't have answered 'yes'? Think how disagreeable the going home this afternoon would have been!"

That night the news was told Reginald and Anna. "You have my permission only on one condition," said Anna. "You must invite us to visit you at least once a year."

By the middle of May the summer season at Santa Barbara is well under way. On their return from the Ojai the bath-houses, near the wharf, were open, and every day a gay party of lookers-on gathered beneath an awning stretched over the sands to see the bathers go in. There is no better bathing in the world than that at Santa Barbara. The beach slopes gradually into deep water, and there is little surf; the temperature of the sea is much warmer than that of the Atlantic, and there is rarely any undertow. Goodnow

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SCENE IN HOPE RANCH.

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had bathed at least once a week all through the winter, and Kate had gone in at Christmas. She now took a swim nearly every day, going with Goodnow to the end of the wharf, or taking Edith, not so strong as her companions, to the raft which is anchored a short distance from the shore. There were always twenty or thirty people in at once, and the beach was the liveliest part of the town from eleven until twelve o'clock in the morning.

Whatever Santa Barbara had done for the others, it had certainly cured Anna. No one would have recognized her in May as the woman whom they had seen in December. In his report to Dr. Kimball, Reginald said that her cough had entirely disappeared, and that she had gained strength and flesh ever since her arrival. "In fact," he wrote, "the climate of Santa Barbara is phenomenal. I have heard of many remarkable cures. Of course every one coming here is not benefited, but the majority are. All miasmatic and pulmonary diseases are greatly helped, and the place is gaining a wide reputation as a natural sanitarium. The air is wonderfully dry for a sea-side resort, and the temperature varies but slightly throughout the year, the average being about 70° for winter and 80° for summer. From May to November there is never any rain, and during the so-called 'wet season,' lasting from November to the middle of April, the rains are only occasional, and stormy days are succeeded by clear, bright, warm ones, during which it is a delight to be out-of-doors. The town has been full of invalids all winter. Many have come to stay. The accommodations—hotels, boarding-houses, and rented cottages—are excellent; in fact, there is every modern comfort. The cost of living is very reasonable; the climate excels that of Nice; the scenery is varied and beautiful. If you have any more such patients, send them out. I'll guarantee they have the best time they ever had, and will get well as rapidly as Anna has."

In nearly the centre of Santa Barbara is a quarter known as Spanishtown, which was once a good copy of villages in Spain. So late as 1836, when Richard Henry Dana, then a sailor before the mast, visited Santa Barbara, the Spaniards were almost the only people in the valley, and their thick-walled adobe houses with red-tiled roofs were huddled closely together midway between the beach and the Mission. To-day the quarter has been relegated to side streets, and a part of it given over to the Chinese.

It was not long before Kate found Spanishtown. Her first visit was made alone, but on the second she went with Edith and old Juan, the one to sketch and the other to show the more interesting features of the settlement. Juan was in his element, acting as guide and interpreter, and returned the Spanish salutations with much grace and dignity, and consumed any number of cigarettes as he walked through the narrow streets. His first stop was made before the remnant of an old thick adobe wall still standing. "It is the only part of the old presidio left," he said. "I can remember when the whole wall was up. It was too high to climb over, and inside was a large square which the soldiers used, and where there was a chapel and barracks. At the four corners were four brass cannon. And outside the walls, protected by the guns, were the houses of our people. There was nothing then between here and the beach, so that we could sit in our doorways and look out upon the bay and the mountains."

Then he told of the fête-days, when mass was said at the Mission, and there were races on the beach and dancing at the presidio. Every one had work then, for the rich Spaniards owned large ranches and had many servants.

"Sometimes it does not seem Santa Barbara any more—the new houses and strange people and hotels. Some of us have little to do now, and our own town is no longer beautiful or gay. Even our houses are being pulled down, as you can see, and in a few years, I think, there will be no Spanishtown."

One of the houses visited was that which Dana describes as the scene of the wedding festivities that took place when he was at Santa Barbara. It answers perfectly to his description, and is still owned by the same family whose daughter Dana saw married. Juan took the girls into its large court-yard and to the veranda. Near the De la Guerra Mansion, as the house is called, Juan pointed out the old Noreaga garden, once a famous place, but now overgrown with grass, and containing only a few scrubby peach-trees and neglected grape arbors. On one side of it was found the best preserved Spanish house the girls had yet seen. It was a long low building, one story high, and

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had a roof of bright red tiles. Around the house extended a deep veranda, shaded by overhanging eaves which rested on a row of time-stained pillars. It was still inhabited by Mexicans, whom Juan knew, and who invited him and his party in. The garden fronting the little cabin was filled with rose-bushes, and in its centre was an old well, its wooden frame nearly hid by vines.

It requires several visits to know Spanishtown thoroughly. There are many interesting corners and by-ways, and in all are pictures of a life gradually dying out in Santa Barbara. Some of the cottages are in groups, and face upon the street; and others are by themselves, and have their own bit of garden and vineyard.

Chinatown always seemed an incongruity to Edith, who disliked finding the Spanish adobes peopled by so foreign a race; yet she often went there, in company with either Goodnow or Reginald, and visited the shops of Chung Wah and Sing Lee for Chinese curios. On the days when their New-Year is celebrated Chinatown is overrun with visitors, who are expected to call at the different stores and partake of the refreshments that are there spread out upon little tables. All the houses are decorated with lanterns, and long strings of Chinese crackers and bombs are exploded at regular intervals.

The marriage of Edith and Goodnow was to take place at Christmas, so that Edith might return to Santa Barbara for the last half of the winter. The two sisters, with Goodnow and other friends who might happen to go, rode nearly every day. There was nothing about Santa Barbara which they did not see. One of their rides was through El Montecito Valley to the Hot Springs Cañon. From the bath-house at the head of this gorge is a view of all Montecito and the bay; and from a spur of the range near by one can see for miles up and down the coast. The springs contain strong sulphur water, which is drank and bathed in with great bodily benefit. They have been known for years, and were widely famous among the Indians who inhabited the region. Still another ride was over the hills of the Hope Ranch to a tiny lake lying in a grove of oaks. The trail follows the edge of the cliffs after leaving the beach, and for a few miles before the lake is reached commands a view of the channel, valley, and mountains of which Kate never tired. "But you can't decide which ride you like best," she wrote home. "Never was there such a place as this. We are always finding something new. There are a dozen or more cañons among the mountains, and we go first to one and then to another, spending the day, or just riding up the trails and home again, in time for luncheon or dinner. Last week we rode over to the San Marcos Pass, which crosses the range to the west of Santa Barbara, and went to the Santa Ynez Valley. In it are many farms and an old church, something like the one we have here, only not nearly so well preserved. The San Marcos is not so beautiful a pass as the Casitas, but is wilder, and from its top you can see from one end of the Santa Barbara Valley to the other. I like the cañons: they are always so cool and green. When we get tired of the sea or the town, we go into the mountains. Everybody tries camping for a week, and we have done as the rest.

The night before all except Goodnow were to say good-by to Santa Barbara, Kate gave a picnic on the beach. Twenty or more young people rode out to the place of meeting, while others came in carriages. Supper was served on the veranda of an old weather-beaten bath-house standing under the brow of the cliffs a mile to the east of the wharf. Some of the men built a fire of drift-wood, and as darkness came on all gathered around it, and listened to Edith, who played on the guitar and sang some quaint old Spanish songs which Juan the gardener had taught her. As she sang, the moon came up, out of the sea it seemed, and its light, with that of the fire, threw a weird soft glow over the long stretch of sands, and the faces of the picturesquely grouped listeners. It was hard to realize that this was the last evening at Santa Barbara. The time had passed all too rapidly. And when the farewells had been said on the following day, and Goodnow, the picture of woe, was left standing alone on the wharf, Edith was the only one who, looking back upon the beach, did not think of the picnic of the night before—that perfect ending of a perfect time. In her mind was present the memory of Sulphur Mountain. There, she knew, had been found the perfection of her winter's happiness; the music of the words said there was sweeter than that of the guitar she had played, and was more full of brightness than were the moonbeams on the waters.

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CHANTILLY.

THE CHÂTEAU AND THE COLLECTIONS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

ON October 25, 1886, MM. Bocher, Denormandie, and Rousse, acting all three in the name of Monseigneur Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans, General of Division, Member of the Institute, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, accomplished, in presence of the notary Fontana, the due legal formalities connected with the handing over to the Institute of France of the gift made to it by their principal, then in exile. This gift consists of the domain of Chantilly, comprising woods, forests, and watercourses covering an area of upward of 22,640 acres; guard-houses and other buildings; the châteaux of Enghien, Saint-Firmin, and La Reine Blanche; the Condé stables; the château of Chantilly, with its library and other artistic and historical collections; its furniture, statues, and trophies of arms; its archives, its fountains, its gardens, its chapel. The château of Chantilly is to be preserved exactly as it stands at present, to be called hereafter the Condé Museum, to be opened to the public at stated times of the year, and at all times to students, artists, and men of letters. The approximate value of the gift may be estimated as follows: the land, twenty-one millions of francs; the buildings, ten millions; the objects of art and other collections, fifteen millions. Finally, when all the mortgages and legacies and other servitudes have been paid, it may be calculated that the clear revenue which the Institute of France will derive from the domain will amount to 350,000 francs a year at least. This sum will be devoted to keeping the estate, the château, and the collections in good order; to purchasing objects of art of all kinds, and ancient or modern books, chosen with a view to enriching or completing the collections; to the creation of pensions and annuities for indigent literary men, artists, or *savants;* and to the foundation of prizes for the encouragement of those who devote themselves to the career of art, science, or literature. Such is an outline of the nature of the Duc d'Aumale's gift to the Institute of France—a gift, however, of which the donor reserves the usufruct during his own lifetime.*

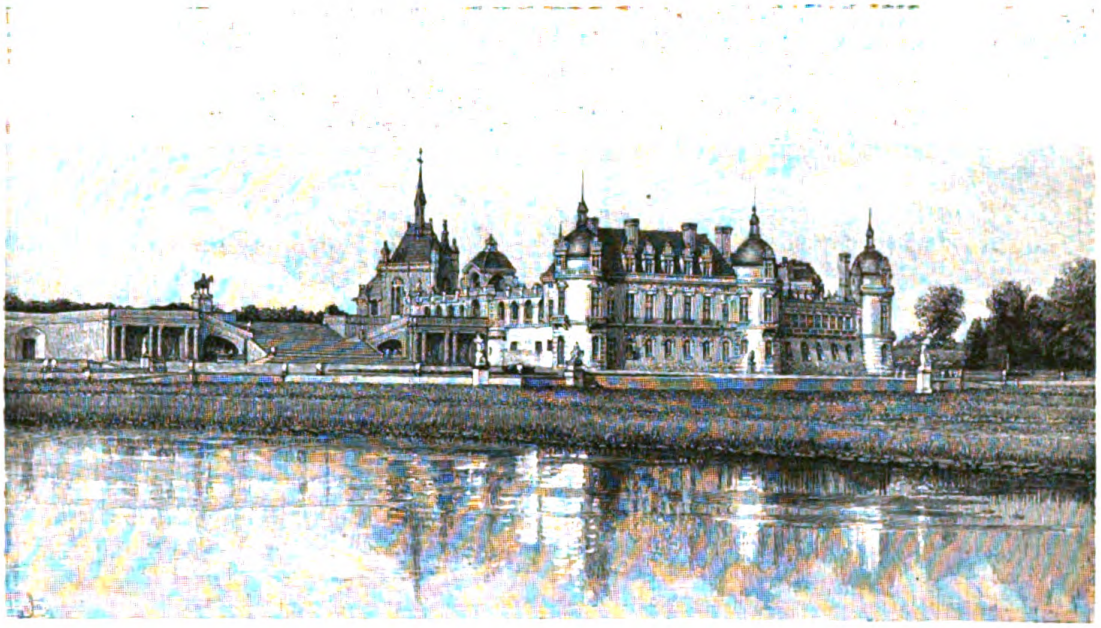
The Condé Museum, as the Duc d'Aumale has conceived and realized it, is a museum of all the great manifestations of French art, and at the same time a commemorative museum of the families of Montmorency and Condé, which played of old such a brilliant rôle in the history of France. In order to help the reader to form an idea of the importance of the future Condé Museum, we will consider first the history of the museum, which is the history of the château itself, and next we will glance at the most remarkable objects contained in the galleries and the library. Thus we shall appreciate the casket and the jewels inside it, and at the same time we shall see how both the casket and the jewels came into existence.

II.

To the north of Paris, about twenty-five miles from the capital, Chantilly is situated on the confines of vast forests, in an undulating region watered by an affluent of the Oise called the Nonette. Amidst the marshes formed by this river arose unexpectedly a triangular mass of limestone rock, and on this rock, which was naturally difficult of access, there was built in course of time a fortified tower, which had developed into a stronghold in the thirteenth century, when it fell into the hands of Guillaume Boutillier, a seigneur of the court of the Counts of Senlis. From the Boutillier family the stronghold passed

* It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the political and ephemeral incidents which preceded and accompanied this magnificent donation. It may, however, be stated that when the Duc d'Aumale went into exile in the summer of 1886, he took with him his pictures, drawings, engravings, rare books, and all the easily portable objects of art. Thus, at the time when the above notice was written, the visitor saw in the show-cases and galleries of Chantilly simply bare shelves and bare walls dotted with slips of paper on which were written the titles and numbers of the departed treasures, in order to facilitate their rearrangement at some future day. In describing Chantilly and its collections I have therefore had recourse to notes and souvenirs of previous visits to the château, when all the treasures occupied the places which the Duc d'Aumale had assigned to them in his definitive arrangement of his palace of art and history.

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VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU FROM THE GARDENS.

into the hands of Jean de Clermont, Chancellor of France, who was killed at the battle of Poitiers, and who bequeathed it to Guy de Laval (1356). In his turn Guy de Laval bequeathed Chantilly to Pierre d'Orgemont, Chancellor of France and President of the Parliament under Charles VI. In 1422 the Burgundians seized the castle; three years later it fell into the hands of the English, who held it four years, until Charles VII. entered Compiègne and Jeanne d'Arc drove the enemy out of France. This Pierre d'Orgemont left the domain to his sister Marguerite, who married Jean II. de Montmorency, Grand Chamberlain of France, and who took possession of it in 1429. Jean de Montmorency left the domain to his son Guillaume, who in his turn left it to one of his four sons, Anne de Montmorency, born at Chantilly in 1493.

This Anne de Montmorency, who became High Constable of France, was the real founder of Chantilly. Anne de Montmorency was the last of the great soldiers of fortune, and the first grand seigneur that France produced. In 1538, at the age of forty-five, the great captain returned from the wars, riddled with wounds, loaded with honors and glory, and rich as he could desire to be. The feudal times were over; the foreign foe had been driven out; Charles VIII., Louis XII., Francis II., had led French troops into Italy; the great captain had commanded there, and had admired the marvels of the Renaissance. He had seen what wealth and art could do to embellish life, and having resolved to make Chantilly his residence, he proceeded to transform the old feudal fortress into a sumptuous habitation.

Anne de Montmorency called in the aid of Jean Bullant, a young architect who had just come back from Rome, and who afterward helped Philibert Delorme to build the Tuileries—Bullant, the architect of the château of Écouen and of the hôtel de Soissons, built for Catherine de Médicis. The mediæval stronghold had gradually grown to be an agglomeration of buildings flanked at every angle by tall machicolated towers with conical roofs, like the towers of Nuremberg, perched on the triangular rock, and surrounded on all sides by water. In adapting this stronghold to the usages of a grand seigneur's residence the architect preserved in the exterior façades the fortified character of the primitive edifice, but relieved their severity with certain reminiscences of Gothic times, particularly in the details of the dormer-windows. Furthermore, Bullant connected the château with the mainland by constructing the vast artificial slope still called "Le Connétable," on the summit of which was placed a superb bronze equestrian statue representing

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Anne de Montmorency. The slope of the "Connétable" was honey-combed with casemates, galleries, and barrack-rooms, which were placed in communication with the similar casemates and galleries which had been quarried out of the triangular rock foundation of the château. Part of these underground rooms Bullant arranged for the accommodation of the military and civil services of the High Constable, others were devoted to the kitchen service, and others were connected together so as to form a small theatre. But so numerous was the household of the High Constable that even all this accommodation above-ground and below-ground was insufficient, and so to the left of the château a bridge was thrown over the deep moat, and the little château, or Le Châtelet, was built in the purest Renaissance style, and remains to this day a type of a charming private habitation.

These modifications and additions having been made, Chantilly formed a complete whole, full of interest from the artistic point of view, as we shall see when we come to examine the modern reconstruction of this prototype, the image of which remains faithfully recorded in Androuet Ducerceau's famous book, *Les plus excellents Bâtiments de France.* The châtelain was worthy of the castle, for he was not only the first grand seigneur of France, but he was also the typical grand seigneur. He was of most noble descent. At the age of twenty-nine he was Marshal of France; he became successively the personal friend and omnipotent minister of two kings; he was ambassador at Rome and ambassador at London; he was duke, peer, and High Constable of France; lord of twenty fiefs; châtelain of Écouen and Chantilly; possessor of five mansions at Paris; a great lord whose wealth, splendor, and magnificence were unparalleled at that time. The Mussulmans sent the retired captain greyhounds, falcons, and hawks from Morocco; the grand Soliman and the famous Barbarossa, according to Brantôme, offered him all the rich and rare products of their states; and so the High Constable had great store of Eastern arms, Levantine carpets, and embroidered stuffs. He also laid under contribution the art of his own time and the art of the past; he was a collector of all kinds of rare and beautiful objects; his books and manuscripts were famous; Michael Angelo's chisel adorned his home;* Jean Bullant was literally discovered by him, and Bernard Palissy, the famous potter, was proud to sign himself "architecteur et inventeur des grotes figulines de Monseigneur le Connestable."

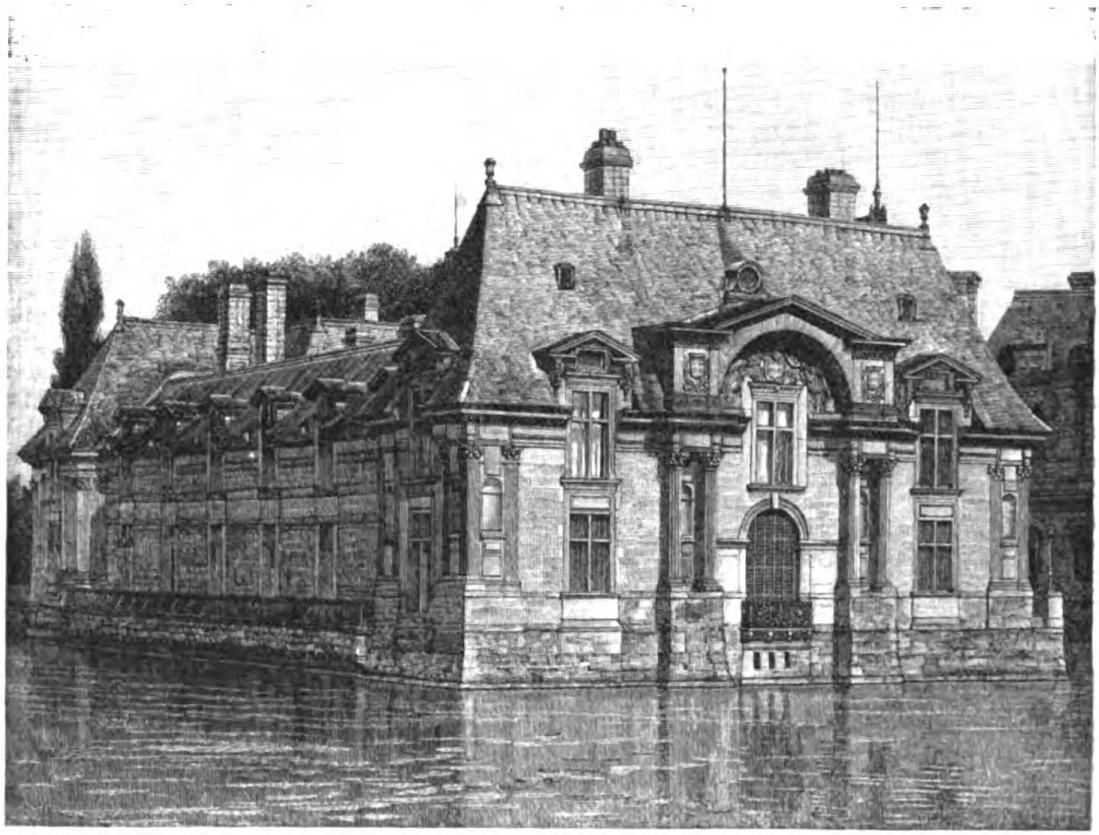
III.

Anne de Montmorency died in 1567, and the château of Chantilly passed into the hands of his son Henri II., Maréchal de Montmorency, Governor of Languedoc. This Montmorency married an Orsini—or, as the name is written in French history, Marie Félicie des Ursins—and this lady, familiar with the rustic architecture of the Pitti gardens, gave to the land and to the staircase leading from the "Connétable" to the gardens of Chantilly that Italian air which they retain to the present day. So each successive possessor has contributed a personal note to the harmonious whole which the domain now presents. This Henri II. de Montmorency rebelled against his king, and was beheaded in 1632. His property was of course confiscated, but King Louis XIII. restored it to the rebel's own sister, Charlotte de Montmorency, who had married Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and who became the mother of the Grand Condé, of the Prince de Conti, and of the Duchesse de Longueville. Thus the domain came into the Condé family, in whose possession it remained until the last of the Condés bequeathed it to his nephew and godson the Duc d'Aumale.

The Grand Condé, the glorious victor of Rocroy, was thirty-nine years of age when he settled down at Chantilly. It was in 1660; the château was such as Anne de Montmorency had left it; but in six years the new seigneur pulled down the whole structure except Le Châtelet, rebuilt it in the style in fashion in the reign of Louis XIV., canalized the waters, arranged wonderful fountains, and had his gardens laid out by the famous Le Nôtre. The Grand Condé was as magnificent a seigneur as Anne de Montmorency had been, and so when he had finished rebuilding his château he invited his Majesty Louis XIV. to honor the house-warming with his glorious presence. The visit of the king was the occasion of a dazzling fête, and also of the

* The two recumbent figures of "Captives" by Michael Angelo, now in the Louvre Museum, formed part of the decoration of the château of Écouen.

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LE CHÂTELET.

tragic incident of the suicide of the cook Vatel, immortalized by Madame de Sévigné in a letter which everybody of course knows by heart, except our country cousins, for whose benefit I will beg leave to quote a passage from it.

The 26th of April, 1671, Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter: "Here is the matter in detail. The king arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade and the collation, laid in a spot all carpeted with jonquils, passed off admirably. We supped, and some of the tables were short of roast. This upset Vatel, who said several times: 'My honor is lost; I shall never get over this disaster.' He said to Gourville: 'My head is swimming; I have not slept for the past twelve nights; help me to give my orders.' The prince invited Vatel into his room, and said to him: 'Vatel, all is well; nothing could have been finer than the king's supper.' He replied: 'Monseigneur, your kindness overwhelms me; I know that at two tables the roast fell short.' 'Not at all,' said the prince; 'do not worry yourself; all is going on nicely.' Midnight arrived; the fire-works were not a success, for they were enveloped in a cloud; they cost 16,000 francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel made a round, found all asleep, and met a small tradesman who brought him only two loads of sea-fish; he waited some time; he became very excited, thinking that this much was all the fish he would have; he went and found Gourville, and said to him: 'Monsieur, I shall never recover from this disgrace.' Gourville laughed at him. Vatel went upstairs to his room, placed his sword against the door, and ran himself through the heart, but only after three attempts. Meanwhile sea-fish was arriving in quantities; the servants were seeking Vatel to distribute it; some went up to his room, knocked at the door, opened it, and found him bathed in his blood. The prince was in despair. However, Gourville did his best to make up for the loss of Vatel, and succeeded; the dinner was excellent; we lunched, supped, went for a walk, played, and hunted; everything was perfumed with jonquils; everything was enchanted."

Louis XIV. was delighted with his visit, and asked the Prince de Condé to sell him Chantilly at his own price. "Maj-

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esty, it is yours for the price that your majesty pleases to fix. I ask only one favor—that I may be appointed guardian." "I understand you, cousin," replied the king. "Chantilly will never be mine." Soon after this visit Louis XIV. began the palace of Versailles, after the model of Condé's Chantilly, and took into his service Condé's gardener, Le Nôtre, to lay out the parterres and labyrinths of his royal park.

The Grand Condé passed the rest of his life at Chantilly in the little châtelet, which he had arranged delicately for his private use, whereas the grand château was fitted up as if it were intended exclusively for the reception of the king. He spent his time peacefully in company with his friends, and with men of letters like La Bruyère, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau, and Bossuet. The latter was, indeed, one of the *habitués* of Chantilly, and in his funeral oration in honor of the victor of Rocroy he recalls the charm of the trees and murmuring waters of the park in whose superb alleys Condé used to delight to talk with his friends, "to the sound of those gushing waters that were silent neither by day nor by night."

The Grand Condé died in 1686, and Chantilly passed into the possession of his son, and then of his grandson, Louis Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, seventh of the name. This prince was a passionate lover of hunting and horses, and it was he who built the famous stables, which are the masterpiece of French rocaille architecture, an immense and magnificent pile, so splendid that at first sight the stranger might mistake the stables for the château itself. Built on the main-land at some distance from the château, these stables are the realization of a colossal dream of wealth. The monumental entrance is gigantic; the drinking trough, guarded by splendid sculptured horses, is colossal enough to throw into the shade the architectural immensity of Persepolis and Susa; in the vast stalls there is accommodation for 240 horses; in the rooms overhead there are suites of apartments for fifty guests. The splendor and grandeur of these stables impress one with the idea that something extraordinary must have presided over their construction. The fact is curious: the Prince de Condé's residence in Paris was the Hôtel Montmorency, in the Rue Saint-Avoye; the banker Law wished to hire the mansion for the offices of his famous Mississippi Bank; the prince became personally in-



CHAPEL OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

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terested in Law's speculation, and retired in time with immense gains, thanks to which he was able to spend many millions on this Babylonian structure, which was no less than sixteen years in building — from 1719 to 1735. The architect was Jean Aubert.

The Revolution brings the history of the old castle of Chantilly to an end. The Condés emigrated; the spoilers razed the palace to the level of the rock, and scattered the precious collections to the four winds. The equestrian statue of Anne de Montmorency, which stood on the esplanade of the "Connétable," was broken, and the bronze remelted to make cannons; broken too were the statues of Henri IV. and Louis XIII., and Coysevox's statue of the Grand Condé. Soon there remained of Chantilly nothing but the foundations and the substructures in the rock, and even the lovely châtelet was on the point of being demolished and sold stone by stone, when the Minister of War saved it, under the pretext that its stabling would be useful for cavalry. The Condé stables and the château of Enghien were saved from destruction in the same way.



ENTRANCE TO THE CONDÉ STABLES.

IV.

One wonders how any of the monuments of monarchical France, and how any objects of art whatever, survived the terrible troubles of the French Revolution, or escaped the rapacity of the foreign dealers who bought by the ship-load at the sales of the national domain. These sales explain why England, Russia, and Germany are so rich in French art of the eighteenth century. But France herself, how does it happen that she is not entirely despoiled of all her historical souvenirs? How does it happen that the Louvre is so rich? The story will not take long to tell, and it is intimately connected with the history of the collections of Chantilly. At the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, Alexandre Lenoir, then some thirty years of age, was studying painting at the Académie Royale, and had some reputation as a critic. In 1790 he conceived the idea of saving all the objects of art he could; he was a friend of Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, and through Bailly's influence he appeared before the National Assembly, explained his views, and obtained a decree authorizing him to seize at public sales, in the convents and elsewhere, all objects of art worthy of being preserved for the nation. The convent of the Petits Augustins, on the spot where the École des Beaux-Arts now stands, was assigned to him as a depot and warehouse for his treasures, and a few unfrocked monks who had remained in the building helped him in his generous task. At first the seizing of objects

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took place in a regular manner in the name of the nation, but in 1793 the rage of destruction set in, and in order to preserve bronze from the melting-pot and marble from the iconoclast's hammer, Lenoir had brought hurriedly and pell-mell to the Petits Augustins pictures, statues, monuments, and precious objects of all kinds, from the convents, monasteries, and churches. It was thus that he succeeded in saving more than 500 precious historical monuments, tombs of kings and mausoleums of great families. At the time when the abbeys were sacked and pillaged he saved 2600 pictures, a selection from which subsequently formed the original nucleus of the present Louvre Museum; but, alas! all could not be saved, for I remember to have been shown by the venerable son of Alexandre Lenoir receipts for 600 pictures claimed by the Revolutionary committees, and publicly burned as souvenirs of royalty. Furthermore, Lenoir saved upward of 8000 pieces, such as manuscripts, precious books, arms, armor, and models of various kinds, which have since found a resting-place in the National Library, in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and in the Museum of Artillery; also quantities of Greek vases, busts, and statuettes, which were taken from the monasteries of Sainte-Geneviève and of the Petits Pères, and which are now in the National Library. In fact, in his depot at the Petits Augustins, Lenoir assembled an immense mass of materials, which, after the restoration of peace and order, were classified and distributed amongst the various museums of Paris, while some objects were returned to their rightful owners, and others—for instance, the tombs of the French kings—replaced in the once more respected sanctuaries of Saint-Denis or Notre Dame. We shall see shortly how great were the services which Lenoir rendered to Chantilly.

V.

At the Restoration the castles of Écouen and Chantilly came again into the possession of the Condés, who returned from England in 1818. When the last Condé died, in tragic and even sinister circumstances, he bequeathed the domain of Chantilly to his nephew the Duc d'Aumale; and Écouen, the other splendid Renaissance monument built by Jean Bullant for Anne de Montmorency, he directed to be transformed into an asylum for the children and descendants of officers of the armies of Condé and La Vendée. This provision was annulled during the second empire, and the castle of Écouen is now a school for the daughters of army officers, under the direction of the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor.

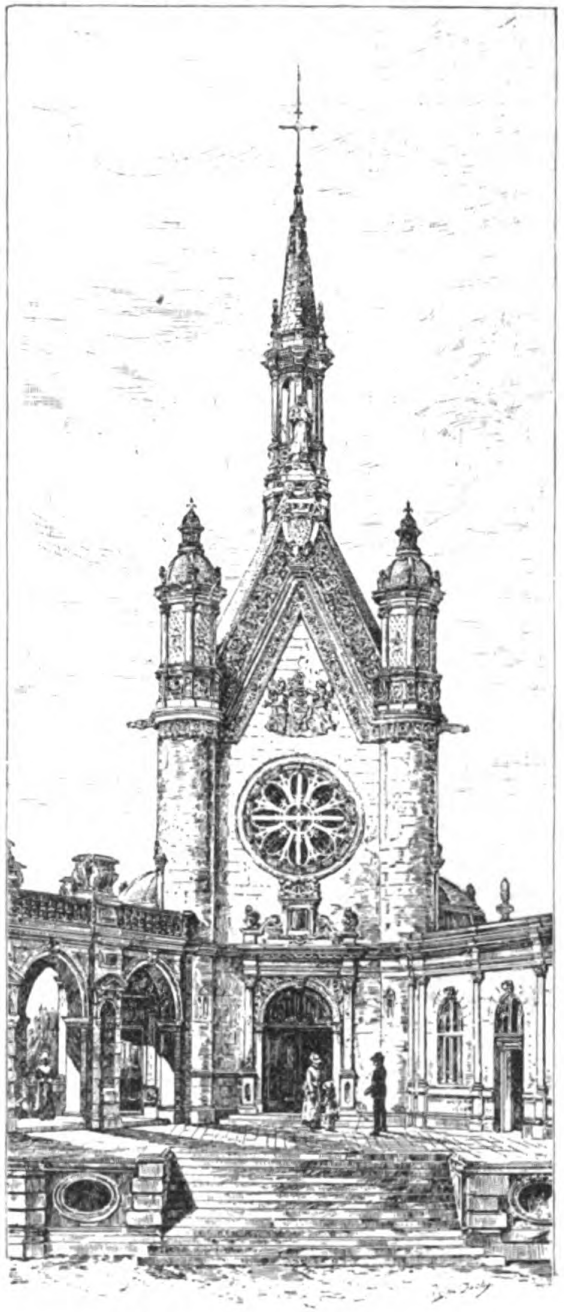
About 1840 the Duc d'Aumale first conceived the idea of rebuilding Chantilly, but his projects were interrupted by the revolution of 1848, and by the decree of exile passed against the Orleans family in 1852. A fictitious sale transferred the domain to the English bankers Coutts and Company, and it was not until 1872 that the Duc d'Aumale became once more its legal owner. But no sooner was he able to return to France than the duke proceeded to carry out his idea of restoring Chantilly to its pristine state of splendor, and the architect, M. Henri Daumet, member of the Institute, was called upon to prepare his plans according to a general programme which the Duc d'Aumale had carefully meditated, and of which this recent donation to the Institute of France is the last and final clause. The Duc d'Aumale was a widower; his two sons, the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise, were dead. Therefore he required no accommodation for family life. Chantilly in its new avatar needed only to have the character of a residence designed for princely receptions, and, above all, of an architectural monument recalling and containing all the souvenirs of Chantilly at the time of the Renaissance. The reconstructed Chantilly was to be an architectural commemorative monument, and a magnificent museum and treasure-house of French art. During forty years the Duc d'Aumale had sedulously collected all the remnants of the splendor of the Montmorencys and of the Condés that he could find. M. Daumet was asked to build a palace worthy to receive these precious souvenirs. But, like his predecessors, M. Daumet was limited by certain natural conditions. The marvellous subterranean rooms and galleries existed still, and the moats, and the strangely shaped triangular rock, and this subterranean plan dictated and commanded the form of the structures above-ground, because the foundations remained, and on this honeycombed rock it was next to impossible to displace them. The plan of the castle of the Boutilliers, of the Montmorencys, and of the Grand Condé had to be followed by

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the Duc d'Aumale. The strange perimeter had to be respected, and the new façades inevitably reproduced the big towers at the angles, the strong spurs, the posterns, and the drawbridges which existed from the earliest times in the ground-plan. The technical difficulties which the architect had to surmount were immense, especially the works undertaken in the honey-combed rock with a view to supporting the projected structure above-ground. In brief, his performance was this: to follow rigorously the perimeter of the old Renaissance castle, to provide fine state-rooms and galleries for the reception of certain specified objects of art, to accommodate the châtelet for living purposes, and to build a chapel in the adornment of which were to be utilized stained glass, sculpture, wood-carving, statuary, and faience slabs saved by Lenoir from the château of Écouen. M. Daumet began his task in 1876, and the works were finished in 1883. The materials employed were partly limestone quarried out of the rock of Chantilly itself, and partly the fine limestone of Saint-Wast. The total cost of the rebuilding of the château was eight millions of francs.

VI.

The general aspect of M. Daumet's monument is graceful and harmonious. The new château marries happily with the beautiful Renaissance châtelet; the tall roofs of the galleries, the cupolas of the towers, the lofty walls and slender spire of the chapel, form bold and picturesque silhouettes against the verdure of the background. The *ensemble* is full of elegance and distinction, and the variety of the parts and details is really remarkable. How original, for instance, is the position of the chapel, and how its elegant and slender mass dominates the whole building! How rich and how suggestive of princely splendor and magnificent leisure the Renaissance loggia, colonnade, and pavilion gateway of the front façade! How charmingly the grace and elegance of the Renaissance are combined with the suggestion of strength of a mediæval fortress in the towers and balconies and storied surfaces of the northern façade!

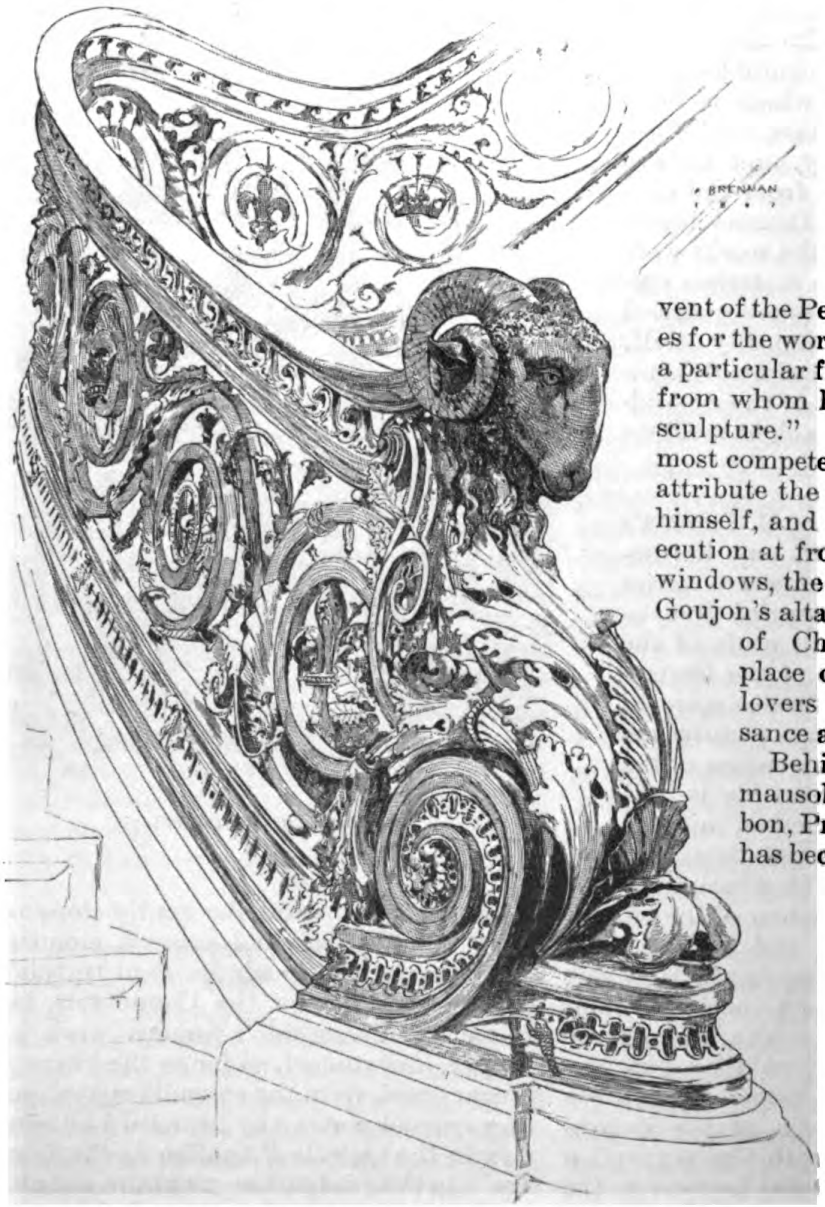


ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL.

Let us now mount the gentle slope of the "Connétable," and pause a moment on the esplanade to admire Paul Dubois's equestrian statue of the Connétable, inspired by Verrocchio's famous work at Venice, and studied, so far as the likeness is concerned, from the splendid contemporary enamel portrait by Léonard Limosin, now in the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre. In the garden, too, we notice a statue of the Grand Condé, surrounded by the writers and artists in whose society he

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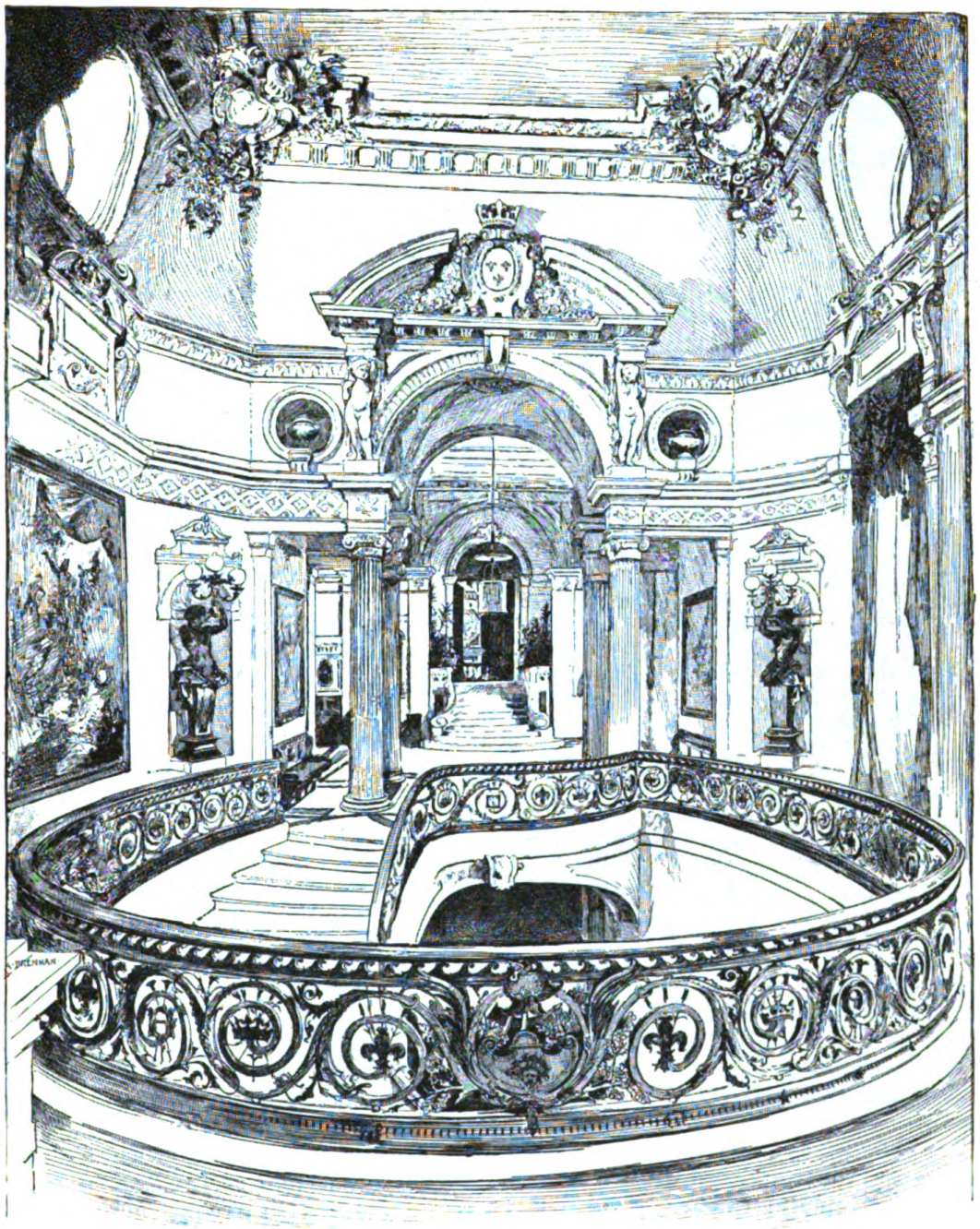
took pleasure—Bossuet by Guillaume, La Bruyère by Thomas, Molière and Le Nôtre by Tony Noël. So, after glancing at the garden, whose symmetrical arrangement has been executed according to the old design which Le Nôtre made for the Grand Condé, we cross the moat and pass under the central pavilion into the Cour d'Honneur, into which the sun penetrates freely over and through the loggia. To the right a flight of steps leads to the picture-gallery; to the left is the grand vestibule leading to the reception-rooms; and also to the left, in the corner, is the entrance to the chapel, where we will first direct our steps, for the chapel is one of the most remarkable features of the Condé Museum. The stained-glass windows represent Anne de Montmorency and his two sons, and Madeleine de Savoie, his wife, and her two daughters, kneeling with clasped hands, and guarded by their patron saints, St. John and St. Agatha. These windows are admirable specimens of Renaissance art. Like the beautiful inlaid wood-work, and the altar with its bass-reliefs, they were saved from the château of Écouen by Lenoir at the time of the Revolution. The altar is composed of hard limestone most delicately carved, with columns of black marble, and bass-reliefs in white marble representing the sacrifice of Abraham, the four evangelists, and allegorical figures of Faith, Religion, and Strength. "This magnificent sculpture," says Alexandre Lenoir, in his catalogue of the treasures which he gathered in the convent of the Petits Augustins, "passes for the work of Bullant, who was a particular friend of Jean Goujon, from whom he received lessons in sculpture." Now, however, the most competent judges confidently attribute the altar to Jean Goujon himself, and fix the date of its execution at from 1541 to 1547. The windows, the wood-work, and Jean Goujon's altar make of this chapel of Chantilly a cherished place of pilgrimage for the lovers of French Renaissance art.



FOOT OF THE WROUGHT-IRON RAILING ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE. DESIGNED BY M. DAUMET.

Behind the altar is the mausoleum of Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, which has become the resting-place of the hearts of all the Condés. This monument was erected in 1663 in the Church of St. Paul, at Paris, to the memory of the Prince de Condé, by Perrault, President of the Chambre des Comptes. It was saved from the vandals of 1793 by Le-

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TOP OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

noir, who tells us that it excited the particular admiration of the famous sculptor the Chevalier Bernin, when he visited Paris. The monument consists of four seated figures of Faith, Prudence, Religion, and Charity, fourteen bass-reliefs representing subjects from the Old Testament, and two geniuses, the one holding a sword, and the other a tablet with on it an inscription—the whole modelled by Pierre Sarazin, and cast in bronze by Perlan and Duval, who were the ablest metal-workers of the seventeenth century.

Leaving the chapel by an inner lobby, we find ourselves at the foot of a majestic horseshoe staircase which leads to the upper story of the châtelet. The balustrade of this staircase is remarkable as being the most sumptuous piece of ornamental iron-work executed in France in modern times. The design of the balustrade is due to M.

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GALERIE DES CERFS.

Daumet, and the execution in wrought iron and beaten brass to MM. Moreau, of Paris.

The châtelet, as we have seen, escaped intact during the troubles of the Revolution. Outside, it remains exactly as Jean Bullant built it for Anne de Montmorency; inside, it still offers complete examples of the decorative art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, notably in the Prince de Condé's apartments, the Galerie des Batailles, the Salon de la Grande Singerie, and the Cabinet de la Petite Singerie. The gallery of battles is devoted to the glory of the Grand Condé, whose warlike deeds are recorded in pictures of the Van der Meulen school, and whose arms and flags are grouped in a trophy over the chimney-piece around a medallion in gilt bronze by Coysevox, representing Condé as he looked the year of his death, with the inscription: "Lud. Princeps Condæus 1686." The great and the little "Singeries" are two rooms decorated with grotesque panels, in which monkeys are represented in all the circumstances of French elegant life in the eighteenth century, playing at pastoral life like Madame de Pompadour, paying court to fair coquettes, and exhibiting all the foibles of frivolous humanity. These panels, which are usually attributed to Watteau, are more probably by his master, Gillot, but in any case they are masterpieces of graceful and witty decorative painting.

The châtelet also contains the Cabinet des Livres—that is to say, the library of the Duc d'Aumale, president of the Société des Bibliophiles Français—one of the most magnificent and precious private collections in existence. This library consists only of the choicest books in the finest preservation, and in choice bindings, mostly of old morocco, bearing the arms, stamped in gold, of illustrious owners in days gone by—first editions of Greek and Latin authors, romances of chivalry, old French poets and story-tellers, French classics of the seventeenth century, illustrated books of the eighteenth century. By dint of perseverance and money the Duc d'Aumale has succeeded in reconstructing almost completely the private library of the Grand Condé. But it is difficult to give even a rough idea of the innumerable marvels of the Chantilly library, for the Duc d'Aumale did not amass his treasures one by one, but bought *en bloc* the already selected treasures of others. Thus the basis of the Chantilly library is the combined riches of the collections of the Prince de Salerne, Standish, and Armand Cigongne, the last purchased in 1859 for the sum of 600,000 francs. The Chantilly library possesses more than forty manuscripts adorned with miniatures, and amongst them is the finest il-

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luminated manuscript book in existence, namely, the *Grandes Heures*, or Hour Book of the Duc de Berry, uncle of Charles VI. The Duc de Berry was a great lover of illuminated *Horæ*. He is known to have possessed no less than eighty-nine, out of which number fifty-seven are in the National Library at Paris, and four in the library of Chantilly. The *Grandes Heures*, executed at the beginning of the fourteenth century, is the most magnificent of all, and the most interesting, on account of the numerous pictures it contains of French royal castles under Charles V., notably the Louvre, the palace of St. Louis, the Sainte-Chapelle, Vincennes, Pierrefonds, etc. The history of the adventures of this immaculate and priceless volume is not without interest. By way of inheritance it came into the possession of the house of Savoy, and thence, at the beginning of this century, into the hands of Cardinal Spinola. By some accident it next became the property of a modest professor who lived at Genoa. This professor knew that the book was valuable, but he refused to sell it, and the only course left to the bibliophiles was to hope the excellent professor would soon die, and to be ready to treat with the heirs. This was the plan of the Baron Edmond de Rothschild; but, as fortune would have it, the professor died one day when the Duc d'Aumale happened to be passing through Genoa. The heirs heard that he was a purchaser of fine curios, and so they immediately offered him the coveted treasure. The Duc d'Aumale bought the *Grandes Heures* without a moment's hesitation for 25,000 francs, and when Rothschild's agent arrived it was too late. If this Hour Book could be put up for public sale in Paris or in London, the bidding for it would begin at 500,000 francs.



PRUDHON'S PAINTING "THE AWAKENING OF PSYCHE," IN THE CHANTILLY ART GALLERY.

The archives of Chantilly, stowed away in strong rooms hewn out of the solid rock on which the château stands, contain treasures which have never yet been ransacked by historians. The Condé archives comprise more than five hundred volumes and portfolios, some of which materials have been used by the Duc d'Aumale in his *History of the House of Condé*. Then there are the Montmorency archives,

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which are also voluminous, for the High Constable Anne de Montmorency preserved and classified all his papers—a rare thing in the sixteenth century. Now Anne de Montmorency was not only the greatest Frenchman of his day, he also actually governed France, commanded her armies, and held at Chantilly a sort of court, at which all the great poets, writers, and artists of the Renaissance appeared. Imagine, then, how interesting his correspondence must be, and what joy is in store for the students whom the Duc d'Aumale's munificence will one day admit to this feast of unpublished historical documents. These archives the duke has himself augmented by purchases of historical autographs. Thus M. Thibaudeau procured him more than two hundred autograph letters of Louis XIII. addressed to Cardinal Richelieu, and at different times he has bought historical and literary papers, amongst which are a manuscript of Tallemant de Réaux, which, by-the-way, is too risky to be ever printed, a manuscript biography of his father by Brantôme, autograph notes of Montaigne, Rabelais, Racine, Bossuet, and other celebrated men, written on books or manuscripts once in their possession.

VII.

Leaving the books and archives, we pass through the grand dining-hall called the Galerie des Cerfs—a lofty and noble room, lighted by vast windows opening on to the French garden of "La Volière." At one end of this gallery is a tribune for musicians in carved stone in the Renaissance style; at the other end is the chimney-piece surmounted by a strange panel painted by Paul Baudry, and representing St. Hubert—in the likeness of the Duc de Chartres—struck by the vision of the symbolic stag; while along the wall opposite the windows is a series of Gobelins tapestries, executed from cartoons by Van Orley. From the Galerie des Cerfs we go directly into the vast rooms devoted purely to the art collections, namely, the Picture-gallery, the Tribune, the Treasure Tower, and the Galerie de Psyché. This latter is a long and comparatively low gallery, running along the northern façade of the château between the Museum Tower and the Treasure Tower, and constructed specially to receive a very important series of painted glass windows saved by the worthy Alexandre Lenoir from the château of Écouen —most precious works, painted in grisaille, and representing the various incidents of the legend of Psyche. This series was executed for Anne de Montmorency by Bernard Palissy, if we may believe a tradition which many experts are inclined to ratify. The cartoons are attributed by the same tradition to no less an artist than Raphael. Whether this be exact or not, there can be no doubt that the designs are Italian, and as the legend of Psyche was very much *à la mode* in the sixteenth century, it is not surprising that the original cartoons were vulgarized by the engravings of Marc Antonio Raimondi. The series is composed of some forty subjects, each of which is explained by an octave of verses, and these verses are the same as those found in an edition of the *Amours de Psyché* published in Paris in 1546, with wood-cuts. The verses are by a forgotten poet named Jean Maugin, of Anvers. This painted glass, executed in 1545, is most interesting and curious, and, with the exception of a few of the subjects, it is in excellent preservation. The long wall facing these "vitraux" is covered with historical portraits in crayons, and at one end of the gallery is a bust of Henri IV. in colored wax, an inestimable contemporaneous document.

Without staying to examine the excellent arrangement and the splendor of the decoration of the rooms in which the Duc d'Aumale has lodged his works of art, let us take a very summary view of the art collections, beginning with the collection of drawings. This was begun in 1861, by the purchase *en bloc* of the Frédéric Reiset collection, composed of 381 drawings, chosen after the careful sifting of several thousands. Then followed the purchase of the Wellesley collection, and of Alexandre Lenoir's collection of French crayon portraits, which was originally sold in London in 1836 to the Duke of Sutherland. From the Barnal and Northwick collections the Duc d'Aumale also obtained many fine drawings, and now the Chantilly collection of crayons can rival the collections of the Louvre and the Albertina at Vienna. The fashion of portrait heads executed in crayons of two or three colors was set by Holbein in England; the French took it up, and under the reign of the Valois the fashion became a craze, and every courtier made a collection of portraits of contemporaries, many

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RAPHAEL'S LA VIERGE D'ORLÉANS, IN THE CHANTILLY ART COLLECTION.

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PORTRAIT OF SIMONETTA VESPUCCI, IN THE CHANTILLY ART GALLERY.

of which have come down to our own day, carefully preserved by families and private and public libraries. The fashion lasted from the time of François I. to the time of Louis XIII., and the fashionable artists were the Clouets, who came from Flanders, the Dumonstiers, the Quesnels, and the Lagneaus—for there were whole families of crayon workers. The last of the school was Robert Nanteuil. The gem of the Duc d'Aumale's collection of crayon portraits is that of Isabelle de la Paix, the daughter of Henri II., who was married to Philip II. of Spain. The girl is represented at the age of fifteen, and the portrait, by the most famous of the Clouets, namely, Janet, was executed about 1559. The work is extremely fine, the face is most delicately moulded, and the whole portrait is a masterpiece of the delicate art of crayons, with its light evanescent grace, its soft coloration, obtained by two or three simple tones, its charming handiwork, and its naïve, sincere, and penetrating sense of physiognomic fidelity.

In the collection of drawings there are specimens of the work of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and nearly all the great masters. The French masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are also represented by the choicest specimens that patience and money could procure.

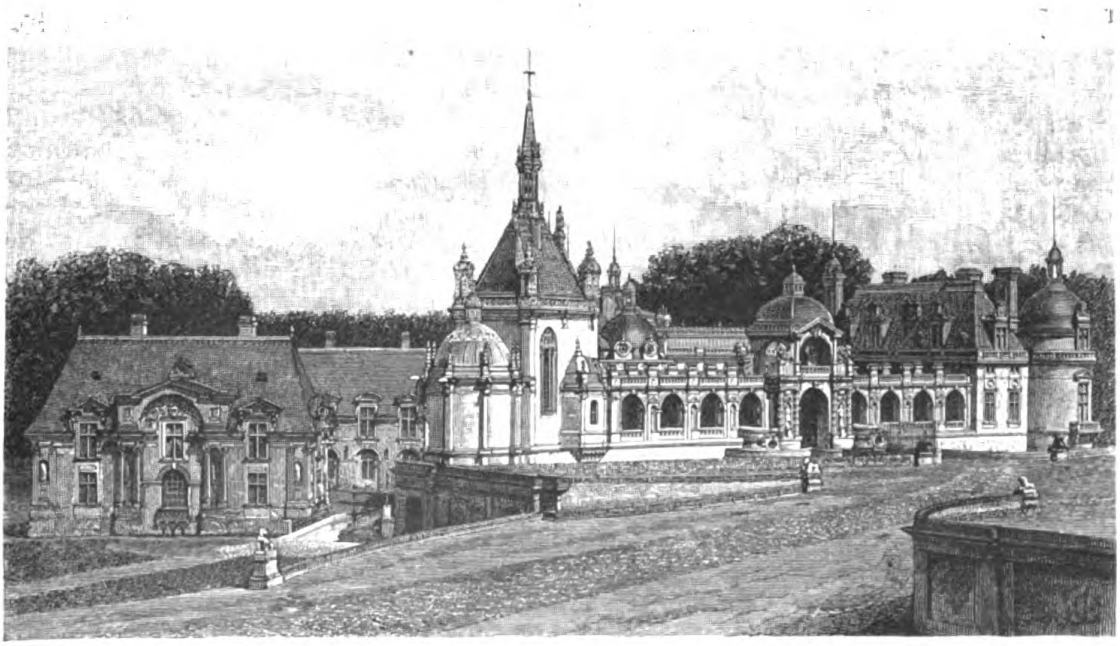
VIII.

The nucleus of the Chantilly gallery of pictures was formed by purchases made

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by the Duc d'Aumale during his first exile in England after 1848, and successively enriched since, more especially by the purchase *en bloc*, in 1879, of the Reiset collection. M. Reiset had only forty pictures, but each picture was a gem of the kind. Thanks to this purchase the Chantilly gallery boasts a Giotto, a most poetical and delicate picture of the Siennese school, representing a group of angel virgins with long floating hair dancing joyously before the sun, and a "Marriage of St. Francis of Assisi with Charity, Poverty, and Humility," by Sano di Pietro (1406–83), that rare painter, as his epitaph says, "pictor famosus et homo totus deditus Deo." Nothing in Florentine art equals the artlessness and candor of this pious vision. Fra Angelico is represented by two little panels, St. Matthew and St. Mark, from the church of Fiesole, where the companion picture of the Virgin alone remains, while the Predella is the pride of the National Gallery at London. Lippo Lippi, the jovial Florentine, claims attention with a little picture of St. Peter, on the back of which some former enthusiastic possessor has written in antiquated characters, "Non è il grande che fa il buono." There are two Botticelli's, one, "Autumn," or "Abundance," painted under the influence of Mantegna, and full of allegoric and moral intentions, and the other, a seated Madonna, with on her knees the infant Jesus, to whom she offers a rose. A beautiful long-haired angel, with one of those intelligent Tuscan heads with irregular and most expressive features, looks at the divine group with a sort of melancholy smile as he stands holding a basket of flowers on his head. The cataloguers and expert critics Crowe and Cavalcaselle would attribute to Botticelli the portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, which is one of the show pieces of Chantilly, and one of the most perfect specimens we have of Florentine style.* M. Reiset, however, attributed the painting to Antonio Pollajuolo (1426–96), and this is now the received opinion. Apart from its extraordinary artistic qualities, this picture is of exceptional interest, because it is indubitably an authentic portrait of the distinguished lady whom Pulci and Politian have celebrated in their verses, comparing the divinized patrician to Thalia, Minerva, and Diana. Simonetta Januensis Vespucci was a Genoese by birth; she married a Cattani, lived in Florence, was adored by Giuliano de' Medici, and was courted by all the poets and artists of Italy, who noised abroad the fame of her wit, her beauty,

* There is an ugly picture in the Pitti Gallery, which has until lately been catalogued as the likeness of Simonetta, but this is an evident error. M. Reiset purchased the picture in the Chantilly gallery from the Vespucci family, in whose possession it had been for centuries. The inscription, too, written deeply in the impasto of the picture leaves no room for doubt.



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU.

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and the elegance of her life. Simonetta died young, and, as Pulci tells us, she greeted death with a smile.

It is unnecessary and impossible to mention even all the striking pictures at Chantilly. It will suffice to say that the collection is rich in specimens of the different Italian schools, while it also contains fine works of the early German, Flemish, Dutch, and English painters, notably a magnificent picture by Thierry Bouts, a pupil of Van Eyck, two portraits by Van Eyck, a portrait of the Bâtard de Bourgogne by Antonello da Messina, or perhaps by Roger van der Weyden, and a little diptych by Memling, representing on the right a Calvary and on the left Jeanne of France, wife of Jean, second Duke of Burgundy, kneeling amidst a group of figures. The Duc d'Aumale is reported to have paid 250,000 francs for this precious little picture. M. Thibaudeau, however, informs me that the duke did not pay one-third of that sum, and this information is to be believed, inasmuch as it was M. Thibaudeau who sold the picture in 1885, after the death of its previous owner, the Rev. Fuller Russell. The collection of French pictures, both ancient and modern, is also most important, and peculiarly rich in the works of two masters, Poussin and Prudhon, and in historical portraits, such as Corneille by François de Troy, Molière by Mignard, Richelieu and Mazarin by Philippe de Champagne, Louis XIV. by Rigaud. Amongst the modern pictures are works by all the celebrities: a portrait of Napoleon, First Consul, by Gérard; five paintings by Ingres; works by Meissonier, Rousseau, and Jules Dupré; ten pictures by Decamps, including the "Corps de Garde maroccain," of the Salon of 1834, which cost 80,000 francs at the sale of the Marquis Maison; Boilly's "Café Corazza in 1820." In 1848, when the mob invaded the Palais Royal, an anonymous visitor took a fancy to Boilly's picture, cut it out of the frame in small pieces, and carried it off. After passing through mysterious adventures, which have not yet found a historian, the fragments of the picture were all found and carefully pieced together, and in 1875 the picture was sold to the Duc d'Aumale.

We now come to the two works by Raphael, which are naturally considered the rarest treasures, if not the finest pictures, in the Chantilly gallery. One of these pictures is known as the "Vierge d'Orléans," and was bought by the Duc d'Aumale in 1869, at the sale of the Delessert collection, for 150,000 francs; the other, representing the "Three Graces," and inspired by an antique marble group which Raphael saw at Siena when he was helping Pinturicchio paint his frescoes in 1506, cost the Duc d'Aumale 600,000 francs. This little picture, scarcely four inches square, was once in the Borghese Palace. About 1797 it came into the possession of Fabre, a painter of Montpellier, from whom Woodburn, the well-known London dealer, bought it. Woodburn sold it to Sir Thomas Lawrence, at whose sale it was purchased by the banker-poet Samuel Rogers. Subsequently it was bought by Lord Dudley, and in 1881 M. Thibaudeau had it for sale once more. M. Thibaudeau, to whom I am indebted for these details, came over to Paris to show the picture to the Duc d'Aumale, but the duke had just gone to Italy. Thereupon M. Thibaudeau showed the picture to the authorities of the Louvre, and had an interview with M. Jules Ferry, then minister, who intended to ask a special grant of Parliament to enable the government to purchase the work. A few days afterward M. Ferry was defeated in the Chamber, and retired from the head of affairs. At the same time it was found that the picture could not be disposed of without the consent of the Court of Chancery, and M. Thibaudeau returned to London. A few months afterward the Duc d'Aumale wrote to know whether the picture could still be had. Thereupon the necessary legal steps were taken, and the Raphael went to Chantilly.

The history of the "Vierge d'Orléans" apparently begins with the visit which Raphael made to Urbino, also in the year 1506, after the death of his parents, for while in Urbino, Vasari tells us that he painted for Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, then Captain of the Florentines, "two pictures of Our Lady, small but very beautiful, and in his second manner, which pictures are now in the possession of the most illustrious and most excellent Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino." In 1763 this Madonna was in the Crozat gallery at Paris, whence it passed through the hands of Passart and Decamps, who sold it to the Duc d'Orléans. Thus the picture entered the Palais Royal galleries, and acquired its name of the "Vierge d'Orléans." Now the story runs that in 1782 Philippe Éga-

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lité, Duke of Orleans, playing at billiards with M. de Laborde de Mereville, the banker and financier, lost an enormous sum of money, and being unable to pay his debt, he gave his creditor all the Italian pictures in the galleries of the Palais Royal. The banker sent the pictures to London to his correspondent, Mr. Bryan, who sold the lot for £43,000 to the Earl of Bridgewater, the Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Gower. The three lords reserved for themselves a number of pictures estimated at £40,000, and in 1798 they exhibited the rest for sale in London. The exhibition remained open eight months, and what with gate-money and sales the three noble speculators realized £42,500, and felt justly satisfied with their bargain. Amongst the pictures sold were twelve Raphaels, of which the "Vierge d'Orléans" was one. Its purchaser was Mr. Hibbert, who paid for it 500 guineas. After passing successively through the hands of Vernon, De la Haute, and Aguado, it appeared at the Aguado sale in Paris in 1843, and was bought for the sum of 27,250 francs by M. François Delessert, in whose gallery it remained until the Duc d'Aumale bought it in 1869 for 150,000 francs.

The "Vierge d'Orléans" is about twelve inches high by eight inches broad, very delicately painted, and very interesting on account of the traces of hesitation in her composition which the painter has not thought fit to efface. We seem to see Raphael at work; we can almost follow every stroke of his brush. Here we see him retouching the contour of the figure in order to give it more grace; here he strengthens the outline of the chin, and lightly indicates a dimple; here he modifies the modelling of the nose; and here he caresses exquisitely the expression of the mouth. As we have already seen, this picture is about contemporaneous with the picture of the "Belle Jardinière" in the Louvre, dated 1507. The figures stand out with remarkable solidity. The Virgin, it will be noticed, has very delicate hands, and the type of her face is different from most of Raphael's Virgins. The "Vierge d'Orléans" is rather the portrait of a young mother surprised by the painter in the intimacy of her maternal joys and cares. The babe alone in this composition has a suggestion of something more than human in his face.

To do justice to all the treasures of Chantilly — pictures, drawings, engravings, bronzes, Limoges enamels, miniatures, gems, manuscripts, and other precious objects—would require volumes rather than pages, for they are counted by hundreds, and even by thousands. I must be content to have endeavored to give a general idea of the historical and architectural interest of the castle itself, and a mere glimpse at the literary and artistic riches which it contains. Chantilly and its treasures really constitute, to quote the words used by the Duc d'Aumale in drawing up the deed of gift to the Institute of France, "a complete and varied monument of French art in all its branches, and of the history of my father-land at glorious epochs."

THE STORY OF ARNON.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I AM Arnon, the fourth son of Noah the Patriarch, and the brother of Shem, Ham, and Japheth. But of me no mention have they made in the book of life, for I have committed a sin, grievous, not to be pardoned.

I was younger than my brothers, and had taken unto me no wife; but they were all three wed unto virtuous women, and my father Noah had laid his hands upon them and upon their wives, and had blessed them, weeping with joy that they had so well chosen both in his sight and in the sight of the Lord God.

Yet was my heart knit unto the heart of a maid most fair to look upon, and her name was Asenath, the daughter of Kemuel the money-lender, one of the wicked, a wine-bibber and a curser of God.

There was none in all the land so fair as Asenath, and ofttimes men would slay themselves because of the love they bore her. As she passed along, the children stayed their hands from sport to gaze upon her, and the beasts of the field seemed to know that she was beautiful. Her hair was as a crown upon her head, and as golden serpents upon her shoulders. It

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was as though the night had tarried in her eyes, and the glory of the day upon her face.

As when one shreds a poppy leaf in talking, so were her lips; her teeth within them were white as a young dove brought to the altar.

She was tall and graceful as a palm, and when she moved it was as though a wind impelled her. She seemed not to set one foot before the other as do the daughters of men, but rather to steal onward with the stirring of her garments as move the sons of God.

Every day I waited in the temple at the hour when she would come to worship, for she was not as Kemuel her father, but resembled even her mother Miriam, a godly woman, who had instructed her child to fear the Lord.

And on the fourth day of the month Nisan, behold she came with an offering of myrrh and of frankincense and of two white doves. The wimple upon her head was of silver tissue, there were golden shoes upon her feet, and her garments were fair and wonderful and of a sweet savor. So she walked as doth a warm month in the youth of the year, in perfume and in color and in brightness. Her eyes behind her silver veil were as stars that pierce the fleece of a thin cloud. There were golden bracelets on her arms, and on her ankles there were bands of gold and of silver.

Also her maidens walked before her—for her father was a man of high estate and of great riches—and two of them were dusky with the kisses of the sun, and their brown skins showed through garments of golden tissue; and two were fair, and their robes were of blue and of silver tissue. And the first twain bore scarlet lilies in their hands, but the last two carried lilies of a tawny color. And they walked two by two, and Asenath walked after them.

Methought when the sweetness of her garments and of her hair stole to my nostrils, that I would have lain me down upon the ground for faintness. But I leaned against one of the pillars of the temple, and was still; nor did I dare so much as to draw breath for fear of crying out with the love of her.

And she passed on to the altar.

And, lo, as she knelt before it to lay thereon the offering she had brought, behold, one of the doves escaped from her hands and soared up into the gloom of the roof of the temple, like a white flower carried by the wind.

She clasped her hands, and trembled, and was sore afraid, for she knew not whether or no it was a sin.

And when I saw the trouble in her eyes, my heart was even as troubled within me, because of the love I bore her. I lifted up mine eyes and followed the flight of the dove; and by-and-by it came floating softly down toward me, as though a white cloud should loosen from the heavens and fall downward through the night. So I stood still and waited. And behold it alighted on one of the golden ornaments of the temple, within my arm's reach, and began to preen its feathers.

Then took I my mantle from about my shoulders, and creeping warily toward the dove, did snare it within the folds by a sudden movement. And when I felt it stir beneath my fingers I turned and bent my steps toward Asenath as she waited at the altar. She held out her hands, and I placed the dove in them, and we looked in each other's eyes.

And as we looked, our souls were knit together. The blood stained her brow and her throat and her bosom. And the dove against her breast was as a white sail against a morning sky when the east is rosy. Also she bent down her head and laid her cheek against the dove. But we spake no word, for we were in the temple, and we might not hold speech with each other.

But when we were without in the highway she bade her maidens that they stand still, and turning, saith unto me, "I pray thee tell me thy name, that I may thank thee for the service thou hast rendered me this day."

And I answered and said, "My name is Arnon, and I am son to Noah the Patriarch."

And she said, "What! the old man who is feeble in his mind, and who thinks that he is able to build an ark which will float all mankind?"

I said: "Nay; thou hast been wrongfully instructed. He thinks not that the ark which he is building can float all mankind, but only himself and his children."

And she smiled, and saith, "Even then, where will he find water sufficient in the land to bear so vast a structure?"

And I answered and said, "I may not

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tell thee more now, for it is not meet that I mention such things in a light manner, but if thou wilt speak to thy father that he let me visit thee, I will talk to thee more fully."

And she said, "I will speak to him."

So for that day we went our separate ways. But on the morrow, as I toiled in my vineyard toward the setting of the sun, there entered in a woman well spent in years, and clad in rich garments.

And she approached and said unto me, "Art thou that Arnon which art son to Noah the Patriarch?"

And I said, "I am he."

And she said, "I am come at the bidding of my mistress, the lady Asenath, she who is daughter to Kemuel the money-lender."

And I said, "Say on."

And she answered and said, "My mistress desireth thee to come to her house straightway, if it pleasure thee, and I will show thee the way."

And ere she ceased speaking I was some strides in advance of her on my way out of the vineyard.

But ere I followed the woman I went to the baths and refreshed me, and put on a change of raiment, and a collar of beaten gold, for I had respect unto Asenath's high estate. So came I into her presence.

Now the house of Kemuel was built about a court, and there were fountains in the court, and palm-trees and aloes and many-colored flowers. And around the court were arches, and before these hung silken curtains of divers tints. And there were birds with red and blue plumage swinging in golden rings. And there was a dog, with long white hair like a floss of silk, wearing a silver collar set about with carbuncles and with emeralds; and as he lay in the sun his hair was as spun silver.

Then, lifting up one of the silken curtains, the woman bade me enter, and I entered, and stood in the presence of Asenath.

Her garments were as the leaves of a white lily after a fall of rain, and her head was as the golden heart in the midst of it. She leaned upon cushions of crimson silk wrought wondrously with threads of fine gold; and the dog, which had entered with me, lay down at her feet.

So the woman left us, we two alone, with the silken curtain dropped in the archway. Over against Asenath there was a pomegranate-tree growing in a golden pot, and as she spoke with me she shredded the flowers with her fingers and with her lips, and I could not tell their leaves from her lips.

And she said unto me, "Wilt thou tell me now all that thou didst promise?"

So I told her all that Noah my father had told me, and as I spoke, she held her breath for wonder.

And when I had made an end of speaking, her face was even as her raiment, and her lips also were very pale.

And she said, "Dost thou too believe all this that thou hast told me?"

And I said, "Yea, every word."

Then did she put her fingers each between the other, and did join her palms together, and dropped her hands in this wise upon her knee. And looking past me as one who is in a dream, she spoke in a low voice, and saith, "And must my father also die after this manner, and I with him?" And her tears fell down upon her hands.

Whereat, my heart crying out within me, I fell on my knees beside her, and dried her fingers with my lips from the tears that were on them, moaning because of her sadness.

And she laid her hand upon my head, and spoke unto me, saying, "Dost thou love me to that measure?"

And I answered and said, "There is no measure to my love for thee."

And she said, "I know not how to tell thee of my gladness, for I am ashamed because of my gladness."

And I kissed her on her mouth.

Now, when a time had passed, she said, "Wilt thou that I shall sing unto thee?"

And I answered and said, "Yea, heart of my heart, for there is no music which is possible, sweeter to me than the sound of thy voice."

And she sang to me in these words:

In the midst of a thousand flowers I am alone. Among unnumbered blossoms am I desolate.

The singing of birds comforts me not; their voice is as the breath of the night wind through the leaves of a young pine—as the sighing of the night when sleep is far from her.

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Lo, Consolation comes not to me from the mountains, neither can I see her face in the heavens. She hath shrouded her eyes in the mist that arose from my tears; on the breath of my sighing hath she been borne from me.

Hear me, my sister, and forsake me not. My heart is as the heart of a mother whose child hath been born unto her soulless, as the spirit of her whose waiting hath been in vain. My sister, I am sorrowful unto death. Hold out thine arms to me, cheer me with the light of thine eyes, console me with the music of thy voice; with the laughter of thy soul sustain me.

Apart from my beloved I am alone. My heart is weary with the lack of his love. Until I die am I sorrowful, because he remaineth not.

Come, then, O my beloved. Let not the moonlight upon the cedars entice thee; let it not tangle thy soul in its mesh of silver and ebony. For I will weave thee a chain more lovely with the whiteness of my arms, and with the shadows of my hair will I put for thee the midnight sky to shame.

With the snare of my tresses will I bind thee to me. Yea, thou shalt be in their tangle as a winter moon behind the lattice of the trees.

Turn thou not, then, from her who loves thee, to sleep on the wild grasses, O my love, and from the wooing of her eyes turn thou not away.

Who is fairer than my beloved, or who is brighter than the sun at noonday? More wonderful is the silence of his eyes than the voice of a multitude praising God.

Beneath his look I tremble; I bow down as doth a palm-tree beneath the might of a summer storm.

He hath bound me to him with chains of kisses. He hath set the seal of his love upon my mouth. I am his forever.

See, I have set my brow about with rubies. Yea, with their frozen blood-drops am I diademed. Such jewels hath my heart because of thee. Make haste, then, O my soul, and bring with thee my fair sister Consolation.

For ye have both deserted me together, O ye false and not to be believed. Moreover, ye have taken away in your hands my chiefest treasures, my crown of joy and the sceptre of my love.

Was I not fair, my beloved, was I not fair, that thou forsookest me? Tall am I, yea, of proud stature, and fairer than starlight on white roses half unfurled.

Mine eyes are deeper than the evening skies, and the light of their love passeth the glory of the moon.

Thou thyself hast likened my voice to the music of summer rain-drops on many leaves.

Yea, and thou didst summon with thy kisses my heart's blood to my lips. Surely thou shouldst be satisfied with their scarlet?

Behold, I will live upon roses, that my breath may be sweeter than wine. Upon rain from the flagons of the wild jasmine will I quench my thirst, that with the perfume of my breath I may entrance thee.

Lilies shall be my garment, and out of their royalty will I weave for us a crown.

Tarry no longer, then, thou dearer to me than the blood in my veins. Tarry no longer, or if thou dost, prepare, when thou at last shall come, to lay our crown of lilies as a funeral wreath upon the brow of her whom once thou lovedst.

And when she was silent I knelt down before her as though in worship, and would have kissed the hem of her garment, but she lifted me to her breast.

And afterward she would that I sang to her; so I sang, and these are the words which I sang in the presence of my beloved:

Lo, the voice of my love, and the voice of her whom my soul craveth, when the tumult of the summer fields is hushed, calling to me from the silence, from the windy places of the hills, with words of love.

More still is it than the stealing of a river through the night; yet is the hearing of my heart filled with it, as are goblets of gold with purple wine. More sweet is it than honey sucked from roses that have slept in the bosom of a young maid. Yea, more enchanting than the sound of an hundred harps in the ears of them that are half asleep.

Behold where my love cometh, as doth a summer rain through distant sunlight. She

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hath woven her a veil out of the threads of the moonlight; out of the silver threads that lace the heavens and the earth together hath she fashioned her garments.

The earth is delicious with the passing of her feet; the sweetness of the spring wakes up to mark her coming.

Lo, the redness of the east is on her brow. The light of her eyes and the glory of her smile are as though the sun and the moon had met in the morning heavens.

She hath weaved pomegranate flowers through all her hair, and they are as lilies that have been stained with my heart's blood, as with crimson wine.

Her hair is as young sunlight on a cloud, and her sides are tinted with the tracing of her veins as though a field of snow should bloom with violets.

Her breath is sweeter than a tarrying wind that blows at eventide over fields where in the morning they did mow the young grass; yea, more to be desired than the fragrance of the sea in a hot noontide.

Her eyelids are broad and curled, like the leaves plucked from a white rose.

Her eyes beneath them are as stars that steal by twos into the dusk of a dark blue sky.

She is fairer than all the daughters of men. The sons of God look down from heaven, and would be on earth because of her.

They are ravished with her love. Yea, they would wrap her about with their wings, and crown her with crowns of asphodels, and of white lilies, and of flowers that blossom only by the light of a thin moon.

Listen, my love; and listen thou, whom my soul loveth.

Approach, and be upon my breast as a flower upon the breast of the night wind. Let the fragrance of thy hair delight me, and make me as one drunk with the softness of thy breathing.

Be in mine arms as the sea is in the hollow of the land. Rest upon me as the sunlight on a field of flowers.

Let me be as a tall tree that droops its head for carrying the glory of the noonday sun.

Entrance me with thy kisses, so that mine eyes be heavier than a bird that sinks to earth because of the weariness of its wings. Bind me to thee with thine arms as with fetters of silver. Lace me to thee with the fibres of thine hair as with links of most fine gold. Be over me as the moon on a night of whispering forests—as a moon when all are sleeping, and the sea wakes up for the love that he doth bear her.

O that I might sleep upon thy breast, as the young moon on the breast of a summer sea!

Thou wouldst rock me more sweetly with thy breathing than waves do rock a broken lily flower.

Turn thee about, I pray thee, and gird me with the fairness of thine arms, as the earth with a girdle of starlight.

Bend down, and let thy mouth rest upon my mouth, even as the pomegranate leaves within thy tresses do rest the one upon the other.

For I love thee with a love that is past all singing. As the sun is above a scarlet rose-tree, so is my love above words. Neither is there any way in all the world that I may tell thee of it.

For it is deeper than the uttermost parts of the sea. Yea, heaven itself is not more high than is the love I bear thee.

Wert thou less glorious thou wouldst wither in its rays, as doth a tender flower in the sunlight.

But thou art even as a palm-tree in the desert. The light of the sun doth nourish thee.

Return, my bright one, my eagle. Soar up as an eagle into the bosom of the sun.

Thou art as fire also, therefore his burning will not scorch thee.

Be unto me at one time as are all the loves in the world to other men from the hour that they are born.

O for words to sing thy fairness, and the love that is in my heart because of thee!

But more vain were it than for the blind to sing the blueness of the heavens in time of harvest, or for one dumb to praise the Lord with songs.

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And when it was time that I should go, I did clasp her with both mine arms, and sealed her lips with a kiss, and did also kiss her eyes for the love that was in them. And she lay upon my breast and clasped me with her arms, and the perfume of her hair was in my nostrils. There was none so beautiful as Asenath in all the land, neither any so to be desired for love or sweetness. And on that day her soul was wife to my soul, and I felt that there was naught in heaven or earth that could part us from that day on forever.

On that night, as I supped in my father's house with my brothers and their wives, and with my father and mother, it fell that Japheth began twitting me with my lack of a spouse, and all they fell in with him and flouted me. I liked it not at last, and rose and left the supper board.

And, behold, my father did follow me, and did lay his hand on my shoulder, saying: "My son, wherefore art thou waxed wroth with thy brothers for this thing they say against thee? Art thou not of an age to take a wife? And is it not gladness to thy father and to thy mother to see their children's children about them?"

And I answered and said, "Yea, father." But he would not let me say more, and continued to speak unto me, saying, "Behold, it is time that thou take a wife; moreover, have I chosen one for thee from out the righteous that are left in the land, and in all the land this is the only daughter of a righteous woman, and I have chosen her for thee."

And with what voice there remained unto me I said, "May it please thee that I hear her name?" And he said: "Yea, verily, for she is a fair maid, and worthy the love a man should bear his wife. Her name is Cozbi, the daughter of Billah, thy mother's friend, who died in the time of the grape harvest, one year gone."

Now I had had a sight of Cozbi when her mother Billah visited my mother in the days of their friendship; and though unto Noah my father she may have seemed of a goodly countenance, had she been fairer than the light of day, Asenath would have been still fairer unto me, for she was the light of my soul.

And I said unto my father, "Yea, father, but dost thou know whether the damsel would look upon me kindly?"

And he said, "Go to; shall I praise thee for a proper stripling, that thou mayest find courage to go a-wooing?" And he put his hand again on my shoulder, saying, "Go to, go to," and tapping my shoulder with his fingers as though he marked out a tune.

I was sore perplexed, and my heart very heavy within me, for I knew not what to say to Noah my father, knowing him to be a stern man when thwarted, though a tender father in matters of everyday. I put my hand upon his hand, as it rested on my shoulder, and was silent. And it came upon me suddenly that I would tell him the truth. And I spoke, though my voice shook somewhat with the beating of my heart. These are the words I said: "Father, what if I already love a maid?—a virgin, fair and virtuous, who hath yielded me her love in return, and waits but thy blessing to become my wife, and a daughter unto thee and unto my mother?"

Then did he draw down his brows, which were as though flakes of snow should rest upon sapphires, for his eyes were as the sea and the sky for blueness, and he saith, "Tell me her name, that I may answer thee."

And I spake but her name, "Asenath," for I was afraid to say the name of him to whom she was daughter.

And, behold, when he spoke, his voice was terrible, and his eyes shot sparks, as doth the sea on a day of sunshine; and he laid hold upon me by my shoulders, and turned me about, and gazed down at me—for though I was a tall man, my father Noah was taller—and he spoke in a loud voice, and saith, "Art thou mad, that thou speakest of wedding a child of one of the accursed—a man of vice, and a curser of the living God?"

And knowing nothing to reply, I sought to withdraw myself from his grasp, for the grip of his fingers in my flesh galled me. But he said, "Nay, thou shalt not stir till I be answered." So I stood still, and tried to bethink me what to say; and at last I spake and answered, saying,

"If the maiden be not a curser of God, nor a vicious person, wherefore should I not love her?"

And he shook me somewhat as he held me, saying, "Go to; thou art but a foolish lad. Knowest thou not that the curse descends from father to child?"

And I said again, "I cannot see, if the maid be holy, why, because her father is wicked, I should not love the maid."

And he said, "Thou speakest as one of

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the wicked thyself, for every word that thou hast said is a blasphemy against the living God."

And he turned me about with his hands, and pointed to the door, and said, "Depart, and walk in the night air until this fever be gone from thy heart and from thy mind, and then do thou return and crave my pardon, but God's before mine."

And he went into the house and shut the door behind him.

Now behold it was the full of the moon, and all things white with the light thereof. The pine-trees upon the hill-tops were as a fringe of silver on the blue cloak of the sky. And the moon was as an opening in the floor of heaven, admitting some of the fuller glory upon the darksome earth.

There was yet a red light throughout the west as from a half-burned fire, and there sailed ever some dark clouds over against it, like characters of writing marked by some giant hand.

In their nests the birds were holding sleepy converse, and the night wind was astir in all the tree-tops.

I walked until my limbs were weary under me, and, lo, the fever in my heart waxed ever hotter and hotter, as though it would in truth consume me, and I was not of a mind to ask either the pardon of Noah my father or of the Lord his God, but my thoughts turned ever to Asenath, and how I loved her, and desired her for my wife, and would choose rather to perish with her in the flood that was to come upon the earth than to be apart from her in safety.

And as I walked and thought on these things, and the grievous trouble that was to come upon mankind, behold, I had gained the top of an high hill, and the earth lay all below me, with the light of the summer moon through the night mists like a veil upon her fair bosom, even as the veil on the bosom of a sleeping woman. And I saw rivers as threads of silver, and lakes as fallen stars, and forests as clouds fallen from a stormy sky. And my heart yearned over the earth as over a mother. And as I thought on the desolation that was to possess her I reached out my arms to her and bowed down mine head and wept.

And it seemed unto me that I would have died to preserve her peace and her beauty, and the lives of those who had their being in her being, albeit they were wicked beyond the reach of mine imagination.

And I thought on it again, and it was as though one had told me that my mother must be drowned for the sins of us her sons. And again my tears fell down upon my breast, and blotted out her beauty from my sight. And I yearned over her as over a mother.

Then all at once it came upon me that I must see Asenath ere I slept. So I rose and turned my face once more toward the city, and walked with long steps.

Almost before I knew it I was at the gateway of Kemuel's house, and the gate ajar with the pressure of my hand.

And something said within my heart, "Behold, she is in the garden." And even as I thought, I lifted up mine eyes and beheld her.

Her robe was all of white, as it had been when I spoke with her in the morning, and her unbound hair made a glory about her. She walked ever back and forth, and her eyes were bent on her moving feet, and her head bent down upon her bosom, and her hands were locked in front of her.

And there were rows of tall lilies in the garden that shined in the moonlight like to rods hung about with silver bells. Also there were rose-trees, red and white, and many small sweet flowers that I know not the names of, and some cedars dark against the blue of the sky. But even in the moonlight her lips were red, and the feeling of them was upon mine as the touch of a sun-warm flower.

I hid me behind some small trees to note her longer ere speaking to her, for my heart was drunk with her beauty; and as it is ever with drunkards, I was not satisfied, but desired yet more of that which had intoxicated me.

Now there was not a cloud in all the sky when I entered into the garden, but, behold, as I gazed upon her she paused suddenly and stood still, and lifted up her eyes to the heavens, holding up her hand as a shade between her eyes and the moonlight, while with the other hand she pushed back a stalk of lilies from her way.

So I lifted up mine eyes in the direction of hers, and beheld a little cloud, like a silver feather, in mid-heaven, that seemed ever to grow in size even as we gazed upon it.

And it waxed ever larger and larger, and did take on the shape of a man in

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glistening apparel. Then methought I was drunk in verity, and I rubbed mine eyes with my hand to dispel the vision. But when I looked again, lo, it was in truth a man, and he came downward through the air as a bird that rests on its wings; yet he had not wings; but his garments, of a wondrous whiteness, did beat back upon the air in many folds, and his countenance shined with a light from within, radiant, wonderful.

And he was very beautiful. His hair was as fire about his brows, and he was girt about with silver scales of armor, and there were silver shoes upon his feet. In his hands he held flowers more marvellous than were ever bred of earth and air —lilies and roses and asphodels—and they were all white with an unearthly whiteness, and smelled with a sweetness which is not to be imagined.

At last his garments touched the earth, but his feet rested not thereon.

And, behold, Asenath was fallen down, with her forehead on the ground.

And he stooped and lifted her, saying: "Maiden, be of good cheer, for none shall hurt thee. I am Azadil, a son of God; and looking down from heaven, behold, I saw that thou wast beautiful, and desired thee for my wife. See, I have brought thee of the flowers that grow in the light of the Presence, that thou mayest bind them in thy hair as my wife. And it shall be as a sign that we are espoused, and thou shalt be unto me as my wife."

And my tongue clave unto my mouth for dread that she would consent unto him. For often in those days the sons of God, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took unto them wives of all that they chose. But I did not speak, wishing rather to hear what she would say.

And she answered in these words, "My lord, who am I, that I should bind the flowers of heaven in my hair, or touch even so much as the garment of a son of God?"

And he smiled, and saith: "Thou art Asenath, and thou art beautiful. Behold, thou art worthy both of the flowers and of the sons of heaven;" and as he spoke he would have weaved the blossoms that he carried in her tresses.

But she drew back, and gathered her hair about her, and looked from side to side, as though for aid. But she did not lift up her eyes to heaven, as do mortals when in distress, for, behold, her greatest trouble was come down from heaven upon her, and she saith, "My lord, thou dost abash me with thy words, and my heart is troubled within me."

And he said, "Why will thy heart be troubled when it is desired of my heart as a companion forever?"

And again he would have touched her, but again she drew backward, and as she moved ever backward she pressed in among the lilies, and they closed about her, and her beautiful face rose as out of a frame of silver cunningly wrought. And Azadil did look upon her with love unutterable, so that, although he was a son of the living God, I could have smitten him upon his eyes.

And he saith: "Why wilt thou resist me? The love I bear thee is passing the love of any who is a son of man."

And not being able any longer to control myself, I leaped out into the light in front of him, and spoke in a loud voice, saying, "There is no love in heaven or in earth greater than the love I bear this maiden, and I tell thee so with my very lips."

And he stared at me as one astounded.

And I spoke again, saying, "Neither thou nor any other who is a son of God could love this damsel better than I, Arnon, a son of man, do love her."

And he said, in a voice more still than the air before a tempest, "Knowest thou that this is blasphemy?"

I answered and said, "I care not; it is the truth."

Then turned he from me to Asenath, and spoke to her, saying, "Dost thou know this man?"

She lifted up her eyes to mine, and said, "Yea, lord, and love him." And methought I would have died for very joy.

At that he turned to me a second time, and saith, "Knowest thou that God will curse thee for this blasphemy?"

I answered and said, "I know nothing but that I love her, and that her love is toward me."

Then turned he to Asenath, and spoke unto her again, and he saith, "Damsel, behold, thou hast made thy choice, and it must remain even as thou hast decided; but know that for all this man hath said, he cannot bear thee one tithe of the love that I would have borne thee."

And I was maddened at his words, and sprang upon him, and dragged him down that his feet kissed the ground.

And the son of heaven and the son of

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earth wrestled and strove together upon the earth.

The small flowers and grass were beaten into the ground where we struggled, so that there was naught but dust beneath our feet. And the dust rose up about our heads, and we were hidden as in a silver mist. And his hands were like fire upon me, and his breath was in my face like hot fire, and I was as one scorched in the mid-day sun.

So we strove desperately, the one with the other, as for life.

And suddenly he flung me down upon the ground, and did set his foot on me. His countenance was awful as with fire, and his eyes as flame beneath his brows. And he tilted down his sword against my throat, but moved it not. And he spoke to me, saying, "But that thy time is not yet come thou shouldst not live to utter more blasphemies, nor to repent thee of thy deed this night."

When Asenath saw the sword at my throat she did fling herself forward upon her knees, and did grasp the blade with her naked fingers. And I cried out with a loud voice, for methought they would have been severed from her hand.

But no hurt came to her; and when he saw her hand upon his sword, Azadil withdrew it from my throat, and girt it again at his side.

And he said: "Chiefly for thy sake do I spare him. But thou hast chosen, and thy lot is cast with his. Of the curse which he hath called upon him thou must also be partaker, even as thou art partaker of his love and of his life."

And, lo, a sudden darkness came before our eyes, and when we looked again, behold, he was gone.

Now it came to pass that on that very night Cozbi died of a fever in her brain, which had gotten hold upon her from walking in the noonday sun, and I was freed from that perplexity in regard to Noah my father.

Every day did I remain in my father's house, and did go to my couch even when the others went to their couches, so that there would be no questions as to my outgoings and incomings; but after that they all slept I did take my shoes from off my feet, and did wrap me about in a dark cloak, and did steal off to Kemuel's garden to be with Asenath.

Months passed away, and she was yet as my betrothed.

So every night we tarried in the garden, even unto the breaking of the day. And she leaned upon my breast, and spake to me in a soft voice, so that I had to bend down mine head to hear her. And I was alive only in the love I bore her. None else in all the earth had part in me. She was even as the heart in my breast and the soul in my body. And when she was waxed weary with the lateness of the hour, lo, I girded her about with mine arms, and she slept upon my breast, as a lotus on the breast of a strong river.

Yet, as the days escaped into the past, my heart was very heavy, for I knew that the time of the flood was at hand, but I knew not how to save her. And I burned my brain with thinking how to deliver her, for there was no curse I would not have incurred to save my darling from the jaws of the terrible deep. But as yet I knew no way.

And one night as she slept in my arms, and there was anguish throughout all my veins because of the might of my love toward her, and because of my love's helplessness, behold a sudden thought leaped up in my mind, even as a flame leaps suddenly from long-smouldering wood; and I had almost laughed aloud for joy of it, when I remembered me it might awaken her.

So I was silent, but my heart seemed to shout for gladness within my breast, and my blood ran merrily as streams run in the spring. And I was glad with a mighty gladness above any creature in all the earth. And on the next day, as I sat at meat in my father's house, Shem spake to me and said: "Dost thou know that the prophecy will be fulfilled within this moon?" And I said: "Yea, I know it. When will the beasts be driven in?"

He answered and said, "Even in seven days from to-day." And I asked him, saying, "Know you whether the flood will commence with lightning and with thunder, or as a quiet rain in seed-time?"

He saith, "I know not." Now the thought in my heart was this: if that there is no sudden, awful downpour—after that the beasts be driven into the ark, and my father and all his family with him have entered in, lo, I will bear Asenath up the mountain in mine arms, and conduct her into the depths of the ark, where are the lions and the tigers, and where none will suspect that any could be hidden. For terror cows wild

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beasts, even as children are cowed with evil tales, and therefore they will not harm her.

And I told Asenath of my thought, and inquired of her if she feared. She said, "Nay, but do with me in all things as with thine own body, for my soul and my body are indeed thine own."

And I lifted her to my lips and kissed her.

And on the day when the flood was to begin upon all the earth I asked leave of my father to depart out of the ark after an eagle which I had tamed to my wrist in the nest-time of the year. And he said, "Go, but return in an hour's time, or thou wilt be lost with the wicked, for I must close the door of the ark as God hath commanded."

And I ran toward the city with the speed of a mountain wolf, for I was strong in all the sports of men, and a swift runner. And Asenath waited for me in the garden.

And, lo, she was weeping, and the veil upon her head was torn, and she beat her bosom with her folded hand.

And I said, "Wherefore dost thou weep, O my beloved? and why beatest thou thy soft flesh?" And I held her hand in mine that she might not hurt her tender bosom. And she bowed herself forward on my breast and sobbed.

But finally she gave me word of her woe, and I learned of her that she would not be saved unless her father could be saved with her.

Now this I knew was impossible.

And even as I spoke to her there strode in between us a tall man, and his beard descended to his girdle, and was black as a black night. And his eyes were angry like hot coals. And he was of a fierce countenance.

And he laid hold on Asenath and flung her apart from me, and spoke in a loud voice, saying, "Whence cometh thy lover, wanton?"

And at that word she fell forward all her length on the ground, and her hair swept out across my feet. And I bent over her and struck him on the mouth. And ere he could move for astonishment I bound his hands behind him with his many-colored girdle, and did snare his feet with the ribbon out of Asenath's hair, and so left him, bellowing but powerless.

Then I caught up Asenath in my arms, and bore her out of the garden and through secret ways that I knew of, up toward the mountain where the ark rested. And there were but a few moments left to me of the time which my father Noah had allotted me.

And as I ran, lo, there swelled up over the mountain a cloud, black and bulging and terrible; and all its belly was of a dull yellow color, as are the bellies of some serpents; and from it there streamed a strange light over all the land.

Anon came a muttering as of fiends that fought in the bowels of the earth, and a ripping and tearing noise, as though the skirt of the heavens was being rent in sunder. And even as I looked a shaft of lightning divided the heavens in twain above my head, and the ground under my feet shook, so that I had almost fallen with the might of the answering thunder.

And although I bore Asenath in my arms, she being a tall woman, my speed was so great that her long hair whistled out on the wind, and the trees seemed hurtling past us; and as I looked down on her white face, thinking how like a broken flower it lay upon my breast, behold, there fell upon her brow the first drop of all the water that was to wash away mankind from the face of the earth; and I bent down and drank it with my lips, for it seemed to me that it had fallen upon her as a sign of the curse that was to come upon us, and I desired the greater part.

Now, behold, as I got upon the mountain, there leaped up a mighty wind, and rent in pieces the black cloud, so that it streamed like a torn banner from the east even unto the west, and ever and anon it was streaked with light, as a curtain of black with threads of silver. And there was an awful roaring throughout all the air, and in the sea there was a tumult unutterable.

And as I set my foot within the door of the ark, ere I could close to the door behind me, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

And I had but just got me out of sight in the darkness of the lowest story of the ark—for all they, my father and my mother, and my brothers and my brothers' wives, were gathered together in the third story—when my father Noah came down the stairway to shut to the door of the ark.

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And Asenath was yet in my arms as one dead.

My father stood in the door and shaded his eyes with his hands, for the glare of the lightning was terrible. And he called my name with a loud voice thrice, and thrice again. And the wind and the rain were upon him, so that his long white locks streamed back toward me, and his mantle seemed like wings bearing him backward.

And he was majestic, with an unutterable majesty. And his face writhed with agony, even as the waters of a lake in a steady wind. And he called my name again and again.

But when at last he found that there was none to answer, and that the rain poured inward like a small river through the open door, he drew back with the groan of a man who bids farewell to his soul, and did shut to the door, and bar it with great bars of gopher wood.

And he did cover his head in his mantle as one who mourneth the dead, and turning, mounted the stairway into the third story of the ark.

For he thought I was doomed with the accursed whom the flood was to sweep away from the face of the earth.

Seeing that he was gone, I did lay Asenath down upon my cloak on the floor of the ark, and did wet my hands with the rain which had come in through the door, and did lay them upon her forehead.

And after some time she sighed heavily and did open her eyes upon mine.

Now the beasts were roaring like chained devils for fear of the tumult. And at every peal of thunder the lions would answer with a mighty roaring, so that the noise was even above the noise of the storm without.

And Asenath clung to me and trembled in all her limbs.

And I spoke with my mouth at her ear, for in no other way could she hear me, and I said, "Beloved, my father is of a mind that I am dead, and it is better that I go and show myself unto him, for unless I do this, I cannot get thee to eat and to drink."

She said, "Wilt thou leave me in this fearful place?"

I answered, saying, "Let us go in among the beasts and speak to them, for beast and man are as brothers on a day like this."

So she gave me her hand to hold, and we went in among the beasts together.

And I lifted up my voice to its utmost power, and bade them be still; and, lo, they hasted and crouched at our feet and fawned upon us, and laid down their heads upon our feet after the manner of household dogs. And they trembled as do young kittens with the cold.

And I said: "Behold, they will do thee no hurt. Remain here while I seek out my father with some explanation of my presence." And she sat down upon the floor and gathered her hair about her, and she said, "I will remain." And the beasts of prey crouched about her like frightened sheep. And she rested her hands upon them.

For there was light enough falling down the stairway from the window in the ark to discern objects dimly.

And I ran, and set my foot upon the strips of gopher wood, and did mount into the third story of the ark, where were my brothers and their wives and my father and mother.

And when all they saw me they hid their faces with loud cries, for they thought surely a spirit was upon them.

And I spake, and said, "My father, the young eagle I could not find, and hasting up the stairway I lost my foothold, and did fall from the second story even into the depths of the ark."

For I had torn my mantle and scarred my face and sides with a nail in one of the planks, that all these sayings might appear reasonable.

Then my father took me to his breast, and did lift up his voice in thanks to God for my deliverance. And all they fell down upon their knees round about us, and did thank God as with one voice.

And I was ashamed in the uttermost parts of my soul for the lie with which I had lied unto my father Noah.

And I knew that because of it the curse was heavier upon me.

But for Asenath I would have been cursed by every angel that was in heaven, to be tortured by every devil that was in hell.

So I did not repent me of my lie.

And after a while I bethought me that I had lost a rich bracelet from off mine arm when I fell from the stair of gopher wood, and did ask my father that he let me descend to search for it. And he said me yea.

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Now there was no such bracelet on mine arm at any time, but by this means I sought again to be with Asenath.

And, lo, when I beheld her she was asleep, resting against the flanks of a great black lion, such as were in the desert before the flood. And she was as a snow wreath cast into the hollow of a black rock.

I roused her softly with my lips on her brow, for I feared that she might cry out and give knowledge of her presence.

And she woke even as doth a fair flower in the spring-tide of the year, and smiled upon me.

And I said, "Here is wine to drink, and bread wherewith to sustain thee," for I had brought her of the wine and bread that Noah my father had given me to refresh me after my fall.

And she drank, but not until I had drunk with her, and we also divided the bread between us. And the lions watched us meekly, even as dogs gaze upon those that eat.

And in this manner there passed forty days, for I found many occasions of excuse to descend into the lowest story of the ark. Also I did go down in the night hours when the others slept. And none wotted that there was any save the beasts in the lowest story of the ark.

And at the end of forty days, behold, my father did open the window of the ark, and did send forth a raven, which went forth to and fro over the earth, until the waters had ceased from off the earth. But she did not return again.

Also he sent forth a dove, but she, finding no rest for the sole of her foot, returned again into the ark.

At the end of seven days he sent her forth again.

And, lo, when she was returned unto him she bore in her mouth an olive branch; so he knew the waters were abated from off the face of the earth.

And after that seven more days had passed, he sent her forth again, and when he saw that she returned not, he knew that the waters were ceased utterly from the earth.

And as we did all look forth and see that the ground was dry, lo, a voice spake unto us from the heavens, and our blood was cold in our veins, and our hair rose on our flesh, and we sank upon our faces.

For we knew that it was the Lord God who spake from heaven, His dwelling-place, unto Noah our father.

And these are the words that God spake: "Go forth of the ark, thou and thy wife, and thy sons and thy sons' wives, with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth."

And Noah my father went forth as God had commanded, he and my mother and my brothers, and their wives with them, and after them every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl.

But I tarried in the ark under the pretence of driving out such beasts as were unwilling.

And when they were all gone forth of the ark, behold, I took Asenath by the hand and led her out also. And we stood in the light of the sun and in the presence of my father.

Now when all they saw us they spake not one word among them for wonderment —neither Noah my father, nor his sons, nor any of the women.

And we stood there in a great stillness, and I supported Asenath about her girdle, for she was heavy with fear.

At last my father spake in a fierce voice, and his eyes were very menacing, and he stretched out his hand toward Asenath and fixed his eyes upon her, and he said, "Woman, whence comest thou?"

And she could say no word for terror; so that I spake in her stead, saying, "She is Asenath, the maiden whom my soul loveth. I did bring her into the ark in mine own arms."

And he said: "Thou art mad with thy long confinement, and speak of what thou knowest not. This woman did creep into the ark with the beasts of the field, and must fare even as they fare." And he pointed to the desert, and saith unto Asenath, "Go, get ye with all speed from my presence, and from the presence of these my sons, and of their wives, and of my wife their mother, for thou art no better than the wild things that have gone before thee."

And she bowed down her head into her hands and wept aloud.

And when I heard her weeping methought I could have lain hand upon my own father.

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And I said, "If thou hast aught to say, say it unto me, for by that God whom thou servest none shall speak harshly unto her."

And I comforted her with my hand and with my voice.

And when he saw me touch Asenath with my hand and speak lovingly unto her, he went beside himself, and laid his hands on her and dragged her to one side.

And in the twinkling of an eye I had borne him backward some paces in my arms, as though he had been a child, and Asenath stood forth unhanded.

Then Noah my father lifted up his hands to heaven, and his face was as the wrath of the sky before a storm, but his eyes he fixed on me, and he said: "Cursed be thou forever, and thy name a reproach among all men and among all nations. Cursed be the ground that thou tillest, and the water of which thou wouldst drink. Yea, may the earth withhold from thee her increase, and the streams their coolness in time of heat. May thou wither as a stalk of grass in the noonday sun, and as a young tree in time of drought!"

And I stood upright while that he cursed me; neither bowed I mine head nor withdrew mine eyes from his.

And when he had made an end of cursing me, the only sound in all the earth was the sound of my mother as she wept aloud.

And he turned to Asenath, as she stood like one but just risen from the dead, and did stretch out his hand toward her to curse her.

And, behold, I laid hold upon his arm and pulled it down. And I said: "Thou hast cursed me, and God hath cursed me, but do neither thou nor God curse this woman, lest I curse both thee and thy God."

And he looked into my face for the length of time a man may look upon a child that hath been born unto him dead, then turned him about, feeling with his hands as one suddenly stricken with blindness. And he laid hold on Japheth, and bowed down his head upon his shoulder and was silent.

And all they gathered about him to comfort him; but none spake word to me, whether of good or of evil.

And I took Asenath by the hand and did hold her against my side. And the love I felt for her was as the love of father, and of mother, and of friend, and of brother, and of man for woman, all in one—a love mighty and infinite. And I spake and said: "Farewell unto ye, my brothers, and farewell unto ye, my sisters, and unto thee, my mother, farewell. I have no father unto whom I may so speak, but unto him who begot me I do say also farewell. And I do pray, moreover, that he beget no more sons to curse with dire curses. And this do I pray unto that God who hath denied me.

"My mother, I would that I might but touch the hem of thy garment with my lips; but the lips which did once draw their life from thy bosom are accursed, and may not touch even so much as the latchet of thy shoe. And I would that I could bend me at thy knee as when a lad, and pray for a little space ere leaving thee forever; but my lips are accursed: how, then, may they frame words of prayer?

"Yet, though I be accursed above all things that are at this present time in all the earth, to wish is not forbidden me. Therefore, O my mother, do I yearn to thee with exceeding love, and the wish of mine heart is that thy days may be ever as the peace of the sky at even-tide, when the winds sleep and the sound of the sea is hushed.

"Neither would I count my father's curse past bearing couldst thou, my mother, but lay thy hands on my head in blessing, and bless also this woman whom I have taken to be my wife."

And when I had made an end of speaking, the eyes of my brothers and of their wives were wet, but my mother lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

And I turned, and Asenath turned with me, and we went forth after the beasts of the field.

And we had gone but some twenty paces when my mother did run, and did lay hold on me with her arms, and did fall on my neck.

And I held her in silence.

And they came and plucked her from mine arms, and bore her off by main force; and when she could struggle no longer she swooned away, and Japheth lifted her in his arms as a woman her child.

And I saw her no more from that day unto this hour which is now come. Neither shall mine eyes behold her again forever.

We journeyed on until we came to some trees that the flood had spared; and there was a spring among the trees, and a stream

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ran from the spring over toward the east.

I did weave a hut with the branches of the trees, and did thatch it with the leaves thereof. Also I did fashion me a bow and some arrows, and the bowstring Asenath twisted out of the strands of her hair, so that it was like a thread of fire when I did pull back my bow in the sunlight. Moreover, I did weave me nets of the fibres of the palm nuts, and there were fish in the stream, which I did snare with my nets. And Asenath was unto me as my wife, and as the very life in my veins, and I made her my god and did worship her, so that no man will ever bear unto woman the love I bore unto Asenath.

And, behold, one day when I returned at even-tide she lay with her babe beside her.

It was a male child, and its hair was thick on its head, and its limbs sound and beautiful.

And when I remembered that it was not for me to thank God for mine own child, it seemed as though my heart would break in twain within my very breast. And I put down my head on the hand of Asenath, and my tears fell on her babe.

But she did haste and wipe them with her thick tresses, saying, "Nay, beloved, wilt thou let fall thy tears on thy firstborn to bring him to sorrow?"

And she took the babe upon her breast, and wrapped it about in her loose hair as with a robe of spun gold. There had never been so fair a sight throughout all the earth until that day.

And the child waxed strong, and grew ever taller and fairer of face and form. And he was as like to Asenath as her image in the spring. But she would have it that he was more like unto me.

And as the days passed he stood on his feet, and holding fast his mother's skirts, did walk in that wise, for I had woven her garments from the fibres of the palm nuts.

And his hair was as like unto her hair as a daffodil is like unto a gold-colored lily, his eyes as the veins in her temples for blueness, and his mouth as a shred of scarlet silk.

And my whole body yearned over them with tenderness, so that my very heart did ache within me for the love I bore them.

Now it came to pass that the heavens withheld their moisture, and the grass began to shrivel for lack of rain, and after a time the river ceased within its banks, neither was there any water in the spring, and the child cried out for drink.

And I did take of the young palm nuts and brake them, and gave the child to drink of the milk with which they were filled, so for a time he was satisfied. Asenath too I did give of the milk of the palm nuts.

And when twice seven days were passed, behold, there were no more nuts on the palm-trees, neither was there any sign of rain in all the heavens.

And the birds dropped to earth incessantly with the lack of water. The sky was as a roof of polished brass above our heads, and there was an awful silence throughout all the land.

And when two more days were passed, the child sickened and lay across Asenath's knees. But his cry from daydawn to the setting of the sun was for somewhat to drink.

And Asenath sat and held him with her hand, and stared down on him. And her eyelids were steady above her eyes; neither did she close her eyes by night or by day.

And on the fifth day, when the child was past speech, she looked up, and saith unto me, "Dost thou think if I opened my veins with one of thine arrows and gave the child to drink of my blood, it would sustain him?"

Whereat I, fearing for her reason, went off in among the trees, and did cast myself upon the ground, and did dig with my fingers in the hard sand, and groaned as one in torment.

And when I was returned my wife had put the child's mouth to her bosom, though he was then some years old, and she strove to suckle him.

And when she found that it was in vain she uttered a terrible cry, and lifting the child in her arms, did place him upon my knees; and she said: "Kill him with thine hands, I pray thee, that I may no longer see him suffer. For in the end it must come to this."

And she flung herself down at my feet, and did bite the dust with her teeth, and heap dust on the gold of her hair.

And, lo, as I held the child, he died in my arms. And I dared not tell her, but held him very tenderly all the night through. And she sat beside me and stared on him with her wide eyes.

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But she knew not that he was dead.

And, behold, at the breaking of another day a madness came upon her, and she snatched up her child from mine arms, and ran with him out into the plain, and held him up toward the heavens in her arms, and cried aloud in a terrible voice, saying: "A burnt-offering! a burnt-offering for the merciful God! and an offering to God for all his loving-kindness!" And she laughed with awful laughter, that my blood stood still in my veins.

And again she lifted up her voice, and said, "Water! water! a lake of clear water in the wilderness!" And she ran onward, bearing aloft the child in her arms. And I followed her.

And when she was come to the place where there seemed to her to be water, she did stoop down and dip the child through the air as through water.

And she laughed with low laughter, and wept and laughed, saying: "Drink, my beauty, my dove; be satisfied. Drink —drink."

But when she saw that the child revived not, she cried out with an exceeding great cry, and saith, "All the water in heaven hath been used in the flood to drown the earth"; and she cried out again, and said, "Behold, Azadil, thou son of God, art thou not avenged?" And she laughed again, and turning, set her teeth in her own flesh.

Then I did take her in mine arms, and held her with both hands. And I cried out to her that she speak to me. But she spoke only the word "water," ever and anon, and it was as though she spoke deep within her throat.

She lay in mine arms a day and a night and spake no word, neither gave she any sign that she knew me.

And I had buried the child from her right at the foot of one of the palm-trees. But she seemed not to know that it was gone.

And on the third day she straightened out in mine arms, even as the child had done, and died. And she spake no word to me before that she died.

And I was like Lucifer when he fell from heaven. And I lifted up my voice and cursed the day that I was born, and the milk that nourished me. And I cursed him who begot me, and Him who was his God. Yea, I cursed the heavens and the earth, and the waters which were beneath the earth, together with every living thing that was in them.

And behold I could not die.

And when it came upon me that I must dig a hole in the ground and bury Asenath from my sight in the dust of the earth, behold, I lifted up my voice and cursed God upon His throne, and the angels that ministered unto Him.

And I digged a hole in the hard ground with mine arrows and with my fingers, and my fingers bled with the hardness of the ground.

And even as I pressed down the dust upon her face, behold, there came up out of the west a sudden wind, and afterward a thick cloud, and the rain descended, and there was water throughout all the land.

But I drank not so much as one drop.

And I lay down on the grave of her who was my wife, and waited my death with a steady soul.

And as I lay I bethought me to cut out this history in the living rock, so that, although in the book of life there might be no record of Asenath, yet should the sons of man read concerning her on the living rock.

And this is the true record of the loves of Arnon and Asenath, and of the birth of their child; but he had no name given him when he died, for they delighted to speak of him only as their child.

And, behold, the history is completed, and I have opened the veins in mine arms with the dagger that Asenath wore ever in her hair. And my time is short in the earth where my brothers are blessed by God, and by their wives, and by their children.

And when the rising sun shall fall on the graves of Asenath and of her child, behold, I shall have gotten rest of my body; and as to my soul, I pray—I pray only that it departeth to be with the soul of Asenath, wheresoever that may be, whether only in outer darkness or in very hell.

And if that the soul of Asenath hath been made as nothing by the wrath of God, my desire is that my soul do fare likewise.

And I have cut "Amen" in the rock.

And with my lips I also say, "Amen: so be it."

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THE WINTER CLIMATIC RESORTS OF THREE CONTINENTS.

BY WILLIAM SMITH BROWN.

FOR nearly forty years it has been my lot to travel much, for business, health, and pleasure. I am not a physician, and I wish it distinctly understood that my opinions of matters and things pertaining to invalids and health resorts are merely those of a non-professional man. For the benefit of those who cannot by personal visitation and examination acquire the knowledge for themselves, I am induced to write my impressions of the winter health resorts of three continents, especially those sought by persons suffering from affections of the throat and lungs—the most common causes, perhaps, of the many that annually drive thousands from their homes and employment in search of health. My object is simply to disseminate what I suppose to be facts acquired by many years of travel, and by an earnest effort to learn from those I have met the results of experience, and to point out dangers and obstacles which all invalids cannot be supposed to know, and which many are obliged to learn by an expensive and regretful experience. I feel confident that I have learned that no one climate is adapted to all cases, and that no resort should be chosen by a consumptive until the exact character and condition of the disease is ascertained as reliably as it can be from a competent physician, and it is ascertained what kind of climate such particular condition seems to require.

THE NILE.

Five years ago the Nile was the region of my latest winter experience in health-seeking, and I will therefore begin my commentaries where in our school-days history began—in the land of the Pyramids. It is a stereotyped expression with regard to all climatic resorts that "the season is exceptional"; but that January, February, and March of the year 1882 were colder and more windy than those months usually are on the Nile I cannot doubt. Unfortunate as the season may have been for the generality of invalids, it was to me the best average of winter weather I have ever known, and I say this after a trip in a dahabeeyah from Cairo to Wady Halfah, in Nubia, near the second cataract, and return, covering a period of about eighty days. I am, however, forced to believe that, so far as climate alone is concerned, the average winter weather on the Nile from November to April is as good as any to be found for a majority of those who need a mild, dry atmosphere, free from malaria—an element which must be carefully considered by all in search of warm winters. As the Nile Valley is seldom more than ten miles wide between the deserts—and its average is much less—there must be a purity of atmosphere therein that is exceptional. It is cool and bracing, and necessarily very dry—too dry, in fact, for some invalids. On the Nile, above Cairo, but not including Cairo, fires are unnecessary during the winter days. Cotton, tobacco, beans, and other plants very sensitive to cold continue to grow and blossom in this season, and yet the heat is neither oppressive nor debilitating, and woollen clothing can be worn nearly all the time. The nights, however, are cool, and frequently cold, and the variations from mid-day to midnight, or rather to the early morning hours, when the temperature is lowest, are such as to require an amount of care and caution on the part of invalids not always easy nor likely to be exercised. During the winter named the thermometer indicated a temperature below 30° Fahrenheit several times, which is very exceptional; but one is liable to encounter a temperature of from 40° to 45° at night any winter. If on a steamer or dahabeeyah, there is no reliable protection against such changes except clothing and bedding, as there might be could one be protected by a close-built house or by fires. As it is, the doors and windows are never tight, and the invalid traveller therefore is never safe unless he can be sure of waking at every change to add the needed protection. As there are only two hotels above Cairo where one may stay overnight, and these at Luxor, and not very comfortable either, the difficulty named seems a serious one for the very delicate to guard against. When colds occur, as they do frequently, there is no doctor to be had above Cairo excepting at Luxor, and no medicaments to be obtained save those you carry with you. As there are no rains during the win-

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ter, the soil is kept very dry, and the constant tramping upon it on the paths by men and animals keeps it so dusty at all times that it is difficult to obtain agreeable exercise on shore without inhaling the fine sand and dust from under foot. This discomfort is increased by the sand storms that one can never count on escaping, and which sometimes prevail from one to two days. All winds heavy enough to move the sand so cloud the air with atoms that it is sure to produce discomfort, even if not followed by positive injury to delicate throats and lungs. The dust raised by donkeys and the unavoidable dust of the dirty villages seriously detract from the diversion of the very interesting sight-seeing which invalids rely upon for benefit. Add to these objections the expensiveness of going to the Nile and the cost of living there, which cannot be estimated at less than ten dollars a day for each person on a dahabeeyah (and there is no other present means of living on the Nile comfortable for invalids), add also the distance to Egypt and the inconvenience of making it, and I believe both invalids and their advisers should consider long and carefully before deciding that the Nile is the best place in winter for those having very delicate or diseased lungs, including all who are threatened with or who have consumption. For those without settled disease, who have been overworked and who need rest; those who are recovering from an enfeebled condition, and free from pulmonary complaint; those who need a change, with repose from the excitement of their ordinary lives—I know of no trip more likely to prove restorative and compensating than one on the Nile. Personally, as I said, although the season named was exceptionally cold, I found the Nile climate agreeable and beneficial, but the objections named all presented themselves, and marred the comfort and the health of two of our party. The Nile passenger steamers are a great convenience for such as are limited in time and means, and who chiefly require change and rest (and that class can be fairly comfortable on them), but for serious invalids they cannot be recommended.

Of Cairo,* although generally a healthy city in winter, and a place very attractive to visit, I need only say that the resident physicians do not recommend it for consumptives or for persons with pulmonary tendencies. The air is too damp, fogs are not infrequent, and the inhalation of fine street dust is almost unavoidable. The weather is often too cold to be without fires, for which no good provision exists. The new Grand Hotel has grates for fires, but the coal one is obliged to use is poor, and wood fires cannot be had.

Most invalids wintering in Egypt desire to leave it in April, and many are tempted to visit Athens or Constantinople. This is a serious error, as both climates are unfit to visit before May. Sicily and Corfu, or the Riviera of France, are much safer. Corfu is a beautiful island, and one can be comfortable there.

SOUTHERN FRANCE, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY.

The great winter resorts of Europe for those in search of mild weather are to be found in the south of France and in Italy, including Sicily. The principal places where good hotels, cozy villas, and the comforts of life are to be found are Biarritz and Pau (the first on the sea-coast, the second in the Pyrenees), Hyères, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, in France, and San Remo, in Italy, all on the Mediterranean between Marseilles and Genoa. At these places good comfortable quarters, good society, good shops, and able physicians may be found, with many more diversions and pleasures than can be had at the winter resorts in our own country. To contrast them in a single particular with the Nile: fires of wood and pine cones in open fireplaces can be secured in bedrooms at an average cost of from four to five francs a day. For persons in health, and for those in delicate health without any settled lung or throat trouble, for such as desire or require an open-air life in a mild winter climate, they all offer attractions and comforts greater as a whole than any I have ever found elsewhere; but, like all climatic resorts, they have their objectionable features when presented for the abode of consumptives, which should neither be unknown nor forgotten. For sea-coast places Biarritz and Arcachon (the latter not far from Bordeaux) offer a mild winter climate, with a soft sea-air, but are subject more or less to winds and fogs

* *January*, 1887.—Recent newspaper statements assert that winter rains on the Nile are now common; that the climate has greatly changed, and seriously affected the health of Cairo. I give the statement as made, without knowledge.

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unfavorable to consumptives. For those only delicate or slightly diseased, who desire a mild but moist air, Biarritz is an exceptionally fine sea-side resort.

At Pau the winters are apt to be wet, but when the season happens to be a dry one it is a delightful winter residence, and being so near the Pyrenees, has a fine bracing air and freedom from debilitating heat, so essential for some constitutions. The liability to rain, however, and cold changes are important considerations for those who may be easily affected by them.

In the south of France, the favorite resort for English and Americans, we are mainly indebted to the English for the introduction of the many comforts now to be found there. Hyères, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, in France, and San Remo, in Italy, each has its advocates and advantages, and as they are all easily reached by railway from Paris and Marseilles, and are not far apart, invalids have the opportunity to make a choice. Hyères has been improved in its drainage so as probably to remove the well-founded objections that were formerly urged against it, and therefore has, I think, some advantages over each of the other places on the Riviera. Situated on a sidehill, it has a delightful southern exposure, with a pleasant plain below. It is a few miles back from the sea, and sheltered from the ocean blasts by the intervening hills of the Iles d'Hyères. Its location is good, its roads excellent, the drives pleasant, and the many recent improvements and increased building indicate that it is likely to become more prominent in the future than it has been in the past as a winter and health resort. Cannes and Nice are too generally known to require much comment. Both are very attractive resorts, but they have grown so much since I first saw them that I am obliged to regard them as less desirable for invalids than they were thirty years ago. Such has been their development that while driving or walking in the rural parts of the city, except when directly in front of the sea, one is constantly subject to the chilling change of shaded streets or high-walled roads, which, when entered upon, render necessary at once an extra wrap. This growth has made the question of drainage one of serious consequence, and while I entertain a doubt in regard to it, I do not know that it is not good in both places. Invalids and pleasure-seekers should carefully inform themselves before taking up a residence in either.

It is here important to call to mind the fact that all Mediterranean ports are located on bays into which the sewage empties, without any active river current or tide to carry it far away. Until within a few years, since San Remo has become a favorite and rival resort, Mentone was regarded by English physicians as the best place on this coast for consumptives, on account of its being the best sheltered. Whether it is not too much sheltered is a question which demands consideration. All of these places offer a great many inducements to travellers in search of health —ease of access, good hotels, boarding-houses, and villas, good English-speaking physicians (in fact, English is spoken almost everywhere), good shops, plenty of society, and a variety of diversion. But in all these places the invalid will find discomforts and causes for apprehension which the well and full-blooded may not encounter. The seasons are quite variable, some very rainy, and all are subject to high winds and sudden and cold changes. One requires an amount of clothing seemingly out of proportion to the temperature as indicated by the thermometer, and the same remark is applicable to Egypt and Algiers. To the visitor with a good circulation, going to Nice for the first time, it looks almost ridiculous to see prudent people walking on the promenade, during what appears to him charming weather, with overcoats and sun-umbrellas; but if he stay long enough in the place he will discover that the supposed absurdity is the result of good sense. I do not believe that there is any strong probability of recovery from a fixed disease of the lungs in any of the resorts in the south of France, but I do believe that those who secure sunny rooms, and have a fire whenever prudence demands it, who are well located as to their surroundings, and who use proper care both as to dress and exposure, may not only increase their comfort greatly by passing their winters on the Riviera, but may prolong their lives, and that those who are only delicate from previous sickness or from inherited tendencies may prevent disease by living there, with proper care and prudence, from December to April, inclusive. The way to do it, for those who can afford the expense, is to hire and keep their own house, so that they can control

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fires and draughts and temperature to an extent which is impossible in hotels or boarding-houses, unless they live wholly within their own apartments. The well outnumber the sick in the hotels, and consequently the halls and salons and eating-rooms are often uncomfortably chilly and unsafe for invalids. I fear that physicians who send invalids from home either forget or do not know the unavoidable risks they encounter in cars, steamers, and hotels from their inability to prevent exposure to draughts and sudden changes, and that they for the most part fail to consider that in all southern Europe one is obliged to live in buildings constructed with thick stone walls, with what we call French windows, that is, sashes on hinges opening in the centre, which seldom shut closely, and are difficult to regulate for ventilation. The few hotels with a sunny face have but a limited number of rooms upon that side, and they are often difficult to secure, as all prefer them; consequently, unless invalids secure their rooms in advance, and know which to secure, they will perhaps be obliged to live in sunless rooms opening into a court, or upon a narrow street with tall buildings opposite. Another serious trouble is that it is very difficult in winter to obtain dry sheets. Cotton sheets can be had sometimes, but as a rule one finds only linen, of so cold a species that it is hard to determine whether they are dry or not. All delicate people should carry either cotton or flannel sheets with them, or sleep in flannel night robes long enough to cover the feet, which is an important safeguard.

Excepting San Remo, and perhaps La Spezia, I know of no places in Italy where consumptives can stay with both comfort and safety, and therefore consider it unnecessary to name other localities in that country which might compare very favorably as regards climate alone, because I know of none such where the invalid can secure an open-air life with such comforts and surroundings as are absolutely essential for contentment and improvement.

However attractive Florence and Rome may be as winter residences for healthy people (and I would not underrate them), it is not wise to send consumptives to either. The winter climate of Florence is not good; its cold, raw winds are very cutting and not infrequent. An intelligent, very prudent, and well-advised invalid can winter in Rome with benefit, but it requires an amount of intelligence, prudence, and restraint which few possess. If they will go there, they should do so between the middle of April and June, and always ride when sight-seeing, and put on some additional garment on entering all churches, galleries, and museums. The city of Naples and the Bay of Naples have great natural advantages of climate, but there are too many objections which can be named to combine them with comfort and safety for invalids. Want of intimate knowledge prevents my saying anything more of Sicily than to express my belief that its climate ought to be excellent; but to send invalids into Catania, one of the best locations, subjects them to objections of a kind already referred to, and a mode of life very unlikely to prove congenial to the people of our country, without mentioning any possible risk from earthquakes and brigands. Malta I have never visited, but an English authority says, "It is not a good place for persons with delicate lungs or weak hearts."

ALGIERS.

The only remaining place known to me on the Mediterranean that deserves to be considered is the city of Algiers, including its suburb of Mustapha Supérieur. Steamers run direct from Marseilles to Algiers in from thirty-six to forty hours, and good hotels are to be found there; but they are in the town which is built close to the old Moorish city of Algiers, and they may not prove agreeable, and possibly not safe as regards malaria, for a prolonged stay. Narrow streets, with thick-walled stone houses, and the unavoidable dust of the city, are not what consumptives need for improvement. The climate of Algiers, like that of all the other places I have named, is variable, but I regard it as fully equal to and better than any on the north side of the Mediterranean. Yet, for the reasons already named, I think the city of Algiers should not be selected by invalids for a prolonged residence, notwithstanding the comforts to be had in the hotels, the excellent markets, with vegetables, fruits, flowers, game, and a large variety of excellent fish, and its good shops to supply all one's necessary wants and needed comforts. On the hill-side, from two to three miles distant, overlooking the ocean, and with a beautiful panorama spread before it, is the suburb of Mustapha Supérieur,

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consisting of villas largely owned or occupied by English families, who winter there for health and pleasure, and who constitute a very pleasant society from November to May. Either furnished or unfurnished villas can always be rented at prices varying with the season, but generally at high rates. The climate is less subject to extreme variations of heat and cold than that of most other resorts, the autumnal and winter rains are less objectionable than those of the Riviera and Pau, the air is not as dry as that of the Nile, and I am disposed to believe that Mustapha Supérieur, of all the Mediterranean resorts, deserves to be ranked next to the Nile for climate. The views are attractive, and the drives are good; wood fires can be had readily; an English doctor resides in the place, and English-speaking doctors of first-rate ability reside in the city of Algiers. One advantage of the place is that invalids may go early, as the heat is not oppressive, remain until the winter in Europe is fairly over, and then get north to Switzerland, France, or elsewhere, through a climate mild at the time of making the change. There are boarding-houses and some small hotels in Mustapha Supérieur, but if any exist that are really desirable, I did not learn the fact.

SPAIN.

Spain should have some excellent resorts for invalids, but I must advise all persons who are more than simply delicate, who think of going there, to inquire well before deciding. Malaga has the reputation of having as good a winter climate as any in Europe, but unfortunately it has not another attraction; there is no spot between it and Barcelona where one can find a winter residence both comfortable and pleasant, nor do I know of any in the southern or western part of Spain. It is unnecessary to detail the reasons to any one who has visited Spain. To one speaking Spanish a winter residence in Barcelona might be made pleasant, and it has the advantage of being not very distant from Pau and the resorts on the Riviera.

SWITZERLAND AND THE TYROL.

We now come to the consideration of a few Swiss places which have recently grown in favor as winter resorts. If the theory which some physicians entertain be correct, that many consumptives do better and are more likely to recover in a cold, dry climate, then for those thus advised who can go abroad the experiments now being tried in Switzerland will prove very interesting.

The most prominent of these Swiss winter resorts known to me is Davos Platz, an easy day's ride from Coire, which appears to offer more advantages with less objections than others in a high altitude. Its elevation, I think, is claimed to be 5200 feet above the sea-level. It is now a very prominent winter resort, and largely visited by English, French, and Germans. The hotels are very comfortable. Although in an open and pleasant valley, it is claimed to be free from much high wind, and has a sunny exposure in winter. The diversions and amusements are varied, and tend to a pleasant out-of-door life; the air is dry and pure; frequent falls of snow occur, but no rain, in winter. When the snow begins to melt in the spring its visitors mostly leave and move down into the north of Italy, which they can do in a short time, and sun themselves on the southerly side of the Alps, in many delightful and comfortable places, in April and May, without getting into a hot climate. When last informed, the number of winter visitors to Davos Platz had reached about 1200. Its advocates admit slow progress in recovery, claiming that time is necessary where much disease exists, but for those who only suffer from delicacy they claim a rapid strengthening.

The success of Davos Platz as a winter sanitary resort has resulted in the opening of several other winter resorts in Switzerland; but few have any claim to much merit. The Badrutt Hotel at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, is now kept open all the year, and has a growing winter colony. It has a charming summer location, but I should fear it would be too windy and exposed in winter. A very large and very comfortable hotel has been erected by Belgian capital near Maloja, at the end of the upper Engadine. It is well kept, and deserves success, but, as a winter sanitarium, appears to me unfortunately located, and to possess but two advantages—the excellence and comfort of the hotel, and the great ease and rapidity with which one can get down into Italy by the Maloja Pass. As the Engadine in summer is often too windy for comfort, I fear this location will be found too bleak in

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winter. Meran, in the Tyrol, is an old and well-known winter resort, and although very pleasant in the spring and autumn, I doubt if well-informed physicians regard it a desirable location in winter for lung and throat troubles.

If climate were the only important consideration for consumptives, then crossing the ocean in quest of health would be a doubtful expedient.

According to existing theories among specialists in chest diseases, three kinds of climate are required for consumptives, according to their special condition and constitution, viz., a cold and dry climate, a warm and dry climate, and a moist and warm climate. What I have to write about climatic resorts in the United States and in close proximity will show, if correct, that we have all of these conditions in a degree quite equal to, if not excelling, that in which they can be found in Europe; but unfortunately there are other very important considerations, already referred to, wherein otherwise favorable climatic resorts are seriously defective, viz., in the matter of diversion and entertainment and in the comforts of living, neither of which can be safely ignored. I am led to repeat that it is safe to assume that it is of the first importance for every invalid to ascertain as reliably as possible the kind of climate best suited to his or her own condition and constitution, and not to be governed by the simple fact that some known case or cases have been benefited or injured in certain localities.

THE UNITED STATES.

I will now consider the climatic resorts of the United States. For a cold and dry climate, invalids now seek Colorado, Minnesota, northern Michigan on Lake Superior, the Adirondacks, and Lakewood, New Jersey. All the resorts in Colorado known to me where one can obtain the comforts of life essential to improvement are at an altitude of several thousand feet, and this fact or some other unexplained cause seems to create a necessity requiring those who improve or recover there to continue their residence in order to maintain their improvement. I cannot claim that this theory has been proven, but it is sufficiently believed to demand consideration. So many invalids have been sent to Colorado only to die, being beyond the possibility of recovery anywhere, that I think additional knowledge from careful observation of results is essential to the formation of a satisfactory opinion in regard to the effects upon those seriously diseased. For those slightly diseased, or with a delicacy arising from hereditary tendency, Colorado seemingly ought to be one of the best resorts. It has one marked advantage in having its mountain resorts and high altitudes for summer within a few hours from Denver. The air of Colorado is exceptionally fine and bracing both in summer and winter, and very comfortable places to reside may be found for both seasons. For such as have seated throat or lung disease life may be prolonged and made more comfortable, if the case be not already too serious for such a result to be attained anywhere; but beyond that Colorado does not, so far as I can learn, offer any reasonable hope.

Minnesota has a very dry but very cold winter climate; the days are exceptionally bright and clear all the winter, and in St. Paul and Minneapolis, where comforts and luxuries abound, invalids needing a cold and dry air may get along without much loss until the winter begins to break, when the season proves very trying, and it is a long and tedious journey to reach any genial or safe climate for March and April. The same remarks will apply to Marquette and other places in northern Michigan on Lake Superior, except that one cannot find there the comforts to be obtained in Minnesota.

The Adirondacks from June to November I regard as one of the most desirable health resorts to be found; in fact, I know of none in the country I would sooner seek for health-giving properties; but one should try and spend several months there consecutively, entering early in June and remaining until late in October. From November to May it may be less objectionable than the homes of many consumptives, as the air is unquestionably dry and cold, but the breaking up of winter is very trying, and there is a serious lack of comforts and diversions outside of one little colony of invalids, which, from its composition, may tend to have a depressing effect upon its members.

Lakewood, New Jersey, is located on a very sandy soil, surrounded by pine woods, and has secured to it a comparatively dry air, because of its having a soil so porous that both rain and snow disappear quickly, leaving a dry surface and

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no damp exhalations; this fact enables its residents to walk and drive almost daily in winter, when they would be shut in at any other point equally near New York or Philadelphia. Added to this important fact, Lakewood has the advantage of an extremely comfortable family hotel, with open fireplaces and wood fires. Exemption from the bad air of city homes introduced through under-cellars and heated in iron furnaces, the ability to ride and walk in a drier and purer air, and the pleasant company at Lakewood have combined, without the aid of drugs, to assist nature in relieving so many people that some are led to regard it as a panacea for all forms of colds. The causes named may alleviate the condition of consumptives, but beyond that it may well be doubted if Lakewood offers any strong hopes for permanent improvement, as the atmosphere, changes, and conditions are not of a character to justify such a hope, for it cannot properly be regarded as a cold and dry climate; it is too variable and too near the ocean.

Saratoga Springs has not yet become established as a winter sanitarium, but it appears to offer more advantages and be subject to less objections for such as need a cold and dry climate than any other place in the United States. The winters are steadily cold and dry, without the severity and intensity of cold found in the Northwest or the Adirondacks. The soil is very sandy and porous, and there is great freedom from damp and chilly exhalations. The place is exceptionally healthy. It has all the elements of an agreeable residence, free from the dulness and lack of diversion of most sanitary resorts, with a good market and an abundant supply of excellent hotels and boarding-houses, which can be readily adapted, when needed, to the wants of winter boarders. It also has a great advantage in the fact that invalids who need a change in March or April can in a few hours be put on board of a steam-ship for the Mediterranean, Bermuda, Nassau, Charleston, Georgia, or Florida, with very slight risk from exposure.

However great the advantages of California may be for those residing on the Pacific slope, invalids whose homes are east of the Missouri River should seriously consider whether the inducements are great enough to compensate for the disadvantages. To one in health the ride to San Francisco is less fatiguing than one might properly expect, but for invalids it is a serious matter to be confined to a car for five or six consecutive days, subject all the time to the unavoidable inhalation of the various particles of matter inseparable from railroad riding; added to this is the impossibility of securing reliably good ventilation, uniform temperature, or freedom from draughts, closeness, and frequent changes. When you add the return journey, the advantages ought to be very great to induce the experiment. Are they sufficiently so? In summer the climate of California is hot and dry away from San Francisco or other very windy and variable locations. In winter it is very rainy and damp, as the rains all fall between October and May, which is there the season of verdure, the period when their grass grows. For those who are simply delicate, or inherit a tendency to consumption, I know of no country where I should regard the chances better for fair health and a prolongation of life than a residence in southern California, but for such as have a developed pulmonary trouble I would advise careful consideration, unless they decide to go there to make it a home, to stay while they live.

The climate of Los Angeles and its vicinity and of Santa Barbara offers attractions and inducements for invalids which I do not wish to underrate, but which I fear have been too highly praised. The variations at night, and from sun to shade, are trying. Each of the sections named has attractions as a residence for invalids not seriously diseased—for those who are simply delicate, or have a hereditary tendency to disease. Santa Barbara is in many respects an attractive residence, but its location in a valley, between the coast ridge and a range of hills extending to the sea, makes it very windy, and causes frequent dust storms injurious to consumptives; it is also subject to fogs. The location of San Diego is apparently a safe one, and its attractions as a residence have greatly improved within a few years; and Coronado Beach may deserve the strong claims made for it, but they are not yet established. Los Angeles and the country to the south of it should be carefully examined and compared with other sections before the invalid decides to locate. For those who may reasonably hope for recovery this portion of California offers more advantages and less

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objections for a permanent residence than most climatic resorts, but such as are seriously diseased are, for the reasons already given, in danger of disappointment if they go from the East counting on recovery.

North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida all have health resorts which deserve consideration.

Asheville, North Carolina, in respect of beauty of location and fine scenery, is unsurpassed in our country by any health resort known to me excepting Estes Park, in Colorado. It has long been a favorite summer resort by the residents of other Southern States, and is now attracting attention in the North both as a summer and winter resort. Its reputation for health and elevated position gives it strong claims for consideration. For those who are only delicate, without settled disease, it offers some marked advantages for a yearly residence. As a stopping-place both going and returning for invalids who winter in a milder climate, and also as a residence for such from the middle of April to December, it is deserving of attention. A majority of those in danger from consumption or chronic throat troubles, I believe, would find their chances of permanent relief greater if they would remain all the year as far south as Asheville. Boarding-houses and hotels are numerous, and the cost of living is still very reasonable and inexpensive. From December to April 15 I regard the climate too cold and too variable for such as require the benefits of an open-air life, which may be found farther south. Although Asheville has long and deservedly maintained a high reputation for health of location, it is important to bear in mind that it and all other resorts that become popular require an improvement of sanitary conditions in proportion to growth.

Aiken, South Carolina, has assumed a prominence for several reasons. It is located on a high ridge of pine and sandy land, with a soil so porous that there is almost a total absence of damp exhalations. It is naturally healthy, has good water and a dry air—too dry at times for some invalids. Its surroundings, as a whole, are favorable to consumptives eight months in the year—from the middle of April to the middle of December. During the other months the town of Aiken is subject, by reason of its elevated position, to high winds, the climate is variable, and changes of temperature sudden and great. The winds may be partially obviated by selecting a sheltered location, but for the variations of temperature there is no remedy, and they are very trying to invalids. As a spring and autumnal resort, or for a stationary residence from April to December, it is one of the best in our country, because the heat is not oppressive, and it is more healthy during the hot season than more southern resorts.

The Sand Hills near Augusta, Georgia, compare favorably with Aiken, and nearly all the conditions in regard to the advantages there are very similar, excepting in extent of accommodations. The near proximity to the city of Augusta gives the additional value of more society and diversion.

Thomasville, in Thomas County, Georgia, is deserving of careful consideration. Located in the pine belt region, and accessible by railroad, it is at present one of the most desirable localities to be found for a warm and dry air. It is comparatively free from high winds in winter, and also from the humidity of many portions of the peninsula of Florida. As a residence, from December to April, inclusive, there are very few locations on the main-land offering better climatic conditions than the section in which Thomasville, in Georgia, and Tallahassee and Quincy, in Florida, are located. At Thomasville comfortable accommodations may be had, and probably also at Tallahassee, but at the latter yearly inquiry is necessary. During the months named this region is generally healthy. One is subject here, as everywhere on the main-land, to sudden and severe changes of temperature, but they are as infrequent and probably less in severity than any portion of the South where one can be comfortable, excepting only some places in Florida. The days are comparatively few that invalids cannot go in the open air with comfort; and by dressing to meet the changes, and using a wood fire mornings and evenings and days when needed, they will find it difficult to secure any location on the main-land where the conditions as a whole are more favorable to their improvement and comfort. Northern beef and good fresh milk can be had here. The popularity of this place makes it important for visitors to see that its sanitary arrange-

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ments keep pace with its growth. And this care should prevail at every place visited.

Florida has a winter climate that is very delightful and attractive, but invalids need to be well informed where to go. The lower St. John's (as the river runs north, I mean the northern end below Palatka) is too windy and too damp on the river to be desirable for pulmonary troubles. At St. Augustine the winds are too strong and the weather also too variable. The greater part of the peninsula is very flat and low, swamps are abundant, and the atmosphere very humid. Care is needed to avoid malarial localities, and also to secure good and safe drinking water; filtered rain-water is the safest and best, and should be demanded, for the danger from poisonous water is often as great as from poisonous air. Artesian wells in Florida are now very common, and although safe from malarial effects, may be injurious to consumptives, as they generally contain much sulphur. The railroads have made accessible and continue to open dry sandy ridges in the pine forests at an elevation of fifty feet and more above the sea-level, which, when supplied with comfortable hotels and boarding-houses (some already exist), apparently ought to prove excellent and safe resorts. They are drier, less windy, and less subject to cold and marked changes of temperature than the more prominent and very comfortable resorts of pleasure-seekers so well known on the St. John's and at St. Augustine.

At Winter Park, a few miles from Sanford, on the railroad to Tampa, there are already a number of cottages belonging to Northern occupants, a good hotel, an excellent educational institution, churches, and good society in winter. Altamonte, a Boston settlement, six miles distant, is also a very attractive place, and from Altamonte to Orlando the claims made for the health of this section are strongly endorsed by Northern settlers. It is a dry sandy ridge from fifty to eighty feet above the St. John's River, a natural pine forest, almost entirely free from swamps and marshes, with good drinking water and numerous lakes which are fed by natural springs.

Climatic changes necessitate changes of location, and hence the best from November to March is not likely to be the most desirable for March and April.

There are other localities in the Southern States which may be as good as those named, but as none to my knowledge afford comfortable accommodations or any diversions to relieve the monotony of life, I have not named them.

NASSAU.

For such as require a moist and warm climate I would suggest the island of Nassau as the most desirable resort for all English-speaking people. Other sea islands may have an equally good climate, but as Nassau is an English island, with a comfortable American hotel, and largely resorted to by people from our own country, there is less feeling of isolation, and contentment is made easier. Filtered rain-water, fresh milk, and beef and mutton from New York are all to be had at the American hotel.

For those who can bear a moderate heat Nassau offers a climate unsurpassed, its great merit being that it is exceptionally equable and free from violent changes. But for an occasional "norther," and they are neither frequent nor severe, the careless and imprudent in the matter of dress would have nothing to fear from the changes of weather. By dressing warm and keeping housed during the short periods of the existence of such changes invalids may at all other times dress lightly and uniformly. The proximity of Nassau to the Gulf Stream gives the air a delightful softness and dryness, which, except to those who have lived on islands in the ocean, it is difficult to realize; in consequence of which there is but little for the lungs to contend with, provided the climate does not prove enervating. The heat is not great nor hard to bear, much less than much of our own weather from June to September, inclusive.

Although I have known invalids dangerously sick with the early stages of consumption to recover in other localities, Nassau is the only spot known to me where those pronounced by experts as incurable have actually recovered. Of course I have no means of knowing whether the diagnosis in these cases was correct or not, but from the eminence of the physicians it should have been. Not to mislead, I should state that those who recovered went to the island in November and remained until May, and continued to go there for several consecutive years to establish their recovery.

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NARKA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT was not often that so great a treat as this trial of Narka's was provided for the sensation-loving Parisian public. The prisoner was a young girl of rare beauty and brilliant gifts, and among the witnesses were to figure a *grande dame* and a Sister of Charity.

The court was densely filled long before the entrance of the judge, but curiosity reached its climax when the door opposite the judgment-seat opened, and the prisoner, walking between two gendarmes, was led to the bar.

Narka had been so exhausted and strained by the week's imprisonment that on the eve it had seemed to her impossible she could go through the ordeal of this trial; but when the morrow came, and with it the challenge for immediate effort, her splendid young vitality asserted itself, and her high courage rose to the occasion. She was luminously pale, but there was no lack of fire in her eyes, and no trace of weakness in her bearing, as she stood at the bar. A murmur, partly of admiration, partly of curiosity, rose from every part of the audience; but this quickly subsided, and profound silence reigned in the court.

The case against the prisoner was briefly stated: from the time of her arrival in Paris she had consorted with conspirators of various nationalities, and attended revolutionary meetings where plots were hatched against the governments and the lives of kings; she had gone to live in a district where disaffection was rampant; she had received treasonable documents, and sheltered ringleaders of the recent *émeute* and notoriously bad characters, etc.

The first witness called up was Olga Borzidoff. She swore that the prisoner had to her knowledge habitually frequented revolutionary meetings, and that on the 10th instant she had been present at one where a scheme for the assassination of the Emperor of the French had been arranged, and the prisoner was chosen by lots to give the signal for throwing the bomb-shell into his carriage. The witness had been so horrified by the proceedings and plans discussed at this meeting that she had gone immediately and given warning to the police; she had herself assisted at former meetings of the sort, ignorant of their sinister character; but her eyes had been opened on this occasion, and her conscience awakened. Olga Borzidoff deposed in a spirit of vindictive personal rancor which greatly damaged the weight of her evidence, and at last she became so violent and aggressive that the judge was obliged to call her to order.

Madame Blaquette was next called up, and came on whining and whimpering, and conveying her distress to Narka by glances and gesticulations. She gave her evidence incoherently, contradicting herself at every sentence; she had been beguiled and deceived, she said, by a beggar-woman toward whom she had exercised benevolence to the utmost extent of her means, having on one occasion given the last penny she possessed to relieve her wants; the woman's ingratitude was a bitter drop in the cup of her manifold disappointments. The landlady was wandering on to explain the nature of these disappointments, when the judge cut her short, and after a series of direct questions discharged her. Her evidence had neither served nor hurt Narka.

Several other witnesses, friends of Olga Borzidoff, were heard, and these swore to the prisoner's presence at the meeting on the 10th. This testimony was, so far, the only substantial charge against her. Then the counsel for the crown made his charge, and the witnesses for the defence followed.

The first called was the Comtesse de Beaucrillon. Sibyl was one of those persons whose charm never deserts them under any circumstances. As she advanced now to the witness box, leaning on her husband's arm, she looked just as charming, just as much at her ease, as if she had been taking part in a court ceremonial, or dispensing cups of tea in her boudoir. She sat down with that languishing grace which always suggested a nymph sinking into the water, and then drew off her gloves and pulled out her Lilliputian handkerchief, scattering a scent of violets that perfumed the heavy air deliciously around her.

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After the preliminary formula of questions, the judge said, "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"All my life, monsieur. We were brought up together; we studied together; we were like sisters."

"The prisoner is charged with having become acquainted with revolutionists, and been cognizant of plots against the life of the Emperor of Russia, even while under the roof of Princess Zorokoff."

"Ah! Monsieur le Président, such charges are wicked slanders. My sister Narka was too pure and good to associate with any but those who were pure and good like herself."

There was an indescribable charm in the way Sibyl said "my sister Narka," in her softly agitated voice.

"Madame," continued the judge, "the court cannot accept sentimental evidence, however convincing it may be. Can you assert upon your oath that to your knowledge the prisoner never associated, was never in communication, while in Russia, with any persons disaffected toward the imperial government?"

Sibyl seemed too horrified to answer. With a marvellous play of feature she looked up at her husband, and clasping her hands nervously, looked back at the judge. "Am *I* suspected of being disaffected to the Emperor's government?" Nothing could have been more perfect than the little bit of comedy; her face and her hands expressed amazement, amusement, and wounded loyalty all at once, and the pantomime told more effectively in Narka's behalf than if she had solemnly sworn to belief in her innocence.

"You, madame, are absolutely above suspicion," protested the judge, feeling that he had made a mistake in rousing the sympathies of the public on the side of this sensitive, high-bred lady by inferentially accusing her of a vulgar crime.

Sibyl saw her advantage, and immediately the great crystal drops welled up into her light blue eyes and trembled there, and then rolled off her curled lashes. She was one of those dangerous, not-to-be-trusted women to whom tears are becoming, and she knew it. "I beg your pardon, M. le Président," she said, her voice quivering with repressed emotion; "but if you have ever had a sister whom you loved and trusted with your whole heart, you will understand that I cannot listen unmoved to such horrible insinuations against mine." Overcome by her feelings, she covered her face and sobbed gently.

A hum of admiration and respect made itself heard in the court.

Sibyl, after struggling for a moment with her emotion, lifted her head with the air of one nerving herself for courageous effort, but the judge, obeying the murmured desire of the court, said, "The witness may retire."

"Let Sœur Marguerite be heard."

No more striking contrast could have been found than that which this witness presented to the last. Instead of the *blonde élégante*, trailing her silken skirts with undulating grace, scattering the scent of violets around, and playing on the court with her wiles, her sudden tears, her harmonies and blandishments, there appeared at the bar a small, well-shaped young woman clothed in a gray woollen gown and a broad white head-gear, from under which there looked out a youthful face with irregular features, a nose full of character, imperceptibly *retroussé*, and a pair of wistful brown eyes alight with courage, simplicity, and truth. The shapely hands, roughened with work and the weather, were slipped into her wide sleeves, and Marguerite in the witness box looked like a diligent little scholar who came up for examination, primed and loaded, afraid of nothing except of being confused into a wrong answer from nervousness.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Sœur Marguerite, M. le Juge."

"Say M. le Président," corrected some one in a *sotto voce*.

"Pardon! M. le Président," she repeated, with a blush.

The usual interrogations followed, and then the judge said, "Why did the prisoner go to live at La Villette?"

"Because it is cheap, M. le Président."

"How did she spend her time there—do you know?"

"She gave lessons, M. le Président; and she went about with me visiting the sick poor. She is a capital sick-nurse."

"Did she not keep low company?"

"She kept company with me, M. le Président."

"You know what I mean, ma sœur; she associated with the bad characters of the place?"

"So do I and my sisters, M. le Président."

"Vive Sœur Marguerite!" shouted a

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voice, and the cry was taken up in chorus at the end of the hall, where La Villette was largely represented. The judge turned round angrily; but before he could speak, Marguerite drew her hand from her sleeve and made a little downward gesture, as if she were slapping a naughty child. "Hush, will you!" she cried; "do you want to get me into trouble?"

This irregular proceeding had the desired effect; so the judge overlooked it, and went on.

"You are acquainted with a man named Antoine Drex?"

"Yes, M. le Président; I have long been acquainted with Antoine Drex."

"He bears a detestable character—a rioter, a drunkard; he was a notoriously bad husband; he used to beat his wife?"

Marguerite put her head first a little to one side, then a little to the other, like a meditative robin. "Well, M. le Président, he was not a model husband; but his wife was very aggravating; she had a tongue that was going all day long, and she took to drink before he did. Our sisters always pitied Antoine very much."

"What! a wicked revolutionist who incited the people to bloodshed?"

"M. le Président, he was not so bad as that; *c'était un désespéré, mais pas un révolté.* That is the difference. When he was out of work and had no food, the hunger went to his head. It is so with them all. But he was not a bad fellow. He loved his mother, and was always good to her; and he would often share his crust with a hungry neighbor."

"So would any man who was not a brute."

"Ah! M. le Président, if that were true, there would be no *émeutes.* It is hunger that sends the *ouvrier* down into the street. He is not wicked; he is *bon enfant* if you give him bread enough; but he goes mad on an empty stomach, and that hunger-madness is the worst of all."

There was a rumor in the court expressing horror and assent.

"That is a subject that would carry us too far from the point in question, ma sœur," said the judge: "the question is, did the prisoner, knowing the character Antoine Drex bears, associate with him, and connive at his evil doings by hiding him from the pursuit of the law?"

"M. le Président, I cannot answer for the other people who hid Antoine from the police; but I don't deny that we did. He came to us one morning and asked us to shelter him, and we let him in, and he went away without telling us."

"Yes, he went away to intercept the police, who had just got possession of a box containing papers that would have convicted the prisoner beyond any doubt. Ma sœur, do you know what those papers were?"

"No, I do not; I never saw them; and Mademoiselle Larik never told me what they were."

"You know that she held revolutionary doctrines, and connived at, if she did not participate in, the crime of regicide?"

"I know nothing of the sort, and I don't believe a word of it."

"She frequented meetings where such plots were discussed?"

"If she did, it must have been as the prophet Daniel frequented the lions' den: she was taken there by force or by fraud. But I don't believe she was ever present at such a meeting."

"There are witnesses to swear that she was present at one where she was designated as an accomplice in an attempt on the life of the Emperor."

"M. le Président, if a court full of witnesses swore to that, I would not believe them."

"But if they proved it, ma sœur?"

"Above all, if they proved it! What a pitiful sort of faith that is that could be invalidated by proofs!"

There was a laugh in the court. The judge peered over his spectacles at the witness, as if debating whether to join, at least tacitly, in the *mouvement d'hilarité*, or call her to order for disrespect to the solemnity of justice. His human sympathies and his sense of humor prevailed.

"Ma sœur," he said, and his sharp eyes twinkled unjudiciously as they peered at her through his glasses, "your doctrine concerning faith and testimony differs *in toto* from that of the court. There are witnesses to prove that on the 10th inst. the prisoner was present at the meeting in question, and that evidence makes fatally against her, unless you can bring forward witnesses to swear that she was in some other place that day while the meeting was going on."

Marguerite's face lighted up with a triumphant expression. "On the 10th?" she said. "At what hour was the meeting, M. le Président?"

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"From one in the afternoon to past three."

"Then I can swear, and bring others to swear, that she was not present at it. She was with me, visiting a sick child."

There was a sudden excitement in the court at this.

"You are sure of that, ma sœur?"

"I am perfectly sure of it."

"And you say there were others present?"

Marguerite hesitated a moment: Antoine Drex and his old mother were not imposing witnesses to bring forward.

"There was a crowd outside who saw us both come out of the house where Mademoiselle Larik had been singing to the child. I can easily find out some of the people who were there." Marguerite was conscious of a certain collapse in the strength of her testimony when it came to producing it; but the court was with her, and she felt it. Her own word, her oath, would weigh with them and with the jury more than a score of the most creditable witnesses that could be brought forward, and the timid humility which seemed to make her forget this, and lose sight of her own value altogether, only made her more admirable and sympathetic. A rare and winning advocate she was in her weakness and her courage, her pathos and her humor, clothed in the garb of that voluntary poverty which in its heroic renunciations represents the most persuasive power on earth.

"And you can swear yourself that you were with her on the 10th at the hour named?" said the judge.

"I can swear it. She came down to the House just after our dinner, and she staid with me till I went out, and then came with me to Antoine Drex's room, where she sang a little sick child to sleep."

There was a loud murmur from every part of the court; it rose almost to a cheer. Narka's eyes were fixed on Marguerite as if she could not look away; the half-fierceness had melted out of her face, and in spite of her immobility those dark eyes, burning under her level brows, betrayed the relenting emotion that was invading and disarming her.

The judge was going to speak, when a movement at the door arrested his attention. A messenger full of haste frayed his way to the judgment-seat, and a short parley followed between him and the judge.

Marguerite had recognized the commissary of police from La Villette. She was alarmed, but not much surprised, when, turning from the judge, he came straight up to her. The curiosity of the audience was greatly excited, and it was not allayed when the commissary, having made some communication to Marguerite, which she received with evident horror and amazement, hurried away with her from the court.

And now it was Narka's turn. It had seemed to her before entering the court that no chance of escape or acquittal remained to her, and in crossing the threshold of the judgment-hall she had left all hope outside; but as the trial went on, and nothing transpired to incriminate Basil, and as one witness after another failed to substantiate any charge against herself, her spirits rose; she began to hope, and regained courage. The only serious point made against her was by Olga Borzidoff, who had sworn to her presence at the meeting on the 10th, and to her having been designated there to give the signal for throwing the bomb-shell; but this false testimony had been wholly refuted by Marguerite, who had evidently carried the court along with her, and turned the current of justice and of public sentiment strongly in favor of the prisoner. When, therefore, Narka stood up to be examined, she felt ready to undergo the dreaded interrogatory with more self-possession than an hour ago she could have believed possible.

When it came to the question of her having been with Sœur Marguerite at the time she was accused by the woman Borzidoff of being at the meeting, the judge said, "Can you remember any circumstance which would help to prove that alibi?"

"I can, M. le Président," Narka answered, in her clear, metallic tones. "I had lost my voice for more than a month, and that day, when I was with Sœur Marguerite, it suddenly returned. It was very unexpected, and I was greatly excited by it; so was Sœur Marguerite."

"Can you call any witness to prove that you had lost your voice before that day?"

"Yes; M. le Docteur X—— could certify to the fact. He gave me a consultation not long before. I do not recall the date, but he probably could."

The judge was going to put another

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question, when a note was passed up to him. He read it, and recognized the signature as that of a detective well known to the authorities, and highly esteemed for his honesty and skill.

"You may sit down," the judge said to Narka. Then he added, "Let Jean Godart come forward." And a middle-aged man, dressed like a well-to-do workman, stepped into the witness box.

Narka's heart began to beat again with terror. Was this a clever false witness come to spring a mine under her feet?

The witness having stated his name and surname, and his trade of cabinet-maker, the judge said:

"You were present that afternoon when the prisoner sang in the room occupied by Antoine Drex and his mother?"

"M. le Président, I was amongst the crowd under the window, and I waited to see the singer come out. I wanted badly to see her. I did not see her face well, for she wore a veil, and a hat that came down over her forehead; but I noticed her figure."

"Was the prisoner alone?"

"No; she was with Sœur Marguerite. It was Sœur Marguerite who told us she had been singing to the sick child."

"Why did you want so badly to see the prisoner?"

"Because of her voice: it was the most wonderful voice I ever heard. I am fond of a good song. It is my *petit vice*. I spend many a franc on a ticket up with the gods when a great singer comes to Paris. I have heard the best of them these twenty years past, but I never heard anything like the voice of the person who sang that day in the Cour des Chats."

"What was it like? Describe it to the court."

The witness shook his head. "It would be a difficult thing to describe," he said, with a humorous smile; "but if these gentlemen," looking up at the jury, "can fancy a score of nightingales in a woman's throat, with old cognac and oil poured out all together, they will have some idea of the effect."

The jury were evidently amused, and the public laughed.

"You would know the voice if you heard it again?"

"Parbleu! If I would know it! It made the blood run warm in my veins. I would know it amongst a thousand."

"You remember what the song was?"

"The first was—"

"Stop!" interrupted the judge, quickly. "Write down the name and send it up to me."

While the witness proceeded to do as he was desired, a movement rose and spread in the court. It was arrested immediately when the judge, after reading the paper handed up from the witness, said to the prisoner,

"Can you tell the court what you sang that day?"

"I sang first a Russian ballad, and then 'Mignon's Lament.'" Narka's countenance, for all her self-control, showed plainly with what intense anxiety she was waiting to hear whether the testimony of the detective would corroborate this answer. The court too was hushed in breathless expectation.

"The witness," said the judge, "has written, 'A song in a language I did not understand, and then a song in French that ended, at every verse, *Laissez-moi mourir*.'"

A perfect shout of exultation rose from every part of the hall. Narka flushed crimson, and then grew very white; she was agitated almost beyond the power of self-control.

The prisoner's counsel now followed with his plea, and then the jury retired to consider the verdict.

They returned in ten minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

CHAPTER XL.

IVAN GORFF had deemed it more prudent, both for Narka and for himself, not to be present at the trial, where there was sure to be a large contingent of Russian spies as well as French detectives. But when the day of the trial came he found it hard to keep away. The suspense and anxiety were almost unbearable. It was not possible to stay quietly in-doors, so he went out and walked about the streets like a troubled spirit, going from one haunt to another, as if something unexpected might turn up to help Narka, or throw light on the unknown authors of her arrest. The more he thought of it, the stronger grew his fear that Schenk had betrayed her. The idea, which had at first been repulsed as a groundless suspicion, took shape when he found that Schenk had left town the day before the

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arrest; and then, as the days went by, and he neither came nor wrote, suspicion grew and hardened into conviction. Ivan had quickly detected the German's passion for Narka, and shrewdly suspected that Schenk had declared it, and if so, he had of course been scornfully rejected. As Ivan paced the streets he pictured to himself the scene: Narka startled into indignant surprise, answering him with two flashes of lightning from her dark eyes, and Schenk, goaded out of his cold-blooded sleekness, pressing his suit; then perhaps threatening—for she was in his power to an extent. Ivan's blue eyes scintillated with inextinguishable laughter as he clinched his hands, swinging heavily by his side, and tramped on. Partly drawn by these cogitations, and partly obeying the blind impulse that prompted him to pursue his aimless march, he walked on to La Villette and to Narka's house. The place looked just as if nothing had happened; she might have been sitting inside at her work; the door on the street stood open as usual. Ivan stepped in. It was dark in the narrow entry after the brilliant sunshine, but there was light enough for him to see a man standing at the door of the landlady's rooms, opposite to Narka's, as if waiting to be let in. Ivan at a glance recognized Schenk.

The two were equally surprised to meet.

"Oh, it is you!" said Schenk, coming forward, and he held out his hand.

Ivan fell back a step. "How much money did they give you for it?" he said, hissing out the words between his teeth.

"What do you mean?" demanded Schenk.

"You know what I mean. How much did they give you for selling Narka Larik to the police here?"

"Look here," said Schenk, and he came a step nearer, fixing his green eyes on Ivan's, that were blazing like a tiger's; "take back that lie, or I'll knock it down your throat!"

Ivan clinched his hand, and hit out at him; but Schenk, stepping aside in time, avoided the blow, and Ivan struck the wall with his might, breaking his knuckles with the violence of the collision. The pain blinded and maddened him for a moment, and before he had recovered his senses Schenk drew his cane-sword and ran him through the body. Ivan staggered, and then fell heavily to the ground.

Schenk knelt down, wiped his blade carefully in his victim's coat, slipped it back into the cane, and walked away.

Nobody passed through the entry for nearly an hour. Then a lace-mender who lived on the fifth story came down, and hurrying out, knocked her foot against the prostrate body. Her scream brought in a woman who was passing.

"A man murdered!" exclaimed the two, peering down at the white face, and then at the pools of blood around.

In five minutes a crowd had collected; in five more the commissary of police was there, taking down the *procès-verbal.* Before he had finished, the doctor arrived.

"Life is not extinct," said the medical man, after putting his ear to Ivan's heart. "Is there a room where he could be taken, close by, here on the ground-floor?"

Some one ran to the concierge and got the key of Narka's door, and Ivan was lifted in and laid upon the bed. Then restoratives were quickly applied and the wound was attended to. Gradually consciousness returned. Ivan carried his blank gaze round the room, and began to realize where he was. "Have they condemned her?" he asked, in a faint voice.

"Ah! it was, then, a woman?" said the commissary, and out came his pencil to add this point to the *procès-verbal.* "Do you know her? Could you identify her?" Then, as Ivan only stared at him vacantly, "The woman who stabbed you," he explained. "Try and remember. We found you lying in the entry badly wounded. Do you know who stabbed you?"

But the wounded man turned his head away and moaned impatiently. At a sign from the doctor the commissary collapsed.

"He is too weak; he has lost a deal of blood. I must go down to the sisters and get some one to come up and attend to him," said the medical man.

"Sœur Marguerite," Ivan said, with an effort; "tell Sœur Marguerite to come to me."

Everybody at La Villette knew that Sœur Marguerite was away at the trial.

"I will ask for Sœur Marguerite," replied the doctor; "but she may not be in the way; I must take whoever is."

"No, no; Sœur Marguerite," Ivan insisted. "If she is still in the court, send and say I want to see her; I have something to say, and there is no time to lose. Be quick!"

The commissary, guessing that the something was connected with this attempt on

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his life, hurried out and called a cab, and drove to the court, where, as we know, he found Marguerite, and took her back with him. The errand had been done with great haste, but Ivan's feverish impatience had found the time never-ending.

"Ah! you are come—thank God!" he exclaimed, the moment she appeared. "Get a pencil, and write what I am going to tell you."

"But you are too weak; I had better wait," she urged, gently.

"No, no; there is no time. I have strength enough, if only there be time. Write."

Marguerite drew her big pocket-book from her sleeve, and held her pencil ready.

"You remember that All-souls Eve at Yrakow?" Ivan began. "My sister Sophie was coming through the wood in the afternoon. She met Larchoff. He stopped her, and—" A spasm passed over Ivan's face; he struggled for a moment with some violent pain or emotion, and having mastered it, went on: "She escaped from him.... I saw her flying across the road toward our gate; she was half mad.... I went straight into the sacristy, and took Father Christopher's gun.... I knew where he kept it, and I knew it was loaded.... I hurried back to the forest, and overtook Larchoff, and shot him."

Marguerite uttered a cry, and dropped the pencil; she picked it up, and Ivan continued:

"As God hears me, my first thought was for Sophie. I wanted to screen her; if it was known I had killed Larchoff, it would have led to suspicion.... After I fired the shot, Father Christopher passed; he was hurrying through the wood to get back to the confessional; I thought he might have seen me, and if he had, I knew he would suspect me. I went on to the sacristy, and put back the gun where I had found it. And then—oh, my God, how shall I tell it!—then I went into the chapel, and knelt down in the confessional and confessed the murder. Then I was safe. I knew that this sealed his lips—that he must let himself be put to death rather than utter a word that might incriminate me, and betray the secret of the confessional.... The next day I went into X. and denounced him as the murderer."

Marguerite could bear no more; she burst into tears, overcome with horror and compassion.

"Ah! I have suffered for my crime!" Ivan went on; "ay, the torments of the damned.... It so chanced—God in His judgment so decreed—that I was passing when the police were carrying him away.... I saw him driven on between the two policemen. Oh, my God! my God! the look he gave me!... it has haunted me like a dead man's eye.... I felt sure at first that the Prince would have obtained his release; when that failed, I did what I could.... I spent my whole fortune trying to purchase his escape, to bribe the jailers, trying to get alleviations for him. I have lived in poverty.... my life has been a hell of remorse.... And now I am dying accursed and unforgiven, murdered myself.... It is just! it is just!"

Marguerite dropped on her knees, shaken to her soul with pity for the miserable man who had sinned and suffered so terribly. But her strong sense and habit of self-restraint quickly brought her back to the practical question of how to make this confession available for Father Christopher. She had presence of mind enough to remember that either it must be made verbally before another witness, or Ivan must sign what she had written in presence of a witness.

"Is it any good my confessing now?" said Ivan, as if he guessed what was in her mind. "Will it help to set Father Christopher free, do you think? If it did, if I knew that before I died, it would make hell less horrible to me."

"I have not a doubt," replied Marguerite, "but that as soon as your statement is known to the authorities, they will liberate him at once; but you will have to repeat the confession, or else sign it in the presence of another person. May I send for the commissary?"

"Yes, yes; send for as many as will come. I will swear before the whole world that I committed the murder, and confessed it to Father Christopher."

Marguerite went out, intending to send for the commissary. She found him in the entry, surrounded by the curé, the doctor, several police-officers, and others who had been attracted by the news of the murder. She told rapidly what had happened, and when the commissary, accompanied by the curé and the doctor, came in, Marguerite read aloud what she had written, and then asked Ivan if it was correct, and if he would swear to the truth of the story.

"Yes, I swear, as a dying man, that

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what you have written is true. So help me God! Get me up that I may sign it."

They lifted him, and put the pen in his hand, and he wrote his name; the others then added their signatures. The commissary was putting away the pen, when Ivan made a sign that he wanted it again. They gave it to him, and he clutched it fondly. It was Narka's pen. He remembered seeing it on her little writing-table.

"What have they done to her?" he asked—"to Narka Larik; what is the sentence?"

"She is acquitted on all points," replied the commissary, who had heard it from a police-officer just come from the court.

"Thank God!" muttered Ivan, and his face brightened; then, changing suddenly, a look of hungry, wolfish hate came over it. "Now let them catch Schenk," he said. "It was Schenk's doing—it was Schenk that stabbed me. I would die easy if I knew they would hang him!"

He fell back exhausted on the pillow.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE verdict of acquittal was received with loud and general applause, the Villette element making itself conspicuous in the chorus by yells of triumph, which might have easily been mistaken for howls of rage. When M. de Beaucrillon and Sibyl led Narka out of the court, half fainting, she hardly knew where she was going, and allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage without asking where they were taking her. It was only when she found herself before the steps of Sibyl's house that she realized where she was. It was then too late to protest, even if she had had strength to do it.

Sibyl took her upstairs, and put her to bed; she was kind and tender as a sister; and Narka, worn out in mind and body, submitted unresistingly to the soft ministrations. She was thankful to be at rest. She slept through the night from sheer exhaustion. Sibyl would have her lie in bed next morning; she forbade her to get up till the afternoon, and gave orders that Mlle. Narka was not to be disturbed, even if Sœur Marguerite came.

Immediately after the second breakfast Sibyl went out with Gaston. They were both anxious to see Marguerite, and learn the cause of her mysterious summons from court the day before. The moment they were gone, Narka rose and dressed herself, and slipped down to the boudoir. She could not lie quiet in bed, when Basil might arrive at any moment and call for her. She had not been long in the boudoir when a carriage drove into the court. It might be Basil! Narka started up and went to the window. A coupé was drawn up before the steps; the hall porter was parleying with some one inside. Presently he opened the carriage door and assisted a lady to alight. Narka recognized Marie Krinsky. The thought of meeting this girl, who loved Basil, who had been her rival, would have been intolerable; but it did not occur to her that Marie was coming upstairs: she was, no doubt, going to wait in the drawing-room, or perhaps to write a note in the library. It was only when the sound of silk rustling on the landing became audible that Narka knew the young Princess was going to appear. She glanced round for a way of escape. There was a panelled door that opened into a tiny closet, a sort of *débarras* where the tea-table, etc., were kept. There was just time to spring across the room and open this door and draw it after her, without daring to shut it, when Marie entered.

"You will find everything here, Princess," said the servant, and soon the click of an opened inkstand, and then the noise of a pen scratching the paper, announced that Marie was writing.

The time seemed long to Narka, but in reality ten minutes had not elapsed when Marie started up, exclaiming: "Sœur Marguerite! I am so glad! I was writing a line for Madame de Beaucrillon. We only returned from Fontainebleau last night. You were at the trial; tell me about it. Was Narka Larik guilty? Did she conspire against the life of the Emperor?"

Marguerite lifted her eyebrows. "Why, did you not read the trial? It is all in this morning's newspapers. She was completely acquitted."

"Oh, I know that. M. de Beaucrillon is rich enough to buy up the jury. And he was quite right to do it; but is she guilty? Is she the dreadful woman they say? I so want to know the truth." She spoke earnestly, nervously.

"Narka is no more guilty than I am," said Marguerite, with the warmth of con-

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viction. "She is a noble woman, and she has suffered cruelly."

"Ah! But now they say— Is it true, this story of Prince Basil's being in love with her and wanting to marry her?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

Marie grew pale, and Marguerite saw that the words had cut into her like a knife. Poor child! So she was to be a victim, through no fault of her own. She looked as if a touch would have overthrown her courage; but she struggled bravely, and kept up.

"I am glad she is good, since he is going to marry her," she said; "it would have been dreadful for Madame de Beaucrillon; and I should have been sorry for her brother, who—"

Marie stopped short, blushed violently, and then grew white, and an expression between terror and defiance came into her eyes. Marguerite turned to see what had wrought the sudden change, and saw a gentleman advancing quickly toward the open door of the boudoir; he was unkempt and travel-stained, like one come off a journey; but Marguerite recognized Basil at a glance. He went straight up to her, and took her hand and raised it to his lips; he did not say a word, but his face, his whole manner, were eloquent with feeling. Suddenly, as if he had not noticed the presence of the young Princess, he made her a low bow. Marie took up her parasol.

"I am not sending you away, I hope, Princess," said Basil.

"No; I was going." She shook hands with Marguerite, and then, looking Basil steadily in the face, "I am glad to be one of the first to congratulate you on your approaching marriage, Prince," she said. He read insolent contempt in her glance; but it was the defiance of desperation.

"Thank you, Princess," he replied, and held back the portière with an ostentatious pretence of making wider room for her exit.

The girl's retreating footsteps made no sound on the soft carpet, and Narka did not know she had left the room when Basil spoke:

"Sibyl is out?"

"Yes; I believe she is gone to La Villette," Marguerite replied, and she laid on the table a parcel that she took out of a basket on her arm. There was nothing so far to inform Narka that Marie was not still present. Marguerite looked tired, and Basil thought agitated; she sat down, and with a certain hesitation in her manner, "A dreadful thing has happened," she said; "Ivan Gorff was stabbed yesterday during the trial."

"Good God! Ivan! By whom?"

"By a man named Schenk."

"Schenk!" Basil repeated, aghast. "My God! And is Ivan dead?"

"He is dying. He sent for me to make a confession—a terrible confession." Narka held her breath, while Marguerite paused, as if the words were hard to speak. Then, almost in a whisper, "*It was Ivan who murdered Larchoff!*"

Basil's vehement exclamation covered another sound that came at the same moment from the wall behind him. He dropped into a chair, too stunned to utter a word. Narka felt sure they were alone now; but she also was too stunned to speak or move; her heart gave a great leap, and then sank; she felt sick and faint, but she remained motionless, rooted to the ground.

"Marguerite," Basil said, "if you knew what this revelation is to me!"

"I do know," she answered, in a low voice, and her lids fell.

Basil stood up. "You suspected me of the murder?"

"I thought you had done it accidentally."

"And you kept my secret! Marguerite!—Marguerite!"

Before she could start up or prevent him, he had fallen down before her, and was sobbing with his head upon her knees. Marguerite was too frightened by the suddenness of the action and by the violence of his emotion to know what to do; but Basil mastered the paroxysm quickly, and stood up, and then sat down beside her.

Narka had by this time regained her self-possession, but she had no longer the courage to come out of her hiding-place. She had first listened involuntarily to the dialogue, and now she could not show herself; it was too late. She heard Basil sobbing, and she guessed, more by instinct than by sound, that he had fallen down at Marguerite's feet; if her life had depended on it, she could not have pushed open the door and looked at him there.

"Yes," he went on, after a moment's silence, "I thought I had shot him; but I was not certain. When Father Christopher was arrested I knew it was too late to accuse myself; the police had fastened the

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crime on him. The only thing I could do was to go to St. Petersburg and sue for his release. I came away, believing he was to be set free the next day. Did Ivan tell you why he murdered Larchoff?"

"Yes; he confessed everything. It was a terrible story." And she repeated it as Ivan had told it.

"My God! how horrible!" Basil rose and walked the length of the room; then he sat down near Marguerite again, and speaking deliberately, but like a man who was constrained to give utterance to something that would not be held back, "I too have a confession to make," he said: "that murder changed my whole destiny —perhaps. I had set my heart on making you my wife. There was an end of that hope the moment I felt there was blood upon my hands; but I loved you as I have never loved any other woman."

Both were too absorbed to notice the dull sound of something falling heavily to the ground close by.

"Oh, Basil! and Narka?" Marguerite said, in a tone of pained reproach. "You love Narka?"

"Yes, I love Narka, and I will do my best to make her happy. I will be a good husband to her; she shall miss nothing; but my love for you was a unique thing in my life."

The moment was too solemn, Basil himself was too free from self-consciousness, for the strange avowal to make Marguerite feel shy, to cause her any embarrassment. It was a startling confession for her to listen to; but it told her nothing she had not known before. She knew perfectly well that night at Yrakow that the course of her destiny was suddenly changed. It was all like a dream. She looked back to the dream now, and saw spread out before her, like a landscape seen in a looking-glass, the life that might have been a panorama of golden days crowned with honors and delights; but the vision stirred no shadow of regret in her heart, nor did it move her will to a momentary recoil from the part that she had chosen. Far from it. She rejoiced that her present lot was beyond the reach of change. With an almost involuntary movement she felt for her crucifix, and closed her hand upon it, silently renewing her self-consecration.

Basil too had been carried back to the past, but not with the same glad assent in its renunciations. "My God!" he cried, with a sudden burst of passionate feeling, "it is as if a reprieve had suddenly come to me, after being under sentence of condemnation all these years!"

"Thank God!" Marguerite exclaimed, fervently. "And now you will give up once and forever these wild and wicked theories that have led you and Narka into such trouble? God has been very good to you, and you owe Him a return. You have now an opportunity of redeeming the past; you must begin from this out to lead a noble and useful life; you must break off with conspiracy and revolution, and work for your country in wiser and better ways. Promise me that you will."

Basil fell back and thrust his hands into his pockets. "If I had only myself to think of," he said, after a pause; "but I have contracted engagements that it would not be honorable to break; it would be cowardly to abandon those who are risking, and who will go on to the bitter end risking, their lives for the sake of overthrowing tyrants."

"That is just nonsense — rank nonsense!" protested Marguerite, with her old impulsive manner. "They will never overthrow anybody but themselves. I know them well — a set of hot-headed fools and fanatics! I see them every day, and I hear the wild nonsense they talk. But what is excusable in many of them is downright criminal in you; and your example would give many of them the courage and the excuse to give up the whole thing—be sure of that. There are very few in Russia, I dare say, as in France, who after a while do not see the madness of the work they have embarked in, and who would not gladly get out of it if they could. Besides, you are not worth so much to them; you will never go far enough to do the work they want; you think that talking and writing and stirring up passionate desires for liberty is doing a grand thing; but they want it to lead to action, that is, to assassination, to wholesale murder. You will never lend your hand to that; you will only go far enough to ruin yourself, without satisfying them. Give it all up. Oh, Basil! for Heaven's sake give it up, and begin to lead an honorable, useful life. Narka will make it a happy life for you. She will be as noble and loyal and loving a wife as any man was ever blest with. Think, too, of all that she has suffered for your sake! All but death. Yes, that time in the fortress

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was worse than death. Make it up to her now, and guard her, at any rate in the future, from those horrors that she has gone through in the past. She was very near falling into the hands of the torturers again. It was almost a miracle that she escaped being given over to the Russian authorities. A man whom we had helped in trouble waylaid the policeman and rescued this," Marguerite continued, taking the casket from the table.

"Do you know what is in it?" Basil asked, as he took it in his hand and tore off the paper that covered it.

"The papers you gave her to keep, and those revolutionary articles of yours that Ivan Gorff gave her to translate."

"Good heavens!" Basil exclaimed, greatly excited. The sight of that ivory box brought back his boyhood to him; he remembered the morning he gave it to Narka full of sweetmeats for her birthday; he kept turning it round and examining it to conceal his emotion. "My poor Narka!" he murmured.

"You will make it all up to her now; promise me you will?" Marguerite pleaded. "You will give up conspiracy?"

Basil did not answer. He was moved to his centre, but his will was torn in opposite directions—pity and tenderness for Narka drew him one way; what he called honor drew him another.

"Basil," Marguerite said, and the blood mounted to her cheek, and her voice trembled, "you say that you cared for me once; for the sake of that old affection, to prove to me that it was something deeper and better than a passing fancy, promise me what I ask you. I ask it in the name of God, of your mother, of all that you ever held sacred!" Her voice broke a little, and her eyes were full of tears.

Still Basil hesitated, but it was only because he was struggling with the emotion that choked him. "I promise you," he answered.

After a pause Marguerite said, "Now all our prayer must be that the reprieve may reach Father Christopher in time."

She staid on a few minutes, asking questions about the distance to Irkoutsk, calculating the chances and perils that must be reckoned with on the way homeward. Then she rose to go.

"You won't wait to see Narka?" Basil said.

"No; she is perhaps asleep, or at any rate she is resting. You will tell her about Ivan; his confession will be an immense relief to her; but the rest will be a great shock. She will be horrified too to hear about Schenk."

Basil accompanied Marguerite downstairs. In the hall he said: "I wonder would they let me see Ivan? Could you get me into the prison? I should like to see him once."

"Oh yes, do go and see him; I am sure it will be a consolation to the poor fellow. Go to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and ask for Sœur Jeanne; or, stay, if you go there now you will find her. Say that you have a message to her from Sœur Marguerite, and the porter will let you in."

"I will go at once," said Basil; "and by the time I get back Narka will probably be up, and able to see me." He stood and watched Marguerite till she crossed the court and disappeared. Then he went out and called a cab, and drove to the prison.

As Marguerite walked rapidly homeward she felt nearer to perfect happiness than she had ever done before in her innocent, happy life. The windows of the world seemed to have been suddenly thrown wide open, and fresh air from heaven let in to blow about her face. Her heart was so merry that she could have sung for gladness. All the wrong things were coming right. If only La Villette would cast out its heart of rage! Marguerite kept her hand upon that angry heart as a sick-nurse feels the pulse of a patient; *le pauvre peuple* was her sick child; she kept feeling its pulse, and the quick irregular beats made her anxious.

"If only I might die for them!" she murmured in her heart, with a sinking of despair. But then she thought of Father Christopher, and of Basil and Narka, and how all the wrong things were coming right at last, and she trusted and rejoiced.

CHAPTER XLII.

NARKA lay motionless, crouching in a heap on the ground, for some minutes after Basil and Marguerite had left the room. At last the silence assured her that they had gone. She rose to her knees and dragged herself up, and opened the door cautiously; there were the two chairs that Marguerite and Basil had been sitting in; they seemed to hold them still; the atmosphere of the place was suffocating. Narka felt she must get out of it to breathe;

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she made her way up to her own room, and sat down and tried to think what had happened since she had left it, only an hour ago. The whole world was changed to her, and yet in reality those words of Basil's which had flung her down as if stricken with paralysis had told her nothing new; she was conscious of having known all along that in those early days at Yrakow he had been in love with Marguerite, and on the night of the murder Marguerite had betrayed the secret of her love for him. But then had come the warrant and the ransom, and his declaration to herself; and what waves of passionate love and trust had swept over their lives since then, obliterating the very trace of those early jealousies and uncertainties!

Narka was not so simple as to suppose that a man's love was not to be trusted because the virgin vintage of his heart had been thrown into the wine-press for another woman's feet to tread. She would not have felt a pang of jealousy or resentment if Basil had himself confessed to her that he had loved Marguerite first; but that he should never have said a word to her, and should now confess it to Marguerite—this stung her to the quick, and struck at the root of all belief in his love.

"If he loved me," she repeated to herself, "he would have been compelled by the very force of his love to tell me; he could not have kept it a secret."

And she was right. For though we may sometimes wholly trust where we do not love, we can never wholly love where we do not trust. Basil, then, did not love her; not as she understood love, not as a man should love the woman he is going to marry. And if he did not love her, should she keep him to his engagement? Could she let him sacrifice himself to her from a sense of honor, of pity, of gratitude?

Schenk was right: Basil had never loved her.

Narka interlaced her fingers, and straightened up her arms above her head in a gesture of intolerable anguish. "I will give him up!—I will give him up!" she cried aloud, almost in a shout, and then she flung herself upon the sofa, and sobbed till it shook under her. When the paroxysm had subsided she stood up, and began to walk up and down the room. "If he were to confess the truth to me even now, I would believe him," she said, again speaking aloud to herself, and like a drowning man catching at a straw in her despair; "if he were to come to me now and say: 'I loved Marguerite in the old days before I learned to love you,' I could believe—" But she suddenly checked herself. Had he not told Marguerite that his love for her was a unique thing in his life? And then he had said that Narka should miss nothing, that he would be a loyal and loving husband to her, that he would pay back his debt as a man of honor. Oh God! was this the return she was to get for her passionate love! Could she take such pitiful payment of cold gratitude and duty in exchange for the love that had been burning like a fire in her heart all these years? No; it was intolerable. "I will give him up!" she repeated, already with a stern quietness that bespoke a firmer will than her first violent outburst.

She sat down and tried to face the reality. She would give him up; this much was certain; she was resolved to give him up. And having made this tremendous decision, it seemed as if the necessity for it grew suddenly clearer. She saw distinctly, like something new that she had never even glanced at before, what the consequences would be to Basil and to herself if he married her: he was going to make as complete a sacrifice as a man could make for a woman; he was going to quarrel with his father; to give him up; to give up his whole fortune and position; to give up Sibyl too, for though she might feign to forgive the marriage, in her heart she would never really forgive it; she would hate the woman who had come between her and the brother of whom she was so proud. And what had Narka to give him in return for all this? If he had loved her—ah, if he had loved her! Narka knew with what supreme abundance love can satisfy the lover, and make all sacrifices as nothing compared to the plenary bliss it can bestow. But he did not love her.

"I will not marry him; I will not see him again," she said; and her will took firmer hold of this determination, and it seemed to harden her heart and brace it for the sacrifice. Then, instinctively, her thoughts flew to Marguerite. There would be sympathy there and understanding. "I will tell her the truth; I will tell her everything," was Narka's reflection. But when she had told Marguerite, what was she to do? Where was she to go? She

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must take up life again with its difficulties and its inexorable necessities; she must go back to loneliness, without any sustaining hope to make it endurable. Suddenly she remembered Zampa, and the thought was like a flash of lightning showing her a way out of the darkness. She would go to Zampa; she would throw herself into the art she loved, and enter at once on her career as a singer, and study with all her might, and become a great artist. A thrill of relief, almost of exultation, came with this resolution, and with the consciousness that she had within her the power to fashion her own destiny and conquer independence. She need not be an object of pity to any one; there was something in this. Narka stood up again, and as she did so there was a knock at the door. One of the maids, of course. She said, "Come in." The door opened, and it was Basil who entered.

He went quickly up to her and took her in his arms.

"My Narka!" he cried, straining her to him.

She suffered his embrace without responding to it; but Basil was too excited to notice this, and he felt that she was trembling.

"I was here before," he said, "but you were resting. How are you, dearest? Let me look at you? You are tired and pale. No wonder." He kissed her forehead. "Sit down beside me;" and he would have drawn her to the couch, but Narka did not move.

"Tell me about Ivan," she said. "Have you seen him? Is he dead?"

"No; he is still alive; but they don't think he will pass the day."

Basil now became conscious of something strange about her. It was natural that the horror of this tragedy should have solemnized all things to them both, that it should be uppermost in her thoughts, and have checked the overflow of her joy a little; but there was something beyond this in her manner. He tried again to draw her to the couch, but her figure stiffened itself against his arm, and she laid her hand upon his shoulder, as if gently putting him from her.

"What is the matter, Narka? Are you not glad to see me?" he asked.

"I have something to say to you," she said, and her great eyes looked steadily into his, and her voice did not falter. "There is an end of our engagement. You must leave me, and forget that you ever thought of marrying me."

Basil drew away his arm, and looked at her in amaze. "You are gone mad," he said. Then, in a softer tone: "No wonder if you did, after all you have been going through, my poor Narka. But what has put this folly into your head?"

"It is no folly. The folly was when we thought that our marriage could bring either of us anything but suffering and regret. Yes. Let me speak out, Basil. Listen to me. If you married me, you would lose everything; you would be an exile all your life; your father would never forgive you, nor Sibyl; and Sibyl would hate me; and I could not live under that; it would kill me. I see it all now. We must part. You will marry some one who will suit you and make you happy; some one in your own rank. Marie Krinsky loves you; marry her, and give up playing at patriotism; you are not made for it. No, dear Basil, you are made to be what you are, and nothing else. If you broke with your kindred and your caste and married me, we should both regret it. You would try to hide it from me, but I should see it, and it would make me a miserable woman."

She said all this rapidly, as if she were in a hurry to get it all out before breaking down; but her voice did not break, although it was nervous and vibrating, and she was so white that Basil feared she was going to faint; but her eyes still met his without quailing. What did it all mean? What had she heard to drive her to this extraordinary resolution? His conscience smote him; he remembered his words to Marguerite in the boudoir; but they could not have come back to Narka.

"Sibyl has been talking to you," he said; "she has persuaded you to this."

"No, she has not; I have not had a moment's conversation with Sibyl since I have been in the house. She has had nothing whatever to do with my determination."

"Then what in Heaven's name has come to you, Narka? Have you ceased to care for me? It was only yesterday you swore to me you loved me as your life, and now you coolly turn me away, and throw me off without a word of explanation. I insist upon knowing what it means."

"I have told you," she replied. "We have been living in a fools' paradise. I was blind, and you were mad. But there

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is an end of it. We must separate. Don't be sorry for me, or afraid. I have courage; I will go my way safely."

"Good God! what are you talking about? What way will you go if you do not come with me?"

"I will go to Florence, and become a singer. My voice is better than ever it was. I am able to face the future without any fear."

She was still as white as marble. There was something marble-like about her altogether in the calm stone coldness of her manner to him. It was unnatural, incomprehensible, in so passionate a creature as Narka.

"You are talking mere nonsense, child," said Basil; "and besides, you forget that I have a claim on you that is not to be set aside by any fanciful arguments or caprice of feeling: I am your debtor for fifty thousand rubles."

"Not quite. You sent me some of it by poor Ivan; but Sibyl has paid me the whole amount. It is there," said Narka, pointing to the drawer of the writing-table. "I found it when I came here from the court yesterday."

"Sibyl had no right to meddle in it," he said, reddening with anger. He would rather have remained Narka's debtor than become Sibyl's, and it seemed to weaken his hold on Narka now that the debt should have been paid; though, if she persisted in breaking their engagement, it was better he should be free. Would she persist? Basil said to himself that she would not; but there was something about Narka that said to him, "She will." If anything had happened a month ago to break off his engagement honorably to himself, it is doubtful whether he would have felt the blow a very severe one; but coming from Narka's hand, and dealt at him in this cool, sudden way, it wounded him to the quick, and fired his feeling toward her to a flame of passion. He would not give her up! He knew how she loved him, and how she had suffered for him. This act of hers was the result of some heroic fancy, or else she had been stung to it by wounded pride. In spite of her denial, he suspected Sibyl was at the bottom of it; but he would conquer her in spite of her own stubborn pride, and Sibyl, and the whole world; but there was no use in struggling any more with Narka now: opposition would only nerve her to more determined resistance.

"Narka, you are very cruel to play with me in this way," he said, "and I shall punish you for it some day. But you are tired and nervous, and you want rest after all this terrible strain on you. I wish you could go to the country for a week. Perhaps if you went down to Beaucrillon for a few days, it would do you good and bring you to your right mind."

"Perhaps," she said, looking at him with a smile that went to his heart's core: there was an expression in her eyes that was indefinable.

Basil drew her to him, and held her to his breast, kissing her with a passionate, hungry tenderness. "You sha'n't fly from me," he murmured between the kisses; "I would follow you to the end of the world if you did. My love! my wife! my beautiful one!"

Narka let herself sink into the loved embrace. Now for the first time she was tasting the caresses of a true lover. Basil felt her clinging to him, and triumphed in his power over her, and silently rejoiced.

A knock at the door made him start and release her.

"Monsieur de Beaucrillon desires to know if mademoiselle will come downstairs or receive him here?" said the servant.

"I will come down presently," Narka replied. But when the man was gone, she said to Basil: "I must be alone for a while. I cannot see any one. Don't let him come up."

"I will protect you," Basil said; and he kissed her again, and went away.

Narka waited till the sound of his footfalls on the stairs had quite ceased, and then she flung herself on her knees, and her tortured heart found relief in a flood of passionate tears, while her soul went up in a piercing prayer for pity and help. But it was not in her nature to indulge long in the luxury of grief, and to keep action waiting on emotion. She rose and dried her eyes, and considered what she had to do. The vital crisis had come and gone. She was glad to have seen Basil. That last caress had satisfied an intolerable craving of her heart, and given her courage for what remained to be done. Her last fears were now cast out; she felt armed against every attack from within and from without. She would have risen and gone away that moment, but for the

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fear of meeting Basil or M. de Beaucrillon. Besides, she must write a farewell note to Sibyl, explaining her flight. This done, she put on her cloak and bonnet, and waited. After a while the bell clanged, the gates were opened, and Sibyl's open carriage came wheeling into the court. Soon Narka heard a light step on the stairs, and there was a knock at the door, then a pause, and she heard the step descending. At the end of about half an hour there was a sound of wheels moving away. Narka, from a safe distance, looked through the lace curtains, and saw Sibyl and M. de Beaucrillon and Basil all driving off together. Basil had kept his promise of protecting her. She was free now to go. But instead of hurrying away, she sat down. It was not that her purpose faltered; she felt very strong and resolute, but extraordinarily *exaltée*. A strange sensation came over her, something like what she had experienced in the prison; it was as if she had been lifted out of the world, beyond time, and was looking back on all she had left behind, on the broken destiny she was running away from, as one looks back from a turn in the road at the house one has just left; but the mystery of life seemed suddenly illuminated with an altogether different meaning and purpose from what she had seen, or fancied, in that other vision; the dark and cruel things were now bright with hidden possibilities of blessing and redemption; she saw Marguerite's ideal emerge in all its beauty amidst the storm and confusion of the world around it; and side by side with this she saw her own ideal overturned and dishonored; the things that she had worshipped had betrayed her; the love whose incantation had transfigured her whole life had melted away like a shadow, and with it all her illusions had vanished; the insane theories, the wild enthusiasms, which had inspired and misled her, had suddenly evaporated with the great passion that had fed her belief in them. Only a little while ago the defeat of those hopes and dreams would have seemed the bitterest of life's revenges; but now she was content to let them go. And was everything gone? Was there nothing saved from the wreck? Yes; there was God and her fellow-creatures; there was all humanity to care for. She would open her heart to this larger love, and put her hand to whatsoever service of help came to it. In this supreme moment of her sacrifice Narka was beginning to taste something of the inebriation that comes to those who drink of the bitter cup with courage.

But it was time to be going. She rose quickly, and went down-stairs. It seemed only yesterday that she had walked up those crimson steps to be greeted by Sibyl in the boudoir where a few hours ago she had heard the sentence that banished her. There was a servant in the hall; she passed him by, and went out into the garden to a gate that opened into the street. Narka knew the trick of the latch; she lifted it, let herself out, and then drew the gate that locked itself behind her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It is now winter again at Yrakow. Sibyl and her husband and Basil are once more assembled in that tapestried room where we first saw them. Father Christopher is there too, aged and broken, his figure, formerly so erect, is now bent, and he walks like a man who is still carrying a load on his shoulders and dragging a chain; but this he declares is only a bad habit that his old limbs cannot get rid of; he says he is the happiest of men; and indeed the serenity of his countenance and his cheerful flow of spirits confirm this assertion.

Basil was engaged to Marie Krinsky, and the marriage was soon to be celebrated at the Winter Palace with all pomp becoming the presence of royalty and the rank of the bride and bridegroom.

Sibyl ought to have been satisfied. And yet the old castle was empty of something that she missed at every turn. She was grateful to Narka for having gone of her own free-will and set Basil free; but her absence made a void that nothing could fill. By tacit consent, the brother and sister never spoke of Narka; but each knew that she was dearer than ever to the other since they had lost her.

This evening M. de Beaucrillon was reading aloud the newspaper, when he came to a paragraph headed, "*Milan.—Extraordinary Scene at La Scala*," and having read so far, stopped suddenly.

Sibyl looked up from her embroidery frame. "What is it?" she said.

He hesitated a moment, and then, with a movement that seemed to say, "Why not?" read on: "'Last night Mademoiselle

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Narka Larik made her *début* in *Norma*, and no one who witnessed the performance will ever forget the scene. Her extraordinary beauty would alone have insured her a success, but this, joined to her incomparable voice and transcendent talent, won for her such a triumph as no one present ever saw on any stage. The audience simply went mad with enthusiasm. The King of X——, who was present with the Queen, rushed on the stage and conducted the beautiful artist, who was almost overcome with emotion, to the royal box, where the Queen embraced her, and drawing a costly diamond ring from her own finger, placed it on Mademoiselle Narka's. Cries of "*Evviva la Regina!*" "*Evviva la Narka!*" showed how the spectators rejoiced in this meeting of the two royalties of genius and rank. The prima donna is invited to a dinner given in her honor by their Majesties on the 20th instant.'"

A moment of intense silence followed the reading of this passage. Then M. de Beaucrillon laid down the newspaper and said: "She is a noble woman. I hope some Crown Prince will fall in love with her and marry her!"

THE END.

A STOLEN SOUL.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

DEAD, dead! the nights glide swiftly on,
The days fly past in swallow-herds,
And if the sun had never shone,
If there were neither night nor day,
Nor life that speaks in thrilling words,
Nor song to carol grief away,
The world could not be darker now,
Darker to me, who sit alone
With my despair. For she is dead,
Like the last breath of summer flown,
She whom I taught to disavow
The God whose mystery she had read.
'Twas I who robbed her of her wings,
And, while her spirit soared and sang,
Dragged her from heaven; 'twas I who sprang
Thief-like upon her, thief-like stole
Her simple faith in holy things,
The glory of her soul.

And yet I loved her, loved her! She
Gave more than woman's love to me,
To me who held as light as dreams
The faith by which her soul could see.
I knew her voice in wind and breeze,
In brawls of woodland brooks and streams,
And in the music of the trees;
There were no deeper, starrier skies
Than the dusk splendor of her eyes;
And when she spoke, it seemed I heard
The tremulous rapture of a bird.

Why did she love me? Cruel fate
That would not turn her love to hate,
That bound us ever heart to heart!

She was fair
As the wild flowers, and innocent
As youth before its charm is spent.
She was the very gentlest part
Of all things that are sweet and rare.
Oh! she was Nature's happy child,
Full of the grace of happy years:
For her the world was undefiled,
For her there were no bitter fears,
No mad regrets, no burning tears:
She looked up at the stars and smiled,
And when she bowed in humble prayer
I felt the spot was hallowed where
Her rose-lips whispered to the air.

I was her teacher: day by day
I strove to tear the veil away
Which, like the dust that hides a seed,
Hid all I worshipped as the truth
From the bright vision of her youth.
I taught her to deny the creed
That God is what the preacher saith—
Ruler of life and king of death,
That love, the perfect love of earth,
Shall find in death immortal birth—
And she, who knew not any sin,
Nor any blind desire to win
What a child's instinct cannot know,
She listened, with a mind distraught,
Because she loved me—till the glow
Of faith had faded from her sight,
And she was wholly mine at last:
My truth became her truth, my thought
Her thought, my knowledge the dim light
Which showed the world's way from the past.

I triumphed...She is dead...They say
I broke her heart and drove her mad,
As if some frost of winter had
Driven death into the heart of May.
And still I loved her...It may be
That such poor wisdom as men know,
Men who are wisest in their age,
Stops short of truth. Which man is he
That tells the mocker from the sage,
The friend he harbors from the foe?...
God lived for her, yet not for me,
And I the teacher! At the end
God lived for neither: so she died.

And now! Why do I tremble, bend?
Shall a man's heart undo his pride,
And teach him that his tongue has lied?...
If I spoke falsely when I spoke
What seemed the truth! Ah, then I should
Kneel like a pale priest at his shrine,
Kneel in the gloom, alone, alone,
And pray that she, who was divine,
She whom I robbed of utter good,
Shall be at last God's very own:
Lost, lost to me, as one unknown
To earth, to such a love as mine.

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THE HARBOR, BUENOS AYRES.

THE OTHER END OF THE HEMISPHERE.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

FOR a people so boastful of our enterprise and intelligence, we are shamefully ignorant of what is going on at the other end of the hemisphere, although transactions there are of much greater concern to us than the struggle for home rule in Ireland or the invasion of Afghanistan. We shall be roused from our indifference presently, however, when we meet the *estancieros* of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic in the markets for bread-stuffs and provisions, which our farmers and ranchmen have been accustomed to consider a permanent possession of their own. It is said to cost fifty dollars to place a carcass of Chicago dressed beef in the markets of London. The *estancieros* of the Argentine Republic are now shipping from seven to ten thousand carcasses a month, and those of Uruguay almost as many, at one-half that sum. Five years ago these countries imported their bread-stuffs from Chili and the United States. In 1884 they commenced to export cereals, and last year (1886) wheat, corn, and rye to the value of nearly seven millions and a half of dollars were shipped to Brazil and Great Britain. It is estimated, from the increased acreage under cultivation, that the surplus product for export in the Argentine Republic in 1887 will amount to the value of ten million dollars, and that of Uruguay about one-third more. We are sending from four to seven million dollars' worth of flour annually to Brazil. Mills are now being erected there to reduce the wheat of the Argentine Republic, and it will not be many years before the latter country will deprive us of our markets for bread-stuffs on the east coast of the Americas and the West Indies, as Chili has upon the west coast.

The valley of the Rio de la Plata—and by that term is indicated all the temperate zone of South America except Chili—will never compete with us in manufactured goods, because there is no fuel or water-power there, and the natives have no taste for mechanical industries; but at the present cost of production and transportation in the United States they must ultimately drive us out of the markets for provisions and bread-stuffs. If ocean ships could load at Denver and Minneapolis, if we could deliver beef cattle at tide-water at ten or twelve dollars a head and wheat at sixty cents a bushel, then we might compete with them; but with an area one-third the size of the United States, a very small portion of which is incapable of production, an extensive system of internal navigation, the value of which is enhanced by the depth of its rivers, supplemented by a net-work of railways, the nations of the La Plata have advantages surpassing those of any other nation on earth. In climate, in topography, and in resources they resemble the United States. The pampas are similar to the prairies of our own West; the "bleak and uninhabitable wastes" of Patagonia have developed into the richest of pastures, like the "Great American Desert" which used to lie between the Missouri River and the mountains. The pampas are of rich deep loam in the lowlands, and rise in mighty terraces to the west, where upon the uplands millions of cattle can be fed and sheltered. The foot-hills of the Andes are

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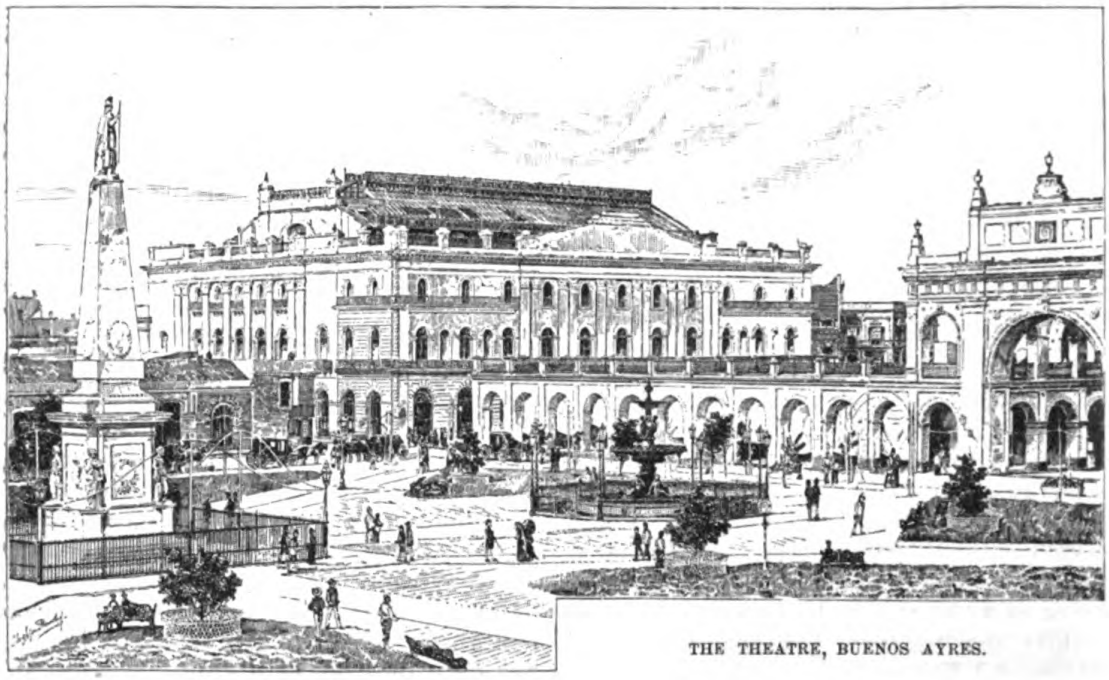
similar to the mountains of Colorado, and are practically unexplored. In the north are thousands of square miles of timber, and beyond it a soil that will produce sugar, tobacco, coffee, cotton, and rice. Within 1200 miles of Buenos Ayres can be grown every plant known to the botanists, and nature has provided the facilities for getting the results of that growth to market with a most generous hand.

During the last twenty-five years the population of the Argentine Republic has increased 154 per cent., while that of the United States has increased but 79 per cent., and the city of Buenos Ayres is growing faster than Minneapolis or Denver. Last year it received 124,000 immigrants from Europe, and the natural increase is very large. The new-comers are mostly Italians and Basques, with a sprinkling of Germans, Swiss, and Swedes. To tempt the immigrants into the agricultural districts the government has enacted land laws even more liberal than ours. Each head of a family is entitled to 250 acres free, and as much more as he desires to purchase, to a limit of 1500 acres, at about seventy-five cents an acre in our money. Or the settler may acquire 1500 acres free after five years by planting 200 acres to grain and twenty-four acres to timber. Free transportation from Buenos Ayres to the place of location is granted to all settlers and their families, exemption from taxation for ten years, and colonization societies are organized which issue bonds guaranteed by the government, the proceeds of which are loaned to the settlers in sums not greater than $1000, for five years, with interest at six per cent., upon the cultivation of a certain amount of land and the erection of a certain amount of improvements. The results of these beneficent laws are conspicuous. In 1886 nearly nine hundred thousand acres of wild land were ploughed and planted. One firm in Buenos Ayres sold 1200 reapers manufactured in the United States, and other firms a lesser number; elevators are being erected upon the banks of the rivers, from which wheat is loaded into vessels for Brazil and Europe, and the average crop was twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre.

Until within a few years the chief source of wealth was cattle and sheep. In 1885 there were forty-one million sheep in the United States, seventy-two millions in Australia, and one hundred millions in the Argentine Republic. We have two-thirds of a sheep to every inhabitant; in the Argentine Republic there are twenty-five sheep, and in Uruguay forty sheep, to every man, woman, and child. We have forty millions of horned cattle to a population of sixty millions; the Argentine Republic and Uruguay have thirty-eight millions of cattle to a population of four and a half millions. In Uruguay, with a population of five hundred thousand souls, there are eight millions of cattle, twenty millions of sheep, two million horses, or sixty head of stock for each man, woman, and child. Fifteen million dollars has been invested in wire fences in Uruguay alone, and more than twice as much in the Argentine Republic. In either of the countries a cow can be bought for five dollars, a steer fattened for the market for ten or twelve dollars, a pair of oxen for twenty-five dollars, a sheep for fifty or sixty cents, an ordinary working-horse for eight or ten dollars, and a roadster for twenty-five, a mule for fifteen dollars, and a mare for whatever her hide will bring. Mares are never broken to saddle or harness, but are allowed to run wild in the pastures from the time they are foaled till they cease to be of value for breeding, when they are driven to the *salederos*, or slaughter-houses, and killed for their hides. A man who would use a mare under the saddle or before a wagon would be considered of unsound mind. There is a superstition against it.

Though we of the United States have little to do with the Argentine Republic nowadays, the pioneers of the prosperity of that country were citizens of this. In 1826 William Wheelwright, of Pennsylvania, was wrecked on the Argentine coast, and made his way to a small town called Quilmar, hatless, coatless, bootless, and starving. He remained in the place because he had no means to pay his passage elsewhere, and forty years later constructed the first railway in South America, from Quilmar to Buenos Ayres. He built the first railway in Chili also, and is the founder of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, whose vessels run twice a week from Liverpool to Panama, through the Strait of Magellan. Both Chili and the Argentine Republic have erected monuments to the memory of Mr. Wheelwright in their public squares. Another citizen of the United States may be given the credit of establishing the first ranch

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THE THEATRE, BUENOS AYRES.

in the Argentine Republic, and laying the foundation of the wealth of the nation. This was Thomas Lloyd Halsey, of New Jersey, who in 1826 introduced improved stock from the United States, and commenced the business of raising them. Both Mr. Wheelwright and Mr. Halsey are dead, but Mr. Samuel B. Hale, who went down from Boston in 1828, and established the first commission-house in the republic, still lives to enjoy the esteem of the people and the great wealth he has accumulated, being recognized as the pioneer of the foreign commerce of the country.

From the herds Mr. Halsey imported have sprung the millions of sheep that now graze upon the pampas, and single ranches exist there which for the area inclosed by wire fences and for the number of cattle branded are larger than four of the largest in the United States combined. As in this country, the cattle business is becoming monopolized by vast corporations. Rich Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen are combining their interests, leasing or buying empires of territory, and stocking it with the best breeds. Companies with five million dollars capital are common, and those with ten millions are not rare. The governments of Argentine and Uruguay subsidize the business of exporting frozen meat, and the Germans as well as the English and Scotch are taking advantage of the liberal concessions. The governments will guarantee dividends of five per cent. per annum upon an investment of five hundred thousand dollars or more, provided the annual exports amount to twenty thousand carcasses of beef for every one hundred thousand dollars invested. The Liebig Extract of Beef Company has fifteen millions of dollars invested at Fray Bentos, a little town on the Uruguay River, where it consumes half a million head of cattle a year, and pays dividends of twenty-four per cent. The London and River Plate Frozen Meat Company is becoming as great a commercial octopus as the Standard Oil Company, and is now shipping seven thousand carcasses a week to England on refrigerator ships constructed for the purpose.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school-book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." It would be just as polite

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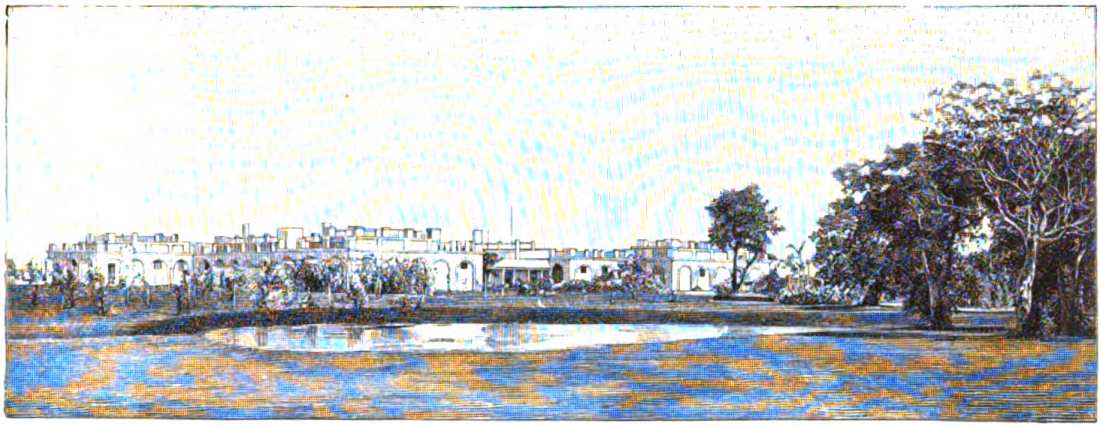
and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours, one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing—the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.

Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the Ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordilleras were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kansas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American Desert." The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior, but the Indian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter-time, steal cattle, rob, and ravish, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca, the Sheridan of the River Plate, was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of fifty miles General Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go southward as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered, for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch, and there has been no further annoyance from Indians on the frontier.

The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whiskey, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young ostriches. There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but each one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive as the birds are being exterminated, as our buffaloes have been.

The Gaucho (gowcho) of the pampas is the most interesting character on the continent. He is the descendant of the aristocratic Spanish don and the women of the Guarani race, a species unknown to any other part of the world, whose nearest likeness is the Bedouin of Arabia. He is at once the most indolent and the most active of human beings, for when he is not in the saddle, devouring space on the back of a tireless broncho, he is sleeping in apathetic indolence among his mistresses or gambling with his chums. Half savage and half courtier, the Gaucho is as courteous as he is cruel, and will thrum an air on the native mandolin with the same ease and *nonchalance* as he will murder a fellow-being or slaughter a steer. He recognizes no law but his own will and the unwritten code of the cattle range, and all violations of this code are punished by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and his vengeance is as enduring as it is vigilant. He never shoots, or strikes with his fist, and his only weapons are the short knife which is never absent from his hand or his belt, the lasso, and the "bolas," implements of his trade, offensive and defensive. A fight between Gauchos is always to the death, and it is the duty of him who kills to see that his victim is

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PALACE OF DON MANUEL ROSAS.

decently buried, and the widow and orphans cared for. The widow, if she pleases him, becomes his mistress, and the orphans grow up to be Gauchos under his tutelage. As superstitious as a Hindoo, peaceable when sober, but regardless of God and man when drunk, as brave as a lion, as active as a panther, with an endurance equal to any test, faithful to his friends, as implacable as fate to any one who offends him, he has exercised a powerful influence upon the destiny of the Argentine Republic, and retarded civilization until overcome by an increased immigration of foreigners.

The Argentines once had a Gaucho Dictator, Don Manuel Rosas, "The Eternal," as he called himself, who ruled with a despotism of iron and blood for twenty-two years—from 1830 to 1852. He was the son of a wealthy Gaucho of the same name, and commanded a regiment of his kind in the war for independence. So powerful did he become that it was an easy step from the chieftainship of the Gauchos to the Presidency of the republic, and finally to the head of an absolute despotism, which existed for nearly a quarter of a century, in defiance of the constitution and the laws.

But the day of the Gaucho is passing. Immigration and civilization have driven him to the extreme frontier. Like the North American Indian, he decays when domesticated, and a tame Gaucho is always a drunkard, a loafer, and a thief.

Silver ornaments for bridle and saddle are legal tender in exchange for anything saleable wherever the Gaucho goes, and what is his seat by day and his pillow by night he uses as a sort of savings-bank. I have seen saddles worth a thousand dollars, with solid silver stirrups, pommels, and ornaments, weighing as much as a man. A pair of silver spurs are worth anywhere from $50 to $100, according to size and workmanship, and stirrups of solid silver in the form of a heelless slipper the belles of Argentine consider essential to a riding costume. The same are often made of brass, and when highly polished add a unique feature to the accoutrements of an Argentine caballero.

The Argentine poncho is a great institution, and if some fashionable swell in New York would set the style by wearing one, it would add greatly to the comfort of our people as well as to their convenience. There never was a garment better adapted for out-of-door use, and particularly for plainsmen or those who are much in the saddle. It is a blanket of ordinary size, with a split in the centre through which the head goes, and the folds hang down as far as the knees, giving free use to the arms, but always furnishing them and the rest of the body shelter. In summer it shields the wearer from the heat of the sun, in winter it is as warm as an ulster, and in rainy days takes the place of an umbrella. The native is never without it, summer or winter, afoot or horseback, at home or abroad. It stays by him like his shadow, and gives him an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. Ponchos were formerly made of the hair of the vicuña, a sort of a cross between the llama and the antelope, found in the Bolivia Andes. Before the conquest vicuña was the royal ermine of the Incas, and none but persons of princely blood were allowed to wear it. A vicuña poncho

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MAP OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

is as soft as velvet and as durable as steel. You can find plenty of them in Argentine and Chili that have been in the old families for two centuries or more, and have been handed down with the family jewels as heirlooms. They never wear out, and, like lace, improve with age. But genuine vicuña ponchos are hard to get, and very expensive, costing often as much as a camel's-hair shawl. The color is a delicate fawn, and will not change when wet, which is a sure test of its genuineness. Most of the fine ponchos worn nowadays are made of lamb's-wool in Manchester, England, and cannot be distinguished from vicuña except by experts; but tons after tons of the common sort, made of cotton and wool of gaudy colors, are now imported annually, which answer the purpose of the Gaucho just as well, while the bright tints please his taste better.

But the Gaucho, the poncho, the solid silver stirrups, and the other costumes as well as customs of a romantic past, are being dissipated under the new *régime*. Modern ideas and modern inventions are seized by the Argentines with an eager grasp, and are enjoyed with great gratification. The *estanciero* now goes to his camp on a Pullman car instead of a silver-laden saddle, he talks over a telephone with the superintendent of his ranch, and slaughters his cattle by electric light. The people are now a hundred years ahead of any other Spanish-American city. Buenos Ayres seems more like Chicago than any place south of Mason and Dixon's line. Five railroads radiate from it in different directions; 122 miles of street-car tracks furnish conveyance within its limits; there are more telephones in use in proportion to the population than in any other city on the globe; the electric light is in more general use for streets, dwelling, and business houses than in New York or Boston; nine theatres are constantly open; Italian opera is given twice a week for six months in the year, with tickets at six dollars; and there are twenty-one daily newspapers, two of which are published in the English language, the editor of the most enterprising being Winslow, the fugitive Boston forger. There are banks in Buenos Ayres larger in capital and volume of business than almost any in the world, and occupying palaces of iron, glass, and marble. The Bank of the Province has a paid-up capital of

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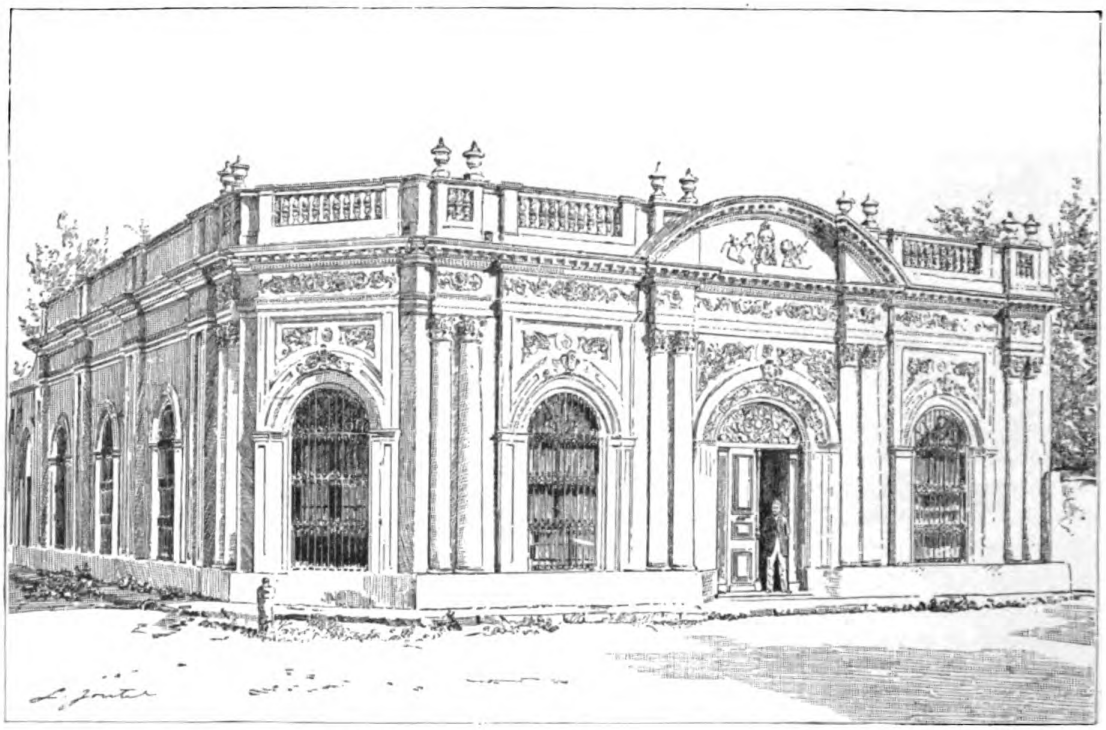
COUNTRY SCENE IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

$37,000,000, a circulation of $22,000,000, deposits amounting to $56,000,000, and $67,000,000 of loans and discounts. The National Bank has a capital of $20,000,000, one-half of the stock belonging to the government, and it pays dividends of twenty-two per cent. There are nine banks with more than a million capital, and the average amount of deposits per capita of population is sixty-four dollars, while it is only forty-nine dollars in the United States.

Where the rivers do not run, the government is building railroads, and on the 1st of January, 1887, there were 4200 miles under operation, with contracts for an extension of the system amounting to nearly fifty millions of dollars. All of the roads are either owned by the government or subsidized by it. The common method is for Congress to give a tract of land as a gratuity, and guarantee interest to the amount of four or five per cent. upon the actual amount of money invested in construction. It is a singular fact that the government has never been called upon to make good any of the several railroad guarantees. It is claimed that the capital invested in railroads in the Argentine Republic gives a larger return than in any other country, the dividends for the entire system averaging over six per cent. Nearly all the capital is English, while most of the employés are Irish or Scotchmen. Baldwin locomotives and Pullman cars are generally used, and constitute, with agricultural machinery, the bulk of the imports from this country. There are very few people in the United States who are aware that Pullman sleeping cars are running across the pampas from the Atlantic Ocean to the foot-hills of the Andes, and it will be a surprise when I say that within a year or two those who desire to cross the southern continent from ocean to ocean may have a choice of railway routes. One line, now completed with the exception of a hundred miles or so, runs almost directly from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, Chili. The other is to connect the port of Bahia Blanca, two hundred miles south of Buenos Ayres, with the coal-fields at Conception and Talcahuano, on the Pacific coast. These roads will save commerce five thousand miles of ocean navigation around by the Strait, and revolutionize the trade of the continent.

But an enterprise of still greater magnitude and importance to the world at large is the railway that is being pushed into the heart of the continent northward from Buenos Ayres. Let whoever is interested in the subject take a map and trace a line northward through Santa Fe and Santiago to Tucuman, where the rail-

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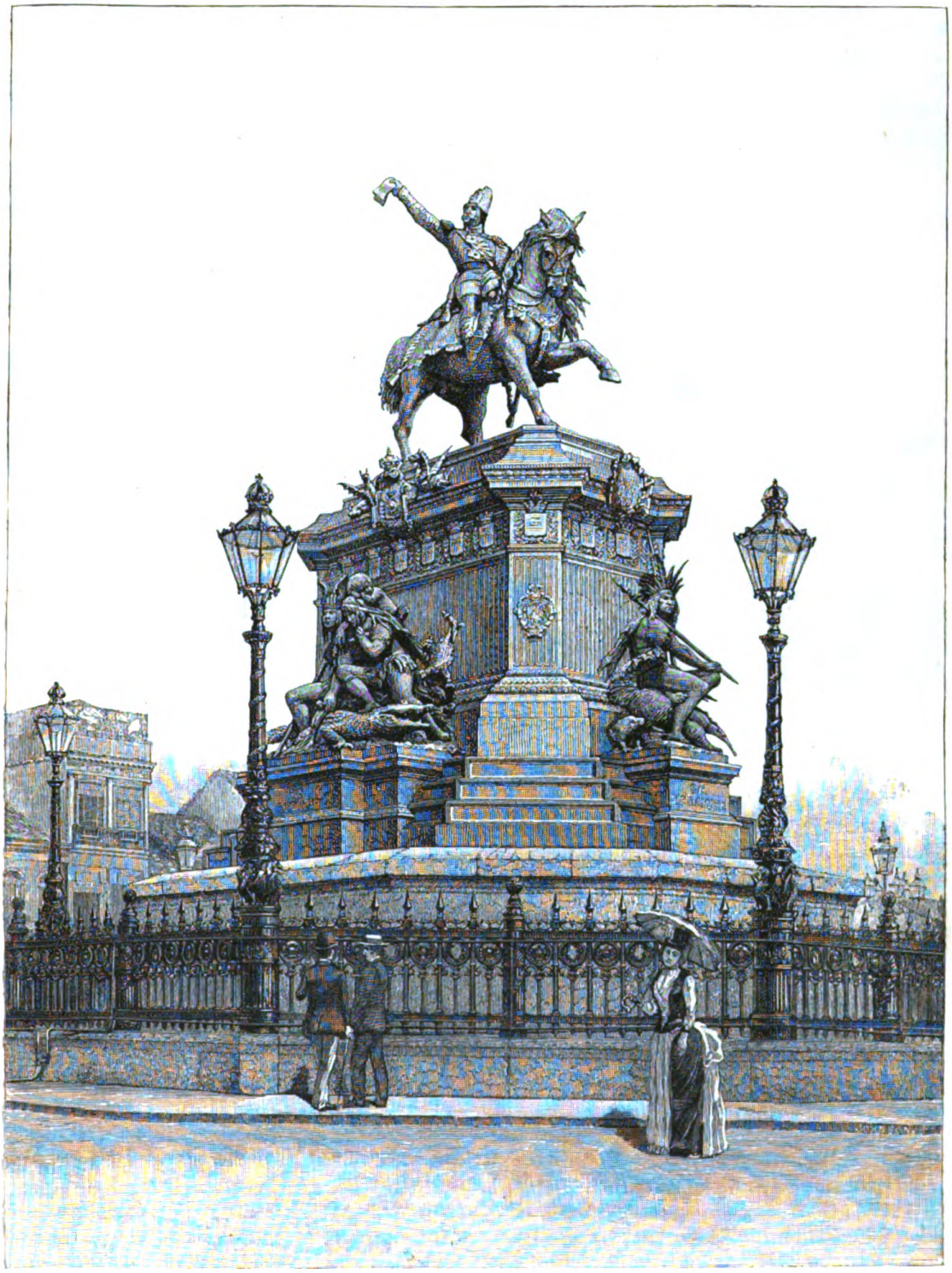


A PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN BUENOS AYRES.

road now extends; then to Jujuy, to which point it is under construction; thence northward to Potosi and the lake of Titicaca, on whose islands the empire of the Incas was born. There is a railway now from the Pacific coast to Lake Titicaca, operated by a Mr. Thorndyck, of Boston, and all the produce of Bolivia reaches market by that route; but having once reached the Pacific, it must be transported through the Strait or around the Horn, or by the Isthmus, which route shippers avoid.

Bolivia is doubtless the richest in minerals of any land on the globe, and millions upon millions of precious metals have been taken out of her mines by the primitive process which still exists, and must exist till railroads are constructed to carry machinery there. Every ounce of ore that finds its way out of the Andes is carried on the back of a man or a llama, and the quartz is crushed by rolling heavy logs upon it. By this method Bolivia exports from twelve to fifteen millions of gold and silver annually, and the output would be fabulous if modern machinery could be taken into the mines. The distance from Jujuy to the farthest mining district of Bolivia is seven hundred miles, and it is no farther to the diamond fields of Brazil. Bolivia offers a grant of twelve square leagues of land and forty thousand dollars a mile for the extension of the Argentine Northern to Sucre, and English capitalists are ready to continue the work as soon as the Argentine government drops it at the boundary line. When it is built the owners of this road will hold the key to a country which has excited the cupidity of adventurers since the New World was discovered. It has furnished food for four centuries of fable, and armies of men have died in search of its treasures. A territory as large as that which lies between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains remains entirely unexplored. On its borders are the richest of agricultural lands, immense tracts of timber, diamond-strewn streams, and the silver and gold deposits of Cerro de Pasco and Potosi. What lies within is the subject of speculation. The tales of explorers who have attempted to penetrate its mysteries read like the old romances of Golconda and the El Dorado of the Amazons, where the women warriors wore armors of solid gold; but the swamps and the mountains, the rivers that cannot be forded and the jungles which forbid search, the absence of food, and the difficulty of

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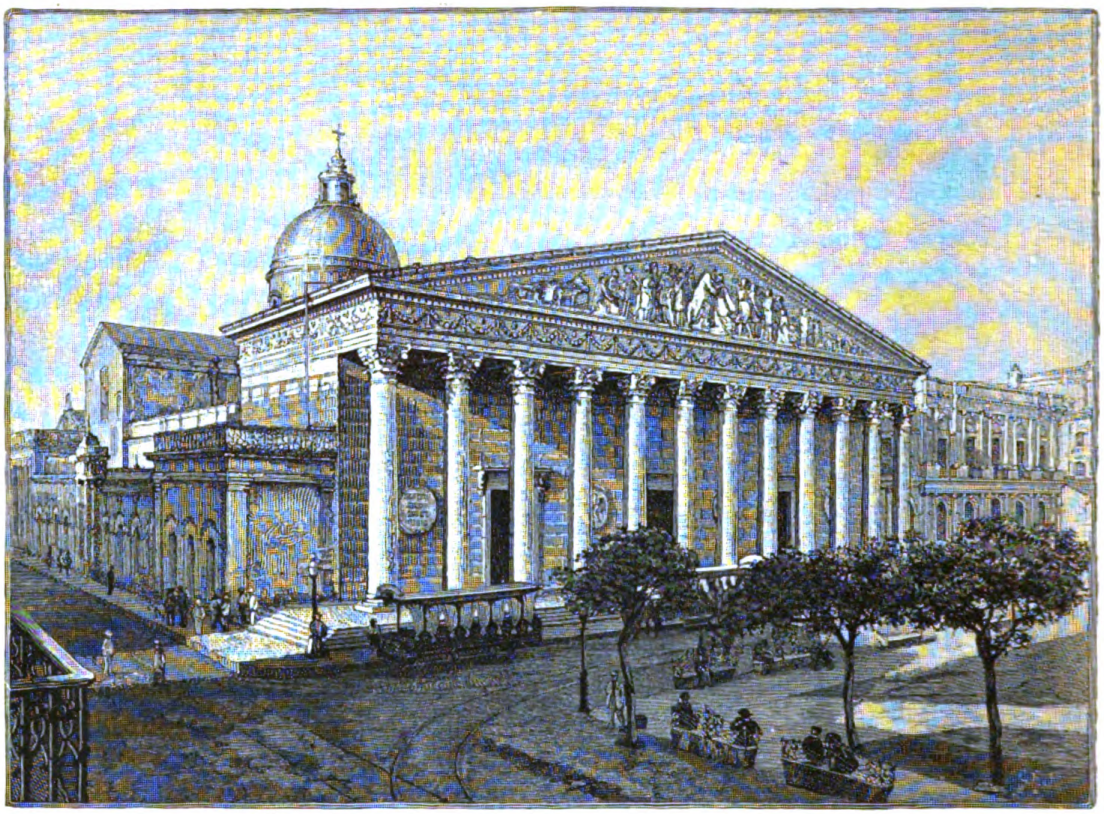


STATUE OF ST. MARTIN.

carrying sufficient supplies on foot, with the other obstacles that have prevented exploration, will be overcome eventually, and the secret that has tantalized the world for four centuries will be told by ambitious scientists.

Hinton R. Helper, who wrote a book that hastened the American civil war, is considered a lunatic because he goes about advocating the construction of a railway from the city of Mexico southward to the capital of the Argentine Republic,

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THE CATHEDRAL OF BUENOS AYRES.

but his arguments and the answers to them are the same that were used when Thomas H. Benton advocated a transcontinental line in the United States. Mr. Helper anticipates events, that is all. He may not live to see through trains running from New York to the Rio de la Plata, but they are as certain as the movement of the stars, and to doubt it is simply to assert that the coming generation will not be as enterprising as this.

It is expected that the railway to the northern boundary of the republic will be completed by the end of the present year, and the shippers on the Pacific coast will not have to wait much longer till two lines of track are open to the Atlantic. Then Buenos Ayres will be the London, the New York, of South America, the entrepot of the south half of the continent. All merchandise sent to and from the Pacific must pass through its ports, and the enterprising government is preparing to handle it. When Pedro Mendozo, in 1533, came to establish a colony on the Rio de la Plata, he selected about the worst spot he could have found for his city, although he had half of South America to choose from. But, as was the rule with the Pickwick Club, Spanish explorers went out at their own expense, and Don Pedro stuck his stakes where he landed. The site of the city has been repeatedly changed on the map, but no influence has been sufficient to induce the people to move, until now they have accumulated to the number of four hundred thousand, and such an act cannot be expected of them. The river is about sixty miles wide, and the water correspondingly shallow. The erosion of forty thousand miles of swift-flowing current is dumped in front of the place where docks ought to be, and vessels have to anchor from seven to ten miles out to find water enough to float. There they are loaded and unloaded by means of lighters, and in the winter season, when that dreadful pest the "pampero" (a prairie wind) blows, they often have to lie for a week at a time waiting for the water to go down so that they can land their load and passengers. Nor can the lighters reach the shore, but the freight has to be unloaded into water wagons, with wheels about seven feet in diameter, drawn by mules

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that are driven into the stream till only the tips of their noses are above-water. Passengers who arrive are given the choice between a cart and the back of a stormy Italian, who never fails to swear by all the saints and the Virgin that the man on his back is the heaviest he ever carried, and demands more than the usual fee for extra baggage. Lacking confidence in the sincerity of the *cargador*, the passenger will promise him heaven and earth if he won't drop him into the water, and fights for fair treatment when he gets safely on shore. All freight has to be handled at least three times between the steamer and the warehouse, and the cost of loading and unloading is double the price of transportation to Hamburg or Liverpool.

To remedy this the government has tried various means, and expended a large sum of money. Finally a contract has been entered into with an English firm for the construction of a harbor—a pocket of piers with the mouth down-stream, which it is believed is practicable, and will allow vessels to be docked. The cost is to be ten million dollars, and the time of construction limited to five years.



JUAREZ CELMAN.

The magnitude and the increase of the foreign commerce of the valley of the River Plate are remarkable. In 1876 the Argentine Republic imported thirty-six millions' worth of manufactured merchandise; in 1885 the imports reached eighty-four millions. In 1875 the foreign commerce of Uruguay amounted to twenty-five millions; in 1885, the last figures

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obtainable, it had jumped to over fifty-two millions. One-third of the imports are furnished by England, and about one-fifth each by France and Germany, while the United States comes in at the tail of the list along with Sweden and Hungary. We buy a lot of carpet wool and many hides, for we must have them. They buy of us such goods as they cannot get elsewhere—agricultural implements, railroad cars and engines, a little lumber and petroleum, amounting to less than half what we buy of them. During the last ten years our exports to the River Plate Valley have increased about three million dollars. Those of England during the same period have increased over twenty-two millions.

Fifty-seven steamers arrived at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres each month last year. There is not a city of any importance on the Atlantic or Mediterranean coast of Europe that has not direct communication at least twice a month, and most of them have steamers going back and forth weekly. In 1886 there arrived at these ports 309 steam-vessels from England alone, and not one from the United States. This great progressive nation was represented by two per cent. of the vessels that arrived under canvas, and yet there are those who wonder why we have no trade with the River Plate!

Nearly all of the steam-ships which enter the mouth of that river receive subsidies from the nation under whose flag they sail. England, France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Austria, all encourage their ship-owners to furnish transportation facilities for their tradesmen. The English government spends five hundred thousand dollars a year for mail transportation to the River Plate, and the commerce she enjoys is the result. For several years there has been a standing offer on the part of the Argentine government of a subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars a year to any company that will establish direct steam communication with the United States, notwithstanding the fact that she has the benefit of twenty-one direct lines to Europe to which she pays no subsidies. There is, however, one serious condition attached to the offer which has prevented its acceptance. The government of the United States must pay as much.

The people of the River Plate countries are amazed and humiliated by the attitude of the United States toward them. They look at this as the Mother of Republics, they dispute with Chili the honor of being estimated "the Yankees of South America." They study and imitate our methods, and in many instances have improved upon them. They want intimate political and commercial relations; they want a reciprocity treaty, under which they agree to admit free of duty our peculiar products, provided we will admit free their carpet wool. No protection will be removed from our industries, for we do not produce the wool they sell us—the heavier, coarser varieties, used for making carpets alone. They offer to give us ten to one, and we now discriminate against this friendly neighbor by the classifications in our custom-houses. To be the United States of South America is the ambition of the Argentine Republic. While Brazil has the greater population, and Chili is exulting boastfully over her devastation of Peru, the Argentine Republic is enjoying the greatest prosperity, and laying the most solid foundation for national greatness. Its credit is good among nations, its bonds are above par. Its people enjoy civil and religious liberty to a greater degree than any other of the Spanish American nations. Its next generation will wipe out all the old traditions of Spanish domination, for the young men and women of the republic are being educated as ours are, to be useful citizens.

The foremost citizen of the Argentine Republic, till his recent death at a ripe old age, was Francisco Domingo Sarmiento. He was once Minister to the United States, and while here became imbued with the spirit of our institutions. Being elected President, his first executive act was to organize a school system similar to that of the State of Michigan, which he most admired, and the university of that State recognized the compliment by honoring him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Through the co-operation of the widow of Horace Mann, he imported twenty or more teachers from the United States to organize a group of high-grade normal schools for the education of instructors, which are still in operation, and have proved a great success. Between thirty and forty ladies are now engaged in the work, most of them graduates of our higher institutions of learning. Their influence has been wide-spread. Their example has widened the spheres of the

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women of that country, and broken down the old social restrictions inherited from Spanish times. Not long ago one of these ladies, Miss Clara Armstrong, of Minnesota, was rebuked by the papal envoy for teaching heresy in her school. He complained of her to the Minister of Education, and the charges were investigated. Miss Armstrong was sustained by the government, and the papal envoy was expelled from the country by order of the President for interfering with civil affairs.



MAXIMO SANTOS, PRESIDENT OF URUGUAY FROM MARCH 1, 1882, TO NOVEMBER, 1886.

The annual appropriations for the support of the school system are four millions a year, which is $10 20 annually per pupil --a larger sum than any other government devotes. The average in the United States is $8 70, in Germany $6, and in England $9 10. Education is compulsory, and seventy-two per cent. of the children of school age in the republic are enrolled. Not only are the schools free, but books and apparatus are furnished by the government. Teachers are paid larger salaries than in the United States, and are sent once a year at the expense of the government to Teachers' Institutes, where they are instructed in the duties they are expected to perform. Those pupils who attend the normal schools are paid thirty dollars a month for a course of three years, provided they will sign a pledge to teach three years at salaries not less than $480 a year. The two national universities, at Cordova and Buenos Ayres, like the common schools, are free to all who enter them. The former has a faculty of twenty professors, and two hundred and ten students; the latter a faculty of forty-two, and over four hundred students. The instructors are mostly Germans, but the director of

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the National Observatory is an American, Mr. B. A. Gould.

There are a Church of England society, a Scotch Presbyterian, an American Presbyterian, a German Evangelical, three Methodist churches, and a Jewish synagogue—the only one in all Spanish America. In some of the countries Jews are not allowed to live, but in Argentine, where religious as well as civil liberty is protected, they are numerous, and worship every Saturday in their own way. In 1884 the Methodists celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Protestant service held in the country, and it was emphasized by an incident which attracted a great deal of comment, and was significant as showing the religious toleration that exists. Formal invitations were sent as a mark of courtesy to the President and all the prominent officials, but there was no expectation that they would attend, as the great majority of the people are Catholics, and officials are sworn to support that faith. Just as the services were about to commence, however, the managers of the affair were astonished to see the President, followed by his cabinet, walk into the church. Conspicuous seats were given them, and they seemed to take great interest in the exercises. After the Rev. Dr. Wood, the Superintendent of Missions, had concluded his address, in which he reviewed the history of Protestantism in Argentine, he invited President Roca to speak. The latter promptly responded, and the audience knowing he had been born and reared in the Catholic Church, were amazed at the eulogy he pronounced upon the Protestant missionaries, and the enthusiasm with which he complimented the work they had done. To their influence he attributed much of the progress of the republic, and he urged them to enlarge their fields and increase their zeal.

The term of office for which President Roca was elected expired in September, 1886, and he was succeeded in office by his brother-in-law, Juarez Celman, a gentleman of great learning and ability, who has served in various positions of distinction, and was a Senator in Congress at the time of his inauguration. Roca was a soldier born and bred, frank, firm, positive, with a high ambition for the future of his country, and the true spirit of progress. Celman is a man of greater culture and experience in statesmanship. Roca sprang from the saddle into the President's chair; Celman comes ripened by long experience in public affairs, and with quite as broad views as his predecessor. He may not have the energy of Roca, but has better judgment. The six years for which he is elected will see great progress in the Argentine Republic, and if the same degree of peace can be obtained in Uruguay, there will be a corresponding development there.

The twin cities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are distant one hundred and ten miles, the former being on the right and the latter on the left bank of the river, which is sixty miles wide. Two lines of magnificent steamers connect them—just a night's ride—and people go back and forth as they do between New York and Boston. The larger business firms and several of the bankers have houses in both cities, and the social as well as commercial conditions are similar. But the political history of Uruguay is a story of revolution and tyranny. The two political parties are "the Colorados" and "the Blancos," but I have never been able to find out what either represents, or wherein they differ. General Santos, who has been President most of the time since 1882, gave them an issue to fight over in the war of extermination he waged against the Catholics; but while the Church has always stood in the path of progress, and the priests have always been engaged in political conspiracy, Santos adopted extreme measures, and by his tyranny and exactions created a party of the opposition that was finally strong enough to overthrow him.

The inhabitants of Uruguay are known as "Orientals," with a strong accent on the last syllable. Although it is the smallest of the South American states, its agricultural and pastoral resources are believed to be the richest, with undiscovered possibilities in a mineral way. In the time of the Viceroys considerable gold and silver were obtained from placer washings, but during the long struggle for independence, and the sixty years of internal wars that followed, the operation of the mines ceased, and their localities were forgotten or obliterated by the people, who were mercilessly robbed of the wealth they gathered from this source. No country ever suffered more from war than Uruguay, as for the last hundred years a bloody struggle, under one excuse or an-

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MONTEVIDEO.

other, had been going on within her borders, and until Santos came into power, there was a new government, or an attempt to form one, almost every month.

It is said that there is not an acre of unproductive land in Uruguay. The soil and climate are such that almost any grain or fruit in the list of food products can be raised with a minimum of labor. There is plenty of useful timber, and the grass is so luxuriant and nutritious that more cattle can be fed upon a given area than in any country in the world. All Uruguay needs is peace to become rich and powerful. Her population has doubled within the last ten years, not from immigration alone, but from natural causes, for her statistics show a larger birth rate and a smaller mortality than any civilized nation. It is quite remarkable, and the fact is deserving of attention from scientists, that of every 1000 births in Uruguay, the ratio for several years has been 561 males to 439 females. In the United States the ratio was 506 males to 494 females by the last census, in England 485 males to 515 females, and on the continent of Europe 492 males to 508 females. Another remarkable fact is that the ratio of insane is only 95 per 100,000 of population, while in the United States it is 329, in Great Britain 322, and on the continent of Europe 248 to the 100,000. But what is equally interesting to home-seekers is that food products are cheaper in Uruguay than anywhere else on earth. Beef, mutton, and fish cost from three to six cents per pound, eggs seven and ten cents per dozen, partridges and similar game birds ten cents each, domestic fowls from ten to fifteen cents each, with other articles in proportion. Labor is very scarce and wages are high, consequently the public wealth is increasing very rapidly. A few years ago peons were not paid more than five or six dollars a month, while thirty cents a day for odd jobs was considered exorbitant. Now no native can be hired for less than a dollar, and the Italians, who compose the laboring class for the most part, will demand and often get more. The latter are thrifty, economical, and save their earnings. The wealth of the country in 1884 was $580 per capita of the population, while the foreign commerce amounted that year to $240 for each man, woman, and child. The increase since has been rapid. With a population of 500,000 in round numbers, Uruguay produces 5,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, an average of ten bushels per capita, and this with only 540,000 acres of ground under cultivation, including gardens and parks. I believe no other land can show such an average.

The aborigines of Uruguay, who were an intelligent, industrious race of Indians, and had some of the simpler arts, have been entirely exterminated. Their civilization was complete. Of the 500,000 population, nearly one-third are of foreign birth. Italy furnishes the most and the

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best of the immigrants, but the arrivals are not so large or so regular as in the Argentine Republic, because the government is not permanent, and the newcomers are afraid of the conscription sergeants.

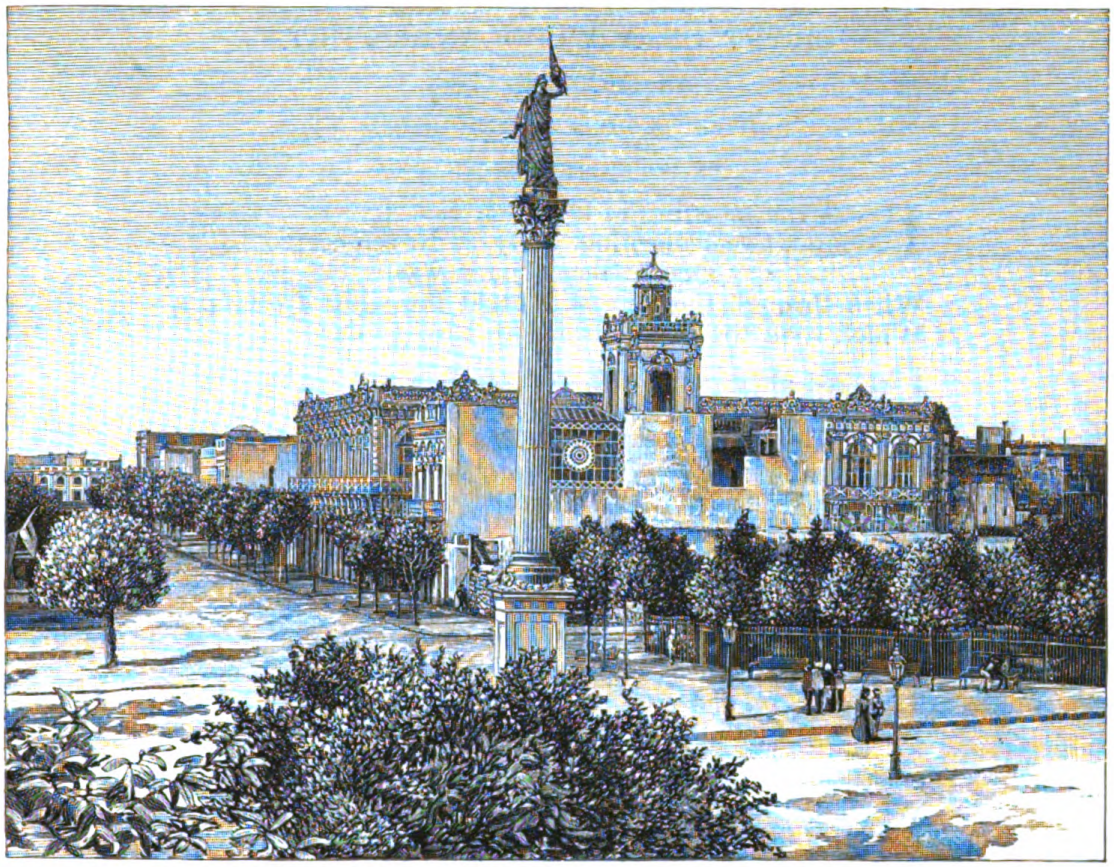
Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay and its chief city, is as favorably located as any place in the world. On a narrow tongue of limestone rock like the back of a whale, it stretches out from the coast, with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Rio de la Plata on the other. The streets are like a series of terraces, not only giving the most perfect natural drainage, but furnishing nearly every residence with a vista of the river or the sea.

When it isn't June in Uruguay it is October—seldom too hot, and never too cold. There isn't such a thing as a stove in the entire country, and the peons wear cotton garments the year round. But the thorn in the side of Uruguay is the pampero, a cold westerly wind that is born in the Andes, and sweeps across the pampas with the violence of a hurricane. Then the ships in the harbor pull up their anchors and run out for sea-room, and the inhabitant of the city wraps his poncho about him and says "Caramba!" What Montevideo most needs is a harbor, and it hopes soon to have one, a French company having been given a contract to construct a breakwater that will cost nine millions of dollars. Around the curve of the bay fronting the river are a large number of beautiful villas, or "quintas," as they are called, built in the ancient Italian style, with the most luxuriant display of gingerbread work and plaster of Paris mouldings. The gardens which surround these villas are full of fruit and flowers summer and winter alike, and give the place the appearance of perpetual spring. During the summer season the people of Buenos Ayres come over for the sea-bathing, and the city is very gay. A prevalent taste which inspires the owners of these villas to paint them in gay colors—red, pink, purple, green, and orange—is being somewhat modified by foreign travel, and of late years the quintas as well as the city houses are taking on more sombre hues. There are more beautiful and costly residences and business blocks in Montevideo than in any other South American city except Santiago, the capital of Chili. Considerable carved marble is used, but the standard building material is sun-dried brick, and the walls are usually from two to three feet in thickness, fire-proof, and impenetrable to heat and dampness.

The government buildings are cheap-looking structures of two stories, without architectural adornment or impressive appearance, and much inferior to the best private dwellings. The Church of the Mother, the cathedral of Uruguay, is the largest and finest building in the country. There are three theatres; an Italian opera subsidized by the government; a bull-ring which is crowded every Sunday afternoon, under the patronage of the President and the aristocracy; a number of clubs; a public library with thirty thousand volumes, mostly Spanish historical and political works; a museum; a university which is the summit of a free-school system; and all the et-cæteras of modern civilization. The ladies dress in the height of the Paris fashion, the shops contain everything that can tempt the taste of an extravagant people, there are dinner parties and balls, and time is improved or wasted as it is in Paris or Madrid. The gentlemen go to their counting-rooms at seven in the morning, when their wives and daughters go to mass. At eleven they return to their homes for a breakfast of seven or eight courses, then take a siesta, go back to their business about three, work until six, and dine with great formality at seven. The ladies of Uruguay are famous for their beauty and fine complexions—the blessing of the atmosphere; but after thirty they lose their symmetry of form, which is doubtless owing to their indolence.

Street-cars run everywhere, and pay big dividends, for no Spanish-American ever walks when he can ride. Even the beggars are literally on horseback, and the stranger is often startled by a ragged and dirty creature galloping up to him and asking, in a piteous voice, "For the love of Jesus, gentleman, give me a farthing to buy bread." The national drink, for which he will undoubtedly spend this, is called *cana*, and is made from the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. It contains ninety per cent. of alcohol, and is sold at two cents a goblet, so that a spree is within the reach of the poorest man. All goods are delivered from the shops by horsemen, for there is not a cart in town. When you hire a carriage, for

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SCENE IN MONTEVIDEO.

which you are expected to pay one dollar an hour, a peon, called a "chancadero," runs along beside it the entire distance, no matter how great, so that he may get a fee for opening the door when you reach your destination. He is actually a footman, and is never allowed to ride beside the driver, who is of better caste, and regards himself as a superior being. No hackman will ever get off his box, and if you refuse a *medio* (six cents) to the "chancadero," you are a miserable sponge.

The cemetery, which overlooks the sea, is one of the finest in all America, and fortunes have been expended in erecting tombs and monuments to the dead. There may be single sepulchres in Greenwood that surpass in costliness any that are to be found in the Campo Santo of Montevideo, but nowhere is so great an assemblage of costly and beautiful tombs.

One of the customs of the country, which I have not observed elsewhere, is for the dead to be carried to the tomb by the hands of their friends.

The city is lighted by electricity, and more than three hundred telephones were in use in 1885. Gambling is the national vice, and men, women, and children selling lottery tickets are as thick as newsboys in the cities of the States. The porter at the hotel informs you that he is supplied with tickets for all the drawings; the clerk at the store where you trade invites you to invest the change he hands you in his favorite lottery, and tells you that a lady who bought a ticket of him drew a prize of ten thousand dollars last month.

One of the curious customs is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk warm from the cow into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his churning is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon.

The city of Montevideo has a population of about 125,000 souls, and twenty-three daily newspapers.

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CHANT OF A WOODLAND SPIRIT.

AN INTERPRETATION.

(From "A Dream of Happy Days.")

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

IT was the morning of a golden day,
A mild, sweet morning, early in November;
One in that time it was
When through the long still night the white frost falls,
Which soon the genial sun doth turn to dew.

I walked alone among the falling leaves,
Along the dry bed of a woodland stream—
Alone, save Sorrow walked beside me ever,
And Memory dear, with gentle clasp and sad,
Her hand still twined in mine.

I, all unworthy, walked betwixt these twain—
These twain, that have more richer made the soul,
More fed the mind, more curbed the wayward heart,
More counselled heedless and unwary feet
Back to the path of hope, than others, all,
That ever, on the great round of this world,
Have sought the poor companionship of men.

Grave ministers are they, from that strange land
Whose pathless fields the soul doth haunt betimes,
But with such blundering steps that soon we fall,
And straight that world hath vanished like a cloud.

Ah! happy he who makes a friend of Sorrow,
And rests in hope on Memory's thoughtful breast!
But I, unworthy, walked with these and grieved,
As one whom God hath made companionless.

To dream of dreams, to find the soul a dwelling,
Amidst the realm of unsubstantial things;
To pass life's dangerous limit, yet to keep
The sense and semblance of mortality;
To cross the threshold with the heart still warm,
Touch hands with wonder, and unharmed return—
For this I sought, and this in part I found.

In part. Therewith our hearts must be content
Or here or elsewhere, be it heaven or hell.
But part of all we dream of, we shall find,
Joy or despair;—we never shall find more.

Vain is the art of rangèd words, and vain
The willing numbers; nothing can enclose
The visions which the startled soul herself
But dimly sees, nor fix upon the page
A record of enchantments in whose thrall
The heart its fancies and the world forgets.

There was the quiet vale, the towering trees,
The endless maze of branches, and the gray
Trend of uneven slopes, sparse-dappled still
With pale remembrances of the autumn's glory;
The spice-wood bended by the brook, long dry;

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And on the air, trance-like enfolding all,
The spider's long and filmy threads were floating.

The stream sang not, but from the voiceless bed
There rose soft music as of waters flowing;
For there, half seen amidst the lacing twigs,
A woodland Spirit, leaning on his harp,
Made song in praise of Nature, while his hands
Swept answering measures from the thrilling strings.

Half faint with joy I listened, while the fear
Of worlds untried made all the landscape seem
A scene dim-pictured on a swaying veil;
But close I leaned on Memory's tranquil breast,
And Sorrow nearer to my heart I drew,
Fain still to be the creature that I am.

Yet so, scarce knowing if I lived, I watched
That woodland minstrel strike the chords, and heard—
Sore straitened of my spirit—while he sang,
In clear, swift-following tones, which rose and fell
Like jewels tossed by handfuls in the air,
The praise of things myself had sought to sing.

Forgive, O Spirit, that I envy thee;
Forgive the hope which bids me seek thee still;
For oft o' starlit nights my quest me leads
Across the dewy upland of the wold;
Or at the blurred close of some winter's day,
Breasting a snow-storm on the Benson Hills,
I wend in breathless haste, and fondly dream
I see thee dimly through the falling flakes.

Forgive the rendering which I here essay
Of this, a song of thine at autumn-time.

THE SONG.

These be the days!
And like them there be others none on earth,
Nor in the fancy, neither in the dreams
Nor pictured visions, of the sons of men;
Nor do the glimpses of that after-world
Which longing souls have imaged to their eyes
Hold, in their gifts of beauty promised, hope
Of days that are more fair.

These be the days!
When, pale and wan, among the unseen stars
The waning moon sinks through the sunlit haze
That spreads upon the western morning sky,
Like some celestial urn, divinely wrought,
Which angel hands let slowly down to earth,
To lift the soul of Summer back to heaven.

These be the days!
When that the Wind, that wailing troubadour,
Whose soul is in his song, comes by the fields
Of tawny gray which flank the golden hills,
And by the stream where stand the wistful willows,
And through the forest, singing as he comes.

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Now, sinking low,
The long-drawn cadence dips beside the marge
Of some dim plain;
Now, wild and sweet,
The music wakes and lifts the trailing chords,
All idly dallying with the whispering reeds,
And sweeps the fretwork of the rising ground
In long, harmonious swells of melody.
Still higher mounts the theme, and up the steep
Swift speeds the strident wail among the trees,
Till all the forest shouts in ecstasy,
And all the moaning aisles are filled with sound.

Then, on the level of the painted wold,
That shakes like some wild courser's brindled mane,
The puffing Blast wheels on his whistling course,
Far through the rocking cedars, dragging forth
The heavy tones with strong, resistless hands,
Awaking all the thousand voices up
Which lurk unheard within that wilderness,
To join his mighty avalanche of song.

Loud, long, and clear, the piercing, utmost note
Cleaves through the thunder of that song of songs,
And scales the crumbling arches of the air.
With deep and trundling echoes now it rolls
Against the hollow curving of the hills,
And whirling round the breathless knolls, it sinks
Down, down, the wonder of the gaping vales,
To sob, subdued, beside the stream once more;
To stir the dead dream of the summer gone
With gentle rustlings in the russet corn,
And whisper softly, like a lost refrain
Recalling sometime sweet remembrances,
Among the woven willows, dusk and brown;
While, far and faint, a lingering after-tone
Hums through the needled branches of the pines,
And from the upland distance, rippling, fall
Soft, undulating murmurs of applause.

Oh! glorious is the Wind,
When he doth rouse his spirit in the clouds,
And wakes the north-land trumpet with a blast
That drives the flying snows across the world,
And piles the white-maned seas in crystal peaks
Which echo back the terrors of his voice!
But sweet unspeakably,
When, in the spring-time, on the April hills,
What time the white-armed Dawn begins to part
Night's languid curtains from the morning sky,
He dips his shepherd's pipe within the brook,
And wooes the tender leaves to life once more,
And steals the perfume from the bursting buds!
And in the year's full noon,
When that the earth is flooded with the sun,
All laden with the weight of summer spoils,
He wanders slowly down the cloven hills,
And by the whispering fields of ripening grain,
With lingering steps amidst the fragrant yarrow,
And rests at last beneath the spreading trees!

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Upon the cool bed of the dappled clover,
Wrapped in the shadowy stillness of repose,
Lulled by the low voice of the flowing water
Which laves the meadow's marge, he sleeps anon;
But in his dreams his aimless fingers move
With listless touches on his chorded lute,
Too faint to fret the slumbering soul of sound,
Whose breathings make the silence musical.

But, oh, divine despair!
Heart-breaking rapture, ecstasy, and tears!
Sweet bitterness of death, and love's dear sorrow,
Sad thoughts of loved ones lost, soft gleams of hope,
The fading light, the far-off dream of rest!—
All, all, are there,
When, in the autumn-time, at even-tide,
He draws his harp against his yearning breast,
And stretcheth out his hands, full tenderly,
Upon the million-toned Æolian strings.

Then bend the grasses where his feet go by,
Full fain to follow whither he shall lead;
Then from their nests the thistles' downy flocks
In happy, shining troops speed by his side;
The nodding throngs, flame-tipped and purple-plumed,
Which haunt the borders of the changing fields,
Strew in his pathway all their gathered wealth;
The golden leaves forsake their stems and fly,
Far-floating, in the charmed, forgetful dream
Which wraps the woodlands, and a blissful swoon
Fills all the vales with strange, unearthly peace.

THE LAST FAUN.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HOW hath he stumbled hither, in search of love and praise,
A tardy comer and goer across the world's highways,
A kind shape from the thicket, a wonderer all his days?

He finds a rocky seat where the moiling town recedes;
The altered shepherds flout him, but, oh! he hardly heeds;
Incredulous he swings there, and drones upon his reeds.

He stamps his cloven heel, and he laughs adown the wind,
With eye that wanes and waxes at doings of mankind.
Slow, slow creeps the invader upon that happy mind.

The apple breasts his fellow; doves wheel by two and three;
And ever dance in circle the shallops on the sea;
The goats and deer are many; but playmate none hath he,

Nor nymph nor child to follow upon his signals rude.
He smiles—there is no frolic; he snarls—there is no feud.
He feels his poor heart sinking at every interlude.

His shaggy ear and freakish resents the wail and din;
Earth's rumors chill his veins with their ghostly gliding in;
He aches to slip these tethers, and be where he hath been.

Elsewhere is waking glory, and here the dream, the thrall.
Hush! hear the sunless waters, the wrestling leaves that call!
He lops the grass, and whistles; and while he cheats them all,

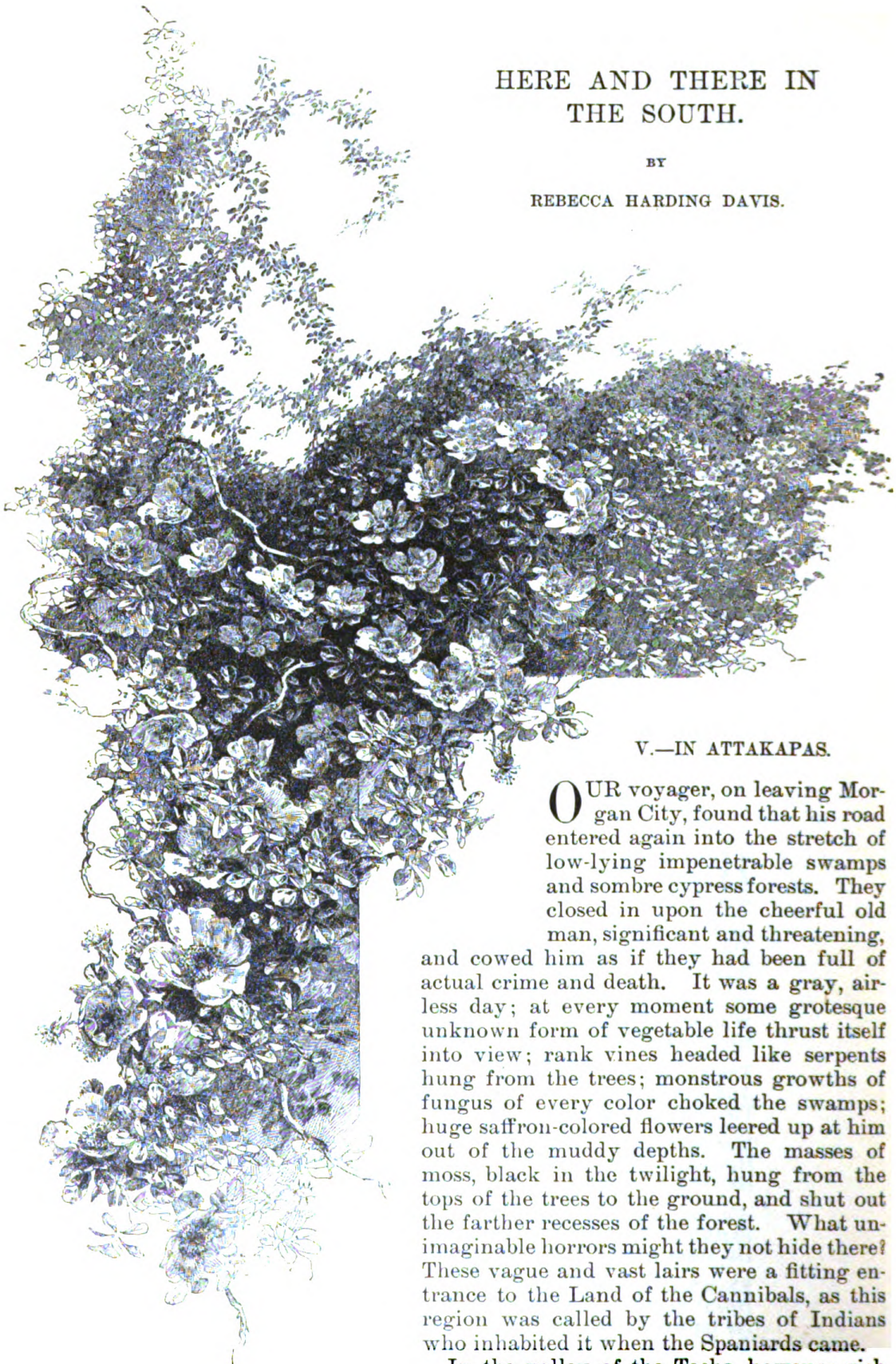
Obeys, is gone—gone wholly. From alien air too cold
The Faun, with garlands flying, with sylvan ditties trolled,
Being homesick, being patient, regains his greenwood old.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE SOUTH.

BY

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



HEDGE ROSES.

V.—IN ATTAKAPAS.

OUR voyager, on leaving Morgan City, found that his road entered again into the stretch of low-lying impenetrable swamps and sombre cypress forests. They closed in upon the cheerful old man, significant and threatening, and cowed him as if they had been full of actual crime and death. It was a gray, airless day; at every moment some grotesque unknown form of vegetable life thrust itself into view; rank vines headed like serpents hung from the trees; monstrous growths of fungus of every color choked the swamps; huge saffron-colored flowers leered up at him out of the muddy depths. The masses of moss, black in the twilight, hung from the tops of the trees to the ground, and shut out the farther recesses of the forest. What unimaginable horrors might they not hide there? These vague and vast lairs were a fitting entrance to the Land of the Cannibals, as this region was called by the tribes of Indians who inhabited it when the Spaniards came.

In the valley of the Teche, however, rich English plantations stretched on either side

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of the road, and at New Iberia Mr. Ely came suddenly into open light and brightness. A plain of singular loveliness lay open before him. It was like the breaking of dawn after a close night.

He was in the heart of Attakapas—a country of vast prairies and countless watercourses, which sweep down from the Atchafalaya literally into the Gulf, for sea and land become one on its border.

The interminable plains of tall grass are webbed by a labyrinth of bayous and rigolets glittering like lines of silver, and dotted here and there like blots of shadow with forests of hoary old trees, which are shrouded from head to foot with the funereal moss, and crowned with the mysterious mistletoe. The streams and the numberless lakes are edged with feathery willows and creeping vines. Every grain of the soil gives birth to a flower; when the wind blows it brings gusts of the odor of magnolia or roses or jasmine. It is a country, too, of swift, startling lights and shadows. The keen sunlight is incessantly darkened by clouds driven in from the Gulf. These clouds pass in never-ending procession, one hour swooping down in black fury of tempest upon the plain, and the next rising in slow soft brilliance, mere breaths of mist, into the highest heaven.

Mr. Ely found New Iberia a peculiarly picturesque town, with some beautiful modern dwellings in the suburbs. It had become famous, the year before, as the scene of a miniature civil war between the two political parties, for the possession of the court-house. During the day that he staid there he heard from both sides the details of the battle told with high good-humor; but carefully kept silent, having no mind to stir up any muddy question of politics. He was much more anxious to determine the exact point on the Teche where, according to Longfellow, Evangeline with Père Felician landed from their bateau after their long voyage in search of Gabriel.

The next day he hired a light conveyance, and with a garrulous negro driver and his mules set off across the prairie. It stretched in green shimmering waves to the horizon on every side. Mr. Ely drew a long breath, as a man does in coming from a stifling house out-of-doors. There was all the breadth and freedom of the sea here.

After a while the intense silence of the place began to oppress him. It was a clear morning. The wind passing from the Gulf bent the grass in long furrows now and then, but made no sound; there was a spell of absolute silence in the sunshine, on the bright sluggish bayou, even on the herds of native cattle that lifted their heads from grazing to stare at them with curious eyes. Flocks of huge black buzzards rose from the prairie occasionally, swooped and wheeled over their heads, and settled again on their prey when they had passed by. Sometimes an eagle swept across the sky with slow majestic directness. Bright-colored lizards darted in and out of the matted grass; on the lower marshes the tiny mud chimneys of the crawfish rose in thousands; a head and two beady black eyes would appear for an instant at the top, and then vanish; but all in unbroken silence. Mr. Ely was grateful when Jabez, the driver, began to talk to his mules, with whom he was on intimate terms. He had never guessed how companionable a mule could be until they answered the negro jokes with hideous snorts.

They travelled all day. Still the interminable prairie, the sunshine, the driving winds, the abounding life, and still the brooding quiet. The rank excess of growth, the exhaustless waste of life and beauty and color, startled the old man, who had been used to the niggardly soil and pinched crops of New England. The very mud, in which the feet of the mules sank to the fetlocks, was hid by exquisite lilies and blush-roses. Vines, which in the North would have sent timid thread-like tendrils through the grass, knotted themselves here overhead with thick trunks like saplings, and flung masses of white flowers up into the air. There was something paganish in this silent, fierce extravagance of nature.

The houses of the Acadians are of unpainted wood, dropped down at long intervals on the prairie, with not a fence or hedge near them. Mr. Ely found a little comfort usually in them, and always beauty; masses of grape-vines and yellow roses climbing up the old walls and covering the roofs of black curled shingles. Inside, a bit of ruddy color in the curtains, or a gay picture, or a wreath about the crucifix. The persecuted fugitives from Acadia took possession of this "Eden of Louisiana" in 1754; they are scattered from the Teche to the Sabine

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UNDER THE VINE AND FIG-TREE.

prairie. There has been very little apparent change in that time in the country or in themselves. Each family, as a rule, hold the same portion of prairie or marsh which their ancestors first took as a home, and live usually in the same gray old houses, adding a room from generation to generation when necessity drives them to do it. Their grounds are separated by no visible boundaries, except in the neighborhood of one or two settlements by Americans. The Acadians there have caught the idea of *meum* and *tuum* from civilization, and have begun to drive in a few feeble posts and to run fences between their plantations. Mr. Ely fell in with a creole tax-collector from one of the lower parishes, who put the case pathetically to him.

"I live here, m'sieu, forty years, man and boy, and I have no trouble to cross Attakapas until five years ago. My business calls me to ride or drive every day. Who ever thought of fences? People drive along, now here, now there, only keeping out of wet ground. The Acadians grow no crops; they have no grain, no sugar, no cotton, to carry to market. What do they want with fences or roads?"

"How do they live?" asked Mr. Ely.

"They have cattle: each man—every man—has cattle. They run loose; they

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pasture wherever there is grass, on the upland or on the sea-marsh, keeping on the driest ground. What use of fences? See how convenient, how free, how agreeable it is! I start in the morning to go from Abbeville to M'sieu Del Farge, on the Gulf, and I go as the bee flies, through twenty plantations, provided I can ford the lagoons. But now near the villages I must wind in and out, no matter where I will want to go, in a narrow rut no wider than this room, a fence on either side. That is a 'road,' of which they boast! Bah! it chokes me! A road! It is a nuisance!"

The region through which Jabez drove was restricted by no such nuisances. He urged his mules in a straight line, over the unending green plain or through the bayou, with perfect impartiality. The mules seemed, indeed, to prefer to trudge along half under water, to going by land. At long distances over the flat prairies rose windmills, by which fresh-water is brought to the surface. Huge solitary trees, the live-oaks, or lofty, shapely cotton-woods, stood like pillars upholding the low sky.

As evening began to fall they saw in advance of them a tall, lonely black figure on horseback, like a silhouette against the rosy sunset, and made haste to overtake it. Mr. Ely began to find the solitude insupportable. The traveller, Jabez told him, was Père Nedaud, on his way to hold mass the next morning in one of the little chapels of the Acadians. The good father had a clean-cut, watchful face. He scanned the stranger with a swift, penetrating glance, then touched his wide-rimmed hat, and smiling as to an old acquaintance, drew his horse in line. They naturally fell into talk of the country and its peculiar features.

"I do not understand the lakes or ponds," said Mr. Ely. "We have passed to-day at least a thousand, I think, from three feet to three miles in diameter, and all almost perfectly circular. The water in them, too, is live and sparkling, as if from springs, not stagnant. How do you account for their shape? Look at the one we are passing. No surveyor could lay out a more perfect ring."

"The Acadians have many superstitious reasons for their shape," the priest said, smiling. "They were worn by the accursed Voudoo dances, or they were the places where human beings were sacrificed in ancient times. Some of the *fermiers* will tell you that when two bulls fight they tear up a round hole with their horns and fore-hoofs, into which the water oozes, enlarging it year by year, but still keeping the circular shape. It is a singular fact, though, that in the next parish there are mounds, of every size, exactly corresponding in shape to the ponds here."

"How do you account for them?"

Père Nedaud shrugged his shoulders.



A PALMETTO HOUSE.

"How should I know? There are many hints of other days, before even the Indians came to Attakapas—many mysteries. Science cannot explain them. Me?—I do not meddle with them."

"You understand the people better?"

"The Acadians? They belong to this world—to daylight. They have been here not two centuries. I am Acadian my-

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self on my mother's side. Oh, I know my people!"

"I heard much of them at New Orleans."

"Then," hastily, "I am glad to have met you, to correct your false impressions of the lazy, wretched 'Cajans'!"

"They do not seem to be a progressive people," ventured Mr. Ely.

"No, perhaps not. But is progress everything? They are not lazy. The men work faithfully—when they work at all. The women in these houses keep them tidy, cook, sew, and carry on their little *métiers*. They have rough looms, and weave the homespun cloths which they and their husbands wear. They make, too, really beautiful fabrics of the Nankin cotton in its native dull yellow color, or beautifully striped with threads colored in vegetable dyes. Some ladies, wives of the large planters, have found agents in New Orleans and New York who will sell the stuffs which these poor women weave. I am told," added the good father, cheerfully, "that it surpasses in beauty and durability the fabrics woven by the Chinese, and is much cheaper. I do not say that it is so: I have never seen the stuffs made by the people of China. But it is reasonable to suppose that good Christian women could surpass barbarous savages in civilized work."

Mr. Ely was discreetly silent.

"It would be fortunate," continued Père Nedaud, "if their little manufactures could be brought into the market. They are very poor, many of them, and thus comfort and much pleasure would be brought into their lives."

"They are a solitary, gloomy people, then?"

"By no means!—not at all!" exclaimed the father, eagerly. "It is true, they are quite separate from the world in that they have no schools, no books, no newspapers. Very few of them can read or write. But they often act as overseers, or own large plantations and manage them skilfully. Some of the shrewdest business men I know are Cajans who sign a deed with their 'mark.' But, m'sieu, the great nobles of England under the last Henry did the same, and you can't deny that they took an active part in the world's business. The Acadian is a moral, sober, honorable man. He is fond of his wife and children. He goes to his duty regularly; confesses twice a year; hears mass as often as he can. He has his balls and dances on saints' days and Sundays, when he eats *petits gâteaux* and drinks *nisette*. Sometimes he has races with the creole ponies. The women are gay and happy, though they work hard. Surely it is a harmless, innocent, useful life. Would you teach them 'progress,' politics, newspaper gossip, American ideas?" The priest's tone was triumphantly sarcastic.

"Not I, indeed," said Mr. Ely.

"Ah, m'sieu, progress, newspapers, railroads, do not make the hero; not even education. He is born—here in the Cajan's cabin just as in ancient Greece or Rome. Let me tell you a story which comes to pass this spring. One of my flock is Landry, a big, middle-aged man, with grown sons and grandchildren. He is a shrewd, money-making fellow, overseer on a great cattle plantation. His life counts for much, you see, to him and his family. One evening I see Joseph in his bateau rowing down the bayou. He does not return until morning. Down yonder is nothing but a desolate island, inhabited only by alligators and wild birds. Again and again I see him go. I ask him what it means, and he tells me, against his will, that a month ago a wretched old negro took the small-pox, and was driven by his people out on the prairie. Joseph took him to the island, made a deserted hut there habitable for him, and every night went down to nurse and care for him, stopping half-way to change his clothes. He took his life in his hand every day, you see, for this miserable! And Joseph is not a young, reckless fellow, but grave, middle-aged. He tells nobody; he counts it for nothing. Aha!" the priest broke into a tremulous laugh, stooping to pat the neck of his horse. "Joseph is a rough-looking fellow. He swears hard, and sleeps when I preach. But it is out of such stuff God makes His servants."

Mr. Ely and the priest lodged that night in the house of one of the *petits habitants*. In the evening, when they were alone, the subject of leprosy came up.

"We hear at the North," said Mr. Ely, "vague accounts of the Terre des Lépreux, which is said to be somewhere in Louisiana. What truth is there in them?"

"They are no doubt greatly exaggerated," said Father Nedaud. "A spurious leprosy, elephantiasis, was so common among the negroes under the Spanish domination that Governor Miro founded

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AN ACADIAN HOSTELRY.

a hospital for lepers near New Orleans, on the Bayou St. John. It has been gone these many years, and Lepers' Land is now built up with pretty houses. It was in the suburb Treme."

"The disease is extinct, then ?"

"There were some cases of genuine Asiatic leprosy near Abbeville, in this parish, about twenty years ago. An old creole lady was the first. Her father doubtless brought the terrible taint in his blood from France. When the white scales appeared in her face her husband and family fled from her. There was a young girl, daughter of M'sieu Dubois, who went to her and nursed her alone

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during the three years in which she fought with death. Another of God's servants, m'sieu! Four of this old woman's children, who deserted her, became lepers. The young girl who had nursed her, after she died married a young *fermier*, and lived happily in her little cabin with her husband and pretty baby. But one day a shining white spot appeared on her forehead. That was the end."

"She died?"

"M'sieu, after four years. There is no cure. It surely does not matter to her now by what road God called her to Him. There have been since then no lepers in this parish except in these tainted families. The real Terre des Lépreux in Louisiana is now on the lower Lafourche, below Harang's Canal. The bayou there is turbid and foul; it flows through malarious swamps lower than itself. The creole planters there are honest and temperate folk, but they are wretchedly poor. They raise only rice, and live on it and fish. The wet rice fields come up to the very doors of their cabins. The leprosy which certain families among them have inherited is developed by these conditions. Five years ago Professor Joseph Jones, president of the State Board of Health, went himself with his son to explore the cypress swamps and lagoons of the lower Lafourche. M'sieu, it is the region of the shadow of death. He found many poor lepers hiding there. They were as dead men who walk and talk. They could handle burning coals; they felt no longer cold nor heat nor pain. Their bodies were as corpses. One man lived alone in a hut, thatched with palmettoes, which he had built for himself, eating only the rice which he had planted. No man nor woman had come near him for years. The Terre des Lépreux extends as far as Chénière Caminada, where the bayou empties into the Gulf."

Mr. Ely remained silent, though a torrent of angry queries rushed to his lips. Why was nothing done to mitigate the horrors of such a life-in-death? How could this priest, a man of God, so calmly discuss these poor accursed creatures from his safe, comfortable point of vantage, jogging on his easy-going mare from one farm to another? He bade him presently a rather curt good-night, and went to the loft where he was to sleep. When he came down in the morning, Père Nedaud had gone.

"M'sieu," said his smiling host, "le père haf lef' you bon-matin," waving his hand to the black figure passing southward far across the prairie.

"This is the father's parish, I suppose?" asked Mr. Ely.

"But no!" Gaspard answered, gliding into French in his hurry. "Nine years ago he was here. He married me; he baptized all my babies. Then, at his own request, he was transferred." His face grew grave with some unexpressed remembrance. "At times he comes back to refresh himself—to see his old friends. As now, for example."

"Where is his charge now?"

"M'sieu—" Gaspard paused a moment. "In hell, I think. It is near Chénière Caminada, in la Terre des Lépreux."

Mr. Ely walked away from him, and paced up and down the levee for a long time.

"God forgive me!" he muttered to himself.

Mr. Ely's letters brought him in contact with a few influential creoles, planters for the most part, on the borders of the Teche and Atchafalaya. This last bayou, like all great rivers, has a character of its own; it is a driving, impetuous torrent.

"As if," our fanciful traveller remarked, "it was bent on some vengeful purpose."

"Its purpose is vengeful, and plain enough," said Dr. C——, a sugar planter, with whom he was driving along the levee. "This bayou carries out of the Mississippi a volume of water quite equal to Red River. Tradition states that it was once the channel of the Mississippi itself. It is its direct road to the Gulf now. Captain Eads has examined into the matter, and reports that unless proper defences are erected at the head of the Atchafalaya the entire body of water in the Mississippi will deflect into this bayou, and that shortly."

"What would be the consequences?"

"Consequences? The towns and plantations on the shores of the Atchafalaya would be lost in the flood, and New Orleans would be left high and dry, an inland town. The bayou has an ugly purpose, as you guessed."

A week later Mr. Ely set out to explore Vermilion Parish. Twenty-five miles west of the mouth of the Atchafalaya, and running eastwardly, are five remark-

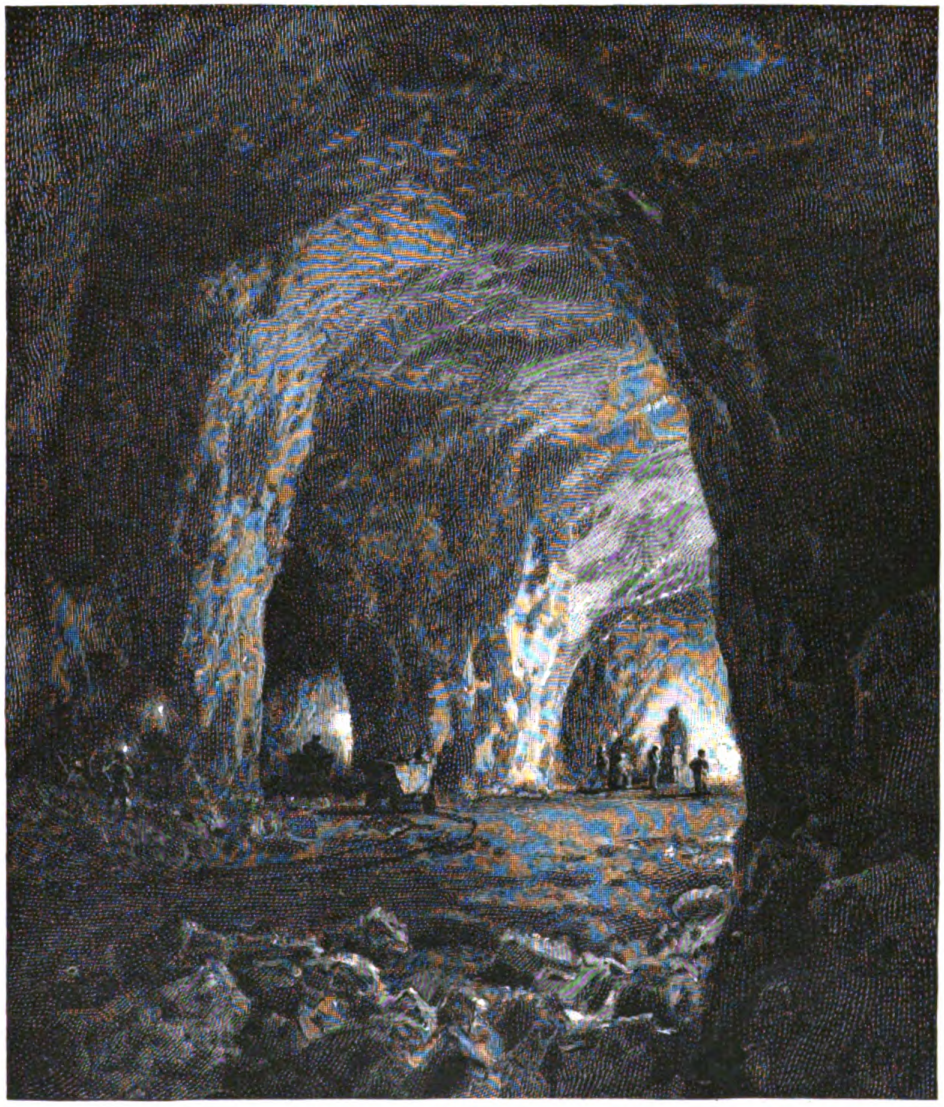
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able islands, Belle Isle, Côte Blanche, Week's Island, Petite Anse, and Jefferson's Island.

Petite Anse and Jefferson, the farthest inland of this cordon of beautiful islets, are in reality huge hills which rise above the green plain of Attakapas, with its glittering bayous and rolling sea-fogs, into a pure, sun-dried atmosphere.

Mr. Ely reached the first early in the morning of a clear April day, and found there two scientific men from the North, who had found their way up from the Exposition to visit this island, which contains the only mine of rock-salt on this continent. The island takes its name from Bayou Petite Anse, in which it stands. It forms part of the plantations of the Avery family.

One of the visitors to the mines explained to Mr. Ely that there was a belt of saliferous deposit in Louisiana extending from Bossier and Bienville parishes, above Red River, to the Gulf. The largest of these deposits appears to be the beds of ancient exhausted lakes. Salt springs were known to exist on Petite Anse Island from the earliest date, but the works were abandoned until the blockade during the war raised the price of salt so high in the Southern States that Major Avery reopened them for the use of the Confederacy. It was at this time that he came unexpectedly upon the enormous stratum of pure



IN THE SALT-MINE.

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A BIT OF SHORE, JEFFERSON'S LAKE.

rock-salt which underlies the soil. Like the island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, Petite Anse is apparently only a huge rock of salt.

The mines have now been in operation about twenty years. The salt is excavated in large masses by blasting with dynamite. It is so pure that it is prepared for the market, not by melting and refining, as in the English mines, but simply by grinding into the requisite grades of fineness. The native crystals detached by blasting are as clear and translucent as glass. Mr. Ely went down into the mine, and wandered through its far-retreating corridors, whose pillars and lofty arches shone with a soft silvery radiance. When the lights of the torches struck into the darkness overhead, the domes flashed back such splendors of color that it seemed to Mr. Ely as if he had entered one of the caves underground where the Trolls have stored all the jewels of the world.

"This is all a surprise to me," said one of the visitors—a stout professor from some college in Indiana—as he stepped from the elevator into the upper air; "I actually did not know there was a mine of salt in the United States."

"And yet," said their guide, quickly, "you have no doubt used our salt on your table for years. We ship it to every large town in the North and West."

This little island of Petite Anse furnishes pepper as well as salt to our tables. Tobasco, or the distilled cayenne dear to the hearts of *gourmands* and *chefs*, is manufactured here out of a wild pepper peculiar to Louisiana. Two or three fields produce enough of the cultivated pods to send their essence to all parts of this country and to Europe. It is one of the numberless minor industries which have sprung into life throughout the South since the war, and which hint at the strength and vitality of that long sterile soil.

It was early in the afternoon when Mr. Ely, with Jabez and the mules, set out for the last of the line of islands. Monsieur Ourblanc, an Acadian whose acquaintance he had made at the mines, rode with him,

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having suddenly discovered that he had urgent business up the bayou. The mules and M. Ourblanc's horse followed a winding course through the pathless prairie, diverging out of a straight line to ford every practicable lake and stream.

"Is there no road?" timidly ventured Mr. Ely.

"Done goin' on de road, shuah 'nuff," responded Jabez.

"In the country where I came from a road seldom passes through a river," said Mr. Ely, in the unconscious conviction that he was in a foreign land.

Jabez snorted with contempt. "Don' know what muels do widout pon's and b'yous! How dey wash de mud off deir sides?"

M. Ourblanc undertook to explain the geography of the country to his new friend, who only could guess about half of his meaning through his negro-French-English; but his eager kindness and courtesy were plain enough.

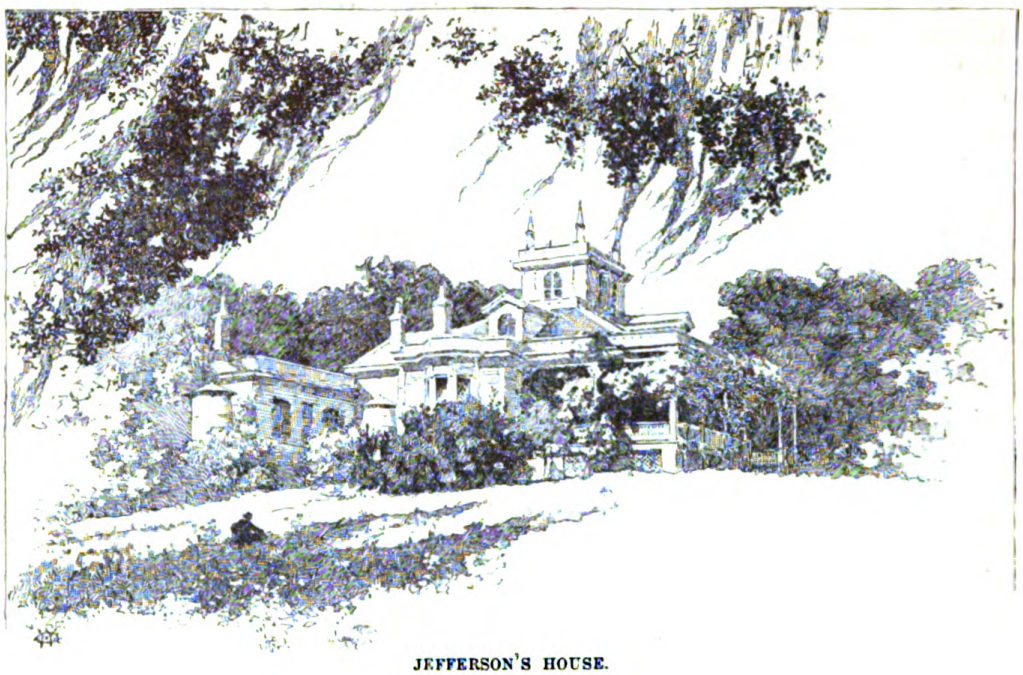
Attakapas, according to the old man, would soon become the wealthiest part of Louisiana. One or two companies of capitalists were formed who proposed to cultivate rice on the sea-marshes. Extensive draining, the throwing up of levees, etc., would be requisite; but that done, the profits would be enormous. Dredges worked by steam were to be employed by them to open the mouths of the bayous and to throw up embankments. One had been brought up from the Gulf by Mr. Joseph Jefferson to his plantation, and used successfully in erecting levees for the protection of his cattle. One dredge could do the work of forty men in a day —white men, I mean; and as for de negroes—M. Ourblanc threw up his hands with unutterable expression. The expense of these dredges was, however, very great. If they were within the reach of all planters, the condition of Louisiana, he declared, would be revolutionized.

As the day passed, Mr. Ely comprehended as he had not done before that he was in a semi-tropical climate. Heretofore the spring had been late, a raw chill hung over the prairies. But now, as they approached the high ground of Jefferson Island, the air quivered with pure blinding heat. Heavy clouds, saffron and dull yellow, were blown drowsily up from the Gulf; the grass was knee-deep, and fragrant with flowers; here was a great slope of daffodil-color, and there another of royal purple; one persistent starry little blossom fairly dyed the marshes blue; out of the gloom of the deep thickets shone monstrous passion-flowers, blood-red swamp camellias, and blush-roses. Rice-birds rose in swarms from the edge of the lakes; innumerable butterflies flashed up like live rubies and sapphires from every bush; out of the pecan-trees came the call of the mocking-bird; while every round little pond bubbled, a living thing in the sun.

He was again in the barbaric dream of life and color, yet under it was the same profound melancholy, an awful significance of loss. Père Nedaud had understood him when he hinted at the singular effect of this scenery; but M. Ourblanc was not likely to comprehend such fantastic ideas. The old man ambled alongside, gossiping of the Acadians, whose solitary, gray, low-eaved houses they occasionally passed, and of the history of the island to which they were going.

Jefferson, or Orange, Island, as Mr. Ely found from his chatter, was the highest ground in southern Louisiana. It was bought by the great comedian sixteen years ago, as a winter home for his family, where malarious fogs, colds, pneumonia, asthmas, and other such chilly servants of death could be held at bay. It embraces about eleven square miles of primitive forests, lakes, and prairies, on which graze great herds of native creole cattle. Here M. Ourblanc paused to celebrate the virtues of creole cattle (as far superior to the Alderney, or to the Holstein, with which Mr. Jefferson grades them), and of the creole eggs, horses, and women, belonging to the region of the Bayou Petite Anse. When he grew tired of this patriotic outburst he came back to the island and to its history, in which there is much romance and mystery. It was a portion of the wilderness given by patent under Philip II. to Don Carline, a Spanish adventurer. Nearly a century later it was discovered by the corsair Jean Lafitte and his comrades, whose rendezvous was then at Grande Terre, in Barataria Bay. They at once recognized the advantages which its remoteness from civilization, its unbroken forests and deep bayou, gave to it as a secure retreat for them and a hiding-place for their booty. It was purchased by Randolph, Lafitte's boon companion, if not a pirate himself. Here the great free-booter came for rest and amusement be-

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JEFFERSON'S HOUSE.

tween his voyages. Indeed, it is not improbable that he escaped to this solitude to die, as he was last seen by living men on the coast of Vermilion Bay.

Back of the great orange plantations which form a centre of fragrance and joyous color in the island there lies a deep lake, surrounded by a sombre forest, in the midst of which are a few sunken graves. They are those of Randolph's family and of his slaves. But they were all long ago opened and rifled by the negroes from the opposite coast, in the hope of finding Lafitte's buried treasure.

The old French manor-house is still standing, with its quaint wood-carvings, low-ceiled rooms, and overhanging eaves, covered by vines old enough to have showered their blossoms on the pirate's head. Mr. Jefferson near it has built a typically Southern house of baronial proportions, full of treasures from every country in the world, on the very crest of the hill; the verandas, with a frontage of ninety feet, overlook the plain of Attakapas to the Gulf. A hedge of roses nearly as thick as the Chinese wall runs for seven miles around the uplands, dividing it from the sea-marshes.

When the roses and magnolias and orange plantations which encircle the house are in bloom they send their soft greetings through the pure air for miles across the prairies.

The plantation is in the charge of an Acadian overseer, M. Joseph Landry, who is a good representative of his race, and a curious specimen, too, of the kind of man which intelligence, shrewdness, a brave simple nature, and tremendous physique will make, with no help whatever from society or schools. The loyalty of these people to their employers belongs to the feudal days. The night before Mr. Ely's arrival, Landry had faced single-handed a herd of angry cattle, standing in the narrow lagoon in water to his waist from dark until morning, to keep them from rushing down to the flooded sea-marsh, where they would inevitably have drowned. "Can fight le wat' et le cat'," he grumbled, "but le mosquit'—he beat me."

Mr. Jefferson is known to his Acadian neighbors and the negroes only as a planter, wise in oranges and cattle, but they have an intense curiosity concerning some other mysterious avocation which he is vaguely reported to follow during the summer, and which they suspect has something to do with swallowing fire and swords. One of his negroes, when they were alone together on the prairie one day, burst out with: "M's'. Jef'son, lemme see dat ar. We hyah all by oursel's. Foh de Lohd's sake, cut up a bit."

Mr. Ely, from the summit of the hill on Orange Island, watched the rosy twi-

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light gather over the vast plain. Seaward a quivering line of red light flashed up along the dark horizon, where the marshes were on fire. The air was soft as balm, and heavy with perfume from the neighboring orange groves. He was alone in a forest of gigantic magnolias and live-oaks, which were hoar with age long before Columbus discovered this continent. Every tree and bush for miles around him was draped with the funereal moss, which in the fading light became a black curtain in the distance, and near at hand veils, mists of pale green or silvery gray. They waved, waved incessantly, with ghastly significance, to and fro in the wind: the whole world seemed to him to be elusive, shifting, full of spectres, beckoning to him to follow he knew not where. The waters of the lake near him shone whitely in the darkness, and out of the jungle of wild growths about it came the cry of an owl, and the hoarse calls of the whooping-crane and the bittern.

He understood now that the meanings of this strange country which had perplexed him are those of age. The primeval forests in the North impress the intruder as fresh and virgin; they have no history; they eagerly wait for human occupation. But these great silent prairies, the giant trees decaying for centuries, the huge parasitic growths, the black scavenger-birds crossing with swift aim the low-hung sky—all these come out of a hoar antiquity. It is a land with a past. The imagination in these solitudes goes wavering back to the age of the cannibals, or, far beyond that, to the mysterious nations who have left hints here that they once lived. The silence is full of meaning. Nature seems to pause, holding some momentous secret. Something has happened—who can say when?—in the dim recesses of these forests, or on the banks of the sombre bayous, which she will not reveal.

Familiarity does not render this strange country commonplace, or diminish its peculiar effect upon those who intrude into it. It grew more weird and unreal to the old clergyman with each day of his stay.

He tried faithfully to understand the accounts which M. Landry gave him of the profits of cattle raising, and the culture of the finest oranges on this plantation; to take an interest in the graded calves, and in the adaptability of the soil to sugar raising. But in his secret soul he did not believe in any of these things. He knew he was in a spellbound country, where some mystery of centuries ago slept, like Rip among the Kaatskills, waiting for the hour of waking.

And when at last he turned his face homeward, leaving behind him the sunny silent prairies, the melancholy lagoons, the low driving clouds, the forests with their vistas of beckoning spectral mists, all silent as the shores of death, he felt that he was going back to a real world, to shops, markets, passions, and life, out of some ancient enchanted land, whose ghosts still dwelt therein.

APRIL HOPES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XLIX.

IN New York Dan found that Lafflin had gone to Washington, to look up something in connection with his patent. In his eagerness to get away from home, Dan had supposed that his father meant to make a holiday for him, and he learned with a little surprise that he was quite in earnest about getting hold of the invention. He wrote home of Lafflin's absence, and he got a telegram in reply ordering him to follow on to Washington.

The sun was shining warm on the asphalt when he stepped out of the Pennsylvania Depot with his bag in his hand, and put it into the hansom that drove up for him. The sky overhead was of an intense blue that made him remember the Boston sky as pale and gray; when the hansom tilted out into the Avenue he had a joyous glimpse of the White House, of the Capitol swimming like a balloon in the cloudless air. A keen March breeze swept the dust before him, and through its veil the classic Treasury Building showed like one edifice standing perfect amid ruin represented by the jag-tooth irregularities of the business architecture along the wide street.

He had never been in Washington before, and he had a confused sense of having got back to Rome, which he remem-

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bered from his boyish visit. Throughout his stay he seemed to be coming up against the façade of the Temple of Neptune; but it was the Patent Office, or the Treasury Building, or the White House, and under the gay Southern sky this reversion to the sensations of a happier time began at once, and made itself a lasting relief. He felt a lift in his spirits from the first. They gave him a room at Wormley's, where the chairs comported themselves as self-respectfully upon two or three legs as they would have done at Boston upon four; the cooking was excellent, and a mercenary welcome glittered from all the kind black faces about him. After the quiet of Ponkwasset and the rush of New York, the lazy ease of the hotel pleased him; the clack of boots over its pavements, the clouds of tobacco smoke, the Southern and Western accents, the spectacle of people unexpectedly encountering and recognizing each other in the office and the dining-room, all helped to restore him to a hopefuler mood. Without asking his heart too curiously why, he found it lighter; he felt that he was still young.

In the weather he had struck a cold wave, and the wind was bitter in the streets, but they were full of sun; he found the grass green in sheltered places, and in one of the circles he plucked a blossomed spray from an adventurous forsythia. This happened when he was walking from Wormley's to the Arlington by a roundabout way of his own involuntary invention, and he had the flowers in his button-hole when Lafflin was pointed out to him in the reading-room there, and he introduced himself. Lafflin had put his hat far back on his head, and was intensely chewing a toothpick, with an air of rapture from everything about him. He seemed a very simple soul to Dan's inexperience of men, and the young fellow had no difficulty in committing him to a fair conditional arrangement. He was going to stay some days in Washington, and he promised other interviews, so that Dan thought it best to stay too. He used a sheet of the Arlington letter-paper in writing his father of what he had done; and then, as Lafflin had left him, he posted his letter at the clerk's desk, and wandered out through a corridor different from that which he had come in by. It led by the door of the ladies' parlor, and at the sound of women's voices Dan halted. For no other reason than that such voices always irresistibly allured him, he went in, putting on an air of having come to look for some one. There were two or three groups of ladies receiving friends in different parts of the room. At the window a girl's figure silhouetted itself against the keen light, and as he advanced into the room, peering about, it turned with a certain vividness that seemed familiar. This young lady, whoever she was, had the advantage of Dan in seeing him with the light on his face, and he was still in the dark about her, when she advanced swiftly upon him, holding out her hand.

"You don't seem to know your old friends, Mr. Mavering," and the manly tones left him no doubt.

He felt a rush of gladness, and he clasped her hand and clung to it as if he were not going to let it go again, bubbling out incoherencies of pleasure at meeting her. "Why, Miss Anderson! You here? What a piece of luck! Of course I couldn't see you against the window—make you out! But something looked familiar—and the way you turned! And when you started toward me! I'm awfully glad! When —where are you—that is—"

Miss Anderson kept laughing with him, and bubbled back that she was very glad too, and she was staying with her aunt in that hotel, and they had been there a month, and didn't he think Washington was charming? But it was too bad he had just got there with that blizzard. The weather had been perfectly divine till the day before yesterday.

He took the spray of forsythia out of his button-hole. "I can believe it. I found this in one of the squares, and I think it belongs to you." He offered it with a bow and a laugh, and she took it in the same humor.

"What is the language of forsythia?" she asked.

"It has none—only expressive silence, you know."

A middle-aged lady came in, and Miss Anderson said, "My aunt, Mr. Mavering."

"Mr. Mavering will hardly remember me," said the lady, giving him her hand. He protested that he should indeed, but she had really made but a vague impression upon him at Campobello. He knew that she was there with Miss Anderson; he had been polite to her, as he was to all women; but he had not noticed her much, and in his heart he had a slight for her,

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as compared with the Boston people he was more naturally thrown with; he certainly had not remembered that she was a little hard of hearing.

Miss Van Hook was in a steel-gray effect of dress, and she had carried this up into her hair, of which she wore two short vertical curls on each temple.

She did not sit down, and Dan perceived that the ladies were going out. In her tailor-made suit of close-fitting serge, and her Paris bonnet carried like a crest on her pretty little head, Miss Anderson was charming. She had a short veil that came across the base of her lively nose, and left her mouth and chin to make the most of themselves, unprejudiced by its irregularity.

Dan felt it a hardship to part with them, but he prepared to take himself off. Miss Anderson asked him how long he was to be in Washington, and said he must come to see them; they meant to stay two weeks yet, and then they were going to Old Point Comfort; they had their rooms engaged.

He walked down to their carriage with the ladies and put them into it, and Miss Anderson still kept him talking there.

Her aunt said: "Why shouldn't you come with us, Mr. Mavering? We're going to Mrs. Secretary Miller's reception."

Dan gave himself a glance. "I don't know—if you want me?"

"We want you," said Miss Anderson.

"Very well, then, I'll go."

He got in, and they began rolling over that smooth Washington asphalt which makes talk in a carriage as easy as in a drawing-room. Dan kept saying to himself, "Now she's going to bring up Campobello"; but Miss Anderson never recurred to their former meeting, and except for the sense of old acquaintance which was manifest in her treatment of him, he might have thought that they had never met before. She talked of Washington and its informal delights, and of those plans which her aunt had made, like every one who spends a month in Washington, to spend all the remaining winters of her life there.

It seemed to Dan that Miss Anderson was avoiding Campobello on his account; he knew from what Alice had told him that there had been much surmise about their affair after he had left the island, and he suspected that Miss Anderson thought the subject was painful to him. He wished to reassure her. He asked at the first break in the talk about Washington, "How are the Trevors?"

"Oh, quite well," she said, promptly availing herself of the opening. "Have you seen any of our Campobello friends lately in Boston?"

"No; I've been at home for the last month—in the country." He scanned her face to see if she knew anything of his engagement. But she seemed honestly ignorant of everything since Campobello; she was not just the kind of New York girl who would visit in Boston, or have friends living there; probably she had never heard of his engagement. Somehow this seemed to simplify matters for Dan. She did not ask specifically after the Pasmers; but that might have been because of the sort of break in her friendship with Alice after that night at the Trevors'; she did not ask specifically after Mrs. Brinkley or any of the others.

At Mrs. Secretary Miller's door there was a rapid arrival and departure of carriages, of coupés, of hansoms, and of herdics, all managed by a man in plain livery, who opened and shut the doors, and sent the drivers off without the intervention of a policeman: it is the genius of Washington, which distinguishes it from every other capital, from every other city, to make no show of formality, of any manner of constraint anywhere. People were swarming in and out, coming and going on foot as well as by carriage. The blandest of colored uncles received their cards in the hall and put them into a vast tray heaped up with pasteboard, smiling affectionately upon them as if they had done him a favor.

"Don't you *like* them?" asked Dan of Miss Anderson: he meant the Southern negroes.

"I *adoye* them," she responded, with equal fervor. "You must study some new types here for next summer," she added.

Dan laughed, and winced too. "Yes!" Then he said, solemnly, "I am not going to Campobello next summer."

They fell into a stream of people tending toward an archway between the drawing-rooms, where Mrs. Secretary Miller stood with two lady friends who were helping her receive. They smiled wearily but kindly upon the crowd, for whom the Secretary's wife had a look of impartial hospitality. She could not have

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known more than one in fifty; and she met them all with this look at first, breaking into incredulous recognition when she found a friend. "Don't go away yet," she said, cordially, to Miss Van Hook and her niece, and she held their hands for a moment with a gentle look of relief and appeal which included Dan. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Tolliver and to Miss Dixon."

These ladies said that it was not necessary in regard to Miss Anderson and Miss Van Hook; and as the crowd pushed them on, Dan felt that they had been received with distinction.

The crowd expressed the national variety of rich and poor, plain and fashionable, urbane and rustic; they elbowed and shouldered each other upon a perfect equality in a place where all were as free to come as to the White House; and they jostled quaint groups of almond-eyed legations in the yellows and purples of the East, who looked dreamily on as if puzzled past all surmise by the scene. Certain young gentlemen with the unmistakable air of being European or South American *attachés* found their way about on their little feet, which the stalwart boots of the republican masses must have imperilled, and smiled with a faint diplomatic superiority, not visibly admitted, but all the same indisputable. Several of these seemed to know Miss Anderson, and took her presentation of Mavering with exaggerated effusion.

"I want to introduce you to my cousin over yonder," she said, getting rid of a minute Brazilian under-secretary, and putting her hand on Dan's arm to direct him: "Mrs. Justice Averill."

Miss Van Hook, keeping her look of severe vigilance, really followed her energetic niece, who took the lead, as a young lady must whenever she and her chaperon meet on equal terms.

Mrs. Justice Averill, who was from the far West somewhere, received Dan with the ease of the far East, and was talking London and Paris to him before the end of the third minute. It gave Dan a sense of liberation, of expansion; he filled his lungs with the cosmopolitan air in a sort of intoxication; without formulating it, he felt, with the astonishment which must always attend the Bostonian's perception of the fact, that there is a great social life in America outside of Boston. At Campobello he had thought Miss Anderson a very jolly girl, bright, and up to all sorts of things, but in the presence of the portable Boston there he could not help regarding her with a sort of tolerance, which he now blushed for: he thought he had been a great ass. She seemed to know all sorts of nice people, and she strove with generous hospitality to make him have a good time. She said it was Cabinet day, and that all the Secretaries' wives were receiving, and she told him he had better make the rounds with them. He assented very willingly, and at six o'clock he was already so much in the spirit of this free and simple society, so much opener and therefore so much wiser than any other, that he professed a profound disappointment with the two or three Cabinet ladies whose failure to receive brought his pleasure to a premature close.

"But I suppose you're going to Mrs. Whittington's to-night?" Miss Anderson said to him, as they drove up to Wormley's, where she set him down. Miss Van Hook had long ceased to say anything: Dan thought her a perfect duenna. "You know you can go late there," she added.

"No, I can't go at all," said Dan. "I don't know them."

"They're New England people," urged Miss Anderson, as if to make him try to think that he was asked to Mrs. Whittington's.

"I don't know more than half the population of New England," said Dan, with apparent levity, but real forlornness.

"If you'd like to go—if you're sure you've no other engagement—"

"Oh, I'm certain of that!"

"—We would come for you."

"Do!"

"At half past ten, then."

Miss Anderson explained to her aunt, who cordially confirmed her invitation, and they both shook hands with him upon it, and he backed out of the carriage with a grin of happiness on his face; it remained there while he wrote out the order for his dinner, which they require at Wormley's in holograph. The waiter reflected his smile with ethnical warm-heartedness. For a moment Dan tried to think what it was he had forgotten; he thought it was some other dish; then he remembered that it was his broken heart. He tried to subdue himself; but there was something in the air of the place, the climate, perhaps, or a pleasant sense of its facile social life, that kept him buoyant

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in spite of himself. He went out after dinner, and saw part of a poor play, and returned in time to dress for his appointment with Miss Anderson. Her aunt was with her, of course; she seemed to Dan more indefatigable than she was by day. He could not think her superfluous, and she was very good-natured. She made little remarks full of conventional wisdom, and appealed to his judgment on several points as they drove along. When they came to a street lamp where she could see him, he nodded and said yes, or no, respectfully. Betweentimes he talked with Miss Anderson, who lectured him upon Washington society, and prepared him for the difference he was to find between Mrs. Whittington's evening of invited guests and the cabinet ladies' afternoon of volunteer guests.

"Volunteer guests is good," he laughed. "Do you mean that anybody can go?"

"Anybody that is able to be about. This is Cabinet day. There's a Supreme Court day, and a Senators' day, and a Representatives' day. Do you mean to say you weren't going to call upon your Senator?"

"I didn't know I had any."

"Neither did I till I came here. But you've got two; everybody's got two. And the President's wife receives three times a week, and the President has two or three days. They say the public days at the White House are great fun. I've been to some of the invited, or semi-invited, or official evenings."

He could not see that difference from the great public receptions which Miss Anderson had promised him, at Mrs. Whittington's, though he pretended afterward that he had done so. The people were more uniformly well dressed, there were not so many of them, and the hostess was sure of knowing her acquaintances at first glance; but there was the same ease, the same unconstraint, the same absence of provincial anxiety, which makes Washington a lighter and friendlier London. There were rather more sallow *attachés;* in their low-cut white waistcoats, with small brass buttons, they moved more consciously about, and looked weightier personages than several foreign ministers who were present.

Dan was soon lost from the side of Miss Anderson, who more and more seemed to him important socially. She seemed, in her present leadership, to know more of life than he; to be maturer. But she did not abuse her superiority; she kept an effect of her last summer's friendliness for him throughout. Several times, finding herself near him, she introduced him to people.

Guests kept arriving till midnight. Among the latest, when Dan had lost himself far from Boston in talk with a young lady from Richmond, who spoke with a slur of her vowels that fascinated him, came Mr. and Mrs. Brinkley. He felt himself grow pale and inattentive to his pretty Virginian. That accent of Mrs. Brinkley's recalled him to his history. He hoped that she would not see him; but in another moment he was greeting her with a warmth which Bostonians seldom show in meeting at Boston.

"When did you come to Washington?" she asked, trying to keep her consciousness out of her eyes, which she let dwell kindly upon him.

"Day before yesterday—no, yesterday. It seems a month, I've seen and done so much," he said, with his laugh. "Miss Anderson's been showing me the whole of Washington society. Have you been here long?"

"Since morning," said Mrs. Brinkley. And she added, "Miss Anderson?"

"Yes—Campobello, don't you know?"

"Oh, yes. Is she here to-night?"

"I came with her and her aunt."

"Oh, yes."

"How is all Boston?" asked Dan, boldly.

"I don't know; I'm just going down to Old Point Comfort to ask. Every other house on the Back Bay has been abandoned for the Hygeia." Mrs. Brinkley stopped, and then she asked, "Are you just up from there?"

"No; but I don't know but I shall go."

"Hello, Mavering!" said her husband, coming up and taking his hand into his fat grasp. "On your way to Fortress Monroe? Better come with us. Why, Munt!"

He turned to greet this other Bostonian, who had hardly expressed his joy at meeting with his fellow-townsmen when the hostess rustled softly up, and said, with the irony more or less friendly which everybody uses in speaking of Boston, or recognizing the intellectual pre-eminence of its people, "I'm not going to let you keep this feast of reason all to yourselves. I want you to leaven the whole

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lump," and she began to disperse them, and to introduce them about right and left.

Dan tried to find his Virginian again, but she was gone. He found Miss Anderson; she was with her aunt. "Shall we be tearing you away?" she asked.

"Oh no. I'm quite ready to go."

His nerves were in a tremble. Those Boston faces and voices had brought it all back again; it seemed as if he had met Alice. He was silent and incoherent as they drove home, but Miss Anderson apparently did not want to talk much, and apparently did not notice his reticence.

He fell asleep with the pang in his heart which had been there so often.

When Dan came down to breakfast he found the Brinkleys at a pleasant place by one of the windows, and after they had exchanged a pleased surprise with him that they should all happen to be in the same hotel, they asked him to sit at their table.

There was a bright sun shining, and the ache was gone out of Dan's heart. He began to chatter gayly with Mrs. Brinkley about Washington.

"Oh, better come on to Fortress Monroe," said her husband. "Better come on with us."

"No, I can't just yet," said Dan. "I've got some business here that will keep me for a while. Perhaps I may run down there a little later."

"Miss Anderson seems to have a good deal of business in Washington too," observed Brinkley, with some hazy notion of saying a pleasant rallying thing to the young man. He wondered at the glare his wife gave him. With those panned oysters before him he had forgotten all about Dan's love affair with Miss Pasmer.

Mrs. Brinkley hastened to make the mention of Miss Anderson as impersonal as possible.

"It was so nice to meet her again. She *is* such an honest, wholesome creature, and so bright, and full of sense. She always made me think of the broad daylight. I always liked that girl."

"Yes; *isn't* she jolly?" said Dan, joyously. "She seems to know everybody here. It's a great piece of luck for me. They're going to take a house in Washington next winter."

"Yes; I know that stage," said Mrs. Brinkley. "Her aunt's an amusingly New-Yorky respectability. I don't think you'd find just such Miss Mitford curls as hers in all Boston."

"Yes, they *are* like the portraits, aren't they?" said Dan, delighted. "She's very nice, don't you think?"

"Very. But Miss Anderson is more than that. I was disposed to be critical of her at Campobello for a while, but she wore extremely well. All at once you found yourself admiring her uncommon common-sense."

"Yes! That's just it!" cried Dan. "She *is* so sensible!"

"I think she's very pretty," said Mrs. Brinkley.

"Well, her nose," suggested Dan. "It seems a little—capricious."

"It's a trifle bizarre, I suppose. But what beautiful eyes! And her figure! I declare that girl's carriage is something superb."

"Yes, she has a magnificent walk."

"Walks with her carriage," mused Brinkley, aloud.

His wife did not regard him. "I don't know what Miss Anderson's principles are, but her practices are perfect. I never knew her do an unkind or shabby thing. She seems very good and very wise. And that deep voice of hers has such a charm. It's so restful. You feel as if you could repose upon it for a thousand years. Well! You *will* get down before we leave?"

"Yes, I will," said Dan. "I'm here after a man who's after a patent, and as soon as I can finish up my business with him I believe I *will* run down to Fortress Monroe."

"This eleven-o'clock train will get you there at six," said Brinkley. "Better telegraph for your rooms."

"Or, let us know," said Mrs. Brinkley, "and we'll secure them for you."

"Oh, *thank* you," said Dan.

He went away feeling that Mrs. Brinkley was the pleasantest woman he ever met. He knew that she had talked Miss Anderson so fully in order to take away the implication of her husband's joke, and he admired her tact. He thought of this as he loitered along the street from Wormley's to the Arlington, where he was going to find Miss Anderson, by an appointment of the night before, and take a walk with her; and thinking of tact made him think of Mrs. Pasmer. Mrs. Pasmer was full of tact; and how kind

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she had always been to him! She had really been like a mother to him; he was sure she had understood him; he believed she had defended him; with a futility of which he felt the pathos, he made her defend him now to Alice. Alice was very hard and cold, as when he saw her last; her mother's words fell upon her as upon a stone; even Mrs. Pasmer's tears, which Dan made her shed, had no effect upon the haughty girl. Not that he cared now.

The blizzard of the previous days had whirled away; the sunshine lay still, with a warm glisten and sparkle, on the asphalt which seemed to bask in it, and which it softened to the foot. He loitered by the gate of the little park or plantation where the statue of General Jackson is riding a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, and looked over at the French-Italian classicism of the White House architecture with a pensive joy at finding pleasure in it, and then he went on to the Arlington.

Miss Anderson was waiting for him in the parlor, and they went a long walk up the avenues and across half the alphabet in the streets, and through the pretty squares and circles, where the statues were sometimes beautiful and always picturesque, and the sparrows made a vernal chirping in the naked trees and on the green grass. In two or three they sat down on the iron benches and rested.

They talked and talked—about the people they knew, and of whom they found that they thought surprisingly alike, and about themselves, whom they found surprisingly alike in a great many things, and then surprisingly unlike. Dan brought forward some points of identity which he and Alice had found in themselves; it was just the same with Miss Anderson. She found herself rather warm with the seal-skin sacque she had put on; she let him carry it on his arm while they walked, and then lay it over her shoulders when they sat down. He felt a pang of self-reproach, as if he had been inconstant to Alice. This was an old habit of feeling, formed during the months of their engagement, when, at her inspiration, he was always bringing himself to book about something. He replied to her bitterly, in the colloquy which began to hold itself in his mind, and told her that she had no claim upon him now; that if his thoughts wandered from her it was her fault, not his; that she herself had set them free. But in fact he was like all young men, with a thousand potentialities of loving. There was no aspect of beauty that did not tenderly move him; he could not help a soft thrill at the sight of any pretty shape, the sound of any piquant voice; and Alice had merely been the synthesis of all that was most charming to his fancy. This is a truth which it is the convention of the poets and the novelists to deny; but it is also true that she might have remained the sum of all that was loveliest if she would, or if she could.

It was chiefly because she would not or could not that his glance recognized the charm of Miss Anderson's back hair, both in its straying gossamer and in the loose mass in which it was caught up under her hat, when he laid her sacque on her shoulders. They met that afternoon at a Senator's, and in the house of a distinguished citizen, to whose wife Dan had been presented at Mrs. Whittington's, and who had somehow got his address, and sent him a card for her evening. They encountered here with a jocose old friendliness, and a profession of being tired of always meeting Miss Anderson and Mr. Mavering. He brought her salad and ice, and they made an appointment for another walk in the morning, if it was fine. He carried her some flowers. A succession of fine days followed, and they walked every morning. Sometimes Dan was late, and explained that it was his patent-right man had kept him. She was interested in the patent-right man, whom Dan began to find not quite so simple as at first, but she was not exacting with him about his want of punctuality; she was very easy-going; she was not always ready herself. When he began to beat about the bush, to talk insincerities, and to lose himself in intentionless plausibilities, she waited with serene patience for him to have done, and met him on their habitual ground of frankness and reality as if he had not left it. He got to telling her all his steps with his patent-right man, who seemed to be growing more and more slippery, and who presently developed a demand for funds. Then she gave him some very shrewd, practical advice, and told him to go right into the hotel office and telegraph to his father while she was putting on her bonnet.

"Yes," he said, "that's what I thought of doing." But he admired her for advising him; he said to himself that Miss

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Anderson was the kind of girl his father would admire. She was good, and she was of the world too; that was what his father meant. He imagined himself arriving home and saying, "Well, father, you know that despatch I sent you about Lafflin's wanting money?" and telling him about Miss Anderson. Then he fancied her acquainted with his sisters and visiting them, and his father more and more fond of her, and perhaps in declining health, and eager to see his son settled in life; and he pictured himself telling her that he had done with love forever, but if she could accept respect, fidelity, gratitude, he was ready to devote his life to her; she refused him, but they always remained good friends and comrades; she married another, perhaps Boardman—while Dan was writing out his telegram, and he broke into whispered maledictions on his folly, which attracted the notice of the operator.

One morning when he sent up his name to Miss Anderson, whom he did not find in the hotel parlor, the servant came back with word that Miss Van Hook would like to have him come up to their rooms. But it was Miss Anderson who met him at the door.

"It seemed rather formal to send you word that Miss Van Hook was indisposed, and Miss Anderson would be unable to walk this morning, and I thought perhaps you'd rather come up and get my regrets in person. And I wanted you to see our view."

She led the way to the window for it, but they did not look at it, though they sat down there apparently for the purpose. Dan put his hat beside his chair, and observed some inattentive civilities in inquiring after Miss Van Hook's health, and in hearing that it was merely a bad headache, one of a sort in which her niece hated to leave her to serve herself with the wet compresses which Miss Van Hook always wore on her forehead for it.

"One thing: it's decided us to be off for Fortress Monroe at last. We shall go by the boat to-morrow, if my aunt's better."

"To-morrow?" said Dan. "What's to become of me when you're gone?"

"Oh, we shall not take the whole population with us," suggested Miss Anderson.

"I wish you would take me. I told Mrs. Brinkley I would come while she was there, but I'm afraid I can't get off. Lafflin is developing into all sorts of strange propositions."

"I think you'd better look out for that man," said Miss Anderson.

"Oh, I do nothing without consulting my father. But I shall miss you."

"Thank you," said the girl, gravely.

"I don't mean in a business capacity only."

They both laughed, and Dan looked about the room, which he found was a private hotel parlor, softened to a more domestic effect by the signs of its prolonged occupation by two refined women. On a table stood a leather photograph envelop with three cabinet pictures in it. Along the top lay a spray of withered forsythia. Dan's wandering eyes rested on it. Miss Anderson went and softly closed the door opening into the next room.

"I was afraid our talking might disturb my aunt," she said, and on her way back to him she picked up the photograph case and brought it to the light. "These are my father and mother. We live at Yonkers; but I'm with my aunt a good deal of the time in town—even when I'm at home." She laughed at her own contradictory statement, and put the case back without explaining the third figure—a figure in uniform. Dan conjectured a military brother, or from her indifference perhaps a militia brother, and then forgot about him. But the partial Yonkers residence accounted for traits of unconventionality in Miss Anderson which he had not been able to reconcile with the notion of an exclusively New York breeding. He felt the relief, the sympathy, the certainty of intelligence which every person whose life has been partly spent in the country feels at finding that a suspected cockney has also had the outlook into nature and simplicity.

On the Yonkers basis they became more intimate, more personal, and Dan told her about Ponkwasset Falls, and his mother and sisters; he told her about his father, and she said she should like to see his father; she thought he must be like her father.

All at once, and for no reason that he could think of afterward, except, perhaps, the desire to see the case with her eyes, he began to tell her of his affair with Alice, and how and why it was broken off; he told the whole truth in regard to that, and did not spare himself.

She listened without once speaking, but

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without apparent surprise at the confidence, though she may have felt surprised. At times she looked as if her thoughts were away from what he was saying.

He ended with: "I'm sure I don't know why I've told you all this. But I wanted you to know about me. The worst."

Miss Anderson said, looking down, "I always thought she was a very conscientious giyl." Then, after a pause, in which she seemed to be overcoming an embarrassment in being obliged to speak of another in such a conviction: "I think she was very moybid. She was like ever so many New England giyls that I've met. They seem to want some excuse for suffering, and they must suffer, even if it's through somebody else. I don't know; they're romantic, New England giyls are; they have too many ideals."

Dan felt a balm in this; he too had noticed a superfluity of ideals in Alice; he had borne the burden of realizing some of them; they all seemed to relate in objectionable degree to his perfectionation. So he said, gloomily: "She was very good. And I was to blame."

"Oh yes!" said Miss Anderson, catching her breath in a queer way; "she seyved you right."

She rose abruptly, as if she had heard her aunt speak, and Dan perceived that he had been making a long call.

He went away dazed and dissatisfied; he knew now that he ought not to have told Miss Anderson about his affair, unless he meant more by his confidence than he really did—unless he meant to follow it up.

He took leave of her, and asked her to make his adieux to her aunt; but the next day he came down to the boat to see them off. It seemed to him that their interview had ended too hastily; he felt sore and restless over it; he hoped that something more conclusive might happen. But at the boat Miss Anderson and her aunt were inseparable. Miss Van Hook said she hoped they should soon see him at the Hygeia, and he replied that he was not sure that he should be able to come, after all.

Miss Anderson called something after him as he turned from them to go ashore. He ran back eagerly to know what it was. "Better look out for that Mr. Lafflin of yours," she repeated.

"Oh! oh yes," he said, indefinitely disappointed. "I shall keep a sharp eye on *him*." He was disappointed, but he could not have said what he had hoped or expected her to say. He was humbled before himself for having told Miss Anderson about his affair with Alice, and had wished she would say something that he might scramble back to his self-esteem upon. He had told her all that partly from mere weakness, from his longing for the sympathy which he was always so ready to give, and partly from the willingness to pose before her as a broken heart, to dazzle her by the irony and persiflage with which he could treat such a tragical matter; but he could not feel that he had succeeded. The sum of her comment had been that Alice had served him right. He did not know whether she really believed that, or merely said it to punish him for some reason; but he could never let it be the last word. He tingled as he turned to wave his handkerchief to her on the boat, with the suspicion that she was laughing at him; and he could not console himself with any hero of a novel who had got himself into just such a box. There were always circumstances, incidents, mitigations, that kept the hero still a hero, and ennobled the box into an unjust prison cell.

L.

On the long sunny piazza of the Hygeia Mrs. Brinkley and Miss Van Hook sat and talked in a community of interest which they had not discovered during the summer before at Campobello, and with an equality of hearing which the sound of the waves washing almost at their feet established between them. In this pleasant noise Miss Van Hook heard as well as any one, and Mrs. Brinkley gradually realized that it was the trouble of having to lift her voice that had kept her from cultivating a very agreeable acquaintance before. The ladies sat in a secluded corner, wearing light wraps that they had often found comfortable at Campobello in August, and from time to time attested to each other their astonishment that they needed no more at Old Point in early April.

They did this not only as a just tribute to the amiable climate, but as a relief from the topic which had been absorbing them, and to which they constantly returned.

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"No," said Mrs. Brinkley, with a sort of finality, "I think it is the best thing that could possibly have happened to him. He is bearing it in a very manly way, but I fancy he has felt it deeply, poor fellow. He's never been in Boston since, and I don't believe he'd come here if he'd any idea how many Boston people there were in the hotel—we swarm! It would be very painful to him."

"Yes," said Miss Van Hook, "young people seem to feel those things."

"Of course he's going to get over it. That's what young people do too. At his age he can't help being caught with every pretty face and every pretty figure, even in the midst of his woe, and it's only a question of time till he seizes some pretty hand and gets drawn out of it altogether."

"I think that would be the case with my niece too," said Miss Van Hook, "if she wasn't kept in it by a sense of loyalty. I don't believe she really cares much for Lieutenant Willing any more; but he sees no society where he's stationed, of course, and his constancy is a—a rebuke and a—a—an incentive to her. They were engaged a long time ago—just after he left West Point—and we've always been in hopes that he would be removed to some post where he could meet other ladies and become interested in some one else. But he never has, and so the affair remains. It's most undesirable they should marry, and in the mean time she won't break it off, and it's spoiling her chances in life."

"It is too bad," sighed Mrs. Brinkley; "but of course you can do nothing. I see that."

"No, we can do nothing. We have tried everything. I used to think it was because she was so dull there at Yonkers with her family, and brooded upon the one idea all the time, that she could not get over it; and at first it did seem when she came to me that she would get over it. She is very fond of gayety—of young men's society; and she's had plenty of little flirtations that didn't mean anything, and never amounted to anything. Every now and then a letter would come from the wilds where he was stationed, and spoil it all. She seemed to feel a sort of chivalrous obligation because he was so far off and helpless and lonely."

"Yes, I understand," said Mrs. Brinkley. "What a pity she couldn't be made to feel that that didn't deepen the obligation at all!"

"I've tried to make her," said Miss Van Hook, "and I've been everywhere with her. One winter we were up the Nile, and another in Nice, and last winter we were in Rome. She met young men everywhere, and had offers upon offers; but it was of no use. She remained just the same, and till she met Mr. Mavering in Washington I don't believe—"

Miss Van Hook stopped, and Mrs. Brinkley said, "And yet she always seemed to me particularly practical and level-headed—as the men say."

"So she is. But she is really very romantic about some things; and when it comes to a matter of that kind, girls are about all alike, don't you think?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Brinkley, hopelessly; and both ladies looked out over the water, where the waves came rolling in one after another to waste themselves on the shore as futilely as if they had been lives.

In the evening Miss Anderson got two letters from the clerk, at the hour when the ladies all flocked to his desk with the eagerness for letters which is so engaging in them. One she pulled open and glanced at with a sort of impassioned indifference; the other she read in one intense moment, and then ran it into her pocket, and with her hand still on it hurried vividly flushing to her room, and read and read it again with constantly mounting emotion.

"WORMLEY'S HOTEL, *Washington, April* 7, 188–.

"DEAR MISS ANDERSON,—I have been acting on your parting advice to look out for that Mr. Lafflin of mine, and I have discovered that he is an unmitigated scamp. Consequently there is nothing more to keep me in Washington, and I should now like your advice about coming to Fortress Monroe. Do you find it malarial? On the boat your aunt asked me to come, but you said nothing about it, and I was left to suppose that you did not think it would agree with me. Do you still think so? or what do you think? I know you think it was uncalled-for and in extremely bad taste for me to tell you what I did the other day; and I have thought so too. There is only one thing that could justify it—that is, I think it might justify it—if you thought so. But I do not feel sure that you would like to know it, or, if you knew it, would like it.

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I've been rather slow coming to the conclusion myself, and perhaps it's only the beginning of the end, and not the conclusion—if there is such a difference. But the question now is whether I may come and tell you what I think it is—justify myself, or make things worse than they are now. I don't know that they can be worse, but I think I should like to try. I think your presence would inspire me.

"Washington is a wilderness since Miss——Van Hook left. It is not a howling wilderness simply because it has not enough left in it to howl; but it has all the other merits of a wilderness.

"Yours sincerely,

"D. F. MAVERING."

After a second perusal of this note, Miss Anderson recurred to the other letter which she had neglected for it, and read it with eyes from which the tears slowly fell upon it. Then she sat a long time at her table with both letters before her, and did not move, except to take her handkerchief out of her pocket and dry her eyes, from which the tears began at once to drip again. At last she started forward, and caught pen and paper toward her, biting her lip and frowning as if to keep herself firm; and she said to the central figure in the photograph case which stood at the back of the table, "I will, I *will! You* are a *man*, anyway."

She sat down, and by a series of impulses she wrote a letter, with which she gave herself no pause till she put it in the clerk's hands, to whom she ran down-stairs with it, kicking her skirt into wild whirls as she ran, and catching her foot in it and stumbling.

"Will it go—go to-night?" she demanded, tragically.

"Just in time," said the clerk, without looking up, and apparently not thinking that her tone betrayed any unusual amount of emotion in a lady posting a letter; he was used to intensity on such occasions.

The letter ran:

"DEAR MR. MAVERING,—We shall now be here so short a time that I do not think it advisable for you to come.

"Your letter was rather enigmatical, and I do not know whether I understood it exactly. I suppose you told me what you did for good reasons of your own, and I did not think much about it. I believe the question of taste did not come up in my mind.

"My aunt joins me in kindest regards.

"Yours very sincerely,

"JULIA V. H. ANDERSON."

P.S.—I think that I ought to return your letter. I know that you would not object to my keeping it, but it does not seem right. I wish to ask your congratulations. I have been engaged for several years to Lieutenant Willing, of the army. He has been transferred from his post in Montana to Fort Hamilton at New York, and we are to be married in June.

"J. V. H. A."

The next morning Mrs. Brinkley came up from breakfast in a sort of duplex excitement, which she tried to impart to her husband; he stood with his back toward the door, bending forward to the glass for a more accurate view of his face, from which he had scraped half the lather in shaving.

She had two cards in her hand. "Miss Van Hook and Miss Anderson have gone. They went this morning. I found their P. P. C.'s by my plate."

Mr. Brinkley made an inarticulate noise for comment, and assumed the contemptuous sneer which some men find convenient for shaving the lower lip.

"And guess who's come, of all people in the world?"

"I don't know," said Brinkley, seizing his chance to speak.

"The Pasmers!—Alice and her mother! Isn't it awful?"

Mr. Brinkley had entered upon a very difficult spot at the corner of his left jaw. He finished it before he said, "I don't see anything awful about it, so long as Pasmer hasn't come too."

"But Dan Mavering! He's in Washington, and he may come down here any day. Just think how shocking that would be!"

"Isn't that rather a theory?" asked Mr. Brinkley, finding such opportunities for conversation as he could. "I dare say Mrs. Pasmer would be very glad to see him."

"I've no *doubt* she would," said Mrs. Brinkley. "But it's the worst thing that could happen—for him. And I feel like writing him not to come—telegraphing him."

"You know how the man made a fortune in Chicago," said her husband, dry-

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ing his razor tenderly on a towel before beginning to strop it. "I advise you to let the whole thing alone. It doesn't concern us in any way whatever."

"Then," said Mrs. Brinkley, "there ought to be a committee to take it in hand and warn him."

"I dare say you could make one up among the ladies. But don't be the first to move in the matter."

"I really believe," said his wife, with her mind taken off the point by the attractiveness of a surmise which had just occurred to her, "that Mrs. Pasmer would be capable of following him down if she knew he was in Washington."

"Yes, if she knew. But she probably doesn't."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brinkley, disappointedly. "I think the sudden departure of the Van Hooks must have had something to do with Dan Mavering."

"Seems a very influential young man," said her husband. "He attracts and repels people right and left. Did you speak to the Pasmers?"

"No; you'd better, when you go down. They've just come into the dining-room. The girl looks like death."

"Well, I'll talk to her about Mavering. That 'll cheer her up."

Mrs. Brinkley looked at him for an instant as if she really thought him capable of it. Then she joined him in his laugh.

LI.

Mrs. Brinkley had theorized Alice Pasmer as simply and primitively selfish, like the rest of the Pasmers in whom the family traits prevailed.

When Mavering stopped coming to her house after his engagement, she justly suspected that it was because Alice had forbidden him, and she had rejoiced at the broken engagement as an escape for Dan; she had frankly said so, and she had received him back into full favor at the first moment in Washington. She liked Miss Anderson, and she had hoped, with the interest which women feel in every such affair, that her flirtation with him might become serious. But now this had apparently not happened. Julia Anderson was gone with mystifying precipitation, and Alice Pasmer had come with an unexpectedness which had the aspect of fatality.

Mrs. Brinkley felt bound, of course, since there was no open enmity between them, to meet the Pasmers on the neutral ground of the Hygeia with conventional amiability. She was really touched by the absent wanness of the girl's look, and by the later-coming recognition which shaped her mouth into a pathetic smile. Alice did not look like death quite, as Mrs. Brinkley had told her husband, with the necessity her sex has for putting its superlatives before its positives; but she was pale and thin, and she moved with a languid step when they all met at night, after Mrs. Brinkley had kept out of the Pasmers' way during the day.

"She has been ill all the latter part of the winter," said Mrs. Pasmer to Mrs. Brinkley that night in the corner of the spreading hotel parlors, where they found themselves. Mrs. Pasmer did not look well herself; she spoke with her eyes fixed anxiously on the door Alice had just passed out of. "She is going to bed, but I know I shall find her awake whenever I go."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Brinkley, "this soft, heavy sea-air will put her to sleep." She tried to speak dryly and indifferently, but she could not; she was, in fact, very much interested by the situation, and she was touched, in spite of her distaste for them both, by the evident unhappiness of mother and daughter. She knew what it came from, and she said to herself that they deserved it; but this did not altogether fortify her against their pathos. "I can hardly keep awake myself," she added, gruffly.

"I hope it may help her," said Mrs. Pasmer; "the doctor strongly urged our coming."

"Mr. Pasmer isn't with you?" said Mrs. Brinkley, feeling that it was decent to say something about him.

"No; he was detained." Mrs. Pasmer did not explain the cause of his detention, and the two ladies slowly waved their fans a moment in silence. "Are there many Boston people in the house?" Mrs. Pasmer asked.

"It's full of them," cried Mrs. Brinkley.

"I had scarcely noticed," sighed Mrs. Pasmer; and Mrs. Brinkley knew that this was not true. "Alice takes up all my thoughts," she added; and this might be true enough. She leaned a little forward, and asked, in a low, entreating

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voice, over her fan, "Mrs. Brinkley, have you seen Mr. Mavering lately?"

Mrs. Brinkley considered this a little too bold, a little too brazen. Had they actually come South in pursuit of him? It was shameless, and she let Mrs. Pasmer know something of her feeling in the shortness with which she answered, "I saw him in Washington the other day—for a moment." She shortened the time she had spent in Dan's company so as to cut Mrs. Pasmer off from as much comfort as possible, and she stared at her in open astonishment.

Mrs. Pasmer dropped her eyes and fingered the edge of her fan with a submissiveness that seemed to Mrs. Brinkley the perfection of duplicity; she wanted to shake her. "I knew," sighed Mrs. Pasmer, "that you had always been such a friend of his."

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back; Mrs. Brinkley felt her moral vertebræ give way; she almost heard them crack; but if there was really a detonation, she drowned the noise with a harsh laugh. "Oh, he had *other* friends in Washington. I met him everywhere with Miss Anderson." This statement conflicted with the theory of her single instant with Dan, but she felt that in such a cause, in the cause of giving pain to a woman like Mrs. Pasmer, the deflection from exact truth was justifiable. She hurried on: "I rather expected he might run down here, but now that they're gone, I don't suppose he'll come. You remember Miss Anderson's aunt, Miss Van Hook?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Pasmer.

"She was here with her."

"Miss Van Hook was such a New York type—of a certain kind," said Mrs. Pasmer. She rose, with a smile at once so conventional, so heroic, and so pitiful that Mrs. Brinkley felt the remorse of a generous victor.

She went to her room, hardening her heart, and she burst in with a flood of voluble exasperation that threatened all the neighboring rooms with overflow.

"Well," she cried, "they have shown their hands completely. They have simply come here to hound Dan Mavering down, and get him into their toils again. Why, the woman actually said as much! But I fancy I have given her a fit of insomnia that will enable her to share her daughter's vigils. Really, such impudence I never heard of!"

"Do you want everybody in the corridor to hear of it?" asked Brinkley, from behind a newspaper.

"I know *one* thing," continued Mrs. Brinkley, dropping her voice a couple of octaves. "They will never get him here, if *I* can help it. He won't come, anyway, now Miss Anderson is gone; but I'll make assurance doubly sure by writing him *not* to come; I'll tell him they've gone, and that we are going too."

"You had better remember the man in Chicago," said her husband.

"Well, this *is* my business—or I'll *make* it my business!" cried Mrs. Brinkley. She went on talking rapidly, rising with great excitement in her voice at times, and then remembering to speak lower; and her husband apparently read on through most of her talk, though now and then he made some comment that seemed of almost inspired aptness.

"The way they both made up to me was disgusting. But I know the girl is just a tool in her mother's hands. Her mother seemed actually passive in comparison. For skilful wheedling I could fall down and worship that woman; I really admire her. As long as the girl was with us she kept herself in the background and put the girl at me. It was simply a masterpiece."

"How do you know she put her at you?" asked Brinkley.

"How? By the way she seemed *not* to do it! And because from what I know of that stupid Pasmer pride it would be perfectly impossible for any one who *was* a Pasmer to take her deprecatory manner toward me of herself. You ought to have seen it! It was simply perfect."

"Perhaps," said Brinkley, with a remote dreaminess, "she was truly sorry."

"Truly stuff! No, indeed; she hates me as much as ever—more!"

"Well, then, maybe she's doing it because she hates you—doing it for her soul's good—sort of penance, sort of atonement to Mavering."

Mrs. Brinkley turned round from her dressing-table to see what her husband meant, but the newspaper hid him. We all know that our own natures are mixed and contradictory, but we each attribute to others a logical consistency which we never find in any one out of the novels. Alice Pasmer was cold and reticent, and

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Mrs. Brinkley, who had lived half a century in a world full of paradoxes, could not imagine her subject to gusts of passionate frankness; she knew the girl to be proud and distant, and she could not conceive of an abject humility and longing for sympathy in her heart. If Alice felt, when she saw Mrs. Brinkley, that she had a providential opportunity to punish herself for her injustice to Dan, the fact could not be established upon Mrs. Brinkley's theory of her. If the ascetic impulse is the most purely selfish impulse in human nature, Mrs. Brinkley might not have been mistaken in suspecting her of an ignoble motive, though it might have had for the girl the last sublimity of self-sacrifice. The woman who disliked her and pitied her knew that she had no arts, and rather than adopt so simple a theory of her behavior as her husband had advanced, she held all the more strenuously to her own theory that Alice was practising her mother's arts.

This was inevitable, partly from the sense of Mrs. Pasmer's artfulness which everybody had, and partly from the allegiance which we pay—and women especially like to pay—to the tradition of the playwrights and the novelists that social results of all kinds are the work of deep, and more or less darkling design on the part of other women—such other women as Mrs. Pasmer.

Mrs. Brinkley continued to talk, but the god spoke no more from behind the newspaper; and afterward Mrs. Brinkley lay a long time awake, hardening her heart. But she was haunted to the verge of her dreams by that girl's sick look, by her languid walk, and by the effect which she had seen her own words take upon Mrs. Pasmer—an effect so admirably disowned, so perfectly obvious. Before she could get to sleep she was obliged to make a compromise with her heart, in pursuance of which, when she found Mrs. Pasmer at breakfast alone in the morning, she went up to her, and said, holding her hand a moment, "I hope your daughter slept well last night?"

"No," said Mrs. Pasmer, slipping her hand away, "I can't say that she did."

There was probably no resentment expressed in the way she withdrew her hand, but the other thought there was.

"I wish I could do something for her," she cried.

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Pasmer. "It's very good of you." And Mrs. Brinkley fancied she smiled rather bitterly.

LII.

Mrs. Brinkley went out upon the seaward veranda of the hotel with this bitterness of Mrs. Pasmer's smile in her thoughts; and it disposed her to feel more keenly the quality of Miss Pasmer's smile. She found the girl standing there at a remote point of that long stretch of planking, and looking out over the water; she held with both hands across her breast the soft chuddah shawl which the wind caught and fluttered away from her waist. She was alone, and as Mrs. Brinkley's compunctions goaded her nearer, she fancied that she saw Alice master a primary dislike in her face, and put on a look of pathetic propitiation. She did not come forward to meet Mrs. Brinkley, who liked better her waiting to be approached; but she smiled gratefully when Mrs. Brinkley put out her hand, and she took it with a very cold one.

"You must find it chilly here," said the elder woman.

"I had better be out in the air all I could, the doctor said," answered Alice.

"Well, then, come with me round the corner; there's a sort of recess there, and you won't be blown to pieces," said Mrs. Brinkley, with authority. They sat down together in the recess, and she added: "I used to sit here with Miss Van Hook; she could hear better in the noise the waves made. I hope it isn't too much for you?"

"Oh no," said Alice. "Mamma said you told her they were here." Mrs. Brinkley reassured herself from this; Miss Van Hook's name had rather slipped out; but of course Mrs. Pasmer had not repeated what she had said about Dan in this connection. "I wish I could have seen Julia," Alice went on. "It would have been quite like Campobello again."

"Oh, quite," said Mrs. Brinkley, with a short breath, and not knowing whither this tended. Alice did not leave her in doubt.

"I should like to have seen her, and begged her pardon for the way I treated her the last part of the time there. I feel as if I could make my whole *life* a reparation," she added, passionately.

Mrs. Brinkley believed that this was the mere frenzy of sentimentality, the ex-

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altation of a selfish asceticism; but at the break in the girl's voice and the aversion of her face she could not help a thrill of motherly tenderness for her. She wanted to tell her that she was an unconscious humbug, bent now as always on her own advantage, and really indifferent to others; she also wanted to comfort her, and tell her that she exaggerated, and was not to blame. She did neither, but when Alice turned her face back, she seemed encouraged by Mrs. Brinkley's look to go on: "I didn't appreciate her then; she was very generous and high-minded—too high-minded for me to understand, even. But we don't seem to know how good others are till we wrong them."

"Yes, that is very true," said Mrs. Brinkley. She knew that Alice was obviously referring to the breach between herself and Miss Anderson following the night of the Trevor theatricals, and the dislike for her that she had shown with a frankness some of the ladies had thought brutal. Mrs. Brinkley also believed that her words had a tacit meaning, and she would have liked to have the hardness to say she had seen an unnamed victim of Alice doing his best to console the other she had specified. But she merely said, dryly, "Yes; perhaps that's the reason why we're allowed to injure people."

"It must be," said Alice, simply. "Did Miss Anderson ever speak of me?"

"No, I can't remember that she ever did." Mrs. Brinkley did not feel bound to say that she and Miss Van Hook had discussed her at large, and agreed perfectly about her.

"I should like to see her; I should like to write to her."

Mrs. Brinkley felt that she ought not to suffer this intimate tendency in the talk.

"You must find a great many other acquaintances in the hotel, Miss Pasmer."

"Some of the Frankland girls are here, and the two Bellinghams. I have hardly spoken to them yet. Do you think that where you have even been in the right, if you have been harsh, if you have been hasty, if you haven't made allowances, you ought to offer some atonement?"

"Really, I can't say," said Mrs. Brinkley, with a smile of distaste. "I'm afraid your question isn't quite in my line of thinking; it's more in Miss Cotton's way. You'd better ask her some time."

"No," said Alice, sadly; "she would flatter me."

"Ah? I always supposed she was very conscientious."

"She's conscientious, but she likes me too well."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Brinkley to herself, "then you know I don't like you, and you'll use me in one way, if you can't in another. Very well!" But she found the girl's trust touching somehow, though the sentimentality of her appeal seemed as tawdry as ever.

"I knew you would be just," added Alice, wistfully.

"Oh, I don't know about atonements!" said Mrs. Brinkley, with an effect of carelessness. "It seems to me that we usually make them for our own sake."

"I have thought of that," said Alice, with a look of expectation.

"And we usually astonish other people when we offer them."

"Yes?"

"Either they don't like it, or else they don't feel so much injured as we had supposed."

"Oh, but there's no question—"

"If Miss Anderson—"

"Miss Anderson? Oh—oh yes!"

"If Miss Anderson—*for example*," pursued Mrs. Brinkley, "felt aggrieved with you— But really I've no right to enter into your affairs, Miss Pasmer."

"Oh, yes, yes! do! I asked you to," the girl implored.

"I doubt if it will help matters for her to know that you regret anything; and if she shouldn't happen to have thought that you were unjust to her, it would make her uncomfortable for nothing."

"Do you think so?" asked the girl, with a disappointment that betrayed itself in her voice and eyes.

"I never feel myself competent to advise," said Mrs. Brinkley. "I can criticise—anybody can—and I do, pretty freely; but advice is a more serious matter. Each of us must act from herself—from what she thinks is right."

"Yes, I see. Thank you so much, Mrs. Brinkley."

"After all, we have a right to do ourselves good, even when we pretend that it's good to others, if we don't do them any harm."

"Yes, I see." Alice looked away, and then seemed about to speak again; but one of Mrs. Brinkley's acquaintance came

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up, and the girl rose with a frightened air and went away.

"Alice's talk with you this morning did her *so* much good!" said Mrs. Pasmer, later. "She has always felt so badly about Miss Anderson!"

Mrs. Brinkley saw that Mrs. Pasmer wished to confine the meaning of their talk to Miss Anderson, and she assented, with a penetration of which she saw that Mrs. Pasmer was gratefully aware.

She grew more tolerant of both the Pasmers as the danger of greater intimacy from them, which seemed to threaten at first, seemed to pass away. She had not responded to their advances, but there was no reason why she should not be civil to them; there had never been any open quarrel with them. She often found herself in talk with them, and was amused to note that she was the only Bostonian whom they did not keep aloof from.

It could not be said that she came to like either of them better. She still suspected Mrs. Pasmer of design, though she developed none beyond manœuvring Alice out of the way of people whom she wished to avoid; and she still found the girl, as she had always thought her, an egotist whose best impulses toward others had a final aim in herself. She thought her very crude in her ideas—cruder than she had seemed at Campobello, where she had perhaps been softened by her affinition with the gentler and kindlier nature of Dan Mavering. Mrs. Brinkley was never tired of saying that he had made the most fortunate escape in the world, and though Brinkley owned he was tired of hearing it, she continued to say it with a great variety of speculation. She recognized that in most girls of Alice's age many traits are in solution, waiting their precipitation into character by the chemical contact which time and chances must bring, and that it was not fair to judge her by the present ferment of hereditary tendencies; but she rejoiced all the same that it was not Dan Mavering's character which was to give fixity to hers. The more she saw of the girl the more she was convinced that two such people could only make each other unhappy; from day to day, almost from hour to hour, she resolved to write to Mavering and tell him not to come.

She was sure that the Pasmers wished to have the affair on again, and part of her fascination with a girl whom she neither liked nor approved was her belief that Alice's health had broken under the strain of her regrets and her despair. She did not get better from the change of air; she grew more listless and languid, and more dependent upon Mrs. Brinkley's chary sympathy. The older woman asked herself again and again what made the girl cling to her? Was she going to ask her finally to intercede with Dan? or was it really a despairing atonement to him, the most disagreeable sacrifice she could offer, as Mr. Brinkley had stupidly suggested? She believed that Alice's selfishness and morbid sentiment were equal to either.

Brinkley generally took the girl's part against his wife, and in a heavy, jocose way tried to cheer her up. He did little things for her; fetched and carried chairs and cushions and rugs, and gave his attentions the air of pleasantries. One of his offices was to get the ladies' letters for them in the evening, and one night he came in beaming with a letter for each of them where they sat together in the parlor. He distributed them into their laps.

"Hello! I've made a mistake," he said, putting down his hand to take back the letter he had dropped in Miss Pasmer's lap. "I've given you my wife's letter."

The girl glanced at it, gave a moaning kind of cry, and fell back in her chair, hiding her face in her hands.

Mrs. Brinkley possessed herself of the other letter, and though past the age when ladies wish to kill their husbands for their stupidity, she gave Brinkley a look of massacre which mystified even more than it murdered his innocence. He had to learn later from his wife's more explicit fury what the women had all known instantly.

He showed his usefulness in gathering Alice up and getting her to her mother's room.

"*Oh*, Mrs. Brinkley," implored Mrs. Pasmer, following her to the door, "*Is* Mr. Mavering coming here?"

"I don't know—I can't say—I haven't read the letter yet."

"Oh, *do* let me know when you've read it, won't you? I don't know what we shall do."

Mrs. Brinkley read the letter in her own room. "You go down," she said to her husband, with unabated ferocity, "and telegraph Dan Mavering at Worm-

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ley's *not to come.* Say we're going away at once."

Then she sent Mrs. Pasmer a slip of paper on which she had written, "Not coming."

It has been the experience of every one to have some alien concern come into his life and torment him with more anxiety than any affair of his own. This is, perhaps, a hint from the Infinite Sympathy which feels for us all, that none of us can hope to free himself from the troubles of others, that we are each bound to each by ties which, for the most part, we cannot perceive, but which, at the moment their stress comes, we cannot break.

Mrs. Brinkley lay awake and raged impotently against her complicity with the unhappiness of that distasteful girl and her more than distasteful mother. In her revolt against it she renounced the interest she had felt in that silly boy, and his ridiculous love business, so really unimportant to her whatever turn it took. She asked herself what it mattered to her whether those children marred their lives one way or another way. There was a lurid moment before she slept when she wished Brinkley to go down and recall her telegram; but he refused to be a fool at so much inconvenience to himself.

Mrs. Brinkley came to breakfast feeling so much more haggard than she found either of the Pasmers looking that she was able to throw off her lingering remorse for having told Mavering not to come. She had the advantage also of doubt as to her precise motive in having done so; she had either done so because she had judged it best for him not to see Miss Pasmer again, or else she had done so to relieve the girl from the pain of an encounter which her mother evidently dreaded for her. If one motive seemed at moments outrageously meddling and presumptuous, the other was so nobly good and kind that it more than counterbalanced it in Mrs. Brinkley's mind, who knew very well, in spite of her doubt, that she had acted from a mixture of both. With this conviction, it was both a comfort and a pang to find by the register of the hotel, which she furtively consulted, that Dan had not arrived by the morning boat, as she groundlessly feared and hoped he might have done.

In any case, however, and at the end of all the ends, she had that girl on her hands more than ever; and believing as she did that Dan and Alice had only to meet in order to be reconciled, she felt that the girl whom she had balked of her prey was her innocent victim. What right had she to interfere? Was he not her natural prey? If he liked being a prey, who was lawfully to forbid him? He was not perfect; he would know how to take care of himself, probably; in marriage things equalized themselves. She looked at the girl's thin cheeks and lack-lustre eyes, and pitied and hated her with that strange mixture of feeling which our victims inspire in us.

She walked out on the veranda with the Pasmers after breakfast, and chatted awhile about indifferent things; and Alice made an effort to ignore the event of the night before with a pathos which wrung Mrs. Brinkley's heart, and with a gay resolution which ought to have been a great pleasure to such a veteran dissembler as her mother. She said she had never found the air so delicious; she really believed it would begin to do her good now; but it was a little fresh just there, and with her eyes she invited her mother to come with her round the corner into that sheltered recess, and invited Mrs. Brinkley not to come.

It was that effect of resentment which is lighter even than a touch, the waft of the arrow's feather; but it could wound a guilty heart, and Mrs. Brinkley sat down where she was, realizing with a pang that the time when she might have been everything to this unhappy girl had just passed forever, and henceforth she could be nothing. She remained musing sadly upon the contradictions she had felt in the girl's character, the confusion of good and evil, the potentialities of misery and harm, the potentialities of bliss and good; and she felt less and less satisfied with herself. She had really presumed to interfere with Fate; perhaps she had interfered with Providence. She would have given anything to recall her act; and then with a flash she realized that it was quite possible to recall it. She could telegraph Mavering to come; and she rose, humbly and gratefully, as if from an answered prayer, to go and do so.

She was not at all a young woman, and many things had come and gone in her life that ought to have fortified her against surprise; but she wanted to scream like a little frightened girl as Dan Mavering stepped out of the parlor door toward her. The habit of not screaming, however, prevailed, and she made a tolerably success-

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ful effort to treat him with decent composure.

She gave him a rigid hand. "Where in the *world* did you come from? Did you get my telegram?"

"No. Did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I took a notion to come right on after I wrote, and I started on the same train with it. But they said it was no use trying to get into the Hygeia, and I stopped last night at the little hotel in Hampton. I've just walked over, and Mr. Brinkley told me you were out here somewhere. That's the whole story, I believe." He gave his nervous laugh, but it seemed to Mrs. Brinkley that it had not much joy in it.

"Hush!" she said, involuntarily, receding to her chair, and sinking back into it again. He looked surprised. "You know the Van Hooks are gone?"

He laughed harshly. "I should think they were dead from your manner, Mrs. Brinkley. But I didn't come to see the Van Hooks. What made you think I did?"

He gave her a look which she found so dishonest, so really insincere, that she resolved to abandon him to Providence as soon as she could. "Oh, I didn't know but there had been some little understanding at Washington."

"Perhaps on their part. They were people who seemed to take a good many things for granted, but they could hardly expect to control other people's movements."

He looked sharply at Mrs. Brinkley, as if to question how much she knew; but she had now measured him, and she said, "Oh! then the visit's to me?"

"Entirely," cried Dan. The old sweetness came into his laughing eyes again, and went to Mrs. Brinkley's heart. She wished him to be happy, somehow; she would have done anything for him; she wished she knew what to do. Ought she to tell him the Pasmers were there? Ought she to make up some excuse and get him away before he met them? She felt herself getting more and more bewildered and helpless. Those women might come round that corner any moment, and then she knew that the first sight of Alice's face would do or undo everything with Dan. Did she wish them reconciled? Did she wish them forever parted? She no longer knew what she wished; she only knew that she had no right to wish anything. She continued to talk on with Dan, who grew more and more at ease, and did most of the talking, while Mrs. Brinkley's whole being narrowed itself to the question, Would the Pasmers come back that way, or would they go round the farther corner, and get into the hotel by another door?

The suspense seemed interminable; they must have already gone that other way. Suddenly she heard the pushing back of chairs in that recess. She could not bear it. She jumped to her feet.

"Just wait a moment, Mr. Mavering! I'll join you again. Mr. Brinkley is expecting— I must—"

One morning of the following June Mrs. Brinkley sat well forward in the beautiful church where Dan and Alice were to be married. The lovely day became a still lovelier day within, enriched by the dyes of the stained windows through which it streamed; the still place was dim yet bright with it; the figures painted on the walls had a soft distinctness; a body of light seemed to irradiate from the depths of the dome like lamp-light.

There was a subdued murmur of voices among the people in the pews; they were in a sacred edifice without being exactly at church, and they might talk; now and then a muffled, nervous laugh escaped. A delicate scent of flowers from the masses in the chancel mixed with the light and the prevailing silence. There was a soft, continuous rustle of drapery as the ladies advanced up the thickly carpeted aisles on the arms of the young ushers and compressed themselves into place in the pews.

Two or three people whom she did not know were put into the pew with Mrs. Brinkley, but she kept her seat next the aisle; presently an usher brought up a lady who sat down beside her, and then for a moment or two seemed to sink and rise, as if on the springs of an intense excitement.

It was Miss Cotton, who, while this process of quiescing lasted, appeared not to know Mrs. Brinkley. When she became aware of her, all was lost again. "Mrs. *Brinkley!*" she cried, as well as one can cry in whisper. "Is it *possible?*"

"I have my doubts," Mrs. Brinkley whispered back. "But we'll suppose the case."

"Oh, it's *all* too good to be true! How

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I envy you being the means of bringing them together, Mrs. Brinkley!"

"Means?"

"Yes; they owe it all to you; you needn't try to deny it; he's told every one!"

"I was sure *she* hadn't," said Mrs. Brinkley, remembering how Alice had marked an increasing ignorance of any part she might have had in the affair from the first moment of her reconciliation with Dan; she had the effect of feeling that she had sacrificed enough to Mrs. Brinkley; and Mrs. Brinkley had been restored to all the original strength of her conviction that she was a solemn little unconscious egotist, and Dan was as unselfish and good as he was unequal to her exactions.

"Oh *no!*" said Miss Cotton. "She couldn't!" implying that Alice would be too delicate to speak of it.

"Do you see any of his family here?" asked Mrs. Brinkley.

"Yes; over there—up front." Miss Cotton motioned with her eyes toward a pew in which Mrs. Brinkley distinguished an elderly gentleman's down-misted bald head and the back of a young lady's bonnet. "His father and sister; the other's a bridemaid; mother bed-ridden and couldn't come."

"They might have brought her in an arm-chair," suggested Mrs. Brinkley, ironically, "on such an occasion. But perhaps they don't take much interest in such a patched-up affair."

"Oh, yes they do!" exclaimed Miss Cotton. "They idolize Alice."

"And Mrs. Pasmer and Mister, too?"

"I don't suppose that so much matters."

"They know how to acquiesce, I've no doubt."

"Oh yes! You've heard? The young people are going abroad first with her family for a year, and then they come back to live with his—where the Works are."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Brinkley.

"Why, Mrs. Brinkley, do you still feel that way?" asked Miss Cotton, with a certain distress. "It seems to me that if ever two young people had the promise of happiness, *they* have. Just see what their love has done for them already!"

"And you still think that in these cases love can do everything?"

Miss Cotton was about to reply, when she observed that the people about her had stopped talking. The bridegroom, with his best man, in whom his few acquaintances there recognized Boardman with some surprise, came over the chancel from one side.

Miss Cotton bent close to Mrs. Brinkley and whispered rapidly: "Alice found out Mr. Mavering wished it, and insisted on his having him. It was a great concession, but she's perfectly magnanimous. Poor fellow! how he *does* look!"

Alice, on her father's arm, with her bridemaids, of whom the first was Minnie Mavering, mounted the chancel steps, where Mr. Pasmer remained standing till he advanced to give away the bride. He behaved with great dignity, but seemed deeply affected; the ladies in the front pews said they could see his face twitch; but he never looked handsomer.

The two clergymen came from the back of the chancel in their white surplices. The ceremony proceeded to the end.

The young couple drove at once to the station, where they were to take the train for New York, and wait there a day or two for Mrs. and Mr. Pasmer before they all sailed.

As they drove along, Alice held Dan's wrist in the cold clutch of her trembling little ungloved hand, on which her wedding-ring shone. "Oh, dearest! let us be good!" she said. "I will try my best. I will try not to be exacting and unreasonable, and I know I can. I won't even make any conditions, if you will always be frank and open with me, and tell me everything!"

He leaned over and kissed her behind the drawn curtains. "I will, Alice! I will indeed! I won't keep anything from you after this."

He resolved to tell her all about Julia Anderson at the right moment, when Alice was in the mood, and as soon as he thoroughly understood what he had really meant himself.

If he had been different she would not have asked him to be frank and open; if she had been different, he might have been frank and open. This was the beginning of their married life.

THE END.

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A MAN AND TWO BROTHERS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

I KNEW Lucius Vick slightly. He was not a very tall man, but, being slender, his figure gained part of an imaginary cubit in height. His slenderness, too, was interesting; it approached emaciation sufficiently to throw the main lines of his face into a pathetic relief. And then, besides, he always wore a band of crape around his tall silk hat. There was a tradition, amounting almost to dogmatic belief, among his friends that at some remote period he had assumed this adornment in celebration—or in memory—of the decease of a relative who had left him money. But several years passed; the supposed legacy remained as intangible as the supposed relative. Vick was unable to point to a single member of his family who had died lately enough to justify the crape which he still displayed; and at last, after wondering fruitlessly whom he was in mourning for, we concluded that it must be for himself.

How we happened to reach this conclusion shall now be related. He was a pleasant, contented fellow, rather timid and never very jolly, but gifted with a charm of quiet, unobtrusive companionableness which made him a favorite. "Come around to my shop," he would say—in fact, he said it much too often—"and have a ball." And his shop not being a shop at all, but simply a cheerful bachelor apartment, his friends generally accepted the invitation—not, as the words might suggest, to dance, but to stimulate themselves with superfluous liquids. No one thought he amounted to much; yet his ways were quaint and unexpected, and there was a sort of mystery about him—a mystery as to why we liked him so unanimously; as to the crape on his hat; and as to his means of subsistence.

"How does Vick live?" asked Talbot one day, at the Pimento Club (a small social institution which was designed to contribute to the spice of life). "I mean, how does he get his money?"

No one could give a satisfactory answer until Charlie McIven, who was busy missing, by way of practice, a series of fine shots on the billiard-table, turned round and said: "His brothers support him."

Talbot: "Curious! Never even heard of 'em. Have you ever seen 'em? Anybody ever seen 'em?"

"Yes," said McIven, missing another shot; "I believe I have. They're so much alike, though, I can hardly tell whether I've seen one of them twice, or both of them once. The elder—Fred—keeps a hotel, and the younger one—Ted—has a hardware store down in Murray Street or Warren Street, or some place like that. They haven't got any position. Heavy men, physically and financially, but that's all. Now, Vicky, you see, doesn't know how to do anything for himself, except dress in the morning and spend money the rest of the day. Utter failure in business! So the fraternal pair put up for him. They expect to get their money back in the social line, I guess. Vicky's the gentleman of the family: they think he can give 'em prestige. D'you catch on?"

"Yes; but suppose his brothers get tired of the expense?" Talbot queried. "Won't they throw him over?"

"Oh, they never," said McIven, "could be so cruel as that to poor little Vicky!"

Why did he call him "poor little Vicky"? Lucius was generally thought to lead a pleasant, comfortable life, and to be by no means a subject for pity. But after this I began to regard him with a tinge of compassion, though I hardly knew why. The first sign of uneasiness that I noticed in him was one winter day when I met him at the arrow-point between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, at Twenty-third Street. He had a greenish bag under his arm almost as lean and angular as himself, through the folds of which I could trace the anatomy of a pair of skates.

"Going up to the Manhattan Grounds," he said. "Can't you come along? Miss Emery will be there with her brother."

This was a factitious inducement; for although Miss Emery, by virtue of a large inheritance, was a person to dazzle the sordid mind, she was not otherwise very attractive. But Vick pressed the invitation with a plaintive tone and an air of anxiety. Small wistful lines, like incipient crow's-feet, appeared at the corners of his eyes, and he seemed to be distressed.

I suspected that for some reason he did not relish the prospect of an afternoon's devotion to Miss Emery alone; but I couldn't join him. So he left me, with a

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parting admonition to attend without fail the annual dinner of the Pimento the next evening. "I'm going to preside, you know," he reminded me. He had, in fact, been chosen to perform that duty, though more by accident than design. We had no regular president, and the chairman for the dinner was selected by ballot. This year, apparently to the surprise of the members, Vick came out ahead in the voting. But it was a delectable affair, that dinner of the Pimento, and all agreed that Vick presided well. In one of his speeches, however, he made some lofty remarks about the individual liberty of Americans which struck us as being "dragged in." "Every one in this country," he observed without contradiction, "is a free man. Even the poorest cannot be made a slave. We have no caste or cast-iron classes [laughter], no hereditary estates, no clannish rule. With us there can be no nefarious plots like those so frequent in Europe to govern the members of a family in a particular way. The individual cannot be coerced by his relatives." And so he went on repeating those commonplaces which are daily proved to be untrue, but are accepted without question just the same.

Within a week after that speech Vick disappeared. It was not a disappearance in the ordinary sense, but in New York a man, without becoming an object for detective search, may vanish with a suddenness and completeness that rival the feats of the Hindoo adepts. He need not go through the wall or climb a rope thrown into the air. All he has to do is to step aside from the beaten track. He leaves the streets in which he has been wont to walk; he takes up his abode in the French quarter south of Washington Square, or invades the Irish, Italian, or German colonies east of the Bowery; possibly he emigrates to Yorkville and Harlem. And there he may revolve and have his being, in a corner of the metropolis, safe from discovery. His friends may expect to meet him in Europe, or they may look for him casually in other cities; but unless some serious interest be involved, they will never think of going after him to First Avenue. In the case of Vick the serious interest was lacking. His former associates felt a good deal of curiosity as to his whereabouts, but everybody supposed that he would soon turn up again, and no search was made.

His luxurious little apartment remained empty. The dust collected more and more in spots. The blinds were drawn, except over half of one window, where the light with a forgetful air strayed in, giving its languid attention to a bit of polished furniture here and there, a few good pictures on the walls, and the neglected decanter and glasses on a low lacquered table by the fireplace. The janitor said he thought Mr. Vick was out of town, for his brothers had not seen him. They had both been there inquiring for him—one or both, janitor couldn't tell which, because they looked so much alike. But Mr. Vick himself had come back twice within ten days, each time at night, and each time he had carried away a picture, without leaving word where he was going.

This information only increased the mystery surrounding Vick. The next clew was obtained by Charlie McIven, who, passing one of the smaller picture shops one day, noticed a canvas in the window which struck him as familiar. The subject was a young man, well dressed, pausing on the sidewalk to give alms to another man, a beggar, who had coiled himself up miserably on the low glass and iron platform running along the front of a huge, imposing store, the windows of which were full of splendid fabrics. It was called "A Man and a Brother," and the artist had brought out the point ingeniously, by giving the mendicant's furrowed face an odd resemblance to that of his benefactor.

"By thunder!" exclaimed McIven, "that's one of Vicky's pictures." And so it was. He went into the shop and learned that it was for sale.

In a few days it found a purchaser, and another piece from Vick's collection took its place in the window. The inference was plain. Vick had been driven to raise money by the sale of his effects. But the picture-dealer could give no hint as to Vick's whereabouts, and weeks went by before anything more was heard of our missing friend. Then it chanced that an unusual business matter obliged me to go a long distance up Third Avenue, quite out of my customary orbit. In returning to the elevated station to come downtown I suddenly encountered Vick. He was just emerging from a "Ladies' and Gents' Dining-room," in front of which a time-stained placard announced "Breakfast 20c. Regular dinner, 35c."

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"How do you happen here?" he inquired, in astonishment, as if *I* were the one who had disappeared.

"Suppose you do your explaining first," I suggested.

"Pity we didn't meet sooner," he returned, absently. "You would have dined with me." Here he waved his hand with careless hospitality at the uncheerful eating-house.

"Do you dine at this hour?" I asked. (It was only two o'clock.)

"Yes. Better for the health, you know. Doctors advise it."

My sympathy was aroused. "Are you ill?" I asked.

"No, not exactly." Then, with a burst of confidence, he continued: "The fact is, I get so deuced hungry that I can't wait."

He did not look well; I thought he might be suffering for want of proper food; but with benevolent duplicity, I said: "Hungry? That's a good sign."

"Oh yes," he answered. "Why, my appetite is away up in the nineties. You've no idea how this change of air agrees with me. I could eat old boots. I could eat a tomato can!" And he made a jocose dab at one which adorned an ash-barrel on the curb, and caught it on the point of his cane. "By-the-way, ever seen this cane? There's a sword in it, but I defy anybody to find it—police or anybody. I've had more fun with that cane!...."

It occurred to me that he was avoiding the chief subject of interest. "So you're living here," I said. "I want to hear what you've been doing since you left us all. Suppose you come and have a glass of beer, and we'll talk things over."

"No, thanks," said Vick. "I don't drink any more. Besides, what is there to talk over?"

"Well, one very obvious thing is that everybody is wondering what has become of you. Isn't there some quiet place where we can sit down and chat? Where are you staying?"

"Over there," he answered, pointing vaguely toward the remoter east of Second Avenue with his occult cane, as if he challenged me to ferret out his abode any more easily than I could find the hidden sword. "Let's walk down the street together."

To this compromise I consented. But, "Give me that cane a moment," I proposed, after a few steps, "and see if I can open it."

The puzzle was not difficult. I found the spring immediately, and began to unsheathe the tiny blade. "There, there, that 'll do!" he said, laughing languidly. "There aren't many can get at it as easily as you have."

"Now look here," I said; "your concealment is transparent. Can't you see that I know something has gone wrong with you? Don't try to keep up this secrecy. Perhaps I might be of some use to you. My advice," I added, by way of precaution, "would be disinterested, because I'm poor and haven't got any money to lend."

Vick turned his eyes upon me with a slight flash of wrath. "Confound it! Wait till I ask, can't you!"

"Ask for what—advice?" I responded. "Come, now, it was clumsy of me, I admit; but I meant well. What's the use of having friends unless you rely on them?"

"No use. And for that reason I don't have any friends."

Waiting a little, I began again: "Is it anything about—about Miss Emery?"

"What made you think that?" he demanded, virtually admitting that I was right.

"It was only a guess," I said. "I thought you looked depressed. It's a disappointment, I suppose."

"Disappointment!" cried Vick. "Not much. I'm one of the most successful suitors ever born."

"What's the trouble, then?" I inquired.

"Why, just that. I'm *too* successful. All I've got to do is to say the word and Miss Emery will have me—have me hard and fast. There's exactly the point—I don't *want* to say the word."

"Very well," said I. "The situation is simple. All that's required is to keep silent."

"But you don't know," he protested, piteously; and from this he went on gradually to disclose the inmost source of his unhappiness. "My brothers insist on my marrying her, and they're trying to force me to. They've supplied me with money for years. I can't make any myself, you know." At this point he gazed into my eyes with a childlike trust, as if he felt sure that his last statement would rather endear him to me than otherwise. "And the only way I can repay them, you see, is to marry rich. They act as if they had a mortgage on me; but I don't

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take the same view of it. *I* never borrowed the money; never gave 'em any notes. They just handed out the cash, and I used it. Lord love you, *I* never expected to pay it back. How could I?"

Again he faced me with that trustful expression, deepened by something of helpless injury. I nodded. "So you've beaten a retreat, eh? You want to keep out of their reach?"

"No, *sir*," was the reply. "I ain't afraid. First off I didn't let 'em know where I'd gone to, but I've sent them the address now. I have simply fallen back on my own resources."

Privately I was lost in wonder as to what his resources were, the only item that I could think up being the pictures. "But what do you propose to do in the end?" I asked.

"Fight it out on this line. That's all."

We had reached Forty-third Street, and he stopped abruptly, saying, "This is my boundary." Nothing would induce him to pass it, and we parted with a mutual agreement that I should keep his secret, and that he should let me hear further from him. My last glimpse of him showed me his tall hat, with that persistent band of crape upon it, between the hurrying shoulders of the crowd.

Vix e conspectu of the more decorous portion of the city there lies a region of crisscross streets, between Fourth Avenue and the East River, upward extended to the watery bounds of Westchester. There is nothing very reprehensible about this neighborhood, beyond the fact that it makes no concealment of its inferiority—a social but not a legal crime. Even when you have gone from Fifth Avenue as far as Lexington, you do not quite lose the sweet security of the dream that life is wholly an affair of smooth-swept flags and imbecile brown-stone fronts. Walk on a few rods, and the brown-stone illusion fades away. You stand on Third Avenue gazing down a long array of shops, disorderly with out-door displays of goods, show-cases, placards heralding an aggressive cheapness. The panting and rushing elevated trains, the hasty shamble of dowdy horse-cars, contribute to the effect of an ill-conditioned and confused existence. Streams of shabby people move to and fro at all hours; and even when you look at the more prosperous among them, their broadcloth and velvet have a dusty, spurious air, and their gold watch chains, rings, pins—no matter how genuine—somehow seem like brass. In the side streets leading to the river rows of ill-favored tenements intervene between neat private houses, or (it may be) a few wooden dwellings in rural style that date from the suburban epoch. But the palaces hereabouts are the tobacco factories by the river, and the breweries which tower above everything else, covering, with their adjacent ice-houses, acres of ground. These breweries are monuments of prosperity. Sometimes there starts forth from the massive brick front an exuberant wooden image of Gambrinus, highly colored and gaudily crowned, holding a frothy beaker in his hand as he smiles down upon the obscure cares and miseries of a stifled population. Wreaths and clouds of steam float up, and are blown down again through the streets by wind gusts. The air is pervaded by a smell of boiling hops. It was here that Vicky had made his new habitation. It was here, in the single tenement room he had chosen to occupy, that his brothers sought him as soon as they got his address.

Two substantially clad men, of comfortable girth and fresh complexion, wearing uniform round-topped hats—these were Fred and Ted. They appeared at the corner, as from another world; marched down the dreary row of dull-faced houses, and picked out the number behind which Lucius had sheltered himself.

"Well, what has struck you *now*?" inquired Fred, when they had entered the barren little room and found Lucius shivering there.

Ted followed this up promptly. "What do you mean by coming to live in such a hole as this?" he asked.

"You know well enough," retorted Lucius. "I'm my own master, and shall do as I please."

Fred burst into profanity. "It's a disgrace to the family!" he declared.

"So I think too," said Lucius—"a disgrace that you two big fellows should get together and try to bully me. It's bad enough to bully any one; but to pitch into a useless sort of fellow like me—and your own brother! You're a great deal smarter than I am; but I guess there's one line of business I understand better than you, and that is deciding whether I want to marry or not."

"Oh, well, we been all over that before," said Fred.

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"Yes," Ted agreed; "we didn't come to hear the same old talk."

"What did you come for, then?" asked Lucius. "I didn't invite you."

The two successful brothers exchanged glances, and then contemplated the unsuccessful one. "Business," Ted explained—"that's what we come for."

"We been trying," said his portly ally, nestling comfortably into the depths of his overcoat, "to do our duty by you, Luce. We hev given you plenty of money, and no questions asked. You hain't wanted for nothing."

"That's so," Ted corroborated.

Fred continued: "But we've decided to stop right here. You got a chance now to set up in life and take yourself off our hands. If you don't choose to avail of it, why, we unload; that's all! From this time out you don't get no more allowance." He paused, to observe the effect of this announcement, and Ted also prepared to enjoy it.

But Lucius did not flinch. (The proceeds of his last picture sale were in his pocket.) He merely arranged one of his thin legs over the other as if to strengthen his position, and replied: "All right! Suit yourselves. Anything more?"

His massive opponents were somewhat disconcerted, and for the second time they consulted together by silent glances.

"Well, no; nothing more," said Fred.

"I guess that's about enough," Ted echoed, with a grin.

"Yes," said their brother, rising; "that's enough for to-day. Good-by."

"Got an engagement?" Fred asked him. "Going out?"

"No, I'm not going out. *You* are;" and he showed them the door.

The blood rushed to the faces of the two prosperous Vicks, and they were inclined to storm. But there was something about the slim figure, the pallid cheeks, and angry eyes of Lucius that overawed them, and they magnanimously withdrew. No sooner did they emerge into daylight from the street door at the end of a dark passage than they regained their usual happy spirits.

"We'll fix him yet," Ted announced, cheerfully.

"Oh yes," responded Fred, giving a fat, practical laugh; "*we'll* fix him."

The victory for the moment was with Lucius, and justly so; for however much right his brothers had to complain at his refusal to oblige them in return for their bounty, they had certainly tried to take a mean advantage over him. But he was dissatisfied nevertheless. The utter hopelessness of repaying his obligations chafed him, though he did not feel responsible for them; and he likewise was compelled, for the first time in his life, to face the problem of self-support. Fred's hotel and Ted's hardware store all at once assumed an importance which they had never before enjoyed in his eyes. He envied his brothers their ability to succeed. More than that, he began to envy the people of small means all around him upon whom he had hitherto looked down. They at least had something to do, and knew how to do it. Might it not be that he was in the wrong as well as his brothers? It is true they were trying the very un-American plan of coercing him into a marriage; but was he not equally un-American in not being able to take care of himself?

He had advanced thus far in his philosophy, when one day an iron gate opening through a high brick wall on Fifty-fifth Street attracted his attention. It was the old entrance to the grounds of a former country-seat, which had long ago been obliterated; but here were the old brick stone-capped abutments still, upon which the iron-work hinged, though the padlocked grating now gave a view only of a yard at the back of a brewery, where kegs and tuns were tumbled about in confusion. Across the yard were two small iron furnaces surmounted by caldrons, against another brick wall on which various implements were hanging—long-handled copper ladles and pokers. Spring had begun, and a little old man was at work by one of the furnaces, spreading the inside of the kegs with pitch. Vick thought, "How easy it would be to get a living that way!" His ambition was aroused.

A short time afterward I received the following note:

"SECOND AVENUE, *March* 17.

"DEAR ——,—I stir, but do not start; I seem to feel the thrill of penury along my keel—which the keel it is my spine, for I am flat on my back.

"I do not want your purse, but I would like your sympathy and advice. Do not put yourself out, but if it is just as easy, come up and see a poor fellow in whom I am interested. His name is

"LUCIUS VICK."

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I went at once, and was even prepared to lend him a little money; but I soon saw that in this I had made a mistake. Vick disclosed a mood which for him was entirely new. "I am ill," he said. In fact, he was lying abed. "But that isn't it; that's not the trouble. My brothers have gone back on me worse than ever. They have sold me out."

"How sold you out?"

"Well, they've made a clean sweep of everything in my rooms—carried it all off."

"But," I exclaimed, "they had no right to do that. You can sue them."

Vick waved his hand magnificently over the bedclothes. "No; let 'em take the stuff, if that's any satisfaction. They gave me the money that bought it. I won't stand on a technical point. *That* isn't the trouble."

"Then what *is* the trouble?"

"I want to get a place to work."

"To work!" This was indeed a surprise. "Where?"

"In Spiegel's brewery."

Questioning him, I found that he had applied for a place there, but they wouldn't take him. One of the partners, scrutinizing him and his dainty sword-cane skeptically, had said, "What *are* you, anyhow?" "Oh," he had answered, "I'm only a man." But this assertion had not proved convincing, and what he now wanted of me was some assistance in procuring a situation at the brewery.

I did what I could, and as the little old man who tarred the kegs was about to remove to a better place, Vick was installed in his stead, after receiving some instruction. Imagine him in a suit of overalls, a small round visored cap on his head, toiling away in the brewery yard! His oldest acquaintance would hardly have known him. The sword-cane and the tall hat with its mourning badge were laid aside; the whilom man of leisure looked as if he had been a laborer all his life; yet there was an amusing incongruity with his disguise in the spare face, the haughty nose, and the long mustache that drooped in a hesitating way over the corners of his mouth. The contrast which he made with the plethoric maltsters, truck-drivers, and ice-men about the place was in a high degree startling; but these burly fellows, after playing a few pranks on him, pitied and then made a pet of him. Altogether, among the humble folk his new neighbors, who had at first regarded him with suspicion, he came to occupy an interesting and curious attitude. In one way they looked down upon him as a sort of amateur, not a genuine article of working-man. In another, secretly and illogically, they looked up to him, because his descending from the plane of a "gentleman" to the position of a common "hand" seemed, in spite of all theory, like the bestowal of a favor on them.

But in proportion as he rose in their esteem, he declined in the regard of his old associates. I must confess that even I, though I had abetted him in his turpitude, could not repress a feeling of disdain. Talbot and McIven spoke of him with decent sadness, as of a man whom they had once known and liked; and his name was promptly dropped from the roll of the Pimento. But as for his brothers, they were simply furious. Here was their brother on whom they had lavished so much; he who had been their luxury, their anticipated pride; who was to have repaid them by raising them in the social scale; and, after all, he was doing just the opposite—dragging them down!

"Seems as if Luce was out of his head," the hotel-keeper gloomily remarked.

"Regularly off his cabez," the hardware-dealer acknowledged, in an equally despondent tone.

Then they both stroked their full soft beards for a moment, and helplessly contemplated one another's blooming complexions. At length they sent Lucius a letter, remonstrating with him on his course. But to this he paid no attention. A new interest had suddenly come into his life.

One chilly afternoon, turning his eyes from the inky caldron he was superintending toward the iron gate of the brewery yard, he saw a young woman standing there who watched him as he had once watched the little old man. It was only for an instant. As soon as she saw that she was observed, her rosy face and plain print gown disappeared behind the adjacent wall. But she came again another day, and another; and Vick began to look forward to these glimpses as he might to the shy appearance of the first spring bird or the sunshine of the awakening season. He made inquiries and discovered that she lived in one of several wooden houses across the street which were

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adorned with jig-saw porches. In front of this particular house a stout iron netting rose from the palings of the small door-yard to the top of the first story, where it curved back until it touched the clapboards, making a complete cage over the lower windows. It looked like a gigantic fly-trap.

"Who lif dere?" said the shoemaker who cobbled day and evening in a tiny shop at the entrance to Vick's tenement. "Why, Herr Graber, soobrintendent of de Hart Brauerei."

"And that young woman is his daughter, I suppose," said Vick.

"Ya; his daughter iss she."

"But why does he have that cage over the yard?"

"Oh, dat is of de flowers because; so Graber say — dat de boys not pick she. But my opinion after, it be that he haf fear of his daughter, and it is of dat aggount dat he haf de wire over dose windows put."

However this might be, Vick learned beyond a doubt that Graber was jealous of his daughter. His office was only a few doors from the house, and was provided with a bay-window, which served somewhat as a bastion commanding the approaches to the dwelling. There Graber—a ruddy-faced, gray-bearded man—might be seen moving restlessly about, or looking into the street, as if (behind the transparent green wire screens) he were an ancient fish in an aquarium, anxious to swim out through the glass. But no one had a word of dispraise for the daughter, Käthchen. On the contrary, the cobbler in the tiny shop testified to the high regard in which she was held; and so did the dapper matron at whose boarding-table Vick received his daily bread. The fault seemed to be on Graber's side. He was of higher social rank than most of his neighbors, and had ambitious views for Käthchen: he wanted her to marry a successful commercial traveller of his acquaintance. Hence his desire to keep her secluded from other possible entanglements. Moreover, Vick's informant whispered, Graber was a tyrant in every way, and had always been cruel to Käthchen.

How curious! Vick himself had been trying to escape from being forced into marriage; had fled from his haunts and forsaken his "class" for this reason; and now, in an entirely different walk of life, he found the same sort of thing attempted, with a young girl as the intended victim. The spectacle roused his sympathy and his ire. It gave him a new ambition too. If he could only rescue Käthchen from her ugly-tempered father and her impending fate! But how could that be done? How was he to acquire the power to do it? Now, indeed, the echo of his ringing commonplaces came back to him, and he saw how worthless they were. "Every one here is a free man.... We have no cast-iron classes.... The individual cannot be coerced by his relatives," etc. No classes? Why, he represented two of them himself, and his brothers represented another. From floating as a gay idler on the surface of the tide, where he was acknowledged to be superior to them, he had subsided to the lowest level of simple industry—so low, that Käthchen and her father were decidedly above him in the scale. So there were at least four clearly distinguished social strata within his knowledge: his own former plane; below that, his brothers; below them, Graber and Käthchen; finally, at the bottom, himself as at present arrayed—in humility and overalls.

If he had not recognized his social inferiority to the Grabers it would soon have been borne in upon him by the chance remarks of his fellow-workmen, and by a little act of Käthchen's, kindly meant though it was. You can see that his interest in the glimpsing maiden was now greatly deepened; and she, for her part, showed her interest in him by stopping so often to look at him. But there was nothing more than a child's coquettishness in this curiosity of hers. If to him she was like a bird, he was to her like some other harmless denizen of the woods. The first time they spoke was when one of his jobs had carried him near the gate. She stood outside, with a basket on her arm and some oranges in her hands. An orange slipped from her grasp, flew between the iron bars—was it by accident?—and rolled toward him. He hastened to pick it up and restore it to her.

"*Ach, bitte!*" cried she. "Keep it."

"Bitter?" queried Vick. "Well, I'll keep it all the same."

Whereupon she laughed heartily. "No," she said. "Sweet—very sweet."

"That's good," he replied, cheerfully. "It will help me to remember you."

"Oh no," said Käthchen, "you will eat it, and then forget. But see, only," she

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added, "if you really were hungry, I have other things here." She raised the cover of the basket, and disclosed within it a breaded cutlet and a brown-crusted roll lying on a plate beside a white napkin.

What luxury! Vick was tempted, for it was a good while now since he had seen anything so appetizing within his reach. But his pride rose. "Thanks," he said, with a return of his old dawdling manner; "thanks very much, but I don't need it."

Käthchen showed her disappointment; her rosy face fell. "I am foolish," said she. "But hear me once: if you were hungry another time, I could bring you a schnitzel, or something so—one every day. You understand?"

"You're very good," answered Vick. "What's your name, Käthchen?"

"Ach!" she exclaimed, laughing again, and lifting her finger at him. "You know already!"

His innocent effort at deception had betrayed him. So he laughed too, and they parted in good humor.

But the thought remained with Vick, exasperatingly, that just as he was scheming to do something for Käthchen she had come to *his* relief with an alms-offering. He had taken a maintenance from his two stout brothers with indifference; but to be fed by a woman, as an object of charity—that was too much! What was more annoying still was this question: "How am I to aspire to protect this girl who looks upon me as a sort of mendicant? Materially she is well off, even under her father's roof; she will still be well off with the husband of her father's choice. And what can I offer her? Only the wages of a wretched working-man."

But after that it happened that Käthchen, who was a friend of the boarding-house matron, often came in to see her just after mid-day dinner, and somehow Vick managed to linger a few minutes every day to see her. These interviews, and the brief meetings at the gate, doubtless gave him time to debate and solve his doubts. At all events, when Fred and Ted presently came to see him, bent upon a personal appeal to his sense of dignity and his regard for theirs, he announced a surprising resolve.

They pounced upon him in the brewery yard. "I donno," Fred began, in a conciliatory tone, "but we played it too fine on you, Luce, when we levied on that truck of yours, if it *was* our money that bought it. We only wanted to scare you a little, but you mustn't take it too serious. Fact is, there ain't any of the stuff sold. I'll tell you what: we'll put it right back where it was, if you'll agree to quit this kettle-boiling business, turn into them rooms again, and behave like a white man."

"Without conditions?" Lucius asked.

"Well, no," Ted confessed, taking up the word. "We should expect you"—here he looked uneasily at Fred—"to do what we said before."

"You mean, marry Miss Emery?"

"Why, of course!" thundered Fred. "What do you s'pose we're talking about? Haven't you had enough of this here foolishness, anyway?" And he glared comprehensively at the kegs, the rubbish, and implements lying around them.

In one way, at least, Vick had had enough of it. He was not strong; his work tired him, and was distasteful. Yet poor and weary as he was, in his dingy garb, with his hands all sooty, he still felt that he had an advantage.

"I couldn't do it," he answered, smiling. "I want to be a free man. If I can pay you what I owe, I shall be glad to do it in any reasonable way. But you'll have to wait. I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long while"—with a forlorn, deprecating glance at his smudgy blue-jeans. "But I can't do what you ask. I'm going to marry some one else."

For an instant the prosperous brothers looked as if they would never breathe again; but their vitality returned with a rush of contemptuous laughter.

"What! *you* marry? Why, no one 'll have you—except Miss Emery," Ted declared.

Fred recovered his gravity, and eyed Lucius with severe composure. "You stick to that?" he inquired.

"Yes, *sir!*" said Lucius.

"Then I'm done with you," Fred affirmed.

"So am I," said his double.

"We wash our hands of you," Fred continued, adding, with grim humor, "and I wish I could wash *your* hands as easy. You've disgraced us, letting yourself down to this low life; and if any one asks me about my brother that cooks pitch and does chores for a living, I shall tell 'em he ain't no brother of mine."

"That's so," Ted chimed in.

They turned square about and trudged

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off like a pair of modernized masculine Fates going their rounds.

Vick rejoiced. He had placed himself on a sound and fair basis; he was maintaining his manhood; he had severed the last link in his chain; he was—free? Not quite; for at this very moment of triumph his gaze was met by the iron gate in the wall, which seemed like the *grille* of a prison. But there, too, on the other side of it stood Käthchen, waving her hand to him. It was for her that he worked, and it was she who made this slavery better than the nominal liberty he had refused.

Käthchen, too, longed to break away from bondage; and thus it was that they decided to escape together into a bondage of their own.

Late one night the window above the jig-saw porch of the Graber house was opened noiselessly, and the apparition of a feminine figure presented itself, duskily outlined within the frame. Softly it stepped forth upon the stout wire cage—for the front door was fast, and the apparition's father had the key under his pillow—and softly, gradually it descended toward the sidewalk. From the shadow of the brewery wall opposite a slim form detached itself, came across the street, received the vision as it floated down to the ground, and then disappeared with it into the darkness.

Great was the excitement in that portion of Yorkville the next morning when the news spread that Käthchen had eloped with Vick and married him. The populace sided with the young pair because they had defied the social barrier between them. But Graber was beside himself with rage. Penetrating to the rival brewery's yard he attempted an attack on Vick, but was driven off by the other hands. At noon, however, having learned where the new quarters were to which Vick had taken his bride, he burst in upon the pair and again became abusive. It was only when he broke into a tirade in German, directed against Käthchen, that Vick took aggressive measures. Then he ordered Graber to leave the place.

"And who's going to make me go?" Graber demanded.

"I am," said Vick.

The other advanced toward him threateningly. Vick stepped back, caught his cane from its corner, touched the spring, and down on the floor rattled the wooden scabbard. He faced his father-in-law with the little toy-like blade of which he was so proud.

Graber thereupon retreated from the field after formally disowning his daughter, and molested them no more. The event made Vick a local hero, and he was now by common consent privileged to wear his tall hat on Sundays without offensive criticism. It was on a Sunday that I visited him in his new home, consisting of a single room, and heard the whole story of his late experiences. In his half-pathetic way he seemed very happy, and there could be no doubt that Käthchen was so.

"I've been a failure," he said, "but I'm on the right road now. My employers talk of promoting me, and if I rise I'll pay up my brothers and make it all square. But there's one thing I've accomplished, anyhow. I've stood out for my liberty, and I've secured Käthchen's."

I saw him only once again. There had been an accident in the brewery yard while some men were rolling an unwieldy beer tun from the building down a short incline to the open ground. It took four to guide the monster cask, although it was empty, and Vick, seeing that they were in some trouble with it, ran to lend them the aid of his puny strength. The tun started unexpectedly down the incline, the other men scampered, but Vick was too late. The rolling bulk caught him, knocked him down, and injured him seriously. He was carried home helpless, an operation became necessary, and when at last he sent for me it was feared that he could not recover. I informed his brothers, who went with me to the bedside. But when we reached it, Vick was no longer able to recognize any one: his mind wandered.

"They sent him word to-day from the office," said Käthchen, in whose cheeks the fading bloom marked the decline of hope, "that they will make him a clerk if he gets well, and that made him feel better. But now, ah! it is too late." Her eyes filled with tears. "And to think that he would not have been hurt if it had not been that he was trying to help some other people—as he helped me."

"It was too much for his strength," murmured Ted, with unwonted gentleness.

The words applied well to the whole effort which Vick had made on Käthchen's

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behalf and on his own. The room where he lay was gaunt and bare, despite a few traces of his wife's endeavor to brighten it with bits of decoration here and there. The devoted pair, we found, had been subsisting mainly on crusts, and the sick man's face was wasted far beyond its former thinness. Mechanically I followed the resemblance between a broken line of the cracked plaster on the wall and the vein on his forehead. Shadows seemed to hover beneath his eyes. He was so mute and inoffensive, lying there, that I had that sort of pity for him which a boy sometimes feels for the first squirrel he shoots.

Did Fred feel it too? "Poor little Luce!" he said. "Maybe we was too hard on him. I wish he had told me what a tough time he was having. But *she* sha'n't want. We'll take care of *her*."

As he spoke, I caught sight of the old silk hat hanging on a nail; the rusty crape had not been removed, and it was then that I recognized how this had served as a token of mourning for the wearer himself, for his failures, and the feeble life now flickering toward its close. Even in that feeble life there was a spark of something better than the arbitrary plans and little vanities of his brothers and old Graber; yet he was not to have the chance of proving it, conclusively.

He began to speak in disconnected words: "American citizen?.... No tyranny here.... Freemen, all of us."

His eyes opened; the shadows remained. He sighed very slightly. He was a free man now.

THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

I HEAR the notes of the whippoorwill,
As of old in the gathering shade;
I sit by the rock on the quiet hill
Where in girlhood my mother played.

With cheeks out-blooming the morning flowers,
And with heart as light as May,
It was here that she came in the golden hours
By the lichened rock to play....

A granite waif, by glacier borne
From a far-away northern sea;
It seemed so lonely from kindred torn,
That she kept it company.

'Till all in fancy or witching dream
It shone with a glimmering light,
While fairies trooped in the moon's pale beam
To dance through the summer night.

And such was her tender grace to me,
As we wandered the forest wild,
That ever the fairies seemed to be
Her playmates when a child.

And she a queen of the Sylphid race
On her silvery throne held sway,
But alas! I dream of her girlish face,
And the rock is cold and gray.

For the fairies went when my mother died,
And my years were scarcely ten;
I come to-night from wandering wide,
But they never will come again.

I love the garden and orchard old,
The meadows her footsteps prest;
And the stately oaks that shook their gold
In the lap of their gentle guest.

I love the spring and the rippling rill,
Where in evening she often strayed;
But dearer to me the quiet hill,
And the rock where my mother played.

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THE YOUNG CRIMINAL.

BY REV. CHARLES F. THWING.

MOST criminals are young. It is seldom that a grave crime, provided it be the first, is committed after the age of thirty. A careful statistician* has proved that of the entire male population of England and Wales the largest proportion of criminals is found to be between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Five times as many crimes are committed in the five years between these limits as in the ten years between the ages of fifty and sixty. Dividing the whole population into groups of those from ten years to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, and from fifty to sixty, it is found that from the age of twenty the tendency to crime decreases at each successive term 33 per cent. in the case of women, and 25 per cent. in the case of men.

The crimes of which the youth are guilty are not, as one might suppose, merely crimes against property. An even larger proportion of the offences against the person than of the offences against property are committed by those under the age of twenty-five.

It is to a degree natural that a considerable proportion of the crimes of the community should be committed by its younger members. It is not till about the age of twenty-five that the will has attained such maturity of strength as to control the emotions. Many crimes, therefore, the result, not of premeditation, but of impulse and passion, may naturally be laid at the door of young men and of even boys. After the twenty-fifth year the temptations may be equally strong, or even stronger, but the man is better fitted to resist them. Manslaughter committed under sudden provocation, breaking into houses either unoccupied or easy of entering, and larceny, will doubtless, in the present constitution of human nature and society, remain offences to which the youth will be peculiarly addicted.

But there are, of course, special causes leading young men and young women into criminal courses.

Respecting the influence of heredity in alluring to temptation opinions differ, and it is not the part of the present paper to discuss critically the question of the inheritance of moral qualities. But it is clear that if certain moral qualities or moral habits have been prominent in a family for a series of generations, the child of those ancestors will manifest those qualities or habits.

But whatever may be the precise influence of heredity in making boys and girls vicious, it is a universally conceded proposition that evil surroundings allure to vice and to crime.

If a lad live in certain wards of New York city, he is obliged to breathe a foul moral atmosphere. In these wards population is more crowded than it is in the most densely settled sections of East London. In some the density is of the rate of more than two hundred thousand to the square mile. In a population so compact evils numberless and nameless germinate and thrive. It is notorious that in it are included not only the destitute, but also those who form the most depraved of the destitute class, professional beggars, ruined gamblers, broken-down drunkards, nondescript thieves; it embraces, in fact, those whose poverty tempts them to prey upon society, and those whose crimes have brought them to poverty and wretchedness.

Yet of importance greater than either heredity or environment is the influence of the vicious home in determining a life of crime for those who are born and trained in it. It is undoubtedly the evil character of the home, or the lack of a home, which allures most boys and girls into vicious and criminal courses.

Turning from the causes of juvenile delinquency and crime, we are led to the yet more important and difficult question of the remedy. The regularly prescribed remedy at the present is the reform school. It is to be noted that this is not the remedy of a hundred or of even fifty years ago. From the days when criminals both old and young were confined within the same walls, throughout the period when all juvenile delinquents were congregated in a jail, down to the present time when the family system of reformation begins to be practised, the improvement in the method of punishing and correcting criminal youth has been constant. Writing no longer ago than 1852, in reference to

* F. G. P. Neilson, *Vital Statistics*, p. 404.

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England, Mary Carpenter said: "The jail continues to be the only infirmary provided by the parental care of the state for the cure of her erring children's souls. To this all her young criminals, more or less guilty, infected with soul-contaminating guilt, or just showing their sin spot, are indiscriminately consigned, all sharing the same treatment for the time arbitrarily assigned, and coming back again and again, unreclaimed, while our police courts are infested with them, our prison cells swarm with them, our felons' docks are filled with them; and then they are withdrawn for a short time again from our sight, only to return more hardened."

But this lamentable condition is now quite wiped out, not only in England, but also in the United States, in which the evil never waxed so dangerous as in the mother country. The reform school is indeed far in advance of the method of juvenile reformation practised in England thirty years ago.

In the United States are about seventy institutions designed for the reformation of young offenders. Their inmates number more than nine thousand boys and girls. The causes of commitment embrace nearly every offence, from petty larceny to manslaughter. The means of amendment employed include not only the removal of the offender from the opportunity of indulging his criminal tastes, but also the teaching of some trade, instruction in the elementary branches of knowledge, and endeavor to form an upright character. Concerning the success of the reform school in the reformation of those intrusted to it, there is room for two contrary opinions. In an examination of the convicts of the prisons of New York, which was ordered by the Prison Association of the State in 1875, it was found that of the inmates of the Sing Sing Penitentiary, 22.31 per cent. had been "refuge" boys. As the usual number of inmates of the reformatories of New York exceeds three thousand, it is plain that the large proportion of them do not become inmates of prisons within the State.

As to the reforms accomplished, estimates vary from 60 per cent. to 75. But in these percentages are included many children who without being vicious, but exposed and homeless, are received into houses of refuge. The proportion, therefore, of those who have served in reform schools who are afterward convicted of crimes is small, not exceeding 30 or 40 per cent. Yet statistics indicate that the influence of these schools in impressing evil habits upon a certain class of their boys is exceedingly strong. Of the 22.31 per cent. of the Sing Sing convicts examined who had been in these schools, 98 per cent.—fifty-one out of fifty-two—were *habitual* criminals. Some light is thrown upon the methods by which the reform school helps to fix the habit of criminality by the following conversation between a convict at Sing Sing and an examiner:

"Please, sir, may I ask you a question?" asks the convict.

"Certainly," is the examiner's reply.

"Why do they send boys to the house of refuge?"

"I suppose it is to teach them to be better boys."

"That's a great mistake, for they get worse."

"How should that be?"

"I wouldn't be here only I was sent to the refuge."

"What did you learn there that should have caused you to be sent here?"

"I didn't know how to pick pockets before I went, and I didn't know no fences: that's where you sell what you steal, you know."

"What else did you learn in the way of thieving?"

"I learned how to put up a job in burglary."

Another inmate—who at the age of seven stole fruit, and was sent to a reform school at Albany for nine months; at eight, was found guilty of petit larceny, and sent to the house of refuge; at twelve, was committed to a juvenile asylum, and escaped three times in four days; and three other times before reaching his majority was sentenced to reformatories, and who between the ages of twenty-one and forty-one had been committed to prison no less than ten times—remarked to the examiner:

"I never learned a thing in my life in prison to benefit me outside. The house of refuge is the worst place a boy could be sent to."

"Why so?"

"Boys are worse than men; I believe boys know more mischief than men. In the house of refuge I learned to sneak-thief, shop-lift, pick pockets, and open a lock."

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"How did you get an opportunity to learn all this?"

"There's plenty of chance. They learn it from each other when at play."

In respect to the evil influence of the reform school upon certain boys, it is, moreover, worth while to refer to the experience of one of the most learned and humane judges of the Supreme Bench of Maine. Before his court was brought a boy who had, evidently in a fit of extreme rage, shot his father. He had, so far as known, borne a good reputation, and was a church member. He pleaded that he believed the gun was not loaded, and only intended to frighten his parent. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Never before, confesses the judge, did he spend so many sleepless nights in determining upon a sentence. It lay in his power to commit the lad either to the reform school of the State during the remainder of his majority or to the State-prison for a term of years. He chose the latter alternative, and on the ground that in the reform school he would learn certain vicious and criminal habits, which would probably render his whole life criminal and vicious. In the prison, separated from other convicts, he would be in less peril of contamination. Having solely in view the interests of the boy, the judge decided that the disgrace of being a State-prison convict was less perilous than the danger of education in evil which the baser members of the reform school give their purer associates.

And this opinion of the Maine jurist brings us to the consideration of the good and of the bad features of the reformatory. The principal worthy element consists in the absolute separation of the inmates into families on the basis of moral character; and the chief evil element consists in just the opposite fact, in the mingling together of all the inmates. It is still, however, the latter method which is pursued in most institutions; and it is still the case that wherever the family system has been introduced it has not been applied with that exactness of subdivisions of the boys and girls that would prove of the greatest usefulness. In the reformatories of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin the family system has been adopted; but in most other States the congregate system—by which the boys, to the number it may be of hundreds, lodge and eat beneath one roof, work together in a few rooms or in the same field, and play together within the same walled enclosure—still prevails. And no system is better fitted than the congregate to make the good boy bad and the bad boy worse. The classification of the members of reform schools into several distinct bodies—five is a sufficiently small number of classifications, as is the case in the New Jersey school—is absolutely essential to their amendment. The more complete the subdivisions, the more minute the care that can be given to each inmate, and the more home-like and elevating the surroundings of each, and therefore also the greater the probability of reformation. Writing of the family system, a careful student of the criminal classes affirms* that "it enables the managers, by a skilful selection of temperaments and dispositions which shall healthfully react on each other, to segregate those who suffer from similar deficiencies so that the defects shall not become a demoralizing example to the rest, and to group such natures as present well-organized habits so as to become exemplars to those who lack those special habits; thus to consciously organize by artificial means an environment in which the convicts themselves will become instruments for each other's regeneration."

But the need of the application of the family system to the reform school is not so urgent as the need of personal and systematic effort for the regeneration of the children of great cities who are either homeless or are growing up in homes of squalor and vice. These children are now beggars and petty thieves. They will ten years hence be burglars and murderers. The State recognizes this pressing need, and passes laws authorizing that children may be removed from parents vicious or improvident.† Individuals also recognize this need, and form organizations, like the Children's Aid Society of New York, for amending the lives of those who are naturally gravitating toward vice and crime. The means which private effort, and in some degree public, employs in this regeneration, is the placing of children in comfortable and virtuous homes. The Children's Aid Society in a period of twenty-five years placed no less than

* R. L. Dugdale, chapter on Further Studies of Criminals, "The Fakes," p. 115.

† Laws of Massachusetts, 1880, chapters 66, 231.

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fifty thousand children in good homes. On all principles of reasoning, had they remained in cities, it is clear that the large majority would have remained not only poor, but would have become vicious and criminal. Investigation indicates that of the larger boys of this number not ten per cent. have committed criminal offences or become chargeable to the public, and that of the smaller boys only five per cent. have turned out badly.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SOME recent remarks in England upon the American press have elicited some angry American rejoinders. We are, indeed, peculiarly sensitive to English comment, and our instinctive disposition is to shout back, "Pshaw! pull that tremendous beam out of your own eye, and hush!" It is, of course, rather provoking when you know that there is a button off your coat to hear an old fellow out at both elbows vociferating, "Holla there, you! why don't you mend your clothes?" The first impulse perhaps upon such a salutation is to pull off another button. John Bull is not a courtly international critic, but even the jeer of a boor may be worth heeding. His arrogance is the fault of a virtue. It is the obverse of the self-reliance and persistence which have circled "the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

This American antipathy to the comments of the elder brother who lives at the Old Home upon the ancestral estate is so strong that the American politician finds no sneer at an opponent more effective than that of English tastes, models, and preferences. A very ludicrous illustration of this disposition is the fling at reform in the civil service as an English system and an English importation—a remark which is equally true of trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, and constitutional government, and also of the best qualities at the base of American character. In criticism, however, it is not the critic but the truthfulness of his comment, the accuracy of his observation, which are important. Every man who is in the way of public criticism, the author, the artist, the public man, knows very well when his critic has hit a weak spot, whether he winces or not. The anger of his denial or retort is often merely the confession, "A hit, a palpable hit."

The energy with which we have repelled the British suggestion that our newspapers may have something yet to learn, and that they do not represent the high-water mark of an ideal press, is not in itself evidence that they have reached it. The first and elementary duty of a newspaper is to give the news. When it cooks the news it betrays its trust. But is there any partisan newspaper which gives the news fairly? That is to say, is the news told in such a way as to convey the actual truth, however injurious to the party interests of the paper, or is it so presented as to belittle the opposition and aggrandize the paper's own side? Is the Republican meeting honestly depicted in the Democratic paper, or the Democratic in the Republican? Is the weight of the orator's argument on either side, which is the essentially important matter, justly represented, or are the strong points passed over, and the weak and doubtful points alone exposed? There are newspapers which undoubtedly hold the mirror up to nature and report the facts. But if John Bull says that it is not the practice of the American party newspaper, John Bull is correct.

And has John upon this subject a beam in his own eye? The *Times* is still the chief English journal, and it is bitterly opposed to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals in the Irish controversy. But it prints all of Mr. Gladstone's speeches in full, without any insinuations or marginalia in the report, so that every reader of the *Times* knows exactly what Mr. Gladstone said and all that he said. In its editorial column, indeed, the *Times* does its best to overthrow his arguments. But it gives the orator a perfectly fair chance to convert every reader of the paper if he can do it, and if the editorial article misrepresents any argument or statement of the orator its own complete and faithful report of his speech refutes its own misstatements. This treatment is accorded to all the party leaders on all sides. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Morley, Mr. Göschen, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Hartington, Mr. Parnell, are all treated with the same fairness. The reader is not obliged to put up with the *Times's* editorial statement of what any one of the great leaders says. He has his own words.

That is the proper discharge of one of the most important functions of a newspaper in a popular government which is carried on by argument and appeal to the people. It is a course which assumes that the people wish to know the reasons on both sides, and it recognizes the fact that the common welfare demands that the government shall represent the general conviction upon a fair comparison of all views. This, indeed, is the object of all electoral and administrative reform, to make the election and the government the expression of the honest national will. Political corruption is the endeavor by whatever means to affect that expression illicitly. But what great party

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paper in this country habitually publishes a literal and complete report of the speeches of the opposing party leaders? In the height of the Presidential campaign next year how many Republican journals will regularly print in full Mr. Bayard's speeches, or Mr. Carlisle's, or Mr. Hewitt's? And what Democratic papers will reproduce Senator Hoar's, or Hawley's, or Sherman's, or Edmunds's, or Ingalls's?

They will print extracts, and allude to them, and quote from them. But, like the minister in the pulpit, they will have it all their own way. Which of them will enable a Democrat who reads only his own party paper to have the complete text and full force of the Republican argument, and *vice versa?* In the height of a campaign, indeed, not even a great journal can print many of the speeches. But it can always print the chief speeches. The Easy Chair will gladly stand in a sheet and hold a candle if next year it finds the full text of important speeches in the chief journals of the other side. If it does not, it will hold to the view that in this respect the London *Times* is fairer than the American party newspapers.

It is not British observers alone who comment upon some peculiarities of our newspapers. One of the best and truest of Americans asks the Easy Chair to explain how it is, if the "constituency" of a newspaper is responsible for its general tone and character, that American parents can bear the responsibility of supporting "the filthy, vicious, demoralizing stuff which constitutes the largest part of the matter of our morning papers?.... I think that we must attribute a great deal of the political as well as personal profligacy of the past twenty-five years to the unscrupulous parade of every kind of filth in the daily press." This is not the question of John Bull, but, as we said, of one of the most intensely American of inquirers.

Shall the Easy Chair reply that the fact is grossly overstated, and that the American press is not justly obnoxious to the charge of offering "filthy, vicious, and demoralizing stuff" to its readers? Shall it add that on the contrary it simply states those events which may be rightfully called news, and in its presentation of them preserves a proper proportion? Shall it still further say that the American press in the great cities is much too self-respecting to "write up" repulsive, criminal, or filthy incidents which for some good reason it may be necessary to mention? Shall it proudly point to the head-lines of important newspapers on any morning in the year as evidence that they discriminate carefully in the relative importance of news, and disdain to appeal to ignorance, passion, or vicious tastes, seeking only to treat true public interests in a clean and manly way, and not stooping to the absurd plea that a murder, or a theft, or a wrong to honor or virtue, is a matter to be publicly discussed with every rhetorical accessory and every elaboration of pernicious detail?

If the Easy Chair can truthfully do all this —and its readers will determine the possibility by their own knowledge—its questioner will be answered. In the mean time, to enable the reader to speak to the point, the Easy Chair advises him to observe closely whether his morning paper justifies such allegations as have been submitted to the Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair was lately asked whether it thought the office of public scold an agreeable one. There was a certain tartness in the question, as if its real purpose was to learn from the Easy Chair whether *It* enjoyed that position, and upon looking further it appeared that the question had been suggested by a remark of the Easy Chair's to the effect that a certain class of our fellow-creatures seemed to be disposed to do their duty in a manner that might be improved. But what is an Easy Chair but a kind of *censor morum?* Would the kind critic of its conduct have it say to the gentleman whose hands are soiled that they are as pure as the morning, and to the tactless dame who makes all her neighbors uncomfortable that her manners are charming?

Probably this is really what the critic meant, for he continued by saying that it is so much better to dilate upon what is pleasant than to discuss the unpleasant aspects of life. That is true. It was the principle of the Vicar of Bray. That reverend gentleman always avoided collisions. He was a chip of the Polonius block. The cloud was a camel or a whale, according to the fancy of his companion. The good vicar looked askance at Rome under Henry and Edward, and told his beads piously under Mary, and upon reflection eschewed the mass-house under Elizabeth. He dilated upon the pleasant aspects of affairs. We can imagine him saying to Ridley in the time of Mary, "My dear bishop, why think yourself wiser than your time?" and a little later to Parker, Elizabeth's Archbishop (Ridley having been burned in the mean while), "My dear archbishop, Rome, I see, is much too stringent." The Vicar of Bray was not a scold. He was, according to the abused text, all things to all men.

Yet his profession, our censor must remember, was a scolding profession—at least in the sense in which the word is often used. His duty was to admonish and exhort, to adjure his flock to quit the error of their ways. Perhaps he was a poor illustration of it. Perhaps, true to his temperament rather than to his profession, instead of urging repentance because the kingdom was at hand, he was accustomed to say: "Brethren, I observe that you lie and steal and slander your neighbors a good deal. But in such a world as this what is to be expected? We are all poor, weak, fallible things. Which of us can hope to strike twelve every time? Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. We must all beware of hypocrisy, dear breth-

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ren, and of pretending to be better than our neighbors. You remember the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men. Let him be a warning against the sin of presumption. There is the beautiful lesson of the beam and the mote. We must not forget it. We are all miserable sinners, and therefore we must not twit each other with sinning. We ought to tell the truth, my friends. But we don't. We all lie. Let us therefore not scold each other, since we are all equally wicked. But let us avoid Phariseeism and all that assumption of superior virtue which is implied in saying to a foul-mouthed brother that he ought to speak cleanly. Beware of Phariseeism as of the unpardonable sin. Scold not, dear brethren, but talk of the things which are pleasant, and instead of rebuking the liar, commend his goodness to the poor, and instead of silencing the backbiter, praise his subscription to the soup kitchen. For what says Dr. Watts?

"'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

Dogs naturally scold, but we, brethren, we have the gift of avoidance, and, O liars, thieves, and slanderers, let us live together in peace, and say nothing about falsehood, stealing, and calumny."

This was probably the tenor of the sermons of the Vicar of Bray, and this was the way that he strove to save souls. But Fénelon and John Knox and Edwards and Whitefield and Wesley and Channing and St. Paul, each in his own way, said, "Thou art the man," and rebuked both the sin and the sinner. Yet all of them were very human and very fallible, and all came very short of the ideal of duty. To point out a defect in a picture, or to exhort the artist to avoid it, is not to declare yourself an incomparable artist. To demand honesty in public affairs is not to proclaim yourself a saint. To say that school-teachers should be thorough and use their common-sense as well as a text-book is not to scold them. Romilly was not a scold because he denounced the unjust criminal laws, nor John Howard because he rebuked the inhumanity of prisons, nor John the Baptist because he exhorted men to repent.

The poets rebuke our lives by the fair ideals that they draw, but they do not scold. If a man preaches a little sermon illustrating the way in which men in a certain profession, let us say, shirk their duty, and somebody cries out, "Don't scold so!" the preacher may safely exclaim, "Fellow-sinner, thou art the man." But the best illustration is closer at hand. If the Easy Chair reproves certain fellow-sinners for remissness in doing their duty, and for that offence is a scold, what is the censor who scolds the Easy Chair for scolding? Let us avoid Phariseeism, brethren, and the assumption of superior virtue.

TEN years ago the consumption of liquor in Norway for every individual was twice as large as it is now. In the Southern and Western States of this country, which were especially noted for hard drinking a few years ago, the temperance and even the prohibition movement has made astonishing progress. The Knights of Labor, one of the largest of such associations, excludes members for drunkenness, and in the political situation of the country one of the most serious disturbing forces of the two great parties is the Prohibition organization. Wendell Phillips some years ago advised the Prohibitionists to stand up and be counted. "Do you expect to make men temperate by force of law?" asked a friend. "I expect to promote temperance by stigmatizing dram-shops," was his answer.

It was hardly a complete reply, because dram-selling is stigmatized by license no less than by prohibition. The object of license laws is to make an evil that cannot be abolished pay in a degree for its own consequences. The self-consciousness of the traffic is shown by the curtains and screens that conceal the frequenters of the dram-shop from public view. It stigmatizes itself. But the facts that we mention show how general is the present movement against it. In one Southwestern State, where a few years since a temperance man would have been in danger of exclusion from the district, the district now returns a Prohibition majority. Beyond the sea in Scandinavia there are 650 total abstinence societies, with 78,000 members. Yet in that cold climate fiery liquors have been held to be almost indispensable, and drunkenness was a common form of festivity.

In this country from the days, nearly sixty years ago, when Mr. Sargent wrote *My Mother's Gold Ring*, beginning a popular series of temperance tracts, until now, when it nominates a candidate for the Presidency, the temperance movement has continued with fluctuating fortunes. At first, as now, it denounced drunkenness as the chief source of crime and suffering, but it proposed regulation by license, and it tolerated moderate drinking. Presently the cry of prohibition arose in the temperance movement, like Garrison's demand of immediate emancipation in the antislavery crusade. Moderate drinking was anathematized in the one like "gradualism" in the other as a base and criminal compromise, and the keenest shafts of temperance denunciation were hurled at those halting and hesitating brethren who still hankered after the flesh-pots in the form of the wine cup, and who were even alleged to be more truly the enemies of the good cause than the drunkard and the dram-seller.

Naturally the radical demand became, both in the temperance and the antislavery cause, the distinctive movement. The various temperance orders were total abstinence organizations. If an orator had ventured to plead for moderation rather than for abstinence, he would have been lifted from the platform by a whirlwind of protest, and it is only recently

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that the associations for the strict enforcement of liquor laws have given form and practical force to the convictions of temperance men as distinguished from "teetotalers." But the feeling is not relaxed. Dr. Crosby in New York, who is an eminent champion of a wise license law firmly enforced, is viewed as a temporizer by the fervent prohibitionists, who would gladly annihilate intoxicating liquor itself. The question is now inextricably intermingled with practical politics. The universal agitation, the very large number of Americans who require a moral issue in politics, the prohibitory and license legislation, the Republican anti-saloon enterprise, the appeals of political leaders to "third-party men," the organization of the third party and its steadily increasing vote, all indicate a growing and aggressive power, and the necessity for the old parties of relinquishing the practice of merely denouncing the liquor traffic as the great source of crime and taking up a definite position.

The probable result of the agitation will be a division of the temperance sentiment into a party of suppression and a party of restriction. The reasonable use of wine as a beverage will hardly be generally regarded as a moral wrong in the sense that human slavery is a moral wrong. That the use is extremely susceptible of abuse is obvious, and that it should be regulated and restrained in the public interest is undeniable. Like all such questions, however, it is one of expediency and degree. License is regulation, and if interference with the complete liberty of the liquor traffic is permissible, the degree of interference must be determined by the actual situation. Society decides for itself how far and in what manner it will restrict individual freedom. It provides regulations for the manufacture and traffic of many articles, and it is undoubtedly true that when we once agree to license, prohibition is but a question of degree. It would, indeed, be rather startling to affirm that the moderate coffee-drinker is on the highway to the opium den. But if coffee be taken as a refreshment or stimulant, who shall say whither the taste for stimulants may lead?

The great and happy fact is that the agitation has already reformed much evil. It is no longer seemly for a gentleman to be drunk. If Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone should see two Lord Chancellors or two Speakers, it would be held to be a sorry sign of the morals of public life in England. Yet William Pitt saw double, and England was unashamed. The social conviviality of the close of the century is very different from that of the beginning. The farmer no longer serves rum to his haymakers. Tippling at funerals has disappeared, and the brandy bottle is not now the symbol of hospitality. There are, indeed, dazzling gilded saloons in cities, and young stock-brokers begin to "take a nipper" early in the morning. But drunkenness is declining, while interest in some effective regulation of the liquor traffic is rapidly increasing. When Norway begins to fall into line, the worm of the still must writhe with apprehension.

A WISE Western teacher perceives that in the immense multiplication of beautifully illustrated and attractive books for children there is an increasing necessity of a Mentor for the youthful mind astray in the wilderness of literary delight. In the old times, at the beginning of the century which the Constitution is now completing, the boy or girl with a taste for reading was in no danger of embarrassing riches.

On the solitary hills of Cummington when Bryant was a boy his books were *Sandford and Merton* and Mrs. Barbauld, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, Berquin's stories and Watts's hymns. Later he found Pope and Gray and Goldsmith upon his father's shelves. There were no cheap books, few periodicals, no children's magazines and papers, no constant influx of fresh literature as there is now through that whole region, and the studious boy could not go amiss, except possibly in some preserve of sermons or theology. Every accessible book was worth reading. The Hampshire County doctor, his father, who practised among the scattered farms, and jogged over the hills upon his horse, with saddle-bags full of drugs, bought no book at random, and none from which he had to guard his son. The boy browsed at will upon the scanty but nutritious pastures. Among those few familiar flowers that bee could suck no poison.

But the experience of an interested teacher of children in a great and active city like Chicago has shown her that a different situation requires another treatment, and she finds that she can readily train the taste of the young readers and keep them from the poorest books by giving them the best. It is not an easy task. It is very easy, indeed, to insist upon reading certain books which she may select. But that is not her aim. Her wise object is to interest them in good literature, so that they may prefer Scott, for instance, or Pope's Homer, to a dime novel, and would instantly choose the *Parents' Assistant* rather than the harrowing tale of *Benjamin of the Bloody Breeches*. By sagaciously interesting a class in one author, and pointing out in a simple way his thoughts and even his method of expression, illustrating the difference between a clumsy and a clear style, she finds that the young explorers rush off to search for the good thoughts of other authors.

There was a young fellow of twelve in this teacher's school who promised in due season to become a pirate or a highwayman, and a precocious Catiline. He persistently brought bad books to school and gave them to the other children. This young reprobate the kind teacher reclaimed by Matthew Arnold's

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"Forsaken Merman." It charmed his active fancy, and when Mr. Arnold came to Chicago to lecture upon Emerson, the blameless and beardless pirate went up into the high gallery of the hall, and there took notes, and wrote a simple "composition" upon the lecture, showing how well he had understood it. The sympathy of the teacher was the chance twig that turned the stream. The young fellow brought no more bad books to school. Here was a teacher who understood teaching, who added herself—her tact, her experience, her sympathy, her good sense—to the text-books and the lessons, and trained tenderly and well those little shoots and tendrils of interest and mental zest which cling and twine and strengthen around the nearest support.

In those teeming fields, the district schools, the devil is always sowing tares among the wheat. In this very school a little research revealed to the teacher, when she took charge, a mass of vulgar reading so harmful that the police arrested the rascally publishers and broke up their den. Through her accidental discovery of a few copies among the children five thousand volumes of corrupt reading were destroyed. Little Red Riding-hood is still accosted by the wolf in the pleasant spring woods, and she is most fortunate if some good genius is near to save her. Our school system is not all complete when we have built a neat school-house and hired a teacher, of whom we expect all the cardinal virtues for four or five dollars a week during two-thirds of the year. There is an art and a science of teaching which avail more than all the books and the apparatus, because they not only put tools in the child's hands, but they direct him how to use them, and train him how to use them to the best purpose.

There are not many men or women who know how to use a great library wisely. When we have taught a child to read and have surrounded him with books, we have placed him in a boat upon the ocean. What will his fate be? Undirected in his reading, books may serve only to dissipate, to weaken, to confuse or corrupt the young reader. Lamb and Scott and other famous men recall with delight their desultory reading in solitary libraries. But that did not help the young fellow in Chicago who brought the bad books to school. Because Lamb and Scott read at their will in great collections of books, it does not follow that wise guidance in reading is not most necessary. If a young man or woman would read history or poetry, or study science or art, their first sensible recourse is to the expert who can direct them. When the child is able and ready to read, in the same way he needs the expert to direct him. Literature is the fairy cave. It requires the open sesame to unlock its portals.

The activity of inquiry about a hundred good books or about the books that have helped noted persons is due to the vast increase of literature and literary taste, to the multiplication of books and the necessity of a clew through the labyrinth. A dozen famous men are asked to name a dozen famous novels that they would recommend for general reading, or merely to specify a dozen best novels. It is perhaps a whim, or "dodge" for publicity of some kind, or a bait to attract the special attention of a class. But the spring of the suggestion is the fact that such a list will be of service to those who cannot make one for themselves, or who wish one made with authority. A Guide to Good Reading, then, when comprehensively and wisely made, is a public service. It does for a large community what the kind teacher did for her school in Chicago.

It is a delightful provision of nature, or fate, or chance, or by whatever name the Goddess of Fortune may be called, that there should be a class of Americans who, being rich and their lives a long leisure, are enabled to show us what are the true ends of life, and how money may be most wisely and usefully spent. Newport, in Rhode Island, is a famous summer university or school of this kind. Chautauqua and Concord and Deerfield and other pleasant places have their lectures and instruction in many studies. But the great lesson of Newport is the beneficent method of spending money. It is an object lesson of the wise uses of a life which is able to gratify every taste. It reconciles the poor to the possession of great riches by others, and stimulates the generous desire to accumulate the means of doing likewise.

The most striking service which the Newport school rendered to good morals and good manners during the last season was the reception and treatment of a distinguished professor of the right use of leisure and the beneficent expenditure of money, who also happened to be an English nobleman. This eminent personage, like the noted hotel at Pompeii described in the remarkable Italian-English advertisement, was "renowned for the excellence of the service and the cleanness of the living." His arrival was a great benefit to the Newport school, because it furnished a living example of its tendencies, and in his person and career the devoted neophyte might study the possibilities of wealthy leisure and of devotion to the higher objects of life.

No sooner had the English professor of clean living arrived in Newport than he was waited upon by some of the resident professors, and became at once a social lion. This was the first object lesson. It showed the aspiring and studious youth of the school the kind of person who should be socially honored. It was the more edifying because the professor's renown is wholly social. It was a public advantage, because the children of the resident professors would see at once the model whom they were to emulate for the advantage of their country. At Newport, as at the other summer universities, there is no

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suppression of the gentler sex. The ladies are as eminent professors as the gentlemen, and the sons and daughters of mothers who are prominent in the instruction of the school could therefore enjoy the privilege of the elevating association with such a professor as well as the benefit of his example. The fact that such a professor was received with such distinction at Newport will of course induce all parents who can possibly afford it to place their children under the pure and refreshing influences of that delightful summer school, to elevate their standards of human conduct, to deepen their respect for ennobling social influence, and to strengthen and refine their characters.

The charm of this famous Newport school is the absence of snobbery. There is no undue regard for riches, no ostentation, no pride of the purse. The *habitués* of the school are estimated by their individual worth. Its ideals of life are lofty and simple, and all its details are free from extravagance or lavish display. No dinner has more than twenty courses, or is served in anything more costly than gold or silver or Dresden china. Few of the professors have even two yachts, and there are never more than four horses in a single coach, the foolish luxury of elephants to draw them being quite unknown. Jenkins, with his characteristic desire to restrain vainglory and mercenary pomp, takes care in his reports to the papers good-humoredly to discipline the professors by alluding to their one, two, three, four, five, or six hundred thousand dollar cottages, that there may be no exaggerated notions in regard to their cost. Every rich man is thus brought to book or to newspaper, and is taught to walk humbly and to "think small beer of himself."

It is another virtue of the Newport school that no man's or woman's doings are noted merely because they happen to be rich. The delightful details of Newport life which are served to us in the morning papers present to us the spectacle of the daily dinners, drives, and dances of those who have mastered the noble art of life, and who are honored for their character and services, not for their fortunes. When one of the eminent resident professors of the tenderer sex calls without delay to welcome the arrival of the noted foreign professor whom we have mentioned, noted for virtues which every self-respecting woman and high-minded man holds dear, there is not a poor American man or woman struggling hard in honest poverty to earn an honest living who does not feel immediately reconciled to the inequalities of human condition, and rejoiced at the good genius of things which gives leisure and vast riches to those whose use of them vindicates their right to their possession.

There was a summer school at Versailles, in France, a hundred years ago which recalls the beneficence of our Newport school. Did it not teach the poor peasant to be content with his lot? Did it not show him such sympathy and humanity, such public spirit and wise beneficence, upon the part of the more fortunate, that he doubted whether it was not better for him that they and not he should have the disposition of such means and such opportunities? Was there not such freedom from frivolity, from selfishness, from ostentatious and heartless profusion, such regard for the real interests of life and men, that it naturally seemed the harbinger of the happy millennium which soon followed?

People that kiss the ground under the feet of Lord Thomas Noddy, mothers that beg the honor of Lovelace's company at their daughter's little party, fathers who cringe to secure the Marquis of Steyne to dinner—are not these, after all, in the hundredth year of the American government, the true Americans? They show how American principles have elevated the English-speaking race—do they not? They emphasize the humane contrast of American institutions with the effete system of Europe. They illustrate the superiority of a society which honors man for himself, and not for a title or a coronet. They show that although a man may bear a famous name, and rank as a duke in the highest peerage of the world, yet if he be of a character which excludes him from the Queen's drawing-room in England, and from the houses not of prigs and purists, but of decent people, there is no reputable drawing-room in America open to him. This is all true—is it not?

Had such a person arrived at the Newport school—for instance, His Disgrace the Duke of Queensbury—instead of the eminent professor who actually appeared, and who was received with such just and profound homage, his treatment would have illustrated anew the great truth that snobbery is unknown in our happy America, and that the richer we become, the more refined, intelligent, and decent we are.

Editor's Study.

I.

AN ingenious writer in the *Christian Register*, of Boston, makes a passage in the Study for July the occasion for suggesting a new method in reviewing, or what he calls, very happily, Autographic Criticism. It seems to him that if authors were given their own books to review, there could at least be no complaint of "unjust and ignorant censure" from them, and that we might reasonably hope for the extinction of the professional critic by his venomous comment on his own performances. This would be delightful; and how practicable the plan is the writer illus-

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trates by the review of a charming book of sketches by himself, *The Shaybacks in Camp*, namely. We cannot see that he overpraises his work; he treats it with apparent impartiality, and with an intelligence which could not reasonably be expected of a critic who had not read it. In fact, if he cannot hope to found a school of Autographic Criticism, Mr. Barrows may at least felicitate himself upon the success of his single experiment.

As usual, with a perfectly new thing, he is not the first to attempt it. We suppose that the prefaces of Dryden and Wordsworth may be taken as examples of indirect self-criticism, and Poe's analysis of his theories in writing *The Raven* is in the same sort. Charles Lamb's cheerful sibillation of his own farce is probably a doubtful fact; but in other literatures the attitude of self-criticism is far from uncommon. Two remarkable instances out of the Italian occur to us, and both in the case of dramatists. Goldoni, in his autobiography, analyzes and discusses nearly all his comedies; and Alfieri accompanies each of his tragedies with a full comment, in which its merits and demerits are very candidly and very self-respectfully debated. How far this kind of criticism could be carried with advantage to literature is another question, but, so far, every piece of it is interesting, and not only interesting, but vastly instructive. The autographic critic at least speaks with authority, and he tacitly puts himself upon honor not grossly to flatter; detraction, of course, is not to be feared from him; and we may be sure he will not try to exploit himself, to shine, to triumph at his own expense. He will not seek to show that he knows more than the author; he will not cram to read him down, or to overthrow him on his own ground, especially if it is ground where the general reader cannot meet him. As Mr. Barrows points out, he will be able in his review to clarify and enforce such parts of his work as he is conscious his creative art has left dim and halting. To a certain extent, indeed, this has been done by authors without actually taking up a position outside of their creative work. In George Eliot, for example, the perpetually recurring explanation of the characters' motives and feelings amounts to a critical comment on the course of the action and the nature of the problems involved, which we should have preferred to have in an appendix; and the essays with which Thackeray intersperses his narrative continually invite the reader's attention from what it is to what the author thinks of it. Autographic criticism in this shape is, of course, defective art, and yet who would not be glad to read an essay of Thackeray's upon his own work? Who would not be glad of a key from George Eliot to all the characters of her novels? Her poems, we own, we are not eager to unlock.

II.

If these things occur to the reader in regard to imaginative history, how much more must one desire the real historian to be the commentator of his own work! Who could speak of Mr. J. Addington Symonds's last volumes on the *Renaissance in Italy* half so well as Mr. Symonds himself? We have been reading these volumes (which he calls The Catholic Reaction, and in which he deals with the reconquest of the Latin mind by the Roman Church at the moment when the light of renascent art and learning shone brightest upon it) with the feeling that he alone could justly estimate his success and failure. Perhaps the first impression of the outside critic, deceived by the clearness with which the problem is treated, will be that, after all, it is a slight problem; but this impression will be lasting in proportion to his own ignorance, and his inability to seize the whole meaning of the situation. The books are, like all other histories, a study of what might have been, as well as what has been; and the pathos which no generous reader can fail to feel in them comes from the sense of this. To ask one's self what the world might have been now if the Inquisition and the Jesuits had never been in it, the one to crush out thought, and the others to pervert and falsify it, is to deal with the matter on the broad general ground where it presents itself to Mr. Symonds; and any one may do this, but no one else can bring to it the knowledge, the intelligence, the enlightened impartiality which we feel in him. We do not mean that he is ever lenient to either of those agencies; that would be a grotesque misconception of impartiality, and a lamentable misstatement of his position; but he is not blind to the evils that the Renaissance involved, and he is just to the motives and the professions even of those whose practice he abhors. He sees and he makes his reader see that they were not always malevolent or even selfish, and that the worldly ambition which triumphed in the Church by means of the Inquisition and the Jesuits turned to its account, with the well-known wisdom of the children of darkness, some of the best impulses of the children of light. There were good men in the Church who devoutly believed that if the world was to be saved from Protestantism it must be by the reform of the Church from within, and these righteous spirits played into the hands of the bigots and cynics who were aiming at temporal dominion and papal supremacy. Together, with the help of the irresistible forces of Spanish ignorance, cruelty, and violence, and the distrust, dissension, and treachery bred in Italian nature by mediæval feuds and wars, they succeeded in checking the intellectual expansion everywhere, in crippling and stupefying the conscience of the Latin race throughout Europe, and inducing upon the ruin, the misery, and despair a civilization of hypocrisy and pretence in letters, arts, and politics.

In this history we are asked to contemplate one of those triumphs of the wrong which from time to time shake the foundations of

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hope in the spectator, and make him doubt of the final prevalence of the right. But three hundred years after the Catholic reaction and the establishment of Spanish dominion, the free kingdom of Italy was imagined and accomplished; the good that had wrought for evil once had inscrutably survived, and the evil in turn had accomplished, in the inexhaustible patience and tolerance of the "somma sapienza e il primo amore," the ends of justice, liberty, and law. It is this final effect which Mr. Symonds wishes us to keep in mind while we read the dismal tale of repression, perversion, and cruelty which he tells.

His first volume is devoted to study of the Spanish ascendency in Italy, as confirmed by the reconciliation of Clement VII. and Charles V., the extension of the temporal power, the establishment of the Inquisition, the rise of the Jesuits, and the effect of all these political and religious changes upon social and domestic morals. The two chapters in which he paints the manners of the sixteenth century in Italy are less solid and masterly pieces of literature perhaps than those upon the Inquisition and the Jesuits, but they are even more astonishing, and their motive is prolonged into the sections of the following volume in which the characters and careers of Tasso, Bruno, Sarpi, and many poets, philosophers, and artists are portrayed. We cannot say that the second volume is more personal than the first, for Mr. Symonds is of those historians who have learnt that the history of mankind is the story of this man and that man and the other, but characters occupy larger space and events less. We do not mean, however, that Mr. Symonds regards any man as a hero; his heart is most of all with the steadfast courage and unfailing common-sense of that brave Paolo Sarpi who defended Venice against papal pretension, but even him he does not try to show above life-size; while such a saint of sentiment as Tasso, or such a martyr of abstract thinking as Bruno, he shows in all the deformity of his lunacy, in all the obliquity of his twofold, loose, wandering, and defeated life. The one was a great poet and the other a great philosopher, to whom modern thought is vastly indebted, but besides this the one was a slavish courtier, a peevish hypochondriac, a complaining egotist, and a bore, and the other tried to carry water on both shoulders, to serve the Renaissance by denying Christianity, and to serve the Reaction by affirming Catholicism—to be both pagan and priest. To draw great men as they really were is of the utmost importance and value to all other men, and this is what we have mainly to thank Mr. Symonds for doing, for not adding to the empty idealization of men. Now at last we want the truth, for out of its absence nothing but folly ever came, and every figure of the past imposed upon the present as wholly grand, beautiful, or exemplary is an agency of mischief and deceit.

In the period with which he deals Mr. Symonds has had to deal, as material, with facts of incomparable horror and filthiness, and in making them clear he has had to use Scriptural plainness of speech at times. But any one who studies the same age in the Italian authorities will marvel at the slightness to which he has reduced the offence in his pages. He has not been weighed down by his material, or, rather, he has been supported in a slough where one might so easily bemire one's self, by a sense of his responsibility as a moralist and a scientist, if the terms are not now convertible. He is not discouraged by the corruption in which evil once so ruinously prevailed that it is hard to think of any future which it might not as successfully menace; but he perpetually points out that it is men's own lusts and passions and ambitions that betray them and others into slavery, and he shows that even this may be turned to good at last. The most interesting, the most important, lesson of his book is that, by repressing thought in the field of metaphysics, bigotry turned it aside to range at large in the ways of science. From the Renaissance in death a Renaissance sprang that can never die; and Italy became the mother of a civilization higher, deeper, truer, than the old—a civilization that no longer rests upon idealisms, but at every advance sets foot upon a fact, and cannot retrace its heaven-led steps. In fact, now at last that union of the kindred instincts of Renaissance and Reformation which Mr. Symonds dwells upon with so great and so just comfort seems to have been accomplished, and the freed soul and the freed mind of man are working together for the elevation of the race through conscience illumined by science.

III.

We are not willing to leave this excellent work without taking from it a passage bearing upon matters often discussed in the Study. In one of his most admirable chapters Mr. Symonds treats of the Bolognese school of painting, which once had so great cry, and was vaunted by a past criticism as the supreme exemplar of the grand style in art, but which is now fallen, as he believes, into lasting contempt for its emptiness and soullessness. The fact of its decadence leads him to inquire into the nature of criticism; he endeavors to determine whether there can be a final and enduring criterion or not, and his conclusion is as entirely applicable to literature as to the other arts:

"Our hope with regard to the unity of taste in the future then is, that all sentimental or academical seekings after the ideal having been abandoned, momentary theories founded upon idiosyncratic or temporary partialities exploded, and nothing accepted but what is solid and positive, the scientific spirit shall make men progressively more and more conscious of those *bleibende Verhältnisse*, more and more capable of living in the whole; also that, in proportion as we gain a firmer hold upon our own

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place in the world, we shall come to comprehend with more instinctive certitude what is simple, natural, and honest, welcoming with gladness all artistic products that exhibit these qualities. The perception of the enlightened man will then be the taste of a healthy person who has made himself acquainted with the laws of evolution in art and in society, and is able to test the excellence of work in any stage from immaturity to decadence by discerning what there is of truth, sincerity, and natural vigor in it."

IV.

While we are still upon Italian ground we wish to speak of Miss May Alden Ward's very clear, unaffected, and interesting sketch of *Dante, and his Life and Works*. It is not easy to trace the career of the poet in the vague and halting records, and it is harder still to free it from the attribution of ages of sentimentality and idealization, and present a probable likeness of the man in what he actually did and suffered. The effort is something comparable to those processes by which the stain and whitewash of centuries is removed, and the beauty and truth of some noble fresco underneath is brought to the light again. We do not mean to say that Miss Ward has given us another Dante of the Bargello, but she has wrought in the right spirit, and she shows a figure simple, conceivably like, and worthy to be Dante, with which she has apparently not suffered her fancy to play. To the life she has added a synopsis not only of the *Divine Comedy* and the *New Life*, but also of the poet's less famous works, *Il Convito*, and *De Monarchia*. The latter of these two embodies Dante's sufficiently mystical and impossible conception of a rehabilitated and purified Roman Empire, under which the primacy of the Italians should give the whole world peace; the former is his praise of love and learning, and would have been, probably, if completed, his theory of social life. Miss Ward notes what he says of nobility, which Frederic of Suabia had defined as "the possession of ancient wealth and fine manners," and some one else as ancient wealth alone, but which Dante declares to be the love and practice of virtue, holding that neither wealth nor birth can give it. "The family does not make the individual noble, but the individual ennobles the family.... A vile man descended of worthy ancestors ought to be hunted out by all." The Florentine citizen, who had seen the best government Florence ever enjoyed administered by the leader of the commonest of the people, speaks here more significantly to our time than the exile whom his wrongs had moved to put his faith in princes. It is very good Americanism for the thirteenth century, and it is very interesting as a proof of how far from feudal the ideal of Italy always was. In fact, Dante was then somewhat in advance of the *Saturday Review* of our time, which maintains that aristocracy is a thing too sacred to be criticised; but there is no saying what another five hundred years may not do for the *Saturday Review*.

V.

In these days of aspiration for a literary centre—which, if we could once get it, we should be pretty sure to have literature about—we find it interesting to note the geographical distribution of authorship upon each new occasion, and we find that Miss Ward, who gives such evidence of the love of scholarship, is from neither New York nor Boston, but from Ohio; and the author of one of the very best pieces of American fiction which has lately come to our hand, or which we have yet read, is from the South. Miss Frances Courteney Baylor has given hostages to criticism before this, but we had not read her other work, and we brought to her story a mind which, if unwilling through the aversion to unfamiliar fiction which grows upon one with the years, was at least unprejudiced. The story is of very simple life—very vulgar life, if you please—in a neighborhood of Virginia farmers, who have hardly risen above the condition of pioneers; but it has those evidences of fidelity in it without which a story of the very highest, the very superfinest, life is perhaps not worth reading, except by the very highest, the very superfinest, people. The character which must pass for that of hero, we suppose, is John Shore, a sensitive, soft-hearted, fiddling good-for-nothing, who is so broken by the loss of his young wife that he wanders away to Texas, leaving their babe to the mercies of chance hands, and returns, in a fit of untutored State patriotism, to lead the neighborhood to war, at the time of Virginia's secession. After the war he gives his farm to his son, grown up to be a dull, simple, kindly young man, fallen the matrimonial prey of a shrewish elderly widow, and wanders away again; but an incurable homesickness brings him back on the eve of a terrible railroad accident, in which a picnic party from his old neighborhood is slaughtered, and Shore loses his leg. He goes to live on the affection of his son and the unwilling charity of his son's wife, who puts him into a "shed-room" adjoining the cabin, with a little wretched orphan nephew of hers. He becomes great friends with this boy, and is consoled in all his wrongs and sorrows by the child's love and the music of his violin; and he is in the way to become a sentimental burden to the reader when he redeems himself by taking to drink; he has "sprees," as they are called, and then awful paroxysms of remorse and shame and reform, and then sprees again. At last, in one of these lapses, he loses his daughter-in-law's savings, which his son had given him to put in the bank; she meets his abject confession with a storm of fury, from which the hapless creature flies to drown himself. The situation is not unlike that of Polikouchka, in Tolstoï's heart-breaking story of the good-for-nothing serf; and it is treated with much of his mastery, though its reach and meaning are not so far. But John Shore is only one figure of the many powerfully studied in this very striking story.

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His dull, simple, kindly son, with his timid persistence against his wife's atrocious hate of the father, is not less successful than that pitiless termagant herself; and there are people of happier fate, and scenes of harmless if rude gayety, brought before us with the same unerring touch. Ignorant and pretty coarse the people all are, but with now and then a native beauty of soul, as in the poor foundling girl R. Mintah, who marries in grateful and reverent love the rich and powerful Jonah Newman in spite of his proud family; and in that old comrade of John Shore's, who is one of the killed in the railroad accident. This disaster, with the picnic preceding it, and R. Mintah's triumphant wedding, and the tragic scenes of John Shore's last day, are what remain clearest in our recollection out of many incidents which never seem feebly or falsely touched. The uncommon value of the book is in the conscientious art which portrays a whole community and a whole order of things without sentimentalizing them or seeking to idealize them, and which yet leaves us in sympathy with them through that divinely unifying "touch of nature." "They have this in them," says Charles Lamb, speaking of Hogarth's sketches, "that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face; they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the countenances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing." A sense of the poetry that is in all life dignifies and enriches the simple strain in which the story is written; and we must speak especially of the opening chapter, by which we are led into this vividly realized region "Behind the Blue Ridge," as in itself a lovely and winning idyl. It is in the spirit and form of some of Björnson's introductions to his Norwegian tales, and it personalizes with a poetry as delicate and genuine as his the history of the path that the wild things made through the mountain pass in its changes to the Indian trail, the way of the pioneer, the track of the emigrant, the country road, the macadamized highway of commerce, and the avenue of battle over which infantry, cavalry, and artillery found their destroying way back and forth in the great war. It is the allegory of our history, and it has a charm which we are aware our words do not impart.

VI.

It seems a vast distance from this picture of rude nature to the silhouettes and vignettes of a pleasant volume of "Society Verse" which we have been reading; and yet it is not necessarily so very far, if the society verse is as faithful to society as that is to nature. We do not suppose it is, quite. The attitude of the society versifier is inevitably a little artificial; he poses for a semi-humorous, self-satirical desolation, in a droll world of desperate pipes or cynical cigarettes, where trivial misunderstandings or worldly ambitions have divided youths and maidens, where the bouquets (preferably boutonnières nowadays) are mostly faded, the treasured gloves are faintly perfumed, the ribbons are crumpled, the immeritorious husbands are bald and fat, the young girls are agonizingly like their mothers of twenty years before. It is an amusing little make-believe Thackeray world, where elderly people are feigned to be still occupied with the disappointments of their teens, and where the heartlessness and heart-break are equally vast and not at all incompatible. Its flirtations are very dire indeed, and its marriages almost invariably of interest; its morals are somewhat disordered, but not to the point of anything really deplorable, and its experiences have a sad uniformity naturally productive of sameness in its records. The pattern of these was set long ago by the English masters, and in this collection of society verse by divers American hands the surprise ought to be that it has so much variety. Ballades and rondels and rondeaux and triolets we necessarily have, after the French studies of Mr. Dobson and Mr. Lang, but Mr. Ernest De Lancey Pierson, who edits the volume, has liberally interpreted the idea of society verse to include a number of pieces, lightly humorous, which are perhaps not strictly of that kind. He says, with possibly too great ingenuousness, that he has only "attempted .... to present the best productions of the younger school of poets and poetasters"; but we can reassure such "boding tremblers" as have had their misgivings concerning their classification in the editor's mind that we at least have found, with the exception of Blank, and Blank, and Blank, no poetasters in the book. It is, in fact, an uncommonly satisfactory collection of its sort. Wherever we come upon verse of Mr. Bunner's we are sure of a fresh and delicate pleasure, and he has three pieces here, among which "Just a Love Letter" is very charming indeed; Mr. Robert Grant's several rondeaux of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York are light, amiable, and graceful bits of satire; Mr. Dam's "Theosophic Marriage," if a little rougher in workmanship, is very amusing,

"She wore a wide and psychic smile"

being alone of inestimable value. Mr. Aldrich's "Intaglio Head of Minerva" is an old favorite, and as keenly, cleanly cut as if chiselled in the gem. Mr. Harrison Robertson's two triolets are delicious, and of quite aerial suggestiveness is "What She Thought":

"To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows—that—he—can—
Or ought to know it—
To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!"

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"On a Fly-Leaf of a Book of Old Plays," by Mr. Walter Learned, is a pretty picture, done with touch. "Her First Train," by Mr. A. E. Watrous, is also prettily picturesque, and also touchful; and "Her Bonnet," by Miss Mary E. Wilkins (she of the *Humble Romance, and Other Stories*, we suppose), is very arch and neat and demurely humorous:

"When meeting-bells began to toll,
And pious folk began to pass,
She deftly tied her bonnet on,
The little, sober, meeting lass,
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her looking-glass....

"So square she tied the satin strings,
And set the bows beneath her chin!
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away before the sermon should begin....

"Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
The reflex of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint—
And maybe was one, on the whole—
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole."

In fact, if it were not for fear of being thought a flatterer of the sex, we should say that not only for the finer humor, but for the broader fun, the ladies have the best of it in this collection of society verse. There is certainly nothing more amusing in it than Miss Helen Gray Coan's "Ballad of Cassandra Brown," or "The Stork's Jeremiad," by Miss Bessie Chandler. In the former we have an awful picture of the effects of Elocution, which we have all felt more or less in some young lady who has studied it; and in the latter the heart-rending appeal of the protomartyr of decoration:

"'They've worked me standing, running, sleeping, flying;
Sometimes I'm gazing at a crewel sun;
They've worked me every way, I think, but dying;
And oh! I wish they'd do that and be done!

"'I could forgive them all this bitter wronging
If they would grant one favor, which I beg,
Would gratify but once my soul's deep longing,
Just to put down my cramped and unused leg.'

"A silence fell; I gazed; he had subsided;
I listened vainly; all was dumb and still
Upon the tidy where the stork resided,
With upheld leg and red and open bill."

Mr. Pierson's volume is not, as he owns, fully representative, and he might make a larger one, which (as is too rarely the case with books of this or any kind) would be better; but, upon the whole, this is by no means bad, and we are disposed, even in our quality of critic, to be grateful for it. We hope this is not beneath the dignity of a critic, which we should always like to be mindful of.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of September.—The following nominations were made by State Conventions: New York Labor, August 19th, Secretary of State, Henry George; Iowa Republicans, August 24th, Governor, William Larrabee (renominated); Maryland Republicans, August 24th, Governor, Walter B. Brooks; Iowa Democrats, September 1st, Governor, Major T. J. Anderson; Massachusetts Prohibitionists, September 7th, Governor, W. H. Earle; New York Republicans, September 14th, Secretary of State, Colonel Frederick D. Grant.

The centennial of the framing of the United States Constitution was celebrated in Philadelphia September 15th, 16th, and 17th with great enthusiasm. President Grover Cleveland participated in the ceremonies.

The official count of the Texas election shows 129,273 votes for prohibition and 221,627 against.

Lieutenant-Governor R. W. Waterman succeeded to the office of Governor of California, made vacant by the death of Governor Bartlett.

The United States public debt was reduced $4,809,475 41 during the month of August.

The new Bulgarian cabinet was announced, September 2d, under M. Stambuloff as Prime-Minister and Minister of the Interior, with M. Stransky, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Natchevies, Minister of Finance, and M. Montkuroff, Minister of War.

Lord Salisbury announced in the House of Lords, August 19th, that the government had proclaimed the Irish National League. On August 25th Mr. Gladstone in the Commons moved an address to the Queen petitioning for the withdrawal of the proclamation. The motion was rejected, August 26th, by 272 to 194.

The Peruvian cabinet resigned, and a new one was appointed, with Mariano Alvarez as President and Minister of Finance.

The census of Italy taken last December shows a population of 29,943,607, an increase of 243,822 in one year.

DISASTERS.

August 17th.—Four fatal accidents to Alpine tourists reported from Zurich, making eighteen deaths in the Alps within a month.

August 22d.—Seventeen persons drowned during a regatta on the Thames, below London Bridge.

September 4th.—Ship *Falls of Bruar*, of Glasgow, foundered off Yarmouth, England. Twenty-four sailors drowned.

September 5th.—Theatre Royal, Exeter, England, burned during a performance. One hundred and forty lives lost.

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September 16*th.*—Collision on the Midland Railway, near Doncaster, England. Twenty-eight persons killed and seventy injured.

OBITUARY.

August 19*th.*—In Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, Professor S. F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in his sixty-fifth year.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Alvan Clark, famous telescope-maker, aged eighty-three years.—In London, England, John Palgrave Simpson, author, aged eighty years.

August 22*d.*—In Paris, France, ex-Judge Aaron J. Vanderpoel, of New York city, aged sixty-two years.

August 26*th.*—In Sewanee, Tennessee, Right Rev. R. W. B. Elliott, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, aged forty-seven years.

September 1*st.*—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Charles M. Hovey, pomologist, aged seventy-seven years.

September 2*d.*—In New York city, Rev. Bishop William L. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged seventy years.

September 7*th.*—In Flat Rock, North Carolina, ex-Governor William Aiken, of South Carolina, aged eighty-one years.

September 11*th.*—In London, Sir Charles Young, Bart., dramatic author.

September 12*th.*—In Oakland, Washington Bartlett, Governor of California, aged sixty-three years.

September 13*th.*—In New York city, Dr. Alonzo Clark, in his eighty-first year.

September 14*th.*—At Frankfort, Kentucky, ex-Governor Luke P. Blackburn, aged seventy-one years.—In Berlin, General August Carl Leopold von Werder, aged seventy-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

IN autumn the thoughts lightly turn to Age. If the Drawer has seemed to be interested, sometimes to the neglect of other topics, in the American young woman, it was not because she is interested in herself, but because she is on the way to be one of the most agreeable objects in this lovely world. She may struggle against it; she may resist by all the legitimate arts of the coquette and the chemist; she may be convinced that youth and beauty are inseparable allies; but she would have more patience if she reflected that the sunset is often finer than the sunrise, commonly finer than noon, especially after a stormy day. The secret of a beautiful old age is as well worth seeking as that of a charming young maidenhood. For it is one of the compensations for the rest of us, in the decay of this mortal life, that women, whose mission it is to allure in youth and to tinge the beginning of the world with romance, also makes the end of the world more serenely satisfactory and beautiful than the outset. And this has been done without any amendment to the Constitution of the United States; in fact, it is possible that the Sixteenth Amendment would rather hinder than help this gracious process. We are not speaking now of what is called growing old gracefully and regretfully, as something to be endured, but as a season to be desired for itself, at least by those whose privilege it is to be ennobled and cheered by it. And we are not speaking of wicked old women. There is a unique fascination—all the novelists recognize it—in a wicked old woman; not very wicked, but a woman of abundant experience, who is perfectly frank and a little cynical, and delights in probing human nature and flashing her wit on its weaknesses, and who knows as much about life as a club man is credited with knowing. She may not be a good comrade for the young, but she is immensely more fascinating than a semi-wicked old man. Why, we do not know; that is one of the unfathomable mysteries of womanhood. No; we have in mind quite another sort of woman, of which America has so many that they are a very noticeable element in all cultivated society. And the world has nothing more lovely than they. For there is a loveliness or fascination sometimes in women between the ages of sixty and eighty that is unlike any other—a charm that wooes us to regard autumn as beautiful as spring.

Perhaps these women were great beauties in their day, but scarcely so serenely beautiful as now when age has refined all that was most attractive. Perhaps they were plain; but it does not matter, for the subtle influence of spiritualized intelligence has the power of transforming plainness into the beauty of old age. Physical beauty is doubtless a great advantage, and it is never lost if mind shines through it (there is nothing so unlovely as a frivolous old woman fighting to keep the skin-deep beauty of her youth); the eyes, if the life has not been one of physical suffering, usually retain their power of moving appeal; the lines of the face, if changed, may be refined by a certain spirituality; the gray hair gives dignity and softness and the charm of contrast; the low sweet voice vibrates to the same note of femininity, and the graceful and gracious are graceful and gracious still. Even into the face and bearing of the plain woman whose mind has grown, whose thoughts have been pure, whose heart has been expanded by good deeds or by constant affection, comes a beauty winning and satisfactory in the highest degree.

It is not that the charm of the women of whom we speak is mainly this physical beauty; that is only incidental, as it were. The delight in their society has a variety of sources.

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Their interest in life is broader than it once was, more sympathetically unselfish; they have a certain philosophical serenity that is not inconsistent with great liveliness of mind; they have got rid of so much nonsense; they can afford to be truthful—and how much there is to be learned from a woman who is truthful! they have a most delicious courage of opinion, about men, say, and in politics, and social topics, and creeds even. They have very little any longer to conceal; that is, in regard to things that should be thought about and talked about at all. They are not afraid to be gay, and to have enthusiasms. At sixty and eighty a refined and well-bred woman is emancipated in the best way, and in the enjoyment of the full play of the richest qualities of her womanhood. She is as far from prudery as from the least note of vulgarity. Passion, perhaps, is replaced by a great capacity for friendliness, and she was never more a real woman than in these mellow and reflective days. And how interesting she is—adding so much knowledge of life to the complex interest that inheres in her sex! Knowledge of life, yes, and of affairs; for it must be said of these ladies we have in mind that they keep up with the current thought, that they are readers of books, even of newspapers—for even the newspaper can be helpful and not harmful in the alembic of their minds.

Let not the purpose of this paper be misunderstood. It is not to urge young women to become old or to act like old women. The independence and frankness of age might not be becoming to them. They must stumble along as best they can, alternately attracting and repelling, until by right of years they join that serene company which is altogether beautiful. There is a natural unfolding and maturing to the beauty of old age. The mission of woman, about which we are pretty weary of hearing, is not accomplished by any means in her years of vernal bloom and loveliness; she has equal power to bless and sweeten life in the autumn of her pilgrimage. But here is an apologue: The peach, from blossom to maturity, is the most attractive of fruits. Yet the demands of the market, competition, and fashion often cause it to be plucked and shipped while green. It never matures, though it may take a deceptive richness of color; it decays without ripening. And the last end of that peach is worse than the first.

HOW GRANT GAINED A VICTORY.

It being the fashion nowadays to relate incidents of our great war, I venture to repeat one told by Colonel H——, an officer as remarkable for the fertility of his imagination as for his great military sagacity. He usually introduced his story to any group of gentlemen whom he sought to interest, by the query, "Did you ever know what was the turning-point at the battle of ——?" On receiving a negative reply, he would explain, as follows: "Right in the middle of that battle General Grant came riding up to me on the field, looking more perplexed than I had ever seen him appear to be before. 'Oh, Charley,' said he to me, 'what shall I do? The day is going against me; all is lost. What shall I do?' I looked at him a minute. 'Why, Lis,' said I, 'don't you know?' He declared he didn't. I smiled. 'Oh, Charley,' said he, 'help me out of this!' Then I told him to move up his centre, deploy with his right, and strike the enemy hard on his left wing. Lis did it, and the battle was won."

Few witnesses of a recent accident at a railroad crossing could refrain from smiling at a sarcasm uttered unintentionally during the excitement of the sad occurrence.

A man in crossing the tracks in a carriage had been struck and instantly killed by the engine of an express train running at full speed. Soon after the train had come to a stop an excited brakeman rushed into the smoking-car and cried: "Is there a doctor here? Any one here a doctor? Need a doctor right away outside! There's a man *dead* out there!"

DE GHOS'.

"See ghos'? Yes, sah, I hab see um many a time. You no kin see um, 'cause you no blebe in um. When I lib to Johossy Island, one da'k night I was comin' home, an' I hab for cross one long causeway t'rough de ma'sh. It been some time in de mont' of September, 'cause I 'member we been cut de rice in de forty-acre fiel', an' dat always ripe 'bout dat time ob year.

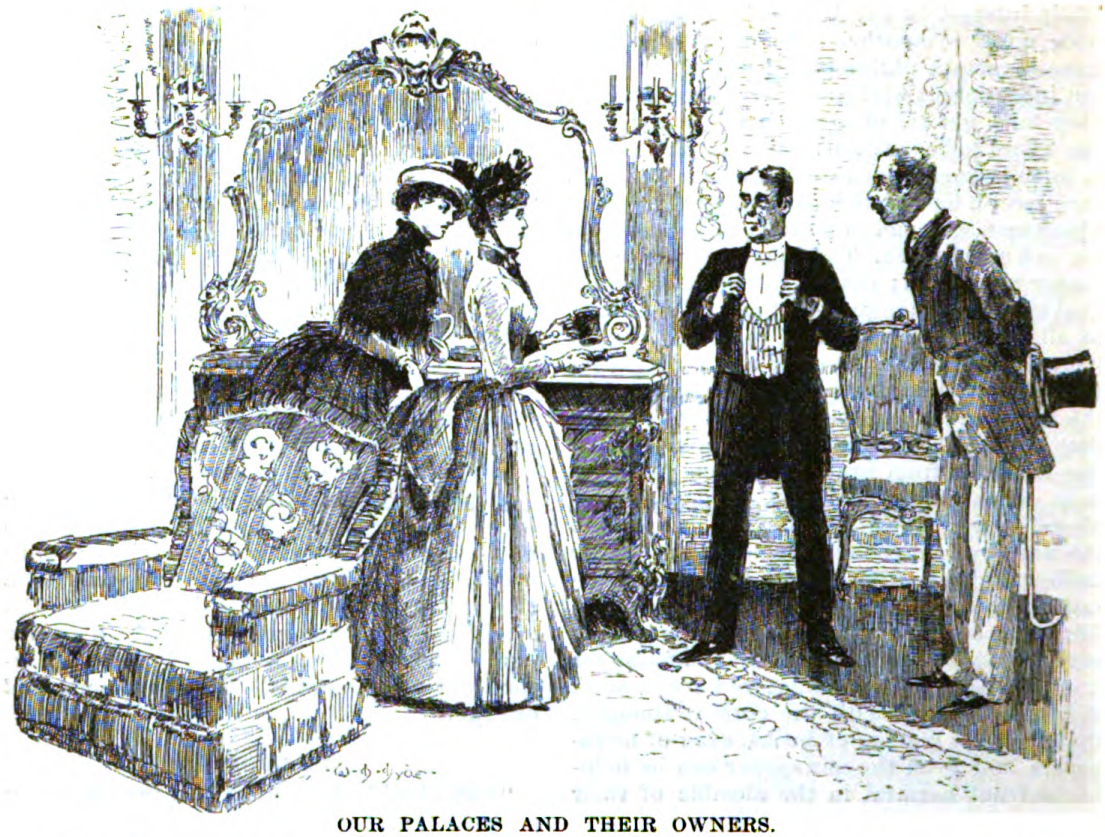
"'E been one bery long causeway, an' de fence run 'longside ob um. De sky been t'ick wid clouds, an' de norfeas win' sigh an' groan in de ma'sh till 'e nuf for scare you. Tell you de God's truf, Mass Johnny, I wish some oder nigger dan me been on dat road dat night.

"I hurry long fas' as I kin, an' when I git 'bout half-way 'cross de causeway I see heap ob ghos' been settin' on de fence 'longside de road. 'E look jes like crane, but all de same I know 'e was ghos', an' I been dat scare I no know wha' for do. Den I yerre de ghos' talkin', an' one say, 'Le's scare um.' Den anuder say, 'No; he one ob we fambly, so don't trouble um.' Den I pick up my foot, an' I neber stop run tell I been in my own house."

"Nonsense, Hacles!" (Gulla for Hercules) said I; "you had a bottle of whiskey in your pocket, and a good deal of the same fluid inside you."

"Sway to God, boss, I only tek one drink, an' dat no hu't me. Wha' I tell you is de truf." As I still seemed incredulous, the old man moved his hoe so as to lean more comfortably upon it, and glad of the excuse to stop work, continued: "Las' year, 'bout Chris'mas, I been down to Rantowle's, on de Sawannah road, to see my son Snipe. You 'member Snipe?" I

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OUR PALACES AND THEIR OWNERS.

FAIR BUT SURREPTITIOUSLY INTRODUCED VISITOR. "And does Mr. Crœsus use this magnificent gold shaving mug and brush every day?"
VALET. "No; but *I* do!"

nodded, and he went on. "You see, my dear massa, when I come back de train drap me at de Junction 'bout midnight, an' I hab for walk home all by myself. De night been clear, an' all de star shinin', an' 'e quite chilly, as 'e apt for be dat time ob de year. So I step out quite brisk, an' nuttin' happen till I git in dem woods yonder." Here he pointed with his lean, muscular hand to a thick piece of pine woods about a mile off. "Den I hear somet'ing behind me, an' when I look back I see one ghos'."

"How did you know that it was a ghost?" asked I.

"How I know he ghos'? Dat bery easy for tell. Ef 'e ghos' you kin see right tru um an' mek out what on de oder side ob him, jes as easy as you see eberyt'ing at de bottom ob de clear water. He come nearer an' nearer, an' I see 'e de ghos' ob a man name Daniel what used to lib by de Junction, an' die las' year. I ain't scare bery bad, but all de same I hurry on down de road, an' all de tim' I yerre him followin' me, an' ebery time I look back he been nearer. Jes' den I 'member dat Daniel was one man wot lub rum bery much, an' dat I hab bottle ob whiskey in my pocket, an' I tek my knife out ob my pocket, an' I stoop down, so"—and stooping over, he ran the blade of his knife into the ground, and turned it about, so as to form a small funnel-shaped hole—"an' mek a hol' in de groun', an' pour some ob de whiskey into um. Den I keep on. But when de ghos' come da he smell de whiskey, an' he stop to drink um, an' I hurry on an' git home safe."

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

A POWERFUL REMEDY.

IN the village of O——, in Central New York, lives a sharp-tongued old bachelor whom I have known for twenty-five years as "Uncle John." Uncle John is something of a character about town, and not destitute of Yankee wit and shrewdness. He used to make and vend in an amateurish way a certain cough mixture, the merits of which he preached to his friends with great enthusiasm, warranting the remedy to cure any cold in twenty-four hours "or no pay." One of his old friends, whom we will call Ike, being afflicted with a severe coughing cold, Uncle John used his best efforts in argument, persuasion, and finally vehement and profane scolding, to get him to try the remedy. But Ike could not be induced to "chance it." Not long after this Uncle John caught a hard cold himself, which was accompanied by a most distressing cough that shook his poor old frame unmercifully. It did not, however, prevent his coming down-town and "settin'," as he called it, in Ike's market. The cold hung on for a week or more, and the cough had grown no better. Finally one day Ike

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resolved to brave Uncle John's sharp tongue, and tease him a little about his failure to rid himself of the cold, and the following dialogue ensued. You are to understand that Uncle John's replies were interrupted with violent coughing.

"John?"

"What yer want?"

"Got a bad cold, 'ain't ye?"

"Yes; got the wust ever had 'n my life."

"Hangs on pretty bad, don't it?"

"Yes; beats all h—l."

Hesitatingly, "Why don't you try some o' y'r cough med'cine you wanted ter sell me?"

"I thought mebbe y' was fool 'nough ter ask that question: d'yer s'pose I want ter *live forever?*"

COTTON IS ALL DUN PICKED.

I's gwine up ter town an' spen' my money—
Cotton is all dun picked;
I's gwinter eat bread an' 'lasses an' honey—
Cotton is all dun picked.
I wucked mighty hard while de sun was hot—
Cotton is all dun picked;
An' I's arned all de money what I hab got—
Cotton is all dun picked.
White man sets on de fence an' figgers—
Cotton is all dun picked;
He's got a mighty knack fur ter cheat po' niggers—
Cotton is all dun picked.

An' er rake away de leaves, an' we'll all hab a dance;
Tune up de banjer—pling, plang, plung;
Look out fur de pinch-bug; watch fur de ants;
Tune up de banjer—gling, glang, glung.

De mules hab gone in de fiel' fur ter graze—
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' aroun' de sun dar is a thick haze—
Cotton is all dun picked.
De white boy goes ter de woods an' shoots—
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' de black boy struts in a new par o' boots—
Cotton is all dun picked.
Oh, de 'taters am sweet, an' de 'simmons is ripe—
Cotton is all dun picked;
An' I sets on de log an' smokes my pipe—
Cotton is all dun picked.

An' er roas' de ole 'possum, an' er po' on de grease,
Make er nigger's mouf go clip, clap, clop;
Jes han' ter de ole man a mighty big piece,
Make er nigger's mouf go flip, flap, flop.

OPIE P. READ.

GENERAL HOUSTON'S FREEDOM FROM PREJUDICE.

WHEN General Sam Houston was Governor of Texas he was very active and persistent in causing the prosecution of a defaulting officer—so much so, indeed, that the friends of the accused raised the cry of persecution. The Governor, speaking of this to a company of gentlemen, hooted the idea that he was prejudiced against the defaulter, declared that he had no other motive than the enforcement of the laws, and said that he should probably have the opportunity of convincing the public that he had no feeling of personal animosity against the man. "The evidence against him will be so overwhelming that any grand jury will find a true bill of indictment," said the General, "and no petit jury in the world can fail to convict the criminal on such evidence. Then, when found guilty and sentenced, he will change his tune, and he, and his sympathizing friends for him, will appeal to me for Executive clemency. Then will be my time to show that I have no prejudice. I shall pardon him; for I *will never allow such an unmitigated scoundrel to contaminate the penitentiary of Texas.*"

SAM HOUSTON AND THE DUELLIST.

GENERAL HOUSTON'S reputation for courage was so well established that he could afford to decline a challenge without fearing to lose caste even among the chivalry of Texas as it was forty years ago. An ambitious aspirant for cheap notoriety therefore thought it would be perfectly safe to call the old hero out, and quite glorious to placard him as a coward upon his refusal to fight; and he felicitated himself on the prospect of getting into the newspapers by the publication of the correspondence. Accordingly, assuming to have some grievance, he invited Houston to the field of honor.

The General readily took in the situation, and amused himself by replying at length. The burden of the letter was the baptism of the challenger's children a Sunday or two before, the vows taken on that occasion, and the inconsistency of violating the vows by the contemplated murder. In a serio-comic vein he dilated on this subject to such extent, and so much at the expense of the notoriety-seeker, as completely to divest him of his imaginary laurels. The poor fellow could not publish the correspondence without making himself the laughing-stock of the community; and even without the publication he had to wince occasionally when knowing ones hinted to him anything about "infant baptism." There was no "placarding."

THE flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower, and finding it about as wet inside as out, said, "You have quite a pond on the floor."

"Yis; shure we have a great lake in the roof."

NEW FIELD FOR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

LITTLE Warren's grandmother has a fine collection of autographs, and is constantly adding to it. During house-cleaning last spring she had a large buxom negress to assist, and to do the scrubbing. She expressed herself as satisfied at the admirable manner in which Vinie had done her work. It pleased Warren greatly to hear the woman so well spoken of, as she had been specially kind to him. When grandma had expressed herself fully, Warren spoke up quickly, and said, in a most enthusiastic voice, "Let's get her autograph, grandma!"

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BREAKFAST AT BONNEBOUCHE HALL.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky—Proclaim a hunting morning."

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

IN the year 1686 one John Ridd, of the parish of Oare, in the county of Somerset, yeoman and church-warden, confessed that he felt with every blade of grass as if it had a history, and that he made a child of every bud as though it knew and loved him. Two centuries later one Charles C. Abbott, physician and naturalist, wrote the history of every bush and shrub, and adopted as his own child each bud and blossom, that grew and bloomed on the banks of Poaetquissings Creek, in that far-off land which was known in John Ridd's day as "New Sweden." This history, given to the world under the title of *Upland and Meadow*[1] in 1886, was said by the London "Academy" to be the best book of its kind America had produced. *Waste-land Wanderings*,[2] the companion volume, just issued from the same press, has the same simple charm, and displays the same sincere affection for Nature, and close knowledge of it, as it is represented in all out-doors.

One July morning, a year or two ago, Dr. Abbott began his *Wanderings* at sunrise on the Big Bird Creek, the half-forgotten stream which was at one time the well-travelled waterway, and the only thoroughfare, between the then villages of Burlington and Philadelphia, and which now he discovers again to be the *Waste-land* as the Indians knew and loved it before the followers of William Penn found it good, took possession of it, and anglicized its name and character. Mechen-tschiholenssipu, as the aborigines called it, is a tide-water stream and the uppermost of the affluents of the Delaware. Upon its bosom the author floated for many days and nights, studying the life about him, animal and vegetable, and recording his observations of water-thrushes and bitter-sweets, of catfish and dog-wood, with a deft and loving hand. From his pages the careless reader will learn many things that are worth knowing concerning the birds and the flowers; how even the youngest sapling of the crooked hornbeam has a jaded, careworn look; and how there are wrens and wrens, as there are people and people in the world; how the door-yard couples are sadly uninteresting when compared with their more adventurous and wilder brethren who have roughed it in a hollow fence-rail on the frontier or in the backwoods. The wrens seem to be the cowboys of the feathery tribe. They are the petty tyrants of the field, who suffer no intrusion and excuse no blunder, who fight their enemies and among themselves at the slightest provocation, and who are eager to die in their own little boots. It will interest all friends of the refined and civilized wrens to know that even the hornets stand aside when there is a riot in wrendom.

THIS same John Ridd, a plain, unlettered man, not read in foreign languages, nor gifted with long words even in his own tongue, save what he had won from the Bible or from Master William Shakespeare, was a revelation to novel-readers when his romance of Exmoor was given to the world a dozen years ago, and dedicated to the Lorna Doone after whom it was named. His enormous bulk, his honesty of thought and action, his simple shrewdness, his poetic way of looking at nature, and above all, his big heart and his great love, have made him peculiarly dear to those who like him at all, and have left him an enigma to those who do not understand or appreciate him. There are but two opinions of *Lorna Doone*[3] as a work of nature and of fiction—one of profound admiration and fondness, and one of absolute dislike. No reader is indifferent to Lorna Doone herself, or lukewarm toward John Ridd and his way of telling his homely tale. It is either the greatest or the dreariest of modern novels. A book to read and re-read and read again, a book to be picked up at odd times and at all times; or a book not to be looked at under any circumstances, and out of which little pleasure and no profit whatever are to be derived.

Those readers who "cannot finish" *Lorna Doone* naturally will not care to read *Springhaven*,[4] but the friends of "Cripps the Carrier," of "The Maid of Sker," and of "Alice Lorraine" will be pleased to be introduced to Dan Tugwell, to Dolly, to Captain Scudamore, and to renew under such pleasant and familiar circumstances the slight acquaintance they may already have had with Napoleon Bonaparte and Admiral Nelson himself.

This work has all of that peculiar delicacy

[1] *Upland and Meadow a Poaetquissings Chronicle.* By CHARLES C. ABBOTT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Waste-land Wanderings.* By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, author of "Upland and Meadow," etc. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Lorna Doone.* A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00; 8vo, Paper, 25 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Springhaven.* A Tale of the Great War. By R. D. BLACKMORE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of touch, that Hans Memling-like quality of elaboration and devotion to detail, which have characterized the earlier stories from Mr. Blackmore's pen, and none of those Corotesque or palette-knife effects which his detractors seem to demand in fiction. He must be read with a magnifying-glass, and hung on the line. The Vale of Springhaven as Mr. Alfred Parsons draws it and as Mr. Blackmore paints it is exactly as it was designed by Nature herself, with the greensward stroking down the rigor of the rocks, and quick rills lacing the bosom of the slope with tags of twisted silver; Admiral Darling—who might have been spared to dance at his daughter's wedding—the real British sailor of his day, the man who generally says whatever he thinks, and who always means and does whatever he says, is absolutely Hans Holbeined for us in these pages by Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Frederic Barnard; and the same artists, working so well together, have, with the elaborate finish of Gerhard Douws, drawn the Cheesemans and the Jem Praters so faithfully, and with such truth to the life and the time of which they are a part, that when on one occasion of intense mental excitement each found it more expedient to eat with his fork than his knife, no one is in the least surprised. But what man of the present day besides Mr. Blackmore would have thought of putting it in that way?

If Mr. Blackmore is the founder of a school of fiction—and most certainly he is—Mr. Hardy as certainly is a professor in an institution of similar and equal learning. He is the prophet of common things and of homely mortals. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife his characters all keep the noiseless tenor of their way; and the most refined of readers have pored with delight over the simple annals of a community of beings among whom was to be found not a single gentle-man or gentlewoman except such as nature made and progress forgot to polish.

Like Giles Winterborne, one of the most prominent of the *Woodlanders*,[5] Mr. Hardy's heroes are men who cannot say anything until they have thought awhile, or, like Marty South's father, they are men all skin and grief; while, like Marty South herself, his heroines have faces with that usual fulness of expression which is developed by a life of solitude, Mr. Hardy asserting that where the eyes of a multitude beat like waves upon a countenance they seem to wear away its individuality; in the still waters of privacy, on the other hand, every tentacle of feeling and sentiment shoots out in visible luxuriance, to be interpreted as readily as a child's look by an intruder.

Marty South is a *Woodlander* pure and simple; and in more ways than one. Although not the central figure, she is the most interesting, the most natural, and the most clearly drawn; she is essentially feminine, as are all of Mr. Hardy's women of her class, from Ethelberta to the daughter of the "Mayor of Casterbridge"; and in her creation he is more happy than in the portrayal of the doctor's wife, educated above her station, or of the born lady of the manor, who shows a sort of sorrow in her face, as if she reproached her own soul. How well Mr. Hardy knows women of all classes his readers need not be told; nevertheless John Upjohn's views of womankind in *The Woodlanders* are worth repeating in brief. He believes that every one of them be prettier on one side than t'other; and the pains his sweetheart took to make him walk on her pretty side were unending. Whether they were going with the sun or against the sun, up-hill or down-hill, in wind or in lewth, that wart of hers was always toward the hedge, and that dimple toward him; and he too simple to see her wheelings and turnings, although in the third climate of their courtship.

From such guiles and wiles, however, Marty is entirely free. She is a loving, lovable, but unloved woman; and with sorrow and respect we leave her standing in the church-yard, solitary and silent. A straight, slim figure, the marks of poverty and toil all effaced by the misty hour of the moonlit night, she reaches almost to a point of sublimity, and looks like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism.

The name of Mr. Black is naturally associated with that of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Hardy. "Lorna Doone," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Princess of Thule" are three of the novels of this generation. The young Scotchman woke up one morning—before "Sunrise"—and found himself famous. Sheila's portrait was painted by court painters, and she was adored by all classes of English society, on both sides of the Atlantic, even before she was commended, if not commanded, by the Queen herself, and before the Autocrat of English Letters had issued his ukase from his castle on the banks of the Thames at Chelsea, decreeing that his brother Scot should turn his attention to the writing of something serious, the composition of a real book.

Whether or not Mr. Black's books are real books must be left, perhaps, for future generations of New-Zealanders to say; but that the characters in them are real men and women seems more than possible to novel-readers of his own time and country. He himself confesses, somewhere, to the receipt of scores of letters, after the publication of "Sunrise," in regard to the secret societies he and his unknown correspondents were supposed to be connected with; and the wife of a well-known English novelist is said to have written him in regard to certain incidents in "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" as if the scenes and personages were actual, and part of his own experience

[5] *The Woodlanders.* By Thomas Hardy. 16mo. Half Cloth, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and hers. Even to-day many of Mr. Black's personal friends in Club-land will be surprised to learn that Queen Titania is not the lady of Paston House, Brighton; that "the boys" of the charming young mother who ruled the occupants of the "Phaeton" with the firm gloved hand, and who drove its driver, are little girls; that the pony is a kitten; and that the Uhlan is a myth.

Sabina Zembra[6] is not one of the best of Mr. Black's novels, but it is worth reading because Mr. Black wrote it, and it would be well worth reading if it had been written by any one else. It is as different from "Judith Shakespeare" (or as different *to*, as Miss Zembra would say) as "Judith Shakespeare" is unlike "Madcap Violet," or as each is unlike "White Wings" or "A Daughter of Heth." We find in it those little touches of philosophy and profound wisdom which are scattered through his other works, but which are not always associated with Mr. Black by those who read only to be amused. During the course of "The Strange Adventures" he remarks, in an aside, that there are no lies so massive, so audacious, and so unblushing as are those told by young people when they recount to each other the histories of their previous love affairs; and in the present volume he not only propounds the axiom that for ordinary lovesickness there is no more prompt and efficacious cure than marriage, but adds that Sir Anthony Zembra's life had been prosperous and satisfactory throughout—his first wife having died as soon as she grew ugly, and his second being thoroughly good-tempered, except when he wanted the carriage in the afternoon!

The novelist who was told by an old Scotch skipper that he could always make a living as a pilot in the waters of the western Highlands has certainly sounded all the depths and shoals of human nature to be found from Kilmeny and Killeena to Piccadilly and Mincing Lane.

THE Cotswold Hills over which and around which Mr. Black's Phaeton rolled are not more distant from the Green Mountains which are visible from Miss Wilkins's "Walpole Road" than is the English of Gaffer Taylor and Goodman Homes, in their Worcestershire villages, distinct from the English spoken by Mr. Jake Russell in *A Humble Romance*,[7] which gives its name to Miss Wilkins's collection of New England stories.

"Th' beastiezies be coom, missus!" "Be um, maister?" "Ess um be"—is the way the arrival of the travelling menagerie was announced at the foot of Broadway Hill. "An' ef thar's anything that's aggervatin' to a woman, it's hevin' a man fussin' around in her kitchen," is what Miss Green said to Almiry, as they drove past the meeting-house at Four Corners, in the State of New Hampshire.

Miss Wilkins in simple, every-day Yankee tells the story of simple, every-day Yankee life at Cross Roads and Flats in rural New England and at the present time. Her characters are common folk; tin peddlers, deacons, traders, tall, bony, shambling men, thin, broken-spirited women, with scant skirts and slip-shod heels; milkers of cows and drawers of water, makers of butter and hewers of wood; with hardly enough education among them all to make one orthodox minister or one district school-marm, but yet with that tinge of unsuspected, uncomprehended sentiment in their compositions which makes the yokels and the yeomen of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Hardy so fresh and delightful to all students of human nature. Miss Wilkins's hired girl, who never heard of Arcadia, is nevertheless riding through it under the gold-green boughs of the Cold River Road, and to the broken jangling of her new-made husband's load of tin pans. And a good many town readers will get, through the open door of Marm Lawson's north room at Drewsville, a sniff of that peculiar "north-room smell, not disagreeable, but characteristic, as much the room's own odor as a flower's is," which clings to north rooms from Maine to Pennsylvania like precedents in law, and which in after-years, in far-distant drawing-rooms, sometimes comes back unchanged to nostrils which would perhaps like to forget it, and which are half ashamed to acknowledge it as a part of our honest, humble life that is past.

IN introducing Karl Erdmann Edler and his *Baldine and Other Tales*[8] to English readers the Earl of Lytton has left nothing to be said, either of the tales or of their author. Edler is a native of Bohemia, and still a young man, not having reached his forty-fifth year. He was educated in Vienna, and in 1873 published his first work, which consisted of two short romances, "Wilfred," a tale of Germany in the Middle Ages, and "Gabor," a story of the steppes. An Austrian writer said of the latter on its appearance that it was a magnificent symphony, having in it the very soul of the gypsy music; and Lord Lytton, carrying on the simile, says that the three little stories printed together in this present volume might perhaps be described as symphonies of sentiment, each in a different key. He adds that Edler's genius is psychological and dramatic. All of his works, whatever their form or whatever their subject, are dramas of the inner life, although he respects the order of nature, which has decently placed the inward organs of life out of sight, and notwithstanding the fact that he does not represent his heroes and

[6] *Sabina Zembra.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. (Uniform with Harper's Library Edition of William Black's Novels.) Also 4to, Paper, 20 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *A Humble Romance, and Other Stories.* By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Baldine, and Other Tales.* By KARL ERDMANN EDLER. Translated, with Introduction, by the Earl of Lytton. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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heroines as continually turning themselves inside out for the purpose of self-examination. He works by synthesis rather than by analysis, and builds up his characters instead of taking them to pieces. In his style there is no flourish of the anatomist's scalpel, and there is no odor of the dissecting-room in his work. His characters are alive, and he makes audible and visible the very beating of their hearts. Changing his metaphor, Lord Lytton says that while Edler has been justly praised as a colorist, he does not aim at startling spectacular effects; and the peculiar merit of his coloring lies in a subtle harmony between the pervading tones of the picture and the central idea of the design. That idea, moreover, is always beautiful, always graceful, and intellectually high-born.

How much of this grace, this beauty, this intellectuality, and this noblesse is due to author, and how much to translator, in the charming little volume before us, the English readers of Edler, as he is seen through Lord Lytton's interpretation of his manner and matter, have, of course, no means of knowing; but that it all exists no conscientious student of modern fiction and of modern style will be likely to deny.

The story of *Baldine*—simple, original, pathetic, and pure—is as touching and as charming as the stories of "Tiny Tim" or "Little Nell." The longing of the child for some audible response to her own speech in the little community which was all the world to her, in which the men and the women were as silent as the rubber ball, the wooden jumping-man, the ants, the pine-tree, and the butterflies, who were her only friends, is beautifully expressed; and with marvellous subtlety, delicacy, and truth. To tell more of her tale here would be unjust to her author, to her translator, and to herself. For herself she will make many friends among English novel-readers, who will want to hear more from, and of, her author; and to her translator our thanks are due for our introduction to her, and to this hitherto unknown German who has created her. The work of original genius is always welcome, even if seen only through the translator's eye.

WHAT Lord Lytton has just done for Karl Edler, Mrs. Bell may be said to have done for Georg Ebers a number of years ago. If she did not discover him, she has certainly introduced him to the English-reading race, and both he and his admirers are to be congratulated that he has fallen into such sympathetic hands. Mrs. Bell's wide knowledge of foreign literature, her familiarity with foreign languages, and her unusual felicity of expression in her own tongue have fitted her peculiarly for her work; and to her we owe our translation of "Egypt," as well as of Professor Ebers's later, and lighter, and perhaps more popular books.

Reversing the ordinary course of those historians who are also authors of historical romances, Professor Ebers wrote his histories previous to turning his attention to fiction. Motley published his "Morton's Hope" and his "Merry Mount" long years before his "Dutch Republic" was given to the world; and Thackeray photographed "The Four Georges" some time after he had etched Colonel Esmond and "The Virginians." Ebers, on the other hand, had no occasion to cram himself for his historical facts and incidents, "Uarda" and the tales that have followed it simply growing out of the very fulness of his knowledge of Egypt and of Egyptology, and of the old lands and early times in which his scenes are laid. Even while an undergraduate at the University at Berlin he made the history of Egypt, and of everything connected with its past, his particular study; later he spent much time in the principal museums of Egyptian antiquities throughout Europe; and before he was made professor at Leipzig, in 1870, he had explored the country of the Pharaohs, and had published his "Egypt and the Books of Moses" and "The Scientific Journey to Egypt." In 1872–3, during his second visit to the East, he discovered the famous hieratic manuscript which bears his name, and which will be his monument as an Egyptologist perhaps long after his romances have lost their power to keep his memory green. "The Papyrus Ebers" is the second in size, and the best preserved, of all the Egyptian manuscripts which have come down to modern times. It was written in the sixteenth century before the Christian era, and it contains, on one hundred and ten pages, the hermetic book upon the medicines of the ancient Egyptians.

The serious physical illness which has confined Professor Ebers to an invalid's chair since 1876, and has put, it is feared, an end to his active personal explorations in Egypt, has resulted in the preparation of these tales of the land of the Nile, and of the days of Cleopatra and the Pharaohs, with which his name is now so firmly associated in unscientific minds. *The Daughter of the Nile*,[9] from the German by Mrs. Clara Bell, is a romance of the seventh century, from which is to be obtained such glimpses of ancient Memphis and of the country lying between the great river and the Libyan Hills as will be likely to incite readers to turn to more serious works for a more profound knowledge of the manners and customs, the thoughts and lives, of the men and women who lived in Egypt a thousand years before the Elizabethan Age.

In presenting one of his earlier novels to the public Professor Ebers declared the historical romance to be no more the mortal enemy of history than is the painting of landscape a foe to the study of botany. All art inclines one to the proper study of nature, whether it be the art of the painter or of the writer of such a work as this *Daughter of the Nile*.

[9] *The Daughter of the Nile*. By GEORG EBERS. Translated by CLARA BELL. 4to, Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

CHARLES READE was born with a chip upon his shoulder in the summer of 1814, when all England was in a state of belligerence, and all Europe was shaken to its very foundation by the rattle of cannon and the blasts of war. This chip he carried to his grave in Willesden church-yard seventy years later, ever ready to fight against its displacement, and armed to the last with a quiver full of epithets to be hurled at the man or the institution attempting to shake it or to knock it off.

Charles does not seem to have been a very amiable or tractable little boy. His biographers record that he not only robbed hen-roosts before he came to the age of trousers, but that under the slightest provocation he threw the stolen goods at the heads of his fellow-marauders. He was a master of invectives during his occupancy of the nursery, and it is easily to be believed that the chip was not often disturbed with impunity even when it nestled against the sunny curls of childhood or rested on the collar of a pinafore. During a few years of early school life, however, the chip was kept in a constant state of agitation, daily thrown to the ground by a brutal master, although as often put back in its place by a courageous scholar; for the boy was beaten, not subdued. And a new interest is added to the novel "It is Never too Late to Mend" by the hint dropped in the pages of this *Memoir*[1] of its author, that in it are reproduced—of course with decided change of scene—incidents in his own school experiences. The merciless warden of the romance was a life-like reproduction of the rawboned, iron-faced tyrant of the private academy to which had been sent Charles Reade and his brothers almost in their babyhood; and the sorrows of poor Josephs, the lad who was literally "done to death" in the jail, were those of young Charles himself, only slightly overdrawn, happily, of course, without the awful termination to the last scene of all; but, alas! also without the sunshine good Mr. Eden carried to the victims of prison discipline, and to the men, not boys, who had brought their punishment upon themselves.

All that was good in Charles Reade he himself ascribed to his mother, and that she was a woman of great strength of mind and character there can be no question. She was, as well, a woman of many accomplishments, Haydn having taught her music, and Sheridan epigram and repartee. She had a perfect manner and wonderful conversational powers, and certain portions of her correspondence, preserved in this present volume, read like extracts from the novels of her son. "Living in London," she writes, "what is it? Cliques fashionable, cliques political, cliques religious, and clubs the exception." She died at the great age of ninety, and a letter from Charles, himself a man of fifty, announcing her death, was blotted with his tears from beginning to end. Years before he had said of her: "My mother is pre-eminently feminine. She is consistent in her inconsistency." His own consistent inconsistency was no small part of his inheritance from the maternal side of his house.

All lovers of Charles Reade's work will read with interest the history of its birth and growth as he saw and told it himself, and will enjoy particularly the glimpse he gives of himself in and at his work. He says: "I studied the great art of Fiction closely for fifteen years before I presumed to write a line. I was a ripe critic before I became an artist." He was indeed a scholar and a student, a great and a wide reader. But he always believed himself to be a dramatist rather than a novelist. He wrote play after play, failure after failure in a dramatic if not in a literary point of view, until at last, collaborating with Mr. Tom Taylor, "A Lady's Battle," met with moderate success. This was followed in 1852 by "Masks and Faces" from the same double pen, a drama which was by many persons believed to rank with the best works of Sheridan and Goldsmith, and which was the turning-point in the professional life of at least one of its authors. He drew from it the story of "Peg Woffington," its central figure, and was encouraged by it to go on to the end of a profitable, prosperous, and more than commendable career. "The Cloister and the Hearth," which his fellow-novelist Mr. Walter Besant considers the greatest historical romance in the language, published in 1860 fully established his reputation, and dwarfed, although in some

[1] *Charles Reade, D.C.L., Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist.* A Memoir compiled chiefly from his Literary Remains. By CHARLES L. READE and the Rev. COMPTON READE. With Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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minds it may seem heresy to say so, the "Romola" with which it has been so often compared, and which came after it, in 1863.

The temptation to quote Charles Reade's opinions of the author of "Romola" and of others of his contemporaries is very strong. Those portions of this biography which are autobiographical — and happily they are no small portion—are the most delightful. They show to the world, as he saw and knew himself, the man whom, despite his invectives, his weaknesses, and his provocative chip, the world loves; and they invite respect for the man, and even respect for the chip, which was an honest chip, so magnificent in the good results it effected that generations of inmates of English prisons and of English asylums may well beg a sliver of it for memory; and dying, mention it within their wills, bequeathing it as a rich legacy unto their successors in strait-jackets and in dark cells.

STILL another "Romola" was given to the world, and in the opinion of its admirers a greater than "Romola," when Tolstoï's "Anna Karénina" appeared in the original in 1875–7, and was translated into French and English some years later. Tolstoï is one of the most remarkable and most interesting characters in modern letters. His own life is more than a romance. He was born about sixty years ago in Russia, and his parents were honest but rich. He entered the University of Kazan in 1843, devoting two years to the study of Oriental languages, and two more to the reading of law. In 1851 he joined the army as a *junker*, or under-officer of noble birth, and spent three years of active service in the Caucasus, gathering the materials for his now famous "War Sketches," and writing several novels and romances which were published later. He next served in the Army of the Danube, and during the siege of Sebastopol he was promoted to the rank of division commander. After the war he retired to his estates, devoting himself for a time entirely to the production of literature of a light but high class, and already making himself felt as an intellectual power in Russia. He became interested in the emancipation of the serfs during these years, and made their cause his own. He lived constantly among them after their freedom was granted in 1861, became a local Justice of the Peace in order to see for himself that justice should be properly administered, taught in their district schools, and wrote a number of educational works of a simple but clear kind, which have since become standard in Russia, and are likely to remain so for many years. Becoming interested in the teachings of the New Testament, which he accepted literally, he adopted its theory of communism, and set himself to work among the people as one of the people, his children tilling the soil among the peasants, living and dressing as the peasants dress and live, he mending the shoes of the very serfs born to his manor, and living on terms of humble equality with the vassals of his own banner. Such is the man who has sketched himself as Konstantin Levin in his great novel, and who has pictured so marvellously the several scenes of horrible war, his own inmost feelings and the inmost feelings of all brave men and all cowards, of high and low, of combatants and non-combatants, of the cultured and the ignorant, during the awful days of the defence of Sebastopol.

Mr. Howells, in the few pages which introduce Mr. Millet's vivid translation of Tolstoï's *Sebastopol*,[2] says that it is a sorrowful comment upon our Christianity that Tolstoï's frank acceptance of the message of Christ should make him seem to the world as eccentric or mad; and adds: "But it is 'the increasing purpose' which runs through all Tolstoï's work, from first to last; it is what makes him great above all others who have written fiction. It does not much matter where you begin with him, you feel instantly that the man is mighty, and mighty through his conscience; that he is not trying to surprise or dazzle you with his art, but that he is making you think clearly and feel rightly about vital things with which 'art' has often dealt with diabolical indifference or diabolical malevolence."

No work of Count Tolstoï's has yet been laid before English readers under more pleasant auspices than this series of war papers. Introduced by Mr. Howells with the strongest measure of praise for its author, and the clearest, most sympathetic analysis of its author's beautiful personal character and wonderful literary performance, it has had the advantage of being translated by a man who knows the country of which it treats, who has seen war on two continents, who is familiar not only with the Russian language, but with Russian life and custom and manner, and who is himself an original and brilliant writer upon kindred topics. Mr. Millet makes very clear the fact that *Sebastopol* is not the least remarkable of Tolstoï's remarkable books. Never were uttered or penned such strong arguments in favor of peace as are contained in these pictures of war; never since princes were privileged to kill, or since millions of murders made heroes of men, have battles and slaughter been brought so close to firesides or made to seem so real to peace-loving, peace-keeping mortals: never was the world made to feel more rightly or to think more clearly about that most vital of all things—good-will toward men—since the great lesson was first taught on that first Christmas Day.

THE contrast between Sebastopol in the days of its tribulation, as Tolstoï saw it from the Russian side, and as it was seen by the author

[2] *Sebastopol*. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ. Translated from the French by FRANK D. MILLET. With Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of "Altiora Peto" from the midst of the Allies, is very marked. One of the most interesting of the *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*[3] which Mr. Laurence Oliphant has just given to the public is his "Crimean and Circassian Experiences" in the summer of 1855. He went in state on a British man-of-war to Kamiesch Bay when it was crowded by the vessels of the British fleet, through which he steamed amid the thunder of salutes, the manning of yards, and the strains of the national anthem, and there, while Lord Stratford and the admiral in command exchanged official visits, and discussed the affairs of the nation, Mr. Oliphant, on a comfortable deck chair and under the shadow of an awning, watched the progress of the bombardment through a telescope, being able to see distinctly, he says, the shells from the Russian batteries exploding in the French trenches; Tolstoï and his heroes at the same time enduring the agonies caused by the bursting of the shells the French threw in return. In the pages of one book we have war as a horrid reality; in those of the other, war as a beautiful spectacle. In each case war is graphically and literally pictured, and in both cases war is made to seem bad enough.

In the second title of his book—"Moss from a Rolling Stone"—Mr. Oliphant shows that the proverb, like most proverbs, is neater as an epigram than as truth. He has rolled about the world and over the face of the waters for many years; and the list of his published works shows how vast and how varied is the quantity and the quality of the moss he has gathered. In the May number of the Magazine was given some account of the interesting specimens he brought home from "Haifa" during his "Life in Palestine"; and here he recounts his "First Experience in Diplomacy," his "Adventures in Central America," "Some Sporting Reminiscences," "A Visit to the Convents of Moldavia," "An Episode with Garibaldi"; and Calcutta as he saw it during the mutiny, and China as he found it during the war of 1857–9. He sums up in the final chapter, "The Moral of it All," that the more he raced about the world and took as active a part as he could in its dramatic performances, the more profoundly did the conviction force itself upon him that if it were indeed a stage, and all the men and women on it were merely players, there must somewhere be a real life. He was always groping after this real life in a blind, elusive sort of way, not expecting to find it invariably in ball-rooms or in battle-fields, but still confessing that the reflection that life is earnest was more likely to force itself upon him when he was among murderers of time and murderers of men than under any other circumstances.

The world, he says, with its bloody wars, its political intrigues, its social evils, its religious cant, its financial frauds, and its glaring anomalies, assumed in his eyes more and more the aspect of a gigantic lunatic asylum; and the question occurred to him whether there might not be latent forces in nature by the application of which this profound moral malady might be reached. He had long been interested in a class of psychic phenomena which under the names of magnetism, hypnotism, and spiritualism he says have been forcing themselves upon public attention of late years; and he had even been conscious of these phenomena in his own experiences, and of the existence of a force in his own organism for which science was utterly unable to account. Into this region he determined to try to penetrate, deciding upon retiring from public life and the confused turmoil of a mad world into a seclusion where, under the most favorable conditions he could find, he might prosecute his researches into the more hidden laws which he believes govern human action and control events. He has devoted himself now to this object for more than twenty years, occasionally coming out of his retirement, but only to study his subject more closely and from the living model; and he confesses that the nature of his pursuit is so absorbing, and its results so encouraging, that it is no longer possible for him to relinquish it, or abandon the hope it has inspired in his breast that a new moral force is dawning upon the human race.

Since the stone has ceased to roll Mr. Oliphant has not cared to speak of himself. He promises, however, in the final pages of this book, to take up some day, though it cannot be in many years, the thread of his life where he has dropped it here, and to narrate some of the episodes which have since occurred. These he ventures to hope will be more readily appreciated by his new public than by the men and women to whom he writes now, and who are too ready to think that mankind and its surroundings are good enough as they now exist. And the mad world waits with no uncommon interest for a glimpse of the violets which have grown by this mossy stone since it has half hidden itself from the eye.

In the final and brief chapter of the *Random Recollections*[4] of Henry B. Stanton he looks back over the fourscore years covered by his narrative, and confesses with the calm and serene gentleness of old age the deep impression made upon him by the sad thought that nearly all the persons of whom he had been writing "are already in the spirit land." In January, 1887, while his pages were going through the press, and almost in the very act of correcting the proofs of his book, he himself went on to join his friends;—the last leaf to fall.

Henry B. Stanton was an uncommon man,

[3] *Episodes in a Life of Adventure.* By Laurence Oliphant, Author of "Haifa," "Piccadilly," "Altiora Peto," "China and Japan," etc. pp. iv., 344. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Random Recollections.* By Henry B. Stanton. pp. xvi., 298. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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born in uncommon times. He fought a hard fight, and lived to see his victory won. His first antislavery speech was made before a school debating society in 1832, and during the years that followed he was, according to Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," mobbed at least two hundred times. The struggles of the early abolitionists are curious and instructive reading now, particularly when related by a man who was not only an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, but an active participant in them. He was one of the few men in the world who have helped to write the history they helped to make.

The general reader, perhaps, will find more to interest him in Mr. Stanton's portraits of the famous and infamous men he knew than in his pictures of the stirring times in which he figured. As a rule, he describes persons and events from his own personal knowledge or observation only, taking nothing at second hand; and what is peculiarly to the point, he stops when he has nothing more to say. A very rare quality in works of its kind is this, for it is no easy matter for the writer or narrator of personal reminiscences to remember only what he himself recollects!

He saw Sam Patch jump from the falls in Rochester in 1829 never to rise again; he describes Martin Van Buren dressed in an elegant snuff-colored broadcloth coat, with an orange cravat, vest of a pearl hue, and white duck trousers; he heard Dr. Lyman Beecher defend himself on a trial for heresy at Cincinnati in 1834, and heard Dr. Beecher's young son Henry say publicly to his sire in the Synod, "Father, you are plagued good at twisting, but if you can twist your creed on to the Westminster Confession of Faith you can twist better than I think you can"; he knew Benjamin R. Haydon, the eccentric painter; he replied to certain uncomplimentary utterances of Thomas Campbell's in regard to American poetry and American institutions, and he more than insinuates that the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming" on that occasion had been drinking too much wine; he heard Carlyle call Victor Hugo "a glittering humbug"; he rode ten miles in the rain and over country roads to listen to a sermon by Sydney Smith; and he saw and knew almost every man who was worth seeing or worth knowing, either in the mother country or his own, during his eighty years of busy active life. It is not often that the man of such wide and long and varied experiences combines with keen observation the faculty of recording his impressions so clearly, so honestly, with so much kindly feeling, and with such charity toward all.

"BIOGRAPHY," wrote a certain great biographer in "The Idler" in 1759—"biography is of all the various kinds of narrative writing that which is most eagerly read and most easily applied to the purposes of life." This was uttered almost a quarter of a century before the publication of "The Lives of the Poets," and when a series of biographies such as Mr. John Morley has conceived and carried out so successfully could neither have been designed nor executed in England. The lives of the *English Men of Letters*[1] are avowedly addressed to the general public with a view both of stirring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read. An immense class are growing up, and must every year increase, on both sides of the Atlantic, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. Mr. Morley intended his series to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty.

Each one of these biographical sketches is the work of the one English Man of Letters of the present day best qualified to perform his task, either by reason of personal knowledge of his subject and of his subject's aims and hopes, or because of deep insight into and close study of his subject's achievements. Professor Huxley wrote of "Hume," William Black of "Goldsmith," Anthony Trollope of "Thackeray," Henry James of "Hawthorne," J. A. Froude of "Bunyan," David Masson of "De Quincey," Edmund Gosse of "Gray," Austin Dobson of "Fielding," and Mr. Morley himself of "Burke." The other biographies have come from the pens of writers equally well prepared by habits of thought and association to do full justice to the quality and character of the particular man with whom, as Men of Letters, they themselves are most in sympathy. When "Johnson's Lives" were published in 1779–81, half of the men who figure in the present series had not yet begun to make their marks, or to make them broad and bright enough to warrant this lasting recognition of their services. And all England hardly contained then half a dozen men capable of appreciating these marks, or of expressing in terse, clear, scholarly, critical English their appreciation, as is shown in each one of the two-scores of volumes, with its individual author, which Mr. Morley has presented to the world.

These books are not only admirable as biography, and valuable because of the character of the men whose work they are and of the men whose works they celebrate, but they are published at a price which brings them within the range of the poorest student who reads at all. Appearing now in the "Handy Series," in compact, neat little volumes, each one of which literally can stand alone, they are a living testimony to the fact that this is not only an age of good literature, but of a good literature which is cheap.

[1] *English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo. Cloth, 75 Cents per Volume. Also in "Harper's Handy Series." New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

IF the charge of plagiarism and the compliment of parody, to say nothing of the consummate flattery of direct and avowed imitation, are signs of success in any branch of letters, then Mr. Haggard may certainly congratulate himself that he has achieved greatness as a writer of romance. He has been discussed, condemned, praised, travestied, translated—and read—as much as any young man of his time, and his stories still sell. His remarkable popularity has more than once been ascribed to the natural reaction against the flat and pointless fiction of late years which tells no story, has no beginning, and never ends; to the natural craving on the part of the habitual novel-reader for some sharp mental stimulant after a long succession of literary Five-o'clock Teas.

In *The Witch's Head*,[1] one of the earliest of Mr. Haggard's works, Dorothy accuses Ernest of being as dull as the dullest thing in the world, and asks him what he believes the dullest thing in the world to be. "I don't know," he answers, awakening. "Yes, I think I do; an American novel!" She acknowledges the definition to be perfect; and "as dull as an American novel" is accepted as the acme of dulness in one English novel at least. Mr. Haggard himself is never dull, and he is always decent. But of how many three-volume stories of the present day bearing the imprint of British publishers can this be said? A constant and professional reader of novels, both English and American, a reader who reads from a sense of duty, and not to be amused, one who is in search of good work, no matter what its nationality, and who feels no insular or continental prejudice, cannot help being struck by the marked contrast not only in literary style, but in moral tone, between the average romances of the two countries, and particularly by the poverty of humor in English tales, and by the enormous opulence of the British heroine's golden tresses. A wealth of golden hair is inherent in and entailed upon some one feminine character in every English novel of the present day—which is not dull. Our transatlantic novelist, too, is vague, and as he would himself say "shaky," in his tenses. He is very fond of using what is termed "the historical present," a peculiar form of his verb which at the end of a single page is apt to slip away from him, and to leave him high and dry upon the conventional and convenient past. His "Lady Gladys sits placidly in her boudoir; she gazes up into Reginald's clear-cut face; a merry laugh ripples from her pouting lips; she pauses, gives a half sigh, and went and stood by the window!" Her wealth of golden hair, of course, shining gloriously in the firelight, in the moonlight, in the lamplight, or in the sunlight, as the case may be.

Most of the contemporary British novels which are not dull have *dramatis personæ* composed entirely of villains and fools of both sexes and of all degrees. They treat of a certain fast set of citizens of the metropolis of Great Britain who have no moral sense whatever, and who, it is to be hoped, do not exist in real life. The ladies are not gentle-women, and the gentlemen are poor specimens of men. This of course does not apply to the better kind of British novelists, represented by scores of good men and good women who write to amuse decent people on both sides of the Atlantic, but to a large class of romancers whose work, happily, is rarely reprinted here, although it seems to be extensively read at home.

No matter how bad the American novel may be when it is bad, it is respectable and self-respecting. Its natural, necessary villains have good sides to their characters, the English in which they are pictured is clear and grammatical, the dialogue they speak is not all slang, or nearly all profanity; and granting that the average American novel is dull and empty (which it is not), a steady diet of thin bread and butter and mild Oolong is certainly better than constant "pegs of B. and S," which is English novel English for spirits and water.

There are not many dull lines in Mr. Haggard's *Dawn*[2] or in *The Witch's Head*. He is naturally a pure-minded man, by whom nothing is made to seem very impure. His tales are entertaining, exciting, and interesting from beginning to end, and "the fightingest part" of *The Witch's Head* is the whole book. Philip Caresfoot thrashes his cousin George on the very first page of *Dawn*, and George well deserves all he gets. The Caresfoots are the typical irredeemable brutes of contemporary English fiction, Sir John and Lady Bellamy

[1] *The Witch's Head*. A Novel. By H. Rider Haggard. 16mo, Half Bound, 75 cents. (Uniform with Harper's Library Edition of Mr. Haggard's Novels.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Dawn*. A Novel. By H. Rider Haggard. 16mo, Half Bound, 75 cents. (Uniform with Harper's Library Edition of Mr. Haggard's Novels.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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being quite as bad. In the other book there is no battle until Ernest and Jeremy Jones have a round or two, at the conclusion of Chapter I., about Jeremy's dog; but the fights only end with the story itself. There is a deadly duel in Chapter XV., and what the author terms "A Homeric Combat" in Chapter XXIV. As in "Jess," the scene is laid in the Transvaal and among the Boers, and its readers are introduced to Kafirs, Zulus, and to countless warriors, including Cetywayo himself. These tales are chiefly interesting now as showing the work of the 'prentice hand of the man who created "She" and who discovered "King Solomon's Mines." They are, naturally, not so good as the works which came after them, and which on this side of the Atlantic were previously read; but they cannot be ignored; no matter what may be the opinion of the admirers of the dull American stories with which they are so often compared.

THE Young People who have watched *The Flamingo Feather*[3] while it was so lightly yet so firmly blown through the pages of the magazine devoted to their especial amusement and instruction have certainly found nothing dull in the story Mr. Kirk Munroe has told of the French lad who became an Indian chief in the Land of Flowers when Charles the Ninth was King, and when the San Augustin of the present was the little village of Seloy and the home of the friendly Alachuas. Réné de Veaux came to the New World in the summer of 1564 to help establish here a sanctuary for the Huguenots who were driven from their homes in France. He was a likely youth with a good face, and a heart as bold and as true as his face promised. He was the first white boy the Indians had seen, and an object of some surprise and of no little admiration to a race of savages who believed until that time that all Europeans were born with beards. He had long curls, and he wore a small plumed cap, a leathern jacket, knee-breeches, stockings of stout yarn, and short boots, the legs of which fitted closely to his ankles. Simon the armorer had made for him a light steel corselet, which he wore over his leathern jacket whenever he went outside the walls of Fort Caroline; and he was armed on such occasions with his well-tried cross-bow—for which he carried a score of steel-tipped bolts—and with a small but keen-edged dagger that hung at his belt. He would be an attractive figure in the old-fashioned streets of the San Augustin of to-day, and not half so "dull" as the commonplace young savage of modern civilization who lounges through English towns in English novels with his hands in his pockets and the vulgar tongue in his mouth.

This Réné, whose Indian name is Ta-lah-lo-ko, or the Little Palm, sees and takes part in many Homeric fights during his life in Florida. His bosom-friend is Has-se, the Sunbeam, and his enemies are Chitta, the Snake, and Cat-sha, the Tiger; he wins and wears proudly the to-fa-chat-te, or red feather, which gives a title to the book, and is the badge of the chiefs of the tribe; and he is only one of many types of heroes who save American novels, no matter what their character, from being dull.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S *Bar Harbor Days*[4] is an American novel in the best sense, and in every sense, of the word. Its scenes, incidents, dialogues, and characters are American; it is written by an American woman on American soil, and it is published for American readers by an American house. It is a simple domestic story, told in the first person by an honest, self-respecting fox-terrier dog, whose morals are good and whose manners are excellent; and it is in strong contrast with the autobiographical adventures of Ouida's "Puck," a Maltese cur of low degree, who was born in the north of England, and who passed a dissipated life among the most disreputable and least dull personages to be found in all London or Paris.

Dame Trot, the belle of Bar Harbor, meets her fate at Duck Pond in the shape of Paul Pry, a gentlemanly dog of her own rank, to whom she subsequently devotes her simple, happy, innocent life. There is a moral lesson in the manner in which she speaks of him: "If Paul cocks up his ears, I bark; if he whines, I run about, sniffing out the difficulty. We share each other's joys, sorrows, bones, and dog-biscuit. If at times I have to complain of a little *brusquerie* in my beloved consort, a slight tendency to snub or satirize, I bid myself recall his sterling virtues, his tried and proved qualities of head and heart." Paul's sentiment for Trot is equally tender and trusting. He encourages her to write her chronicles of days and nights on the beautiful Maine coast, and while he is hardly willing to call her actually gifted as an author, he cordially admits that she has a certain facility of expression, and an indisputable power to interest the average reader of transient literature.

All of this she most assuredly has, without being dull, or ever forgetting her sex and what is due to it. She describes the tumult of the sea, the wild exhilaration of the air, with the blue sky looking down on the havoc the storm has made; the riotous waste of ocean, broken into seething billows, and laced with flying surf. She tells in homely, pathetic language the story of the domestic tragedy which wrecks the life of Christy's grandmother at Witch Cove, and which has bequeathed to honest Christy himself his inheritance of

[3] *The Flamingo Feather.* By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. (Uniform with "Harper's Young People Series.") New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Bar Harbor Days.* By MRS. BURTON HARRISON, Author of "Golden-Rod," etc. Illustrated by HARRY FENN and W. H. HYDE. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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shame, so faithfully kept from him so long as Dame Trot knows anything of his life. She talks of picnics and boating, and of the young ladies at Flossy's house—Flossy is an English terrier—who are on pleasure bent from morn to eve, and who from week's end to week's end are never seen by day without their hats; and she relates the countless incidents of watering-place life which are all so old, but which she makes to seem so new. While her tale is suited to the simple intellect of the tenderest puppies of the human race, it will entertain and amuse Tray and Blanche and Sweetheart themselves, and even the dogs of war, for whom, as well as for the little dogs, and all, perhaps, it was written.

In her *Manners and Social Usages*[1] Mrs. Sherwood's mission is to teach her countrymen and countrywomen how not to be dull themselves, or, at least, how to be dull in a genteel and stylish way. The marked success of her papers on this subject as they appeared serially in the columns of *Harper's Bazar*, and when published in book form some years ago, and the fact that a new and enlarged and revised edition is called for now, show how useful and valuable her work is considered. There is no place in the world, Mrs. Sherwood says, and truly, where there are so many persons asking what is the correct thing to do, or where there is so large a community genuinely anxious to do what is "correct," as in this vast conglomerate which is known as the United States of America. The newness of the country is being perpetually renewed by the sudden making of enormous fortunes, and is being constantly emphasized by the absence of anything like a hereditary ruling class. There is no aristocracy here—and happily such is the case—which has the right and title to set what is called the fashion. But in what calls itself "Society," the belief is current that fashion must be set, and that somebody must set it. "Society" in America is necessarily influenced and shaped by observation and imitation of the Social Usages of the limited few of native refinement and taste, and by close study of the Manners, good and bad, of the foreigners who come here. Men and women educated in the social creeds of the Old World, and born with a faith in blue blood, profess to find, and no doubt do find, modern American society in New York, Newport, Saratoga, and Mount Desert fast, furious, and vulgar. But is it more fast or more furious than the society of London, Brighton, Chatham, and Dover? Excesses are committed everywhere in fashion's name, even in court circles, and if the English novels discussed on a preceding page hold the mirror up to English nature, nothing can be more low-toned than English high life itself.

To counteract the natural tendency to vulgarity—and man in his abnormal, aboriginal state is a vulgar animal—which Mrs. Sherwood considers the great danger to a newly launched society, and to make rules by which our social condition may improve rather than degenerate with every decade, is the object of the present work, and its author propounds and answers many questions, each of which is no doubt a serious question to some one inquiring mind at least, no matter how trivial it may seem to "Society" in general. She tells her readers how to use a fork; when to wear a dress-coat; who should call first; how and when and on whom to leave cards, and how many cards to leave; and devotes many chapters to such vital subjects—to "Society"—as "Women as Leaders;" "Optional Civilities;" "Visiting;" "Introducing;" "Invitations, Acceptances, and Regrets;" "The Etiquette of Weddings;" "The Etiquette of Balls;" "Fashionable Dancing;" "The Restraints of Mourning;" "Letters and Letter-writing;" "Incongruities of Dress;" "Chaperons and their Duties;" "Afternoon Teas;" "Garden Parties;" "Dinner Parties;" and all the other parties; "Servants;" "How to treat a Guest;" and "The Small-Talk of Society."

To this last point, the most important and certainly the most useful of the social factors, Mrs. Sherwood hardly devotes as much space as the mighty subject deserves. To have nothing whatever to say, and to be able to say it in a lucid manner, and with all the air of making the profoundest or most brilliant of speeches, is one of the grandest accomplishments of modern social civilization. It is a gift of nature. It may be cultivated, and possibly improved. Constant practice perhaps perfects it, but it cannot be acquired. College professors at Class-day spreads, the honor men of their own years, the deepest of thinkers, the clearest of reasoners, the most eloquent of orators, the most clever of essayists, the most brilliant of conversationalists on serious topics, have been seen to listen in speechless admiration and in an unutterable agony of diffidence to the small-talk of the "men" they plucked the week before.

Upon another question of manners, or of want of manners, the social usages of the American horse-car, Mrs. Sherwood unfortunately does not speak at all. Whoever has travelled life's dull round in the cities of the United States has found incivility in his stages, no matter where they may have been. It is not in getting up, but in moving up, that the ordinary American gentleman fails. He does not hesitate to take off his hat in the hotel elevator if a lady is present, and he rises cheerfully to give his place to the lady who enters his bob-tailed car, but he too rarely thinks of sitting closer that his brother man may find rest for weary bones, and this is a point upon which his sister woman never thinks at all. Perhaps in her next edition Mrs. Sherwood will devote a chapter to the evil

[1] *Manners and Social Usages.* By Mrs. John Sherwood. New and enlarged Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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wrought by want of thought in this every-day and many-times-a-day experience of those in "Society" as well as of those who are out of it.

The difficulties besetting the author of a book of etiquette are naturally great. No matter how well and how carefully it is written and how patiently considered, it must have its shortcomings, and it must contain its disputed points. Many pretended authorities on social subjects have known nothing by actual experience of good society; others have labored under the disadvantage of knowing too much, of ignoring the beginning of things, and neglecting the mention of things which to them were too self-evident to be considered worth recording, but which to others are all important. Mrs. Sherwood has overcome all these difficulties by the exercise of common-sense, by an innate and refined perception of what is socially right and wrong, and by an intuitive knowledge of what her readers want to know. Her book is probably the best of its kind yet published in this country.

How to behave with thoughtful courtesy —and thoughtfulness is the very essence of good manners, after all—to the beasts of burden who serve mankind in so many ways is the key-note of Mr. Mead's volume of discourses on *Horsemanship for Women.*[6] Mr. Mead's Sambo, when he first came into Mr. Mead's possession, was an amiable, rawboned, countrified horse, without knowledge of the world or of the Social Usages of Polite Society. There was no mischief in his disposition; he had a kind eye, and he was, like so many of his class, very sensitive. Human beings were the only things of which he was afraid, and the only small-talk he had ever heard was hard words. While he had never been treated with absolute cruelty, he had been misunderstood from his youth up; and the want of thought of his previous owner had hurt his feelings rather than his hide. He was no more awkward than the farm hand who had failed in trying to use him, and he had as many capabilities of mental and social improvement as the farm hand himself had, under proper social guidance. His education and training by gentleness and firmness are minutely described by Mr. Mead; who discourses wisely and intelligently upon all subjects relating to the horse and to his management, and who is greatly aided by the many illustrations furnished by Mr. Gray-Parker. The Etiquette of the Saddle is dwelt upon at length, the Parts and "Points" of the Horse are given in alphabetical sequence, with a List of his Diseases and Defects; and the whole is supplemented by the necessary but too often neglected Index. The work is as valuable to those who know—or think they know—all about horses as to the uninitiated, who will learn for the first time that a "hand" is four inches, or a third of a foot, and who will be able to calculate mentally that a horse measuring fifteen hands stands just five feet high in his shoes. The grand lesson of the book, however, is a moral one; of more importance than the cause of "Staggers," "Glanders," and "Founders," or the methods of "Mounting," "Backing," or "Leaping." It is that manners maketh horse as well as man, that the polite person regardeth the feelings of his beast, and that in following the humane system of training horses the trainer himself is trained.

Miss Mulock's *Unknown Country*[7] is the upper portion of that Green Isle of the Sea of which politically just now the world hears so much, but concerning which topographically she feels that the world is wickedly ignorant. In the north of Ireland the author of "John Halifax" found, last season, a region strangely beautiful in its desolation, and as isolated and as unexplored by her fellow-country-people as if it had been in the wilds of Africa instead of but twenty-four hours distant from London and Edinburgh, or only twelve hours distant from Dublin itself. She had caught a glimpse a number of years ago of this country, unknown until that time even to her; and the impression it made upon her then was so charming that nothing she has seen in all the fair lands through which she has since travelled has been able to obliterate it.

Miss Mulock—it is pleasant to call her by the name she bore when she was first known to her American readers—has many kind words to say not only for Ireland, but for the Irish of the north; and she dwells particularly upon the fact, so constantly ignored in England as well as in America, that the land is peopled by two races of men as distinct from each other as the Cornishman is distinct from the cockney, or the Highland Scot from the native of Land's End; and that the phrase "So Irish" —not always a complimentary epithet—includes types of character as opposite as the poles. On the Antrim coast, for instance, the manners, the faces, and the very accent of the people are so strongly marked that the most trained eye and ear can with difficulty distinguish them from the Lowland Scots on the other side of the Channel.

The Irishman is a curious, impulsive, and much-abused creature, who has never had a fair chance except in fiction or on the stage, where Lever and Lover and Boucicault and Sheridan have done him full justice, and have made him anything but "dull." With Miss Mulock to paint in glowing colors the beauties of the Northern End of the land he lives in, and with Mr. Gladstone to fight in Parliament for the civil rights of the population of the South, perhaps the Irishman's good time will come soon, and last long.

[6] *Horsemanship for Women.* By Theodore H. Mead. With Illustrations by Gray Parker. Square 8vo., Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *An Unknown Country.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

JOHN KEATS is one of the most interesting figures in modern literature. The sensuous beauty of his verse, the wild force and originality of his style, the peculiarly morbid, sensitive femininity of his personality, and the cruel tragedy of his life excite wonder and pity in all sympathetic breasts. He asked that his epitaph might be, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," not realizing, perhaps, that his genius had engraved it upon something which is more enduring than brass. No man was ever the subject of such extravagant praise or of such merciless condemnation from his contemporaries as Keats. Byron spoke of his poems as the drivelling idiotism of a manikin; Wordsworth called "The Hymn to Pan" in "Endymion" a pretty piece of paganism; Lamb placed him next to Wordsworth himself; and when it was too late to cheer or comfort him, Jeffreys wrote, "His work is flushed all over with rich lights of fancy, and so colored and bestrewn with flowers of poetry that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present." It was only when almost half a century had passed that justice was done to his memory, that his evil manners were forgotten, and that his virtues were recorded in substance more stable than water.

The name of the author of "Hyperion" is naturally and justly associated now with that of Lord Houghton, his first biographer. "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats," edited by Richard Monckton Milnes, was published in London in 1848, and a revised edition appeared in 1867. In the mean time lovers of Keats and the students of his works have acquired much new information regarding his personal career, and have shown that what were long believed to be established facts in his life are not exactly as Lord Houghton, although, of course, unwittingly, had represented them. Mr. Sidney Colvin in preparing the present memoir has had the advantage of all the literature on the subject which has gone before, and has written for "The English Men of Letters" series, in accordance with the present state of knowledge, a *Life of Keats*[1] which is most admirable and most valuable in all respects. It contains not only entirely new matter relating to the poet and to his family, but it will be found to correct in one or two important points the generally accepted belief as to the dates of his poems and their order of composition. Mr. Colvin has used freely and with critical judgment what has been printed in the accepted lives of Keats, and in many books and scattering papers referring to him, and has followed especially Joseph Severn's article on "The Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame," the delightful and affectionate reminiscences of Keats contained in "The Recollection of Writers" by Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats's school-mate and life-long friend; and lastly Mr. Harry Buxton Forman's "Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne," which are not to be ignored since they have been published, but which certainly should have been left in the oblivion and privacy their writer intended for them. Besides these he has had access to the manuscript papers and correspondence left by Mr. Severn, which contain most valuable material, and to a quantity of hitherto unpublished matter gathered by Lord Houghton in the preparation of his "Life," including the letters relating to the subject received by the author both before and after his work appeared. Among the Houghton manuscripts is an unprinted Memoir of Keats by Charles Armitage Brown, the devoted friend with whom he lived at Wentworth Place, Hampstead, in whose house he was so happy and so miserable, and under whose roof the acquaintance with Miss Fanny Brawne began, ripened, and ended.

The copious quotations from these hitherto unknown sources to be found not only in the text of Mr. Colvin's book, but in the full appendices, are of the greatest interest and importance, and will show at a glance, to those who are at all familiar with what was hitherto known of Keats and of his brief career, how complete a biography its author has prepared. It lacks only an index—with which, unfortunately, none of the books of this series are furnished—to be the most connected, reliable, and satisfactory life of Keats which has yet appeared, or is likely to appear.

In the final chapter, that on the character and genius of his subject, Mr. Colvin indicates what he considers Keats's historic place in English letters. Believing him to be by gifts and by training a true child of the Elizabethans, he places him in the most direct line of descent between the great poets of that age and those of to-day upon whom posterity has

[1] *Keats.* By SIDNEY COLVIN. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. (In "English Men of Letters.") New York: Harper and Brothers.

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yet to pass judgment; and his own estimate of Keats is high. He calls him the most Shaksperian spirit that has lived since Shakspere—the true Marcellus of English song; and declares that in his death our literature has sustained its greatest loss. What Keats might have become if, as Mr. Stedman says, he had not been "bereft of the gift of years," of course it is impossible to say; but what he was is shown in his own familiar line—the axiom of his life—A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

THE parent Browning Society in England, and the innumerable Browning Clubs which of late years have become so fashionable in America, will hardly accept without appeal the judgment of all of Keats's lovers and of all of his biographers, from the days of Lord Houghton to these days of Mr. Sidney Colvin, that Keats alone in the present century has caught and worn the mantle Shakspere dropped. But Keats, unhappily for his fame in our own country, has had no Thaxter to make him comprehensible, or to teach the beauty of his verse even to the few who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Thaxter read. Mr. Browning himself has nothing but the highest praise and the warmest appreciation to offer to the unfortunate young poet who died fifteen years before "Paracelsus," his own first drama, was given to the world. "Paracelsus" was by no means a popular work, but it was accepted at once by those who were capable of judging, and it gave Mr. Browning, hardly out of his teens, a position among English poets. Mr. Stedman calls it a most unique production—strictly speaking, a metaphysical dialogue—and that it is as noticeable for analytic power as are the romances of Keats for pure beauty.

"Paracelsus," which is a dramatic and somewhat modified version of the story of "Faust," was followed in 1837 by "Stafford," written for Macready, who played the titular part with no great success; and before 1846 all of the eight dramas which bear Mr. Browning's name had been published in England. Three of the last of these, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (1843) —not "A Blot *on* the 'Scutcheon," as it is so often called—"Colombe's Birthday" (1844), and "A Soul's Tragedy" (1845), have just been added to the series of "English Classics," edited by Mr. William J. Rolfe, and uniform with "The Select Poems of Robert Browning," which appeared about a year ago. Mr. Rolfe in the preparation of these volumes has been assisted by Miss Hersey, a most enthusiastic, intelligent, and sympathetic admirer of Mr. Browning, whose critical judgment, combined with a keen, logical, and constructive faculty, have fitted her peculiarly for her pleasant task.

A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and Other Dramas,[2] is prefaced by a long and valuable "Introduction," and supplemented by many pages of elaborate "Notes," and has the advantage of an interesting letter from Mr. Lawrence Barrett upon the production, under his management, in Washington and in other cities of the United States, of the drama which gives its title to the book. Mr. Barrett saw in Therold a clear and perfectly outlined character, suited to all the requirements of the theatre, and in Mertoun and Mildred a pair of stage lovers whom he felt were only equalled in the whole range of dramatic literature by the unfortunate young persons who represented the rival houses of Montague and Capulet in Verona, and for whom all the world has wept since Shakspere's day. He saw that "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," with generous and intelligent stage management, could be made to take even a higher place as an acting than as a closet play, and meeting with ready encouragement and sympathy from Mr. Browning himself, he prepared it for the stage by a few verbal changes and a slight cutting of the text. In his arrangement the tragedy opens with the second scene of the first act, taking the spectator at once to the formal reception of Mertoun, and this and other alterations made by Mr. Barrett are fully indicated in the Notes to the present edition of the poem.

Mr. Rolfe credits Mr. Barrett rather than Mr. Browning with "the great stage point" in Act III., Scene 2, when Mildred finds Mertoun's hat and cloak where he had thrown them before the struggle with Tresham. They tell their own story at once, and her cry—"Ah! this speaks for you; you've murdered Henry Mertoun"—so terribly thrilling in the original, is made even more, if possible, so in Mr. Barrett's version.

Dickens urged Macready to present the drama and to play the part of Tresham, now assumed by Mr. Barrett, but he put it into the hands of Phelps, and it did not outlive a single week on the stage of Drury Lane, although Miss Helen Faucet took the part of Mildred. Its great success in this country after half a century of almost oblivion is but another strong argument in favor of the statement previously made in these columns that the acting play is the strongest and most enduring form of dramatic literature.

THE first three volumes of *The Franklin Square Song Collection*,[3] edited by Mr. J. P. McCaskey, were noticed briefly a few months ago. The Fourth Number, which has just appeared, like its predecessors contains two hundred favorite songs and hymns of sterling merit, presented at a price which brings them within the reach of all who care for simple

[2] *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and Other Dramas.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Edited, with Notes, by W. J. ROLFE and HELOISE E. HERSEY. With Portrait. Uniform with Rolfe's Series of English Classics. Square 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 42 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Franklin Square Song Collection.* Part 4. Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. Selected by J. P. MCCASKEY. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Boards, 60 cents; Cloth, $1. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ballad music—and who does not? Among the pleasant features of these books are the notes and paragraphs scattered through their pages. They contain quoted and original matter relating to music generally and to the selections themselves, and as simple literature they are very enjoyable. The vocalist can read between the lines of "The Canadian Boat Song," Tom Moore's own account of his journey on the St. Lawrence, how he wrote the words to the air the boatmen sang, and how in after-years every note of it recalled to his memory the dip of the oars, the flight of his bark down the swift rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which his heart was so keenly alive. And the singer will be told, too, that Mark Lemon, who flavored *Punch* for many years, was the author of "Would I Were a Boy Again"—a song which one minstrel troupe repeated, when it was new, every night for three years. The story of the writing of "Just As I Am," by Mrs. Charlotte Elliot, its wonderful success, and the happiness its invalid author found in the fact that it had brought so much comfort to so many troubled souls, is one of the most touching of the Notes. From Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," Mr. McCaskey quotes the pathetic tale of poor little Tom and of his little sweetheart, who decked his little grave at Vendale with fresh flowers, until, by reason of her many years, she could no longer stir abroad, and then the children, who might have been her children's children, and Tom's, decked it for her. As she sat spinning, in her ripe old age, what she still fondly thought was to be her wedding dress, she sang one old, old song which the children liked to hear, but could not always understand. It was very tender and very sad, and it began, "When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green," and it ended, when you "creep home to take your place, lad, the spent and maimed among, God grant you'll find one face, lad, you loved when all was young." The words were only the body of it, Kingsley says, the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and these, alas! cannot be put on paper. The author of the "Water Babies" has succeeded in making them all seem very real, however; and Mr. McCaskey is to be thanked for putting them on paper in his collection, as well as for preserving other words and other music of the men who have done so much more for the world than the men who have merely made its laws.

IN *Harper's Weekly* of the 11th of June of the present year appeared the first chapter of *The Rose of Paradise*,[4] being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel, writ by himself, and now for the first time published: words and illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle. Captain Mackra's official report of his engagement with the two pirate vessels, made on his arrival in Bombay, is still extant, and to be found in Johnson's sketch of Edward England, one of the chapters of a curious book entitled, "A Genuine Account of the Voyages and Plunders of the most Notorious Pyrates," and printed in London in 1742. Upon this slight hint Mr. Pyle makes his hero speak, telling his remarkable story in the first person, and with an old-fashioned diction and obsolete orthography which are as quaint and as pleasant and as true to the life and the times of the first half of the last century as are the costumes and the firearms and the quarter-decks, which Mr. Pyle, with his well-known skill and deftness, and correctness of detail, has drawn in his illustrations to his little romance. Captain Mackra is a simple, honest, hearty seaman of the old school, who fears his God and honors his king, and who does his duty to the best of his power and with all his might.

"The Rose of Paradise" is a magnificent ruby, as large as a pigeon's egg, and its value is almost two millions of dollars. It is not as brilliant, perhaps, as the "Moonstone," or even as the "Hoggarty Diamond," but it shines very brightly nevertheless, and its history is well worth reading.

IN the seventh chapter of *Allan Quatermain*[5] Mr. Haggard succeeds in surpassing himself. It is entitled "A Slaughter Grim and Great," and it tells how three Englishmen and one Scotchman, who was a clergyman, assisted by a dozen native Africans and a French cook, who was an arrant coward, managed to slay two hundred savage Masai warriors one pleasant winter morning before breakfast. At the close of the combat the dead men lay about in knots, flung by ones and twos in every position upon the open spaces, for all the world, in Mr. Quatermain's eyes, like the people on the grass in one of the London parks on a particularly hot August Sunday afternoon. All readers of "King Solomon's Mines" will have to read, of course, the further adventures of Sir Henry Curtis, of Captain Good, and of the veracious and voracious hunter of men and beasts who tells this story; and the more one reads, the more the wonder grows where Mr. Haggard's inventive fancy will carry him next, and if his imaginative faculties will ever fail.

For forty years and more Hunter Quatermain had lived among savages, and had studied

[4] *The Rose of Paradise*. A Novel. By HOWARD PYLE. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Allan Quatermain*: being an Account of his further Adventures and Discoveries in Company with Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Commander John Good, R.N., and one Umslopogaas. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc. Copiously Illustrated. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents; Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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them and their ways; and for some time in England he had done his best to learn the ways of the children of light. The gulf between them he found to be but a little gulf, across which a man's thought may easily spring. He saw that as the savage is so is the white man, except that the latter is more inventive and imaginative, and save and except also that the savage, as he knew him, is to a large extent free from the greed of money; and he came to the depressing conclusion that in all essentials the savage and the child of civilization are identical; that "civilization is only savagery silver-gilt." The Christianized young lady has a habit of turning round and round to the sound of horns and of tomtoms, she has a fondness for pigments and powders, she has a taste for feathers in her hair and beads on her neck, and in many ways she shows, as her brothers in their way show, that touch of nature which makes us all kin. This, however, did not deter Mr. Quatermain from great and grim slaughter of savages whenever occasion offered, and sometimes when it did not; but it taught him to love Nature with a capital N—Nature as she was in the age when creation was complete and undefiled as yet by sweltering humanity. And it enabled him also to contribute a new word to the vocabulary of English slang—a word that is much needed to give rest to a word much worn. In the Zulu dialect "bongering" means "extravagant praise" directly applied. And Allan Quatermain will have more than fulfilled his mission if "bongering" slaughters out of great and grim existence the present method of administering colloquial sweets.

In strong contrast to its fighting side there are many touches of sentiment and many evidences of a shrewd appreciation of human nature in the present volume of Mr. Haggard's, which are suggestive of the Blackmore-Hardy school to which he has never before been credited with belonging. One of these, at least, will bear quoting in full. Speaking of the silent sympathy shown him by his friends in his great sorrow for the loss of his boy Harry, he says: "And it is, by-the-way, from the fact of the *presence* of others that we really derive support in our dark hours of grief, and not from their talk, which often only serves to irritate us. Before a storm the game always herd together, but they cease their calling!"

"Allan Quatermain," take it all in all, is the best piece of work Mr. Haggard has yet done.

A NEW edition of Mr. William Henry Bishop's *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*[6] has just been issued from the press. To the general American readers of the higher kind of light literature represented by "Detmold" and "The House of a Merchant Prince," Mr. Bishop's name is only associated with the clever romances he has written. But he has proved himself to be familiar not only with cultivated modern society as it is found in town mansions in the Middle States, but with the "Fish and Men in the Maine Islands," as well as with the primitive habits and surroundings and with the ancient history of the men who live in our own continent south of the Rio Grande.

It has taken many years of obliterating time and many volumes of sympathetic literature to cause the citizens of the United States to forget the exciting days of the Texan and Mexican difficulties, and to overcome the honest North American prejudice long existing against the "Greasers," whom General Scott and General Taylor and Lieutenant Grant fought and vanquished at Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, and Monterey; and in the breasts of not a few Northern stockholders of Mexican silver mines this sentiment of antagonism has not been extinguished yet. Mr. Bishop, however, in making his journey to Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, succeeded in changing his own ideas of the subject, and in distilling in the minds of his readers a greater respect for the people of Mexico and for their civil institutions than had previously existed. He studied their political, social, and industrial life, and presents them generally in a new and more admirable light. He shows what has been done to develop the country, to open it up to modern civilization, to promote its industries, and to gather its rich minerals into the pockets of home and alien investors. More than this, he pictures customs, costumes, and scenery in a most interesting way; and not the least enjoyable contributions to his book are the engravings of his own pencil sketches of what he saw and describes in his text. Mr. Bishop went to Mexico for the first time in the early spring of 1881, sailing by way of Cuba, and working his way in a northerly direction through the lost provinces to Tombstone, where American civilization has shown itself to be anything but a failure, and where the unplayed-out Caucasian is in strong moral and physical contrast with the effete and priest-ridden descendants of the Aztecs he had just left. The results of what he saw and learned then were published after his return in a book which attracted much attention and received much praise, not only in the United States and in England, but in Mexico itself. At the end of six years he publishes a new edition, containing a supplementary chapter entitled "Mexico Revisited," in which he sums up the occurrences of that intervening period, and shows the results of the new enterprises and stirring industrial activity for which such sanguine expectations were raised; leaving Mexico in a much better condition than when he found it, and prophesying for it still better things to come.

[6] *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.* A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, by way of Cuba. By W. H. BISHOP, author of "Detmold," "The House of a Merchant Prince," etc. With Numerous Illustrations. New and Enlarged Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $2. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

HOW many of the intelligent play-goers of this intelligent land and of the present period could tell, without the play-bills in their hands, that Alfieri was the creator of Ristori's "Mirra" and of Salvini's "Saul"? How many of the general readers of English verse know who Alfieri was or what he did? And yet Vittorio Alfieri is the most familiar figure among the score of *Modern Italian Poets*[1] upon whom Mr. Howells dwells in his volume of Essays and Versions just issued from the press in Franklin Square. Tommaso Grossi, Giacomo Leopardi, Giuseppe Giusti, Aleardo Aleardi, and their contemporaries, who flourished in Italy between the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the last quarter of this, mean as little to-day to Cambridge or to Chicago as the names of George P. Morris, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Clement C. Moore, and McDonald Clark mean to the cultured circles of Florence or Milan. A hundred years ago Literary Academies, so called, were the fashion in Italy. They bore fanciful and grotesque names, such as "The Ardent," "The Illuminated," or "The Insipid," and according to Mr. Howells they were all devoted to one purpose, namely, the perpetration and the perpetuation of twaddle. It was a time when every person of breeding devoted himself, or herself, to the cult of some muse or other; and if he belonged to the sterner sex, he established himself as the conventional admirer of his neighbor's wife; the great Academy of Arcadia, founded to restore good taste in poetry, prescribing conditions by which anybody, without respect to age or gender, could become a poetaster, and good society expecting every gentleman and lady to be in love! Mr. Howells shows that Arcadia still exists in Italy, although the age of gallantry has long passed away; and it is the survival of the fittest of the Arcadians which he here records. In Tuscan cities and in the Venetian days of twenty years ago, under Italian suns and with all the delightful advantages of atmosphere and place, Mr. Howells began the studies out of which this book has grown, and nothing of their Italian glow and fervor have they lost in their continuation and completion under the northern skies of the modern Belmont or in the bleak east winds of Boston, Massachusetts. The Italian poetry of the period which it chronologically covers seems to be fully represented here, although Mr. Howells in his preface half confesses that he himself does not consider it complete, and that he has succeeded in doing little more than indicate the character of his subjects and of their work. He certainly has done himself an injustice in this respect. He has not ignored any one among the principal Italian poets of the great movement which resulted in national freedom and unity; and his history of poetry in Italy during the hundred years ending in 1870 most assuredly is neither desultory nor slight. He has not only prepared critical and biographical sketches from which much can be learned of the poets themselves, of their surroundings, of their sympathies, and of their aims, but he has given his readers a taste of their rhythmic quality by presenting faithful and careful translations of their verse; from whole scenes of Alfieri's tragedy of "Orestes," to the charming lullaby of Giulio Carcano, "Sleep, sleep, sleep! my little girl."

[1] *Modern Italian Poets.* Essays and Versions. By W. D. Howells. With portraits. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THERE is nothing that is Arcadian, or that pretends to be Arcadian, in the collection of *Dialect Ballads*[2] lately printed by Mr. Charles Follen Adams, the author of the now famous "Leedle Yawcob Strauss." The writer is a business man who lisps in Anglo-Teutonic numbers out of office hours, and who sometimes teaches his American readers, in broken English, how to mend their ways.

It is hardly probable that the poems of Mr. Adams will find much recognition in The History of Modern American Poets to be written by some Italian Howells toward the end of the twentieth century, but he deserves some word of thanks in this for what he has said in defence of "Der Moder-in-law." He is almost the first American poet, ancient or modern, except perhaps Edgar Allan Poe, who has had the courage to write a line in praise of, and affection for, the woman whose daughter he has married; or who seems to appreciate the fact that his own wife and his own daughter are likely, in the natural course of events, to become mothers-in-law themselves. Little Yawcob's grandmamma in the present volume is an important, necessary, and fully appreciated figure, as she ought to be and is, in every family of the land—out of print; and the question of the elder Strauss, "Vhy not gife der

[2] *Dialect Ballads.* By Charles Follen Adams. Ill'd. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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oldt lady a show?" is one that should be propounded wherever there is giving and taking in marriage from New Mexico to Maine. "Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps, mitoudt der least bit of a cause; und, vould you pelief id? dhose mean Yangee chaps, dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!" Even the ardent, the illuminated, and the insipid Arcadian shepherds of Alfieri's day were better mannered than that. Why, then, should not Mr. Adams be the inaugurator of a great movement which is to result in domestic harmony and respect, a condition of things much more to be desired, when all is said, than the comparatively unimportant unity and national freedom for which the Italian poets strove and sang.

VICTOR HUGO during his long and eventful life saw strange things,[3] and had much parleying with certain people of no little importance in their day and his. He had for friends and allies (as he wrote in 1875), he saw successively, and according to the changes and chances of destiny, he received in his own house, often in intimacy, a list of men of mark far too long to be enumerated here. They were dukes and peasants, artists and princes of the blood of half a dozen dynasties, leaders of peoples, leaders of revolutions, emperors, shoemakers, and kings. He took into his palm the gloved and white hands of the highest classes and the heavy black hands of the lowest; and he felt and preached that both were but men. After all these had passed before him in long review he declared that mankind has a synonym—Equality; and that under Heaven there is but one thing man ought to bow to—Genius; only one thing before which men ought to kneel—Goodness.

In his "*Choses Vues*" Goodness and Badness, genius for right and genius for wrong, were on a perfect equality. He turned from Thiers to Rochefort, from Béranger to Marquis the murderer, with perfect impartiality; and the opening sentence of his opening chapter is the key-note to all that follows: "In the Rue Saint-Florentin there are a palace and a sewer." In the sewer as well as in the palace he found his Goodness and his Genius, and he freely recognized the right of the man of the gutter to be as noble and as great as his neighbor who dwells in marble halls and wears fine linen every day.

The first and the lasting impression this interesting collection of things Victor Hugo saw makes upon those familiar with his work, and upon those who think themselves familiar with the man through his work, is one of genuine surprise. The book does not suggest Hugo. It is not what is called "Hugoesque." It is not the Hugo of "Les Misérables," nor even the Hugo of "The History of a Crime." It is not the Hugo whom Hugo saw, nor the Hugo seen by the world at large. It is the Hugo Hugo's Maker saw and knew, the real Hugo, Hugo himself, and the best of the Johns who sat so long at Breakfast with the Autocrat of the Table. As a posthumous portrait of Hugo it is as valuable and interesting as a death-mask. It is Hugo off his guard. He did not sit for his picture; he simply painted himself; with no thought of pose, posture, or expression, and with every intention of touching the picture up and toning it down, perhaps, before it was framed, varnished, and sent to the Salon, or to the Academy, to be seen of all men who read.

A great man lived for forty years in the street that contained the palace and the sewer. The palace was rich, handsome, and gloomy, and in its later days over the frontal of its principal doorway its name—Hôtel Talleyrand—was engraved. Hugo called its famous occupant a strange, redoubtable, and important being; of noble descent, like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. And Hugo averred that everything in him was as lame as himself. He dragged his priesthood through the mire, he sold his nobility to the republic, and he disgraced his understanding by countless acts of utter baseness. His Genius was worthy of admiration, but he had no Goodness to which his fellow-men could bend their knees. This great man died one day in his palace in the Rue Saint-Florentin. Doctors came and embalmed his body, transforming the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, but the brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world itself, they left upon a table in the palace for an ignorant servant without respect for brains—having none of his own—to cast into the sewer.

This horrible and perhaps not altogether true tale, with its unwritten moral, *Finis rerum*, is told in the first chapter of *Things Seen*, and is dated May 17, 1838, two days after Talleyrand died. The last chapter, bearing date 1875, contains the list of the men Hugo had known, the authors of the things he had seen, with his apotheosis to Genius and Goodness mentioned above. In the intervening chapters, arranged chronologically, he describes what he saw of the funeral of Napoleon in 1840, of the death of the Duke of Orleans in 1842, of a soirée at M. Guizot's in 1846, of the funeral of Mademoiselle Mars and the death of Madame Adelaide in 1847, of the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, and of the death of Balzac in 1850. These, taken almost at random, are only a few of the things which Hugo saw and described in the two hundred and fifty pages contained in this work. They were not things which everybody saw or could see, for few men of his time have seen so much; and their great charm is the simplicity and the directness with which they

[3] *Things Seen*. By VICTOR HUGO. With Portrait. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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are told, the absence of the attitudinizing assumption, of the pedantic affectation, and of the artificial grandiosity which their narrator seems always to have used when he was talking to any one but himself.

CONCERNING *The Scottish Pulpit from the Reformation to the Present Day*,[4] Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, discoursed last year before the Theological Seminary of Yale University in his capacity of "Lyman Beecher Lecturer" to that institution. These sketches, as he modestly calls them, are now presented in book form to all students, theological or secular, graduates or undergraduates, who are familiar or in sympathy with their subject, as well as to those who seek enlightenment concerning the men and principles of which they treat. The author does not claim to have written a full account of Scottish ecclesiastical history, nor to have furnished complete biographies of the clergymen who have been prominent in the Established or Dissenting churches of his native land from the stirring days of John Knox to a period within the memory of men still living, but simply to have put the preachers in the environment of their times, to have brought out the characteristics by which they were distinguished, and to have given point to such lessons from their work as may be useful in our own age. For obvious reasons he has not attempted to deal with living Scottish preachers, but to Norman McLeod, who died in 1872, and to Robert Smith Candlish and Thomas Guthrie, who died in 1873, giants with whose preaching he must have been himself familiar, and concerning whom, as ministers and as men, he has no doubt by personal intercourse some knowledge, he pays just and discriminate and loving tribute.

The list of occupants of Scottish pulpits—fully indexed in this volume—men in whom was combined with the Genius which Hugo praised a Goodness which Hugo could hardly comprehend—is as long, if not as ornamental, as the list given by the French poet in his observations noticed above; but it would require the genius of a Hugo himself to point out clearly and succinctly the enormous differences which exist between the two classes of men, to compare a Guizot with a Guthrie, or a Balzac with a John Brown. All history hardly shows a more remarkable instance of hereditary Genius and Goodness than was to be found in the four wise and pure men, father, son, grandson, and great-grandson, who bore successively, bravely, and honorably the name of John Brown. The first was the famous John Brown of Haddington, the author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," who, according to David Hume, "preached as if the Lord Jesus Christ were at his elbow"; the second was John Brown of Whitburn, of whom Dr. Taylor writes, "His goodness was his greatness, and he was an effective preacher as well as an earnest evangelist"; the third was John Brown of Edinburgh, whom Dr. Taylor calls the Moses Stuart of his own land, "the regenerator, if not the father, of exact scriptural exegesis"; the fourth and last John Brown was not an ordained minister, but he was the friend of Rab and of Margery Fleming; he preached many lay sermons in his Spare Hours; and he was called, by some Hume of his own day, "the apex o' a' the Broons."

THE Things Seen by Colonel Knox's *Boy Travellers on the Congo*,[5] and by the innumerable bands of other Boys who will travel with them, are what Mr. Stanley himself saw in his famous voyage "Through the Dark Continent." The scheme of the book is fully explained in a letter of Mr. Stanley to Colonel Knox contained in its preface. When the publishers desired a condensation of the original work to be made for young people, its author felt that he had neither the time nor the experience in juvenile literature to perform the task. He suggested therefore that the Boy Travellers whom Colonel Knox had taken to "The Far East," to "South America," and to "The Russian Empire," in former years, should follow him with their previous guide, philosopher, and friend on the journey he made from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo. And the result is that Frank and Fred were carried to the wilds of Africa, were allowed to sail on the equatorial lakes, to march through Uganda, Unyoro, and other countries ruled by dusky monarchs, to descend the magnificent and perilous river, to see the strange tribes and people of that wonderful land, and to repeat the adventures and discoveries which made the journey of the great explorer himself so interesting and so eventful; their personal conductor having Mr. Stanley's full permission to use the material of the larger work as he might deem most proper in adapting it to the requirements of youthful voyagers, and to the intelligence of juvenile readers. The illustrations, which add so much to a work of this kind, are unusually numerous, and are of the greatest assistance in making the Things Seen particularly clear and vivid to those Boy Travellers who have to stay at home.

This work, it is true, is a condensation of the remarkable narrative of the exploration of the great river Congo by the most famous explorer and adventurer perhaps whom this century has produced, a summary of his own record of indomitable courage and daring, and of almost phenomenal energy and perse-

[4] *The Scottish Pulpit from the Reformation to the Present Day.* By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., Author of "Moses the Lawgiver," "Joseph the Prime Minister," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Boy Travellers on the Congo. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey with Henry M. Stanley "Through the Dark Continent."* By T. W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire," "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," etc., etc. Illustrated. Square, 8vo, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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verance; but it is not simply Stanley made easy. Nothing has been lost or sacrificed in the preparation of Colonel Knox's version. It will entertain the old and intelligent who have not the time or the opportunity to study the original, as well as the young and the less serious readers for whom it is mainly intended. And the great success of the previous volumes of the "Boy Travellers" series easily foreshadows a cordial reception for this.

In the early spring of 1880 an expedition under the auspices of the governments of the United States and France, and aimed at the careful reproduction of Central American monuments, and at a systematic investigation of the so-called "ruined cities" and other remains of ancient civilization in Central America, was despatched from New York. The expenses were jointly defrayed by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, a generous and public-spirited citizen of the United States, and the original promoter of the undertaking, and by the national treasury of the sister republic; and the expedition was placed under the direction of M. Désiré Charnay, a French savant and explorer. The strange things he saw are now first presented to the public in complete form and in a large and profusely illustrated volume, entitled *The Ancient Cities of the New World*,[6] admirably translated into English by Mrs. J. Gonino and Mrs. Helen S. Conant; and prefaced by an explanatory Introduction from the pen of Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, of the "North American Review." M. Charnay, as a delegate of his own government, went first to Mexico in 1857, rich in hopes and full of good intentions, but poor in experience and knowledge of what he was to see, as well as poor in purse. Nearly a quarter of a century later, better prepared in every way, backed by influential supporters and liberal means, armed with numerous documents relating to his subject gathered in the mean time in the storehouses of knowledge in the Old World, he returned to throw some lasting and valuable light upon one of the most obscure corners of the history of man. In the dedication of his book to Mr. Lorillard he says that he strove during the progress of these studies, in the closet as well as in the field, to carry out the programme laid down by Mr. Lorillard toward the reconstruction of civilizations that have passed away; and that he believes he has accomplished his object, particularly in demonstrating sufficiently that these civilizations had but one and the same origin; that they were Toltec, and comparatively modern. In this opinion he is not alone, nor is he by any means the first to express it, since both Humboldt and Stephens affirmed it some fifty years ago, while it was implied, if not asserted, by the ancient chroniclers themselves. M. Charnay is satisfied that he has proved the original inhabitants of the continent to have come from the extreme East, and long after the Flood; and he bases his statements upon the fact that their architecture is so like that of the Japanese as to seem identical with it, that their decorative designs resemble those of the Chinese, and that their customs, habits, sculpture, language, castes, and policy recall those of the Malays.

The Toltecs, he states, were one of the Nahuan tribes which from the seventh to the fourteenth centuries spread over Mexico and Central America. They were, by common consent of historians, the most cultured of all their race, and better acquainted than any of their neighbors with the methods of perpetuating the traditions of their antiquity and their origin. They invented hieroglyphs and characters which, arranged after a certain method, recorded their history on skins of animals, on aloe and palm leaves; or they preserved their annals by means of knots of different colors, and also by simple allegorical songs. This manner of writing history by maps, knots (the knots are Chinese), and of songs was handed down from father to son, and thus has come to the present time. All that the Toltecs did was well done; and their art and architecture were not only graceful, but delicate, as the wood-cuts of the Toltec pottery (pages 82–3) and of the Toltec crosses (page 86) fully prove.

M. Charnay has written his book in a manner easily understood by all (and in this he has been ably followed by his translators), and he has presented his matter in the dual form of a journal as well as a scientific account. Leaving the question of first origins as being unnecessary, and confining himself to what may be termed history, he begins with the arrival of the cultured Toltecs in Mexico, noting their establishment in the valley of Tula, their development on high plateaus, the disruption of their empire, telling how they transmitted their industries and mechanical arts to the people who succeeded them, and lastly following them in their exodus, and finding the traces of their civilization everywhere in the region of Central America. The expedition brought back with it photographs and plaster casts of the bass-reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions it found, copies of which have been presented to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and to the French government, and are reproduced in the illustrations to this volume. To the conspicuous generosity of an American citizen and to the indefatigable labors of a French explorer the world owes no small debt of gratitude for this work, which brings within the reach of our present civilization these relics of a civilization which has been too long forgotten and ignored.

[6] *The Ancient Cities of the New World:* Being Voyages and Explorations in Mexico and Central America, from 1857 to 1882. By Désiré Charnay. Translated from the French by J. Gonino and Helen S. Conant. With Introduction by Allen Thorndike Rice. 209 Illustrations and a Map. pp. xlvi. 512. Large 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $6 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE men who came, and saw, and conquered, in the late civil war on this continent have had so much to say—in print—since the close of the conflict about why they came, what they saw, and how they conquered, that a library as grand and as large as the Lenox mausoleum in Central Park will soon be necessary to hold their literature. The autobiography of the great Northern Chieftain is said to have been the most successful book, in a pecuniary way, that has ever been given to the world; the general who has not written his memoirs, or who has not had them written for him, is a curiosity in the army; and the privates who have told the stories of their deeds to the public are almost as numerous as were the brigadiers without brigades in the national capital during the early days of the national imbroglio. If war be a game of chess with living men for pawns, it only remains now for "Black to move." The negro—with one "g"—has waited long for recognition; but he has at last found a historian ready and competent to do him justice.

As a soldier in the volunteer and regular army of the United States, in infantry and in cavalry; as an officer of artillery in the republican forces of the Mexican army; and later as an officer of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, the author of *A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*, 1861–1865,[1] certainly may claim some military experience. He participated in many of the battles he describes, including some of the most severe conflicts in which the negro troops were engaged in Virginia, and he is therefore able to rely upon his personal knowledge of what he writes, as well as upon the official records to which he has had free access. He has been intrusted with the journals and orderly-books of officers from the rank of lieutenant to that of major-general, and has been personally acquainted with no less than six generals who have at one time or another commanded negro troops. He speaks with authority and without partisanship or undue heat, and he has been careful to give credit in all cases to the sources from which his information has been derived. Going most thoroughly into his subject he has prepared a summary of the military services of negro soldiers in ancient as well as in modern times, and thus has brought together in one work the established facts which are necessary to illustrate what their military capacity really is. In his introductory chapter he shows that for nearly three thousand years before the birth and establishment of Christianity, and until the first century of our era, there is an unbroken chain of historical evidence regarding the military employment of negroes in the East; and this chapter, compiled with great pains and after careful weighing of all the evidence at his hand, will be found to be not the least interesting although naturally the most brief portion of the book. For nearly sixteen hundred years the negro bore no weapons and left almost no traces upon the pages of history, and when he reappeared it was as an object of contention, not as an active combatant; according to this present authority he not only did not fight, he scarcely even offered a protest. To him war was a lost art, and the word *resistance* had no place in his scanty vocabulary. His three centuries of servitude, however, were not without their valuable lessons to him: he moved from the dark night of savagery into the daybreak of civilization, and by degrees became conscious of the fact that he was not only a man but a brother. In his chapter on negro soldiers in modern times Colonel Williams has succeeded briefly and succinctly in gleaning the essential facts of the negro's military services throughout modern Europe and America. He examined personally the fields upon which the negroes fought in Mexico; and in England, Germany, and France he found ample testimony of their courage and valor, not only from those who had led them into battle and fought by their side, but from those who had fought against them on many a hard-fought field.

The part enacted by the negro patriots in our own land and in the times that tried the souls of black men as well as white, as shown in this volume, will be a surprise to those who have not looked deeply into the subject. Black blood was shed freely from the very outbreak of the Revolution. Peter Salem, who shot Major Pitcairn at the battle of Bunker Hill, was a private in Colonel Nixon's regiment of the Continental army, and a negro. Salem Poor, of Colonel Frye's regiment, "at the battle at Charlestown behaved like an experienced officer as well as an excellent soldier. To set forth particulars of his conduct would be tedious. We only beg leave to say that in the

[1] *A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*, 1861–1865. Preceded by a Review of the Military Services of Negroes in Ancient and Modern Times. By GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, LL.D. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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person of this said negro centres a brave and gallant soldier. The reward due to so great and distinguished a character we submit to you." So read a memorial to the Colonial Congress, signed by fourteen American officers at Cambridge in December, 1775. Mr. Bancroft records the fact that the "free negroes stood in the ranks by the side of white men. In the beginning of the war they entered the Provincial army, the first general order which was issued by Ward requiring a return, among other things, of the 'complexion' of the soldiers." For some time there was a strong feeling of opposition to their enrolment, but common-sense and the sense of necessity finally prevailed, and Colonel Williams shows that while there were but few separate organizations of negro troops in the Revolution, and that even then their personality was swallowed up in some brigade of white soldiers, still they fought gallantly for American independence from Bunker Hill to Brandywine, from Valley Forge to Monmouth, and from Saratoga to Yorktown.

The story of the negro troops in our late war which fills the bulk of this work is too long to receive comment here, and it must speak for itself as one of the most important contributions to all the literature of the war that have yet appeared.

WHILE the author of the *Drum-Beat of the Nation*[2] does not go back quite so near to the beginning of things as the historian of our negro troops, he sounds his reveille in the early light of that October morning in 1066 when William of Normandy won the battle of Hastings, conquered the Saxons, or Angles, divided their land, and gave their estates, and titles of honor therewith, to the bravest of his own braves. This was the foundation of that law of caste out of which has sprung the feudal system of England which separates the titled nobility so distinctly from the heirs of the subjugated Saxons and Britons, who became the "common people," and have been the bone and sinew of the nation for so many generations. Mr. Coffin believes that the war between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States which began in April, 1861, and lasted until April, 1865, was simply a conflict of ideas and institutions. Five hundred and forty years after the Norman conquest of England three vessels sailed from London with the first permanent English settlers in America. Out of the one hundred and five persons who landed in Virginia, some sixty were men who toiled with their hands, while the remainder regarded themselves as gentlemen, and consequently far superior to their fellow-voyagers; and so to the banks of the James River was carried that feeling of class distinction, that sense of superiority and antagonism to manual labor of any kind, which had existed on English soil during those five centuries and a half. Fourteen years later a band of settlers equal in numbers, but differing greatly in social rank, landed upon a rock-bound shore which they styled New England. They called themselves Pilgrims, and they were poor in everything but courage and faith; labor with them was not only a necessity, but was looked upon as a duty and a privilege. In their estimation idleness led to vice and industry to virtue. How marked was the contrast between the feelings and sentiments and habits of the two sections all the world knows. There were good men and true on both sides of the imaginary geographical line which divided them, but when the conflict which some of them, both in the North and in the South, felt to be inevitable came, severe and bitter was the struggle of the men who fought against each other, and each for their own Institutions and their own Ideas.

Mr. Coffin became a war correspondent attached to the Federal army in June, 1861, and, like Colonel Williams, he saw and was a part of what he writes; his drum rolls the "assembly" with Mr. Lincoln's earliest call for troops, and in anticipation it beats "taps" upon a reunited people going to sleep in harmony and peace. In describing the first great battle, with its disastrous effects upon the cause of the Ideas and Institutions with which he is himself in sympathy—effects which were felt not only at home but abroad—he quotes a little bit of war literature which is curious enough to be repeated here. "The North," said the London *Times*, when it commented upon the first fight at Bull Run—"the North has lost all—even military honor.....Seventy-five thousand American patriots have fled twenty miles in an agony of fear, though there was nobody pursuing them. The United States of America has ceased to be. The Union has burst asunder by explosive forces generated within itself, and now the two republics stand like cliffs which of old were the same rock, but which never can be united!" It was about this time that Mr. Hosea Biglow, a descendant of the Pilgrims in the State of Massachusetts, said that he felt satisfied his grandfather's rule is better than it is to crow, and that it is not safe ever to prophesy—"onless you *know!*"

There are things in Mr. Coffin's volume which may not please some of the people of the South; he beats "Marching through Georgia" so loudly that it drowns the music of "Dixie" altogether, and the "Boys, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" all over the "Bonnie Blue Flag" on every page of his book; nevertheless the people of the South will honor him for his honest belief in the justice of his own Institutions and Ideas; and the combatants of both sides will sit down in amity together and fight their battles over to the sound of the tapping of his drum.

[2] *Drum-Beat of the Nation:* the First Period of the War of the Rebellion from its Outbreak to the Close of 1862. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, Author of "The Story of Liberty," "The Boys of '76," etc. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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MR. ZOGBAUM inscribes his Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad to his friends among the *Horse, Foot and Dragoons*[3] in the army of the United States, although he has accompanied the French troops in their annual autumn manœuvres, has camped with the British Grenadiers at Aldershot, and has spent a night with the Fourth Corps of the Kaiser's forces on the edge of Thuringia, the garden spot of Germany, as well as seen service with our own bluecoats over our own border.

It is not an easy matter to say which is the more deserving of praise in this volume, the letter-press or the drawings; they make a symmetrical and harmonious combination, illustrating and helping each other in an admirable way, as Mr. Pyle worked with his pen as well as his pencil in "The Wonder Clock," noticed in another column, and as Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. George H. Boughton, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, and certain other artists of their generation have enhanced the values and the perspectives of their pictures with a word-painting which is quite as effective as the pictures themselves. The contrast between the personal appearance of Thomas Atkins, the well-fed, well-clad private of "The Prince of Wales's Own," and the carriage and bearing of Jacques Crapaud, the *chasseur à cheval* from over the Channel, whom Thomas Atkins has loved to tickle with his bayonet for so many generations, is perhaps more distinctly marked in Mr. Zogbaum's illustrations than in his text, but the latter tells more of the character, the methods, and the sentiments of the soldiers of both armies than can the most minute or the most realistic sketch that artist ever drew, and they work together in producing very complete portraits of rank as well as of file.

Mr. Zogbaum has no thought of drawing odious comparisons between the forces of the four great powers, or of writing a critical or exhaustive military treatise; he simply puts down, in his dual capacity of artist and author, his impressions of what he saw in times of peace among the armed forces of some of our foreign relations, and records his own experiences across-country with a cavalry column of United States troops. He describes the wild-looking savages, with faces smeared with bright vermilion or orange, the hundreds of Indian tepees scattered over the wide plains, the wild-geese, the swift-flying blue-winged heron, the waving grasses and gayly hued wild flowers, and the military posts of the far Western country—the life, the land, and the atmosphere which were so different from those he had known in the kingdoms of the earth beyond the seas. And he finds the soldier whom he so dearly loves to draw always the soldier, no matter what his uniform, what his weapons, or what the combination of colors in the flag under which he is enrolled. War has but one language—and, alas! it is not a dead language, though it speaks but death. Russian guns thunder in reply to Prussian artillery, the French bugle-call answers the call of the British bugler, the German "Zapfenstreich" is identical with the English "tattoo," and the warwhoop is simply Indian for "Up, Guards, and at them!"

[3] *Horse, Foot and Dragoons.* Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM. With Illustrations by the Author. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

COLONEL JOHNSTON'S "Dukesborough Tales" and "Old Mark Langston"—to turn to *ante-bellum* days—have brought the people of the North nearer to the State of Georgia than the Georgia Central Railroad itself, and than all the Northern enterprise and Northern capital which have done so much to cement the two sections of the country, and of which so much has been written and said. That little Southern village and its inhabitants are now as real as "Queechy" or as the "Old Town Folks" who live east of the Connecticut River; and the friends of Baldy Riddle and of Mrs. Tolliver will be glad indeed to make the acquaintance of *Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk*[4] from the quaint old-fashioned borough their author has founded and builded on the shores of the Duke's Creek with which they are already so familiar. In his preface Colonel Johnston feels it proper to explain that in essaying to illustrate some phases of old-time rural life in middle Georgia he has tried to show how superior was the character of the people to what might have been expected from the casual hearing—or reading—of the dialect they spoke. Before the time of railways, when travelling farther than twenty or thirty miles away from home was rare, simplicity as well as activity, he believes, must have been prevalent among the country folk. In the particular region in which his scenes are laid, peculiarly fertile as it is, and universally salubrious, there was perhaps as little of social distinction as in any section of the South. The men of wealth and culture, as a rule, were on terms of intimacy and equality with those of their neighbors who were less favored by fortune in land or in brains; not only trusting and trusted, but helpful, fond, and often affectionate, toward each other. In such a community, where every one was conscious of the freedom of his manhood, whatever was original or individual must have found its expression; and this expression Colonel Johnston preserves in the happiest way. He calls attention to the fact that among most of the female characters in these sketches the local idiom is less pronounced than in their brothers and sons; and that the men, no matter what their advantages of education and their association with the polite world, frequently, when excited and anxious to be impressive, prefer the dialect in conversing with

[4] *Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk.* By R. M. JOHNSTON, Author of "Dukesborough Tales," "Old Mark Langston," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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each other to the more cultured and elegant modes of speech they use on ordinary occasions.

The author of these tales has lived among the Iverson Blounts, the Archie Kittrells, the Martha Reids, who figure in his pages, he has always loved and admired them, and none the less for their oddities of deportment and speech; he pays high tribute to their loyalty, truth, justice, and all manful behests, and to their homely wit and straightforwardness; and while his readers will laugh at and with them, at their narrow provincial views of life, with their childlike pleasures and their homely expressions, they will love them as much as their author loves them for the sake of their simple faith and their true, honest hearts.

Tony the Maid[5] is not only one of the best pieces of work Miss Howard has yet done, but it is one of the very best short stories of the year. Tony herself is an original creation. There is no maid like Tony in all fiction; and she is, moreover, the only good thing, which is neither superlatively beautiful nor emphatically a bore, or both, that has come out of the Canton of Lucerne since the days of William Tell. Even the insatiate archer, when he is not mythical, is a trifle wearing to the average mind, but Tony is never tiresome and always grand.

Tony, who is a little of everything, is something of a moralist. "Sorry with words," she said—"that's cheap business; sorry with our pockets—that comes from the heart;" and unlike most of the moralists, in Switzerland and elsewhere, she expressed her own sorrow in a subscription of ten marks modestly credited to A. Z., and proportionally greater an hundredfold than the largest subscription on the list; for ten marks represented one-fourth of a month's income, and not even Thomas Straub, the recipient of this bounty, knew that A. Z. were the initials of Antoninia Zschorcher, Tony's own unapproachable and unpronounceable name.

Fritz Binder, the beautiful and picturesque boatman, with his engaging smile, his vivid imagination, and his great histrionic powers, is as good and as original in his way as Tony if not quite so honest. The gracious Fräulein is quite as typical as, and much more possible than, Daisy Miller, and she is a species of the American Girl Abroad who never before has found her Trafton or her James. Trollope has drawn few curates more true to the nature of their species than little Mr. Puggums, "specially appointed by the Bishop of London" to read the services of his Church that summer to his fellow-Englishmen at that particular "Sweitzerhoff"; while Mrs. High-Dudgeon and Mrs. Ruy-Brick are as real as any pair of British dowagers who ever stepped out of Burke's Peerage, or the Book of Snobs, into the drawing-room of a Continental *pension*.

As a short story Miss Howard's *Tony the Maid* has but one fault. It is too short. There is not enough of Tony. She makes her exit too suddenly and too completely. It is consoling to know, however, that Miss Zschorcher is some day coming to America as Mrs. Eduard Maler. Perhaps Tony the Maid may figure again as Tony the Matron and Tony the Mother. Knowing her duty to her gracious Fräulein, no doubt she will.

[5] *Tony the Maid.* A Novelette. By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. HOWARD PYLE, like the familiar fool in the forest, has drawn a dial from his pocket, and looking at it with anything but lacklustre eye, he has hung thereunto Four-and-twenty Marvellous Tales, being one for each hour of the day. These Miss Katharine Pyle, the second hand to the clock, has embellished with charming verses; while Mr. Pyle himself has illustrated them with quaint and characteristic drawings, showing how he put on his dream-cap one morning to step into Wonderland, and to call upon Father Time, a venerable gentleman whose portrait at full length appears on the frontispiece of Mr. Pyle's book, and who lives on a hill-top in a house as old as the world itself. Mr. Time seems to have been away from home during this visit, but Mr. Time's grandmamma received his guest, and permitted him to go to the garret and play with the *Wonder Clock*[6] there, which was very indulgent on the part of the grandmother of Time, although very like what anybody's grandmother would be likely to do. This old clock had stood in its own corner with never a tick or a ting since men began to grow too wise for toys and trinkets, and it had probably stopped short when Time's grandfather died and left Time's grandmother a widow. Mr. Pyle found the key to it among the queer forgotten things in Time's garret, and wound the clock up; and down he sat and watched it, for every time it struck it played a pretty tune, and when each song was ended out stepped some droll little puppet figures who went through with a queer little dance, and played a queer little play, all of which Mr. Pyle, with his dream-cap on, saw and heard, and has set down here for the benefit of the young people who have not the pleasure yet of the acquaintance of Time, and who have no dream-caps of their own.

This delightful old time-piece is only a one-day clock; but there is society in its tick and harmony in its ting; and the key goes with it. No young person into whose possession it comes will feel disposed to let it run down again until Time is many days older than he is now.

[6] *The Wonder Clock;* or, Four-and-Twenty Marvellous Tales, Being One for Each Hour of the Day. Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE, Author of "Pepper and Salt," "The Rose of Paradise," etc. Embellished with Verses by KATHARINE PYLE. Large 8vo, Cloth, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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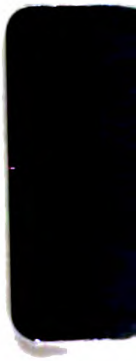
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